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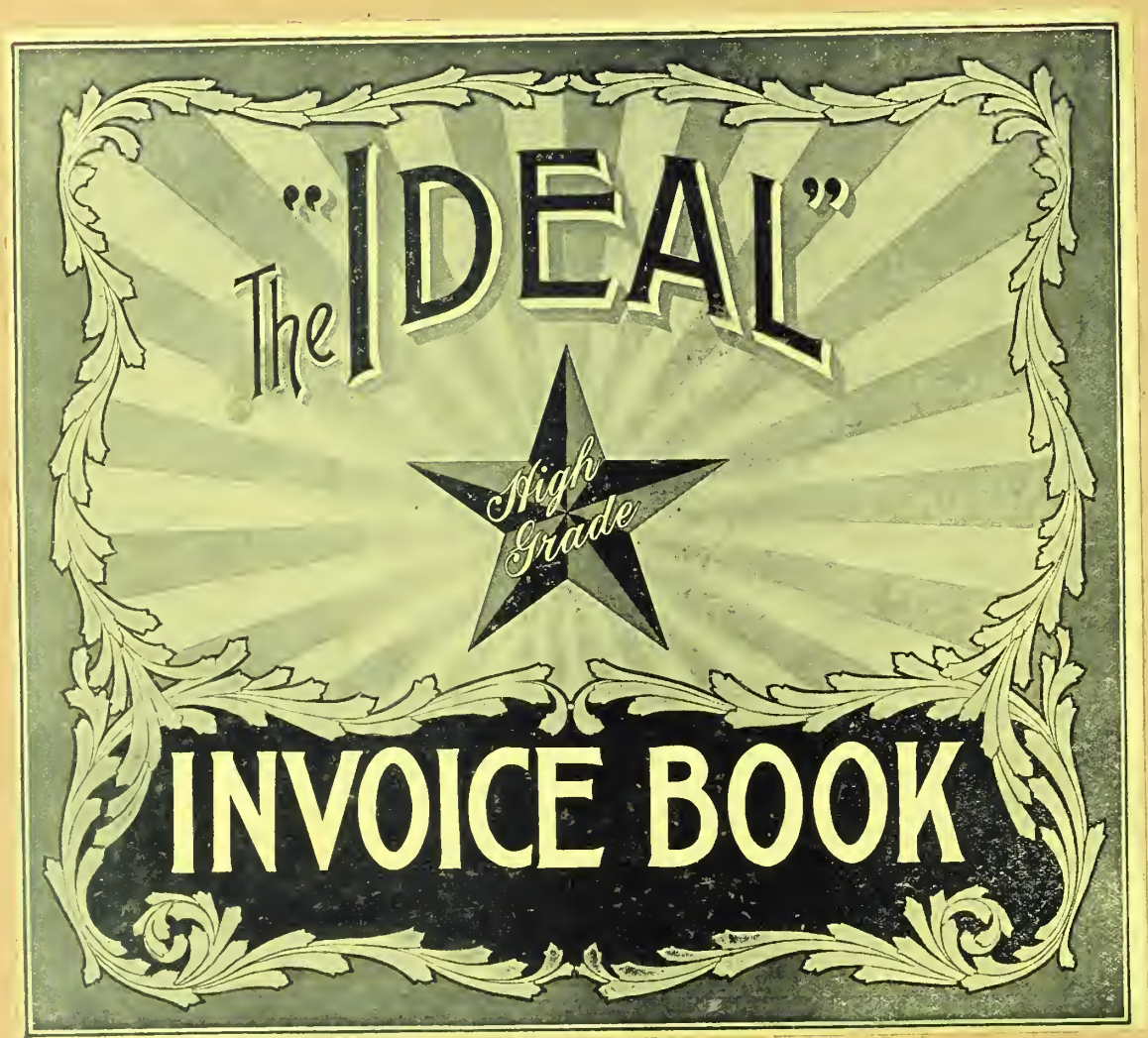

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LOUIS PALMA, CHILEAN VIOLINIST, IN RECITAL

Aug 12 1920

At McAlpin Hotel, South American Celebrity Renders Well-Arranged Program—Del Moral at Piano.

Heralded as "the most famous hCilean viol'nist," Louis Palma gave a recital in one of the small ballrooms of the McAlpin Hotel last night. He was accompanied by Tito del Moral at the piano.

Unfortunately for Mr. Palma, the weather and the Sixth avenue "L" seemed to be in conspiracy against him, and at times his accompaniest also appeared to be. A well arranged program containing numbers by Bach-Wilhelmy, Chopin, Wiemawsky, Mendelssohn and others had been selected.

Mr. Palma was more familiar with his two Wien'awsky numbers and plainly was nervous during the first part f the program, developing a firmer tone in the last numbers. Mr. del Moral displayed an understanding of the piano better adapted to solo work than as an accompanist.

A B C D E F G H I J K L Mc M N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Review of 1920-21 season 103

Black Sale
Nov 10 1920

Ashley P. 5.
Allen M. 6
Alvarez M. S' 30, 49
Altman, E. 99
* Anselma M. 104

* Anderson. E. 27

Andrea Chenier 84

* Antoniadez N. 21
* Agosti, G. 44, 66
* Armstrong M. 50

Audet, V.C. 37

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
Mc.
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

T. Braham Speed 5
Bacon, R. 24, 32, 40
Blanch, M. de 14
Brand, M. 40
T. B. Stone Burton 41
Ballon, E. 58, 59, 76
*Bachian, N 82
Baird M. 83
Barondes J. 90
Bovasch, S. 103

Bevan M. Triumphal ov. 30
Bar. Gordon of Fand 60

Bibb, K. H. 60

Bridge, F. Cello son. 38

Beach, G. 36.
Burton R. 65
Beale K. 99

Beggars Opera 45

Ballaway-John, J. 23
* Blanke M. 26
Blase Conn 70. *69
Bruno Sich. 35. 41. 43.
Babral, H. 43
Barp. M. M Du. 50
Barrington M. H. 56
Campbell-McInnes. J. 57
Carver. C. 85
* Campolicari 85, 86
* Clarkson M. 88
Chapin M. 93
Carre, C. 94

Bazella Convent Sweden 33, 67, 68 76
Bazelli* Italy, 11
* Bavillon magico 32

Chausson. Concerto. V. piano + st. qt. 48

Batorre*, Poeme - Son. for v + p. 83

Chilcewright. F. H. 17
* Cleveland orch. 75
Chemet R. 91

Chinese songs Dung 34

Bocheo R. 3. 99
Boshko, V. 6
Bonci. A. 6
* Borissoff J. P. 14, 20
Bodinoff, F. 28
Bori, L. 57, 63
Brock E. 76
* Bonucci A. 92
* Brown, M. 92
Boswell, A. 99

Bloch. 2. * Violin sonata with orch. 16
* violin sonata 78
Solomon 79, 80

Bowles C. 11
* Bowles A. 45. 46. 47. 55
Bowlen M. 51

Bruch M. * Wirst Suite 2 pianos 35
Bulgakoff. B. his operas 86

Blue M. 6
* Burke T. 2.
Burmeister A. 3

Bug. R. 9. 82

A B C D E F G H I J K L Mc. M N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Davenport, J. S. 23
Day-Monti F. 33
*Danise G. [illegible] 22, 33, 41
Dadmun, R. 49
Davey M. 56
Damrosch, W. [illegible] Gatrio See. 79
*Davey M. 85
Dana M. 91

Dewey, Gollyoop Dancd 33

Oldam gilbe Marquise, see Mozart 82

Dostrm E. 22
de la Torre M. 30
*Dienne Yvonne 34
*De Jong M. 71
Dellos, G. 87

Dispel Benefit 104

Doolittle, M. 7
*Dobkin, D. 69
Dohnanyi, E. 81, 87, 92, 98, cond. 100

Du Burg, M 88

Von Gaulos revived 42

Dupont Antar 78

*Echaniz P. 20
Easton, F. Carmen 35, 47 (Flotow), 64 (Isolde)
Elman M. 80

Engel G. 13
*Engell, B. 26, 53, 54
Elwes G. 49

*Gripo Re 79

Frank, E. H. 87

Faure, Musques 22
Bergamasques 13

Freeman G. 7
Ferguson, G. 35
Ferrari G. 97

Given, T. 12
+ Gigli B. (Faust) 28, 31, 33, 36, 39,

Griffes Group 45.
Gibbs, E. 53
Grilli, G. 89

Friskin J. 38
Finnegan J. 41
* Friedman J. 49, 60

Fox V. 71

"Forfaiture, La" 74

Fuchs, J. 19-47

Garrison M. Lucia 39

Galli-Curci + Samuels 44
Gardner, E. 95
Glass J. 99

Galileo-Respighi - 67

German Song at Met. 1st time since war 84

Greene W. 18
Grever, M. 40
Gruender, T. 84

Griffes. Posth. Transcrip. - 22

Goossens. By the Turn
Jack O'Lantern } 17

Gross W. 29

Gruenkopf M. 1
Guilbert, Y. Leaves 94

D E F G H I J K L Mc. M N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Harvard Glee club 37
* Haynes L. 36
Hamburg Trio 57
Harrison C 85
Harris, Boucicault 93
Hale, R. 98

Hadley, Jewell Thi'e 56
* Hager, Minna 109

Inca music 23
Indy, d' Lucie St. Chris. 40
* Ireland, J. Trio Emin No. 2 57
* Son. No 2, V & P. 82

Helmuth, de Rosa 38

* Illingworth V. 16, 38. 67

* Hilger, E. 18, with sisters 98
* Hislop J. (Rosen) 62

Homvath, C. de 12

Hughes R. Cain 18
Hunekin's last Criticism 71
73. 74

+ Jacquerie 69

+ Jacobi. Eve of St Agnes 102

+ Kazounoff. B. 65

× Kraft, A. 81

+ Kerekjarto, D. de 14, 37, 65

Keller Jon 25

× Kennedy D. 30, 51, 83

Krey D. 49

× Kellogg L. 55

Kerres G. 63

Kemper R. 102

Jam. D. 58

Jeffrey, H. 77

× Klink, F. 52

× Krieger E. 73

× Jorgen Ser. Adam. 56

Johnson E. 10

Jolas J. 15

Jong, M. de. 71

Jones Dan 74

Juive La 21

+ Kronold, S. 8

Kongreß, z. Eröffnung mach edo about Nothing 33

+ Koskelz v. 39, 52, 92

+ Kochanski, P. 76, 78, 85

Kouns sisters 102

Koroldewicz-Wayda 104

Kronold Jubilee 104

Julievna, S. 23

+ Kurz, S. 50

Kutscherra & Endrulat 76

H I J K L Mc. M N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Lazzari C. Innocens 43.

Lazzeo H. 43

Lind. W. 03

*Leonard, L. 7.27

Leopold R 11

Leaska L. 73

Lea G. 82

-ind Every electrution 4

Lipowska L. 39

*Lisan, M. 79

Louise* Met. 54

London Lucia Ct 2

Loomis C. 88

Lucas, M. 99

Lualdi Intermezzo 89

McIrawee, G. 10
Mahen J. 22, 46, 74
* McKinchee, Co. 31
Madden J.S. 39
Maurer, V. Dancer 44
* MacGregor, K. 60
* Martin, H. (Chicago op.) 61
† Marcinelli, L. 68
Marchesi, A. 82
Maeder, G. 85
* MacVerin, E. 97
MacBorma Ch. J. 103

Malfiero. Imp. d'Vero (no. 2) 13
* Mozart Sno 53
Rispetti 61
Mahler. Sym. no. 1. 47, 53
" no. 4 Ersatz.

Martucci notturno - novelletta 89
Mansfell. Edna 109

Metropolitan Season 101
Mellish, M. 13
* Meader, G. 10
† Mehan J. D. 5
* Mengelberg, W. 51, see 92
Menges D. 56

Mephistofele revived 28

Milhaud. D. P. Sonata 20
Mizovitch A. 9. 46, 80, 93. 104.
Mikova, M. 15
* Mitnitzki. J. 55, 80

Moor. E. Conc. St. Petersburg 4
Morgan, M 7
Morrell, M. D. 7
* Moulton, D. 19, 20
Mora, F. 28
Mancinelli A. 39
Mt. Holyoke Choir 41
* Morris, H. 53, 93
Morris E. 53
* Morini. E. 62, 73, 78, 80, 81, 84. Mozart. Petits Riens 82

Mukle May 38
† Musin, A. H. 82
* Mugnone, L. 95, 96

L
Mc
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

Varnum M 7

* Oswald, A. 29

Prefice O * Th. & Var. 20

Veitch A. 7, 89
* Vyzedghazi, E. 8
* Velson J. L. 87
~~Veitch, A. 89~~

* O'More Colin 1
O'Byrne G. 7
Oliver, L 94

~~Vesta~~
Varma. (Raisa) 59

Verhrup, G. 36, 52

Ominoff, G. 13. 23

Parker, W. 4.
Parano v, B. 9
Padrosa m. 43
Palta, F. 51
Pavlow, K 63
Pavlova Eds tour 90
Palmgren, S. 107
" Ans 108

Pintel, 9. 15, 41
Piccie, M. 3. 43, 46.
Prihoda, V. 26, 37. 40

Power, N. 7
Polak A. 7
Potter, M 34
Poldowski 56. 100

Polish Jew 85
Poulenc Bestiare 109

Pick-Mangiagali
+ Carillon magico 32
Rosario + Rondo 52

Pillsbury 4. 11. 42

Pizzetti's v. Sonata 51, 63
" Pisanella 89

Quait, R. 4
Quine, J. 11

N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Radansky, S. 34 43.
† Rawling S. 77

Reimherr G. 20
Reviere B. 43
+ Reevz M. 55
Reynolds E. 60
+ Reyes J. 63, 82

Rich, E. D. 42

Romaine, N. 13
+ Rogyn W. 20
+ Romero, A. 65
Rochon F. 87

Rumsey E. 12
Ruppo, T. Jago. 65

Respighi, v. Ancient Suite arr. 47
+ Ballata delle Gnomi 89

Rousel, A. + Evocation 36
Roger-Ducasse Nocturne 77, 87

Roessler R. Son. 2 piano. 77

Sylva M. 6
+ Schwarz, J. 40, + 47, 51, 87, 103
+ Sabatini C. 80
Sampait, L. 94
Stallings. L. 96
+ Saporoff, H. 98

Stravinsky. + Concertino 27
Sabata. Juventus 67

Skil, A. 1
Schenermann G. 7
Steer O. 27
Serrano, J. 37
Schefft, F. 3rd Divorce 87
Slingsbys, The 95

Swazt R. Riders to the Sea. 83

Simpson A. 5
Scillitoe O. 8
Schmitz, E. R. 20
Schipa, T. 23.
Schnitzer, G. 41
Stieri, E. 77
+ Sidoli, R. 96
Smirnova, V. 101

Sinigaglia + Rhap. Piedmont 61

Schönberg. Verk. Nacht 85
Sokolsky - Med 82
Soller, E. Woman cond. 43
Stopak. J. 97
+ Scoville H. 11
+ Scott. C. 26, 69, 70
+ Storchio R. Mme Butterfly 71
Sopkins A. 102

Sinnerby, L. + Piano con 58

Schütt, E, Trio 34

Sundelius, M. + Vedda 51
+ Schmuller A. 53 66, 83, 86, 88

Taylor, L. d. 73
Tao, H. 77

Tetrazzini 33
Tegal, E. 41
Travilla 4. de 54
Telva, M. Branzaeve. 64

Tinlot, G. 48

Tristan affair 3 years 24

Tommasini Serenate 89

Thomas E. 4/5/6
Torello, A. 12
Toscanini A. 37. 44. 47. 52, 55. 61, 84, 89

Trampler y Sallinger 54

R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

*Valler zama ? 23
van Cook v 34
v Van Aulker J. 86

Warner. H. W.
*Cham. music v 7

Warren, M. 3.
*Waldman, J. 6
Waterman M. 90

Warren P. *Collo pieces 38

Weller J. S. 7, 5-6

Vidas. R. 6
Violin, M. 3

Vuellemin. p. piece 20

Wilson M.G.
* Winogradoff, O
Williams, C.d. 16
* Wilkinson W. 29
Winston, E. 80, 102
* White, F 98

Williams, London Sgne. 45, 64

* Wolf, D. 89

Woollett H. Dixt.
for wind 20

Yaw, E. 100
Yiddish, La Juive in 164

Yon. P. 70

* Wulfe V. 10

* Zilkents, S & A. 37
Zahn Moore 101

V
W
Y
Z

may 3 1920

Concert Tribute to Hammerstein Yields $12,000

The genius and work of Oscar Hammerstein, which his wido wand a committee of opera lovers have determined to perpetuate in his memory by a foundation for the musical education of selected American students, brought together a great audience in the Hipfodrome last night. It was a noteworthy tribute to the position which he won in this city. The audience, figured in a financial way, was one of $12,000, and the proceeds went entirely to the fund.

One of the best tributes that Oscar Hammerstein has received was spoken modestly by William J. Guard, who has handled press matters for the Metropolitan Opera House some ten yoars and before that was associated in the same capacity with Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House. "Billy" Guard could not refrain from superlatives, if he was to keep his words in keeping with his emotions. He said Oscar Hammerstein was one of the few great operatic directors he had known and one of the few ever in the business the world over who looked upon opera as something besides a dollar making enterprise. "If it had not been for that he could have died many times a millmore for operatic music in this city than any one man I have ever known."

A symphony orchestra of seventy-five pieces, the singing of John McCormack, the pretty appearance of Miss Emma Trentini in Italian costume as she sang from "The Firefly" swept the audience into enthusiastic applause. Miss Trentini, recalled by the prolonged applause, had to plead another appointment, and as she turned to leave the stage she threw a kiss gestured toward the picture of Hammerstein which centred the stage.

The reception to Mr. McCormack deserved the word "ovation." After singing three numbers he was called and recalled until he had sung "Dear Old Pal of Mine" and "Mother Machree," two songs which an audience always demands of him. In place of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, whose absence was explained as caused by illness, Mme. Eleanora de Cisneros sang an aria from "Samson et Dalila." The symphony orchestra, with Hugo Heisenfeld and Josiah Zuro directing, played four numbers. Other artists to appear were Frank Pollack and Nicola Zerola.

Cantor Kwartin Sings Again

Assisted by Daughter He Gives Concert at the Hippodrome

Cantor Kwartin, who sang for the first time in America a week ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, made a second appearance yesterday afternoon at the Hippodrome. As before, he was assisted by his daughter Anna, a coloratura soprano; a chorus conducted by Herman Wohl and an orchestra directed by Dr. Anselm Goetzl.

The cantor confined himself to chants of the Jewish liturgy. Miss Kwartin, who has an agrecable voice and some little skill, sang Arditi's waltz, "La Parlo," and an aria from Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." The contributions by the orchestra were Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slav," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice Espagnole" and Ippolitov-Ivanow's "Caucasian Sketches."

Cantor Kwartin and his daughter will sing again at the Hippodrome next Sunday afternoon.

may 6 1920

CONCERT FOR HOSPTAL.

Mme. Stanley Crimi, Ganz and Culbertson in Joint Program.

One of the boxes in the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House will hold, instead of its usual well gowned social party, a group of humbly dressed East Side children Saturday night when Guillo Crimi, Mme. Helen Stanley, Rudolph Ganz and Sasha Culbertson appear in a joint program. They will wear bandages and splints to let the spectators know they are convalescent youngsters from the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital. The program is for the benefit of the institution's campaign for a $2,000,000 endowment fund.

The advance sale for the concert indicates that a considerable sum will be raised. Crimi and Mme. Stanley will give individual programs and appear also n a duet. Gans has arranged an especially interesting program at the piano, and Culbertson, the young Rumanian violinist who made his debut in New York this winter, will offer several numbers.

may 6 1920

Ula Sharon Shows She Is Clever on Her Toes—The Mendelssohn Quartet Assists at Her Premiere Appearance in the Metropolis

By MAX SMITH.

ULA SHARON, a dainty little ballerina, said to be only sixteen years old, made her local debut yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall as the principal feature of a musical entertainment designed to demonstrate the value of the duo-art piano as an instrument to provide accompaniments not only for singers but for dancers as well.

Her associates on the programme were E. Robert Schmitz, the distinguished French pianist, and the Mendelssohn Quaret of male vocalists, one member of which, Joseph Mathieu, tenor, also contributed a group of songs by Spross, with the composer represented at the piano by the self-playing device.

Born of American parents in Spring Hill, Kansas, though she has ben something of a globe-trotter since babyhood, thanks to the occupation of her father, who built the first railroad on the Island of Ilo-Ilo in the Philippines. Miss Sharon has attained a good deal of proficiency in the Italian school of dancing despite her peregrinations.

She is particularly clever on her toes, as she disclosed in several numbers, including Saint-Saens's famous "Swan." She has an excel-

With Artur Bodansky conducting the New Symphony Orchestra, the Polish Concert Festival was presented in Carnegie Hall last night, a program of unusual merit being given with Adeline Vosari, soprano; Halina Bruzovna, interpreter of folk music; Tamara Lubimova, piauist, and Margaret Severn, dancer.

Miss Bruzovna's recitations and presentations of characteristic Polish dances were given additional worth by the violin obligatos played by Scipione Guidi, while the dances interpreted by Miss Severn lent an Oriental tone to a program suggesting a fondness for German composers.

Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" gave the New Symphony Orchestra opportunity to display itself to advantage.

May 10 1920

Mischa Elman

Mischa Elman, the eminent violinist, gave a farewell recital last night in the Hippodrome. The auditorium was completely filled and the stage also was crowded. The programme consisted of Bach's concerto in F with accompaniment by a small string orchestra, the "Kreuzer" sonata of Beethoven, in which the violinist had the assistance at the piano of his talented young sister, Miss Liza Elman, the Paganini concerto in D major and six short numbers.

Mr. Elman is about to return to Europe for a stay of two years, a large part of which he intends to devote to composition. It seems to have become the fashion for distinguished violinists to write comic operas and one by Mr. Elman is already announced for next season. What else he will compose remains to be seen, or rather to be heard.

Composition is an uncertain occupation, however, and it is highly probable that Mr. Elman will give sufficient daily attention to his technic to make a speedy return to the concert platform no insuperable difficulty. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note that this gifted young man has found high favor in the opinion of the public throughout this country. His art at one time promised to rise to lofty levels, but of late it has betrayed some tendencies which could be regarded by his truest friends only with regret. Perhaps renewal of acquaintance with troubled Europe may recall serious thoughts and send Mr. Elman back with riper accomplishments and broader vision.

Cantor Kwartin sang once more yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He was assisted as before by his daughter Anna, coloratura soprano ,and by a chorus of mixed voices conducted by H. Wohl. Frances Sonin, impersonator of juvenile characters of various ages and stages, gave a "oostume recital" yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall with Frances Foster to assist her at the piano. Her audience included many children as well as grown-ups.

may 11 1920

FREDERIC WARREN'S BALLAD CONCERTS END

The fifth and final ballad concert by Frederic Warren, tenor, and his associate artists yesterday drew a fine audience to Aeolian Hall, where the signally successful program, a capital climax to the series, was enthusiastically applauded. Jomelli's Trio, "Torna Pure," from "Armide" (1771), sung by Elizabeth Lennox, Olga Warren and Frederic Warren, opened the concert which included representative works of the various styles of song, folksong, traditional airs, lyrics, classical and modern and arias that come properly and spaciously listed as "ballads." Delibes's Duet from the first act of "Lakme," beautifully sung by Elizabeth Lennox and Olga Warren; Fred Patton's fine delivery of two lyrics by Henrion and Russell, and the concluding duets by Jensen, Weckerlin and an old English composer, sung by Mr. and Mrs. Warren, were among the happiest features of the excellent entertainment.

Francis Moore was at the piano.

May 17 1920

By MAX SMITH.

MILO LUKA, a young Czecho-Slovakian baritone, made his American debut yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before an audience that would have been considerably larger than it was if his compatriots in this country had rallied around him.

It was hardly surprising, to be sure, especially in view of the many mediocre offerings of late, that music lovers did not turn out in full force at the fag-end of the season to welcome a singer of whose accomplishments little, if anything, was known.

Yet Mr. Luka's reputation in his home land ought to have won him the support of his own countrymen. He is much liked, it seems—and to judge from his singing yesterday, with reason—at the National Opera House in Prague. There he has impersonated thirty-one times the principal role of Karel Weis's "The Polish Jew," one of the novelties Gatti-Casazza has promised to produce in the Metropolitan next season.

Mr. Luka's voice is a lyric baritone. It is not a big voice. But his tones, slightly veiled in their resonance, have a soft, mellow and warmly sympathetic timbre.

With his purely vocal accomplishments, moreover, he combines musical intelligence, taste, temperament, a good sense of phrasing and the power of giving dramatic point and emphasis to his interpretations.

Save for one or two numbers on his programme, such as Dvorak's "Song My Mother Taught Me," sung in the Czech dialect and repeated, was made up largely of unfamiliar selections by Smetana, Lois Reiser, Karel Bendtl, Z. Fibich, J. B. Foerster, K. Kovarovik and J. T. Prout, embracing also sundry folksongs Czechish and Slovakian. Several of his contributions, however, he gave in English. His accompaniments were played by Karel Leitner.

Eddy Brown, American violinist, and Joseph Shlisky, Jewish cantor, gave a joint recital last night in Carnegie Hall, the proceeds being devoted to a fund for the war sufferers in Suwalk, Poland. Another Jewish cantor, Don Fuchs, of the Vienna Kulturgemeinde, will make his debut here on Saturday evening, May 29, in Carnegie Hall. Before his career as a church singer Mr. Fuchs was a leading tenor at the Vienna Opera House.

may 26 1920

Colin O'More Delights Aeolian Hall Audience

Lyric Tenor From Arkansas Has Strikingly Beautiful and Expressive Voice

Seldom does the aftermath of the musical season bring so important an event as the first New York recital of Colin O'More, a young tenor from Little Rock, Ark., yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Mr. O'More is appearing as Winkie, the mad shepherd boy, in "Lassie," a musical comedy based on the play "Kitty Mackay" and conspicuous for the excellence of its music.

It is said that Mr. O'More is a pupil of Jean de Reszke. But even if his first recital had not been tinged with the glamour of his great name, the young man had so much to say and said all of it so well that his claim to recognition would have been immediately established solely upon his own merits. A lyric tenor of the first rank, Mr. O'More has a voice strikingly beautiful in quality, wide in range, admirably equalized. His singing is fluent, expressive, virile, warmed by emotion, artistically controlled. Phrasing and diction in both French and English songs were above reproach. His singing was elegant, yet it had the common touch.

The young man's versatility showed itself in his program, which ranged from a recitative and air from Méhul's "Joseph" and the seventeenth century "Chanson a Danser" to songs by Cyril Scott.

Although there were five of these on the program, Mr. O'More fortunately did not overemphasize his ability to sing Irish ballads.

Before his engagement in "Lassie" Mr. O'More was commended for his work at Paris in a revival of Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," which unfortunately never reached New York. With his natural gifts and fine training Mr. O'More should reach the heights.

COLIN O'MORE IN RECITAL.

may 26

Young Tenor Is at His Best in Ballads or Martial Airs.

Colin O'More, tenor, who sings a Scottish shepherd's rôle in "Lassie," and who is said to have appeared under the name of James Harrod formerly in "The Lilac Domino," gave a matinee song recital, one of the season's last events of the kind, before a large audience yesterday at Aeolian Hall.

His voice is the voice of youth still, fresh and flexible, if a trifle throaty and inclined to fade away into sentimental pianissimos. At best in virile ballads or martial airs, he sang a score of lyrics, well memorized and delivered in clear, often crisp, English. A houseful of musicians and theatre folk demanded many encores, including one of an old French "Chanson à Danser."

$5,000 AT CONCERT FOR ITALIAN BABIES

Italian Ambassador in the Audience.

may 28 1920

A concert yielding between $5,000 and $6,000 was held last night in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for the benefit of American free milk for Italy. Mrs. John Adams Drake arranged the concert and the artists were Tita Ruffo, baritone; Miss May Peterson, soprano; Tandy MacKenzie, tenor, and Alberto Sciaretti, pianist. Miss Peterson at the last moment took the place of Miss Anna Fitziu, who had gone to Canada. All the artists gave their services. Before the concert the Rev. W. John Murray said a few words about the needs of the Italian babies, for whose benefit the concert was given.

may 3

Recital by Abe Seril

A pleasing tone and sound technical training were displayed by Abe Seril, a young violinist, who appeared at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon in a program which included Tartini's sonata in G minor, Papini's Etude-Caprice, and Kreisler's "Schoen Rosmarin." He was assisted by Rhoda Mintz, soprano.

Sept 20 1920

CONCERT SEASON OPENS.

Harced Bauer and Toscha Seidel Win Encores in Joint Recital.

A new series of Sunday evening concerts at popular prices, under the auspices of the Musical Bureau of America, began last night at the Lexington Theater with a piano and violin recital by Harold Bauer and Toscha Seidel. The reviewer had thought all conceivable phases of Sunday concert-giving long since provided for. But if succeeding audiences prove as large as that of last evening the existence of these concerts will be justified and serve as one more illustration of the old law of demand and supply.

Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata was announced on earlier programs as the opening number, but Brahms's Sonata in D minor was substituted by the players. To this Mr. Bauer brought strength and dignity and Mr Seidel an oily tone and a good deal of sentimentality. There is no objection to a display of sentiment on the part of a violinist, but there is a sweetness which is cloying. Even a romance palls when it is composed wholly of sugar. This is what happened to Beethoven's famous Romance in G major as played by Mr. Seidel, and this very saccharine quality keeps his playing from being exciting when, instead of displaying a nice command of small effects, the violinist has the opportunity of plunging into the purple and passionate moments of such a piece as Sarasate's "Zapateado." But Mr. Seidel's smooth technic was constantly in evidence, and with particular success in Cecil Burleigh's "Indian Snake Dance," which he repeated.

There is no better equipped pianist before the public than Mr. Bauer. As regards interpretation, his playing has intellect, emotion and, when required, a sense of humor, while there is endless skill in his highly trained fingers. He was at his best throughout the evening. Liszt's Etude in D flat, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Schubert's Impromptu in A flat and Saint-Saens's Etude en forme de Valse were his contributions to the program, not counting his part in the playing of the sonata and various extra pieces, with which both he and Mr. Seidel were generous.

The concert next Sunday evening will again be a piano and violin recital, this time by Leopold Godowsky and Max Rosen.

2

Sept 21 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen," by the members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Don Jose ..... Eugenio Cibelli
Escamillo ..... Mario Valle
Zuniga ..... Arnold Becker
Morales ..... Nicola D'Amico
Carmen ..... Alice Gentle
Micaela ..... Madeleine Keltie
Frasquita ..... Frances Morosini
Mercedes ..... Alice Homer
Dancairo ..... Natale Cervi
Remendado ..... Luigi Baldi

Incidental Dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Gaetano Merola.

The San Carlo Opera Company, Fortune Gallo director, began a season at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The opera was "Carmen," and according to the programme it was sung in French. The *Don Jose*, however, clung to "la bella lingua Toscana," and some of the others to dialects of their own. It was a vigorous and sharply drawn performance of "Carmen," one in which directless and force were prominent, while delicacy, suggestions and nuance were rare. But "Carmen" is a very straightforward work.

The performance was observed with interest and occasionally with enthusiasm by a distinctly San Carlo audience. Miss Alice Gentle, who had sung on the same stage in Oscar Hammerstein's day, was a *Carmen* of dark brow, incessant physical activity and sombre tone. There was no silly subtlety about this siren. She was a businesslike vamp, and went at the feeble *Don Jose* in such a manner that no one wondered at his being knocked out in the first round. Doubtless people are tired of phychological interpretations. Miss Genble got much applause and many recalls.

Miss Madeline Keltie, a young singer, new to the stage, made a creditable debut as *Micaëlle*. She sang with a pretty, though small voice, in tune and with some taste. Her French was her own. The only real French of the evening was that of Arnold Becker, but it was not sung. Engenio Cibelli made his first appearance in this country as *Don Jose*. He was very nervous and therefore may sing better at a second appearance. Mario Salle as *Escamillo*, won the inevitable applause for the bull fighter's song.

New scenery graced the production and there was a chorus of fair size and ability. The orchestra did not seriously interfere with the performance, but it cannot be said to have given great aid. The conductor was Gaetano Merola, and the chief dancer, Miss Sylvia Tell, formerly of the Chicago Opera.

in the title role. Miss Gentle's appearance last night was something in the nature of a delayed debut in this role, at the Manhattan, since shortly before Oscar Hammerstein consummated his sensational deal with the Metropolitan company, eliminating his activities from the grand opera field for ten years, he had selected her for a contemplated production of "Carmen." She was one of the former impresario's "discoveries" at a time when she was in the old Manhattan company chorus, and he predicted more than ten years ago that she would "make an ideal Carmen."

In the interim Miss Gentle has sung with the La Scala Opera company in Milan, the Nacionale company in Havana and with the Metropolitan here. While her work in the role of Carmen was, up to last evening, unknown to New Yorkers, she came with excellent endorsements from Chicago and San Francisco, where she has frequently been heard in the famous opera. Eugenio Cibelli, interpreted the part of Don Jose in his first appearance before a New York audience.

Taken by and large, it was an interesting performance, even though delicacy was superseded by force, and whatever poetry there is in Bizet's opera gave way to realism.

Alice Gentle, as Carmen, went about her work in a most businesslike manner. There was no nonsense in her cigarette girl; she was always direct, and there was no question whatever regarding her intentions; in fact, to use the vernacular, she vamped poor Don José in a way that left no doubt in any one's mind as to what was going to happen to him. She sang nicely, but was too often inaudible, slurring too many notes in reserving her voice for climaxes. Eugenio Cibelli, a newcomer, was undoubtedly nervous, and may do better later; but he cannot act, his efforts in that direction being at times ludicrous. Of course the Toreador song went with a roar of applause, much of which was well deserved, for Mario Valle sang and acted well.

Madeleine Keltie was a pleasing Michaela. She sang in tune and in good taste, and was a pleasing picture. Her voice is pretty, even if small, and when she has overcome the nervousness due to a first appearance she should be a valuable member of the company. Sylvia Tell danced well and the chorus was aided by a score of small boys, whose fresh young voices were more than pleasing. Gaetano Merola conducted a large orchestra, which did not do any serious damage. It was, however, a successful opening if the enthusiasm of the audience is evidence, and augured well for the success of the season. "Rigoletto" will be to-night's opera and Lydia Lipkowska will be the Gilda.

Sept 22 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in Verdi's "Rigoletto."

The Duke ..... Giuseppe Agostini
Rigoletto ..... Vincente Ballester
Gilda ..... Lydia Lipkowska
Giovanna ..... Alice Homer
Monterone ..... Natale Cervi

The Manhattan Opera House was crowded last evening when the second performance of the San Carlo Opera Company was given. Every seat was sold and all the standing room was occupied. The opera was that tried and true veteran of the Italian repertory, Verdi's "Rigoletto." The performance was one of respectable merit. Its particular star was Vincente Ballester, who impersonated the unhappy jester.

Mr. Ballester will probably prove to be one of the most popular members of the San Carlo company. His light barytone voice is one of very agreeable quality, generally well produced, and lending itself readily to those elaborately prolonged dynamic gradations which are so dear to the Italian opera lover. His singing was of a sympathetic character and quickly found favor with the hearers. His *Rigoletto* was a portrait of small dimensions, but its musical qualities were generally commendable.

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, who is not unknown to the local stage, was a colorless *Gilda*, considerably off the key at times, but showing knowledge of the routine of the opera. Guiseppe Agostini, a tenor of much experience and little finesse, was the Duke, while Pietro de Biasi was the *Sparafucite* and May Barron the *Maddalena*. Gaetano Merola conducted.

Ernest Knoch has been engaged by Fortune Gallo to conduct the Wagner operas, beginning with "Lohengrin" tomorrow night. Mr. Knoch was called to America first by the directors of the Century Opera Company in 1914, when he directed the productions of Wagner and Humperdinck works at the Century Opera House, where those compositions were sung in English. "Lohengrin"

Mr. Ballester has a voice of melliflous smoothness, well trained in bel canto and the long-drawn phrase. The use he made of that splendid voice last night was invariably artistic, and his singing was a continuous delight to sensitive ears. As much could not be said for his associates.

Lydia Lipkowska, as Gilda, was of markedly uneven voice, alternating fresh, pure tone and flowing cantilena with a disagreeable shrillness and forcing in her high notes, but the audience would not be satisfied until she had repeated the "Caro nome" aria. The part of the Duke, credited on the printed programme, to Giuseppi Corallo, was sung in a strident voice and explosive manner, with frequent strayings from the proper key. Alice Homer sang acceptably as Giovanna, and the other smaller parts were creditably done. Cesare Sodero conducted the orchestra with considerable discretion, providing a sympathetic and for the most part well modulated acompaniment for the singers.

Sept 23 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tosca," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Tosca ..... Bettina Freeman
Mario ..... Eugenio Cibelli
Scarpia ..... Mario Valle
Angelotti ..... Pietro De Biasi
Sacristan ..... Natale Cervi
Spoletta ..... Luigi Baldi
Sciarrone ..... Manuel Perez
Carceriere ..... Pietro Canova
Pastore ..... May Barron
Conductor ..... Fulgenzio Guirrieri.

Luigi Albertieri, who is staging the San Carlo operas, was at one time with the Metropolitan and Chicago forces. He also brings a large reinforcement to the ballet, taking under his management this part of the machinery as well as the duties of stage director.

Sept 24 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Aida ..... Marie Rappold
Amneris ..... Stella de Mette
Radames ..... Giuseppe Corallo
Amonasro ..... Natale Cervi
The King ..... De Biasi
Ramfis ..... Mario Valle
Messenger ..... Luigi Baldi
Priestess ..... Alice Homer

Incidental dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor—Gaetano Merola

Sept 25 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Boheme," in Italian, by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Mimi ..... Anna Fitziu
Rodolfo ..... Giuseppe Agostini
Musetta ..... Madeleine Keltie
Marcel ..... Mario Valle
Colline ..... Pietro De Biasi
Schaunard ..... Nicola D'Amico
Benoit ..... Natale Cervi
Conductor ..... Gaetano Merola

Sept 28 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Lohengrin," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Lohengrin ..... Giuseppe Agostini
Elsa ..... Anna Fitziu
Telramund ..... Mario Valle
The King ..... Pietro De Biasi
Ortrud ..... Stella De Mette
Herald ..... Manuel Perez
Conductor ..... Guerrieri Fulgenzio.

Sept 29 1920

San Carlo Opera

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" are surely no operatic novelties in this town, but they served to pack the Manhattan Opera House to the roof last night. Director Gallo certainly may rest secure in the knowledge that New Yorkers want moderate priced opera. Alice Gentle as Santuzza was as good an exponent of the woman scorned as one could desire, and she kept to the pitch vocally as well. Eugenio Cibelli as Turiddu sang fairly well, though Merola let the orchestra drown many of the young man's high notes. The real enthusiasm of the evening, however, was evoked by the artistic singing of Amedeo Baldi as the Harlequin in "I Pagliacci," who lent an atmosphere to the part that would do credit to any singer. Madelein Keltie made a good impression as Nedda. The work of the chorus was good.

Sept 30 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tales of Hoffmann" and "Faust." By members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

"The Tales of Hoffmann."

Olympia, Antonia, Hoffmann ..... Josephine Lucchese
Giulietta ..... Giuseppe Agostini
Nicklausse ..... Stella De Mette
A Voice ..... May Barron
Spalanzani, Crespel ..... Frances Morosini
Nathanael ..... Natale Cervi
Coppelius, Dapertutto, Dr. Miracle ..... Alice Homer
Cochenille, Franz ..... Mario Valle
Conductor ..... Arnold Becker
..... Manuel Perez
..... Gaetano Merola

"Faust."

Marguerite ..... Marguerite Namara
Faust ..... Pilade Sinagra
Mephistopheles ..... Pietro De Biasi
Valentin ..... Vincente Ballester
Siebel ..... May Barron
Wagner ..... Manuel Perez
Martha ..... Alice Homer

Incidental dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor ..... Gaetano Merola

Oct 1920

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Forza del Destino," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Leonora ..... Bettina Freeman
Alvaro ..... Giuseppe Agostini
Carlos ..... Vincente Ballester
Marchese ..... Natale Cervi
Preziosilla ..... Stella De Mette
Guardiano ..... Pietro De Biasi
Melitone ..... Natale Cervi
Curra ..... Alice Homer
Travucco ..... Amedeo Baldi

Conductor, Gaetano Merola.

Oct 2 1920

London Quartet

In Æolian Hall last evening the London String Quartet, all the way from Britain, began a series of concerts in which all the quartets of Beethoven are to be performed. Thus does the season of chamber music open with mighty workings, and the Beethoven "boom" which began last winter is continued with undiminished enthusiasm. The programme last evening comprised the first three numbers of opus. 18, a set of six quartets dedicated to Prince von Lobkowitz. The other three of this opus will be played this afternoon.

Whether the quartet is projecting this mass of Beethoven literature into the first days of the autumn in the belief that American music lovers need education in the art of listening to the great master or because its members cherish an honorable desire to acquaint us with the fact that in London the interpretation of Beethoven's music is an art of the first order cannot be conjectured. Many foreign visitors have set foot on our hospitable shores with the intent of enlightening us in musical matters only to learn to their chagrin that our information surpassed their own. Let us accept it, then, as improbable that the London players have made this mistake and assume that they merely wish to show us how chamber music is performed in London.

This too may be regarded as a doubtful undertaking, for in this town chamber music rejoices in high artistic prosperity and its lovers maintain standards which are not easy to reach. Possibly too the Beethoven festival has been somewhat overworked and people are beginning to ask themselves whether they really relish a feast of a dozen courses, all meat. For the present we may content ourselves with a passing record of the first appearance of the London musicians.

The quartet consists of James Levey, first violin; Thomas W. Petre, second violin; H. Waldo Warner, viola, and C. Warwick-Evans, cello. Their performance disclosed commendable qualities. The tone of the quartet was neither rich [illegible]. It was frequently dull and rough. But the balance was excellent [illegible] management the inner voices admirable. In precision and unanimity the organization commanded praise. In the first movement and the slow movement of the F major quartet there were some regretable lapses in intonation, but for the most part the players were in tune.

The style of the quartet combined finish with virility. There was occasional rudeness in the fortes, but smoothness and musical elegance were predominant. The playing showed the results of careful study and earnest rehearsal. Without rising to any lhigh level of warmth, these artists played with fine appreciation. Theirs is a style intellectual and scholarly rather than emotional. Such a style should endure the test of a long series of Beethoven concerts better than one more passionate. The quartet made a pleasing impression and will doubtless grow in favor.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Violetta ..... Lydia Lipkowska
Flora ..... Emma Noe
Annina ..... Alice Homer
Alfredo ..... Eugenio Cibelli
Gastone ..... Luigi Baldi
Giorgio Germont ..... Mario Valle
Baron Duphol ..... Antonio Cetti
Dr. Grenvil ..... Natale Cervi

Incidental dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor ..... Cesare Sodero.

Oct 4 1920

Burke Sings Full Voiced; Drenches Airs With Emotion

One of the pleasant things about Tom Burke's concert at the Hippodrome last evening was an arrangement for 'cello of the "Chant au Soleil" from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," which was played by Miss Helen Scholder. The concert was the occasion of the first appearance in New York of Mr. Burke, a tenor, who, according to London newspapers as well as his press agent, sang with success at Convent Garden this season. Among other things he appeared in the tenor rôles of two of Puccini's one-act operas, "Gianni Schicchi" and "Il Tabarro." Last week Mr. Burke sang at Saranac for the first time in America.

Some one leaving the Hippodrome last evenig remarked, "Hs is more Irish than a tenor." This is not altogether true. Mr. Burke was born in Lancashire of Irish parents. Most of his musical education was carried on in Italy. However, Mr. Burke's ideas of singing are even more remarkable than his voice. He has little respect for the melodic line, and phrases are chopped to suit his taste. It is true that he has a virile voice, which he uses crudely.

It is also true that he has several effective upper notes. These he sings with full voice and drenches with emotion. In these, too, no doubt lie his charm for the populace. To the discriminating he is too much given to foreing tone and to the abuse of falsetto.

After his introduction by Father Duffy, Mr. Burke sang Otello's prayer from Verdi's opera. This was followed by an aria from Massent's "Werther," Grieg's "A Dream," "Questo O Quella," from "Rigoletto," and a group of Irish songs. In the singing of Grieg's song and of the operatic arias, both those on the program and those which were added as encores and which included Mario's first aria in "Tosca" and "La Donna Mobile," there were curious crudities. And in the Irish ballads there was little further to commend the singer. Of pure singing in compliance with the laws of song there was scarcely a trace.

The other assisting musician on the program besides Miss Scholer was Franeesco Longo, pianist. Frank St. Leger was the accompanist.

Sunday Concerts

1920

It was hardly fair to Tom Burke to exploit him so strenuously before his first appearance in America, and to compel him to make good the claim to being the greatest Irish tenor ever heard. Such processes are likely to arouse anticipations of rare pleasure which are more often than not unfulfilled. Mr. Burke has a pleasing voice when he does not force it, and it is best suited to ballads. His attempts at operatic singing brought out

all its defects, which are in the way of production of tones, a lack of style and technique being most apparent. His faults, however, may have been due to nervousness, but his final numbers, a group of Irish songs, were not given with the flavor one would naturally expect from a singer of his nationality. It might be as well, however, to withhold judgment for another hearing. Last night, at the Hippodrome, much was left to be desired. Oct 4 1920

Mishel Piastro, another violinist from Russia, was heard yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall and created a good impression. His chief assets are a bigness of tone, certainty of stopping, and perfect control of the violin. The fact that it was his first appearance in this country may have had something to do with apparent weight upon his shoulders, and when he next plays he may show more of that indefinable something in the playing of the masters in which he is lacking.

Mischa Violin, who was heard in a violin recital before the war and who served in the A. E. F., returned to the concert stage last night in Carnegie Hall and was cordially greeted. He made a good impression again and should grow in time.

Oct-3, 1920

MUSIC

Oct 3 1920

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Rudolph Bocheo, Russian Violinist.

A number of pairs of musical shoes are standing empty in New York at the present time, on account of the departure of former owners, and there is a very natural desire on the part of several applicants to fill them. Within the next few days several "phenomenal Russian violinists" will have been candidates for a fitting; there is even a "greatest Irish tenor" prepared to try on. The first of these appeared yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Rudolph Bocheo, Russian violinist, a young man of engaging appearance and modest stage presence, who was gretted by a large audience composed in great part of this countrymen and women, indefatigable in giving a national welcome.

Mr. Bocheo did not succeed in turning the crisp October weather into a "warm afternoon for violinists." He played with great energy a rather uninspired suite in A minor by Sinding, Saint-Saëns's B minor concerto, a group of short pieces and Wieniawski's "Polonaise Brillant." He showed a technique of the right hand facile, but far from accurate, finely finished or precise in intonation; a vigorous bow-arm, but a tone not always beautiful, sometimes a little forced toward scraping; sincerity and straightforwardness, but few convincing evidences of a deep musical feeling or an illuminating understanding.

The London String Quartet.

At the same time the London String Quartet was advancing to the second stage of its series of Beethoven concerts that is to compass the performance of all the string quartets. It played the last three quartets of the set of six numbered Op. 18, the first of Beethoven's published works in this form, representing the finest flowering of his "first" style. The London players gave a delightful performance of this music, full of spirit, grace and finish, of rhythmic vitality and of felicities of phrasing; not always with unblemished beauty of tone, but with such an understanding and relish as to impart great pleasure to the listeners.

"RIGOLETTO" AT MANHATTAN.

"RIGOLETTO" was repeated at the Manhattan last night by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. Mme. Lydia Lipkowska sang Gilda, Stella Demette was Maddalena; Pilada Sinagra was the Duke; Vincente Ballester again sang the role of the Jester, and Pietro Di Blasi sang Sparafucile. Mr. Sodero conducted.

OPERA COMIQUE IN OPEN AIR

Oct-3——1920

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" Given at R. Hewitt's Country Estate.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," an opera comique in five acts by O. Nicolai, was presented yesterday afternoon at Wewappo Farm, the country estate at Midvale, N. J., of Mr. and Mrs. Ringwood Hewitt, for their daughters, the Misses Candace and Lucy Hewitt.

A large assembly of society, many coming by train and by motor, witnessed the performance, which was staged out of doors, in a Greek Theatre, near the house.

Joseph Regneas conducted the performance and Miss Blanche Barbot was at the piano. Those who took part in the opera were Mary Burns, Mary Potter, Essie Ehrstein, Theodore Webb, John Boschen and Sidney Peterson.

Oct 4 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Mishel Piastro, Russian Violinist.

Another Russian violinist, Mishel Piastro, made his first American appearance yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, which there seemed to be little difficulty in filling, with the willing assistance of the artist's compatriots resident in New York. Mr. Piastro's program comprised Handel's E major sonata, Goldmark's violin concerto, a "Meditation" by Glazunoff, Wieniawski's "Valse Caprice," Glinka's song about the lark, after passing through the hands of Balakireff and then of Auer, and Wieniawski's "Russian Carnival." This last in the preliminary announcements was strangely set down as played for the first time in America; but more prudent counsels prevailed in the preparation of the house bill, and nothing was said about the first time.

Mr. Piastro is an artist of sound and substantial equipment and a serious one. His largest asset seems to be his tone, which is big and penetrating, sometimes a little thick and heavy, but well controlled in all nuances. His ear rarely fails him in the matter of intonation and his facility upon the fingerboard serves him well. He plays in a serious and musical manner. He does not often communicate a burning enthusiasm, nor does he always even maintain a sustained and unfailing interest on the part of the listener in what he is doing.

He played Handel's sonata in a broad and dignified style, unimpeachably; he did something better in Goldmark's concerto. Perhaps the responsibility of a first appearance weighed upon his spirits. It may be, and it is to be hoped it will be, that an artist so well equipped with so many of the essential things of his art as Mr. Piastro will be able to make them count more in the conveyance of charm, of imagination, of interest and of musical stimulation.

Tom Burke, Irish Tenor.

An Irish tenor new to this country, said to have been successful as an operatic singer at Covent Garden in London, made his first appearance last evening at the Hippodrome, where a large audience heard him with some sympathy and considerable applause. It was hardly fair to Mr. Burke to announce him as "the greatest living Irish tenor;" or perhaps it was an oversight; for a much greater has recently been heard in New York. Mr. Burke has a voice agreeable when he allows it to be heard at its best, which is not when he forces it and delivers it continually from the chest, or when he fails to maintain the pitch; and there are matters in production and delivery in which he discloses technical deficiencies and a lack of style.

The voice is essentially one of lyric quality; but he is fond of urging it to dramatic or at least operatic effects; and his personality seems to be one that can make its best or its most plausible showing in the simulation of such effects. There were evidences of nervousness in Mr. Burke's singing, especially at the beginning; and it is likely that this nervousness prevented him from showing the best that he is capable of.

He sang the prayer from Verdi's "Otello," the aire "Pourquoi me reveiller" from Massenet's "Werther," the Duke's air "Questa o quella" from "Rigoletto"; Grieg's song "A Dream"; a group of Irish songs arranged and a bit sophisticated by Herbert Hughes, and an amusing Irish song by Stanford. He was curiously ineffective in the Irish songs, and hardly caught the rich native flavor that belongs to them.

Mr. Burke was introduced by Father Duffy of the 69th Regiment, who disclaimed a knowledge of music but gave full assurance of the singer's admirable qualities as a man. Assistance was given by Miss Helen Schoider, 'cellist; Francesco Longo, pianist, and Frank St. Leger, accompanist.

FIRST SONG RECITAL.

Anna Burmeister Opens Season at Aeolian Hall.

Anna Burmeister, a young soprano of light but agreeable voice and style, gave the first of the new season's song recitals in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Few of the hundreds to come will be so modestly heralded, but Miss Burmeister fulfilled in more than average measure the promise held out for many débuts each year, and by many unrealized. She showed good taste in selections from the "old masters," albeit there was hardly the devotional feeling for Bach's "Lord, to Thee My Heart I Proffer," nor the lacy delicacy of Mozart's "Batti, Batti," from "Don Giovanni."

A little Beethoven song, given in English as "With a Painted Ribbon," was the best of these earlier airs. A modern French group, despite some difficulty as to language, gained more beauty of tone, while among American composers several had dedicated manuscript songs to the young artist, who sang them with frank and infectious delight.

Plays for Explosion Victims.

Mischa Violin, whose odd stage name is that of the instrument he plays, made a reappearance last evening as the second of the day's two Russian violinists in Carnegie Hall. He had previously been heard here just before the war, in which he enlisted, taking out citizenship papers as an American. His present concert was announced as a benefit for dependents of the victims of the Wall Street explosion. In a fresh and fragrant old sonata of Nardini, as revived by David(he showed admirable simplicity such as the quaint music required, giving as much pleasure in this as in the familiar concerto of Mendelssohn that followed. There were later pieces by Tschaikowsky, Kreisler and Auer.

Russian Airs at Lexington.

Leo Ornstein and Helen Yorke assisted the Russian Symphony Orchestra in a popular program at the Lexington Theatre last evening, the third of a Sunday night series projected by Masha Appelbaum. Mr. Ornstein played with the orchestra MacDowell's pianoforte concerto in D minor, and Miss Yorke was heard in the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," which she encored with Strauss's "Primavera" waltz. Mr. Altschuler conducted Vassilenko's "Flight of the Witches," Glazunoff's arrangement of the "Volga Boatmen's Song" and his own version of a Russian folk tune called the "Soldier's Song," among works of eight Slavic composers.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Extracted from yesterday's late edition~~

"Toscha, Jascha, Mischa, Sascha; where do fiddlers get their names?" was the puzzled query of the lyrical humorist of The Cleveland Leader some months ago. We might answer him briefly, "In Russia," of course, and tell him that though they have little dignity their sound serves them for good advertising material here. The man on The Leader wondered if the fiddlers would seem as great if they called themselves William or James.

Certainly not, yet the names tell of the land of their origin, and that speaks profitably for them, since it associates them with names that are great in literature and the plastic arts of Russia, though they are borne by young men who are not Slavic by race. Without exception they are Jews, yet to add to the puzzlement their front names are neither Russian nor Hebrew.

A Badge of Oppression

They are Yiddish and in a way a badge of oppression. The humbler class of Jews is Russian—at least at the time when the brood of young musical performers now overwhelming us were born they were not permitted when registering the birth of their children to give them Christian or Gentile names.

So they received the names by which their families wished to identify them. Zimbalist is the only one of them, to our knowledge, who has a distinctly Hebrew name, Efrem is Biblical—Ephraim; but if we wanted to give the young men who troubled the mind of the humorist the English equivalents of their Yiddish names we should have to speak of Teddy Seidel, Aleck Heifetz, Aleck Jacobson, Micky Elman and Micky Violin—the last of whom was the third of this year's Russian violinists who made his American début within the last two days.

Jascha and Sascha are identical in meaning, and the names are musical in one sense that made Bach's name musical; they can be transliterated into musical notation. Glazounoff wrote a pianoforte suite in S (E flat in German)-A-S (E flat)-C-H (B natural)-A.

The débutant at Carnegie has a surname which, we fancy, was chosen by himself for the concert platform. We do not know any rule of Russian or Hebrew linguistics which entitles him to call himself Violin, even though he gives it a Russian pronunciation, accenting it on the second syllable. Violin is good English, more nearly related to high-class music than Mr. Violin made it appear yesterday evening at Carnegie Hall. He did not advance the Russo-Hebraic conquest of America by his performance. What he did with the Nardini sonata and Mendelssohn's concerto made that so plain that it was not necessary to hear the smaller pieces which followed them.

Style Lacks Maturity

He has not yet acquired a style that is in the slightest degree musicianly or mature. His tone is slight, his bowing constrained, and what might be described as short breathed. He can play very fast, as he did in the finale of the Mendelssohn concerto, but he cannot play fast and with rhythmical incisiveness at the same time. There is no breadth or distinction in his cantabile. He sings spasmodically in a still, small voice, whose chief virtue is its general purity. Nowhere in the two pieces did he reach the plane which is frequently occupied by talented boys who are still kept by wise mentors miles away from the public platform.

Race nationality and the triumphs of his predecessors of the last few years are not likely to open a wide field for him in the country which foreign would-be virtuosi are seeking to despoil.

This year's invaders from Russia are not likely to push upon the heels of those of the last few years very closely.

There are half a dozen young violinists still in the hands of their New York teachers who would have given a far better account of themselves in this sonata and concerto than this newcomer who bears the name of the instrument upon which he plays.

Our generosity is large; the field of endeavor upon which Mr. Violin entered yesterday is large; we wish we could have invited him into it with more pleasure than he has permitted us to feel.

Mishel Piastro, who was born in Kerz, Russia, early began his study of the instrument on which his father was a very fine performer. After the fundamental principles of a musical education were obtained he was sent to the conservatory from which he was graduated in 1910 with highest honors, being awarded the gold medal. In 1912 he achieved a still more notable distinction by winning the 1,000 rouble prize in contest with ten other virtuosi.

Oct 5 1920

MISS WARREN, PIANIST, PLAYS.

Chaucer lived a long time ago and said many things which have endured unto this day. One of them is this: "Ther n' is no werkman, whatever he be, that may both werken wel and hastily." Many automobile drivers and some pianists would deride this wisdom of Chaucer, for they believe in speed. Yet day after day demonstrates the truth of the poet's saying. Last night Miss Minnette Warren, pianist, added another illustration to the theme.

She gave a recital in Aeolian Hall and proved that to her, as to most automobilists, second speed is a thing to be shunned. She took all the hills in high, and evenin the slow movement of Schumann's sonata in F found it almost impossible to throttle down her flying chariot. There's another pianist named Rosenthal who plays very fast, but he differs from Miss Warren in that he causes all the notes to be heard, whereas the young woman practises tonal impressionaism and sweeps things into one torrential blend.

Aside from digital facility Miss Warren disclosed no special gift for piano playing. Inevitably interpretation did not intrude itself into her artistic scheme. She joyed to let fingers career madly through page after page of good music. The audience listened to her with politeness and applauded her.

By Richard Aldrich

The London String Quartet.

The London String Quartet advanced yesterday in its serial performances of Beethoven's quartets to the three numbered Op. 59 and dedicated to Count Rasumoffsky. It played them all in Aeolian Hall to an audience not so large as the merit and the significance of the enterprise would warrant. There are no more perfect examples of the classical quartet style, no more familiar ones, than these three which formed the too substantial contents of yesterday afternoon's program.

It is inevitable that the programs of Beethoven quartet cycles should be too substantial. The three quartets lasted appreciably more than two hours, and that amount of even the most golden beauty, the most lucid and persuasive musical discourse, especially when it is in one man's single style, weighs heavily upon the receptive powers.

The playing of the London organization showed some of their most admirable qualities; it showed real understanding, real powers of interpretation, and technical, intellectual and emotional qualities sufficient to carry them out. There might be difference of opinion as to certain points and certain passages; some would think that the quality of tone was sometimes ruffled in rapid passages, as in moments of the final allegro, in which the Russian theme is treated, of the first quartet of the set. But there was great enjoyment to be derived from a performance so vital, with so many of the higher qualities of style.

Miss Minette Warren, Pianist.

Miss Minette Warren, a young pianist from the West not wholly unknown to New York concert halls, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, in which she played a program that might have been interesting for several novel features, and several others of established value, if she had allowed her listeners to hear the music in anything like the spirit in which it was written. Her most conspicuous quality is a sort of speed mania, which leads her to rush all fast movements at a dizzying pace, often hearing no relation to the essential character of the music, and not often so dizzying as to lose all trace of its innate rhythm and of the outline of its phrases.

Thus she played an overture by Bach transcribed by Joseffy, which turned out to be the overture to the so-called "Rathswahl" cantata, identical in substance with the prelude to the E major solo sonata often played by violinists—but never so fast as Miss Warren attempted it. Thus, also, some of the variations by Handel on a theme which Miss Warren was quite justified in putting down on her program as "The Harmonious Blacksmith," since that nickname was none of Handel's devising. And, again, "[illegible] Capriccio Scarlatti," by Paderewski, in which there were dim and instantly effaced traces of something interesting, as though glimpsed from the windows of a rapidly moving express train.

But when she treated in this manner Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor the case was graver. There were traits of real beauty, at least in the first statement of the theme, in her playing of the "aria"; the rest was deplorable. Some may have wondered why, with her predilection for speeding, Miss Warren

4

her choose the G minor ... of Schumann, of which the last ... ment is marked in the beginning ... s fast as possible," and then, later, ... till faster." She played three pieces ... Chopin, and later, among other contemporaneous things, a prelude by herself.

oct-6

Music

London String Quartet

Continuing its serial performances of all seventeen of Beethoven's quartets, the London String Quartet gave its fourth concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme comprised three quartets—those respectively in E flat major, op. 74; in F minor, op. 95, and in E flat major, op. 127—and these works, rich as they are in tonal beauty and eloquence, constituted a heavy feast even for confirmed Beethovenites. Yet a fair-sized audience heard them with much enjoyment; its demonstrations of approval of the way the music was played left no doubt of that.

The playing of the London Quartet, indeed, again showed ripe musicianship and proclaimed the composer's message in these works of his maturity with artistic sincerity, with abundant vigor, and considerable beauty. There were occasional crudities of tone in rapid passages that were not pleasant to hear. Mr. Levey, the first violinist, erred in this respect more than did his associates, being not always sure of the pitch and showing a tendency at times to force a scraped and strident tone from his instrument; but he is an able leader, withal, and obtains from his fellow players an almost perfect coöperation. The complete unity of all the parts in this fine organization—its thoroughly homogeneous work at all times, be the music it plays fast or slow, loud or soft—constitutes its most admirable quality. It is a merit none too common with purveyors of chamber music, and one that requires years of collaboration to achieve.

Robert Quait's Song Recital.

Robert Quait, a young tenor from the West, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall, singing a program made up of airs by Handel and Mendelssohn, an operatic air by Gomez from the opera "Salvator Rosa" and songs by a large number of American composers. His voice is a tenor of light and agreeable quality, sometimes rather superabundant in nasal resonance, and somewhat lacking in robustness. His style is finished and refined, not seldom overrefined, and disposed to emphasize contrasts where none exist. There was much that was praiseworthy in his delivery of the beautiful air "Where'er You Walk," from Handel's "Semele"—and here as elsewhere his clear diction in English was notable—but the air hardly calls for the amount of sentiment and even emotional ecstacy that he imparted to it. There was likewise a lack of virility and tragic power, as distinguished from tearful lamentation, in his singing of "Total Eclipse," with its preliminary recitative from "Samson." And the air "The Sorrows of Death," with its dramatic appeal to the watchman, from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," needs, it is to be feared, an altogether bigger style and a fuller-throated utterance than Mr. Quait commands. In matters of a purely lyric nature he was the most successful. Robert Gayler played the accompaniments in a manner admirably seconding the singer's.

LONDON QUARTET AGAIN SHOWS EXCELLENCE

Oct 6 1920

Robert Quait, Tenor, Gives Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Two concerts in Aeolian Hall invited the attention of music lovers yesterday. In the afternoon the London String Quartette made progress in its list of Beethoven's chamber music by playing opus 74, E flat, opus 95, F minor and opus 127, E flat. These works called for an exhibition of the best powers of the organization, and the performance was one to command warm admiration. Again the London musicians gave pleasure by the excellence of their ensemble, the finish of their style and the intelligence of their interpretation.

In the evening Robert Quait, a tenor, delivered himself of a recital of songs and ballads. Handel and Mendelssohn contributed classic oratorio airs for the opening of the programme, and in these Mr. Quait had room for a complete disclosure of his qualities.

His voice showed intrinsic worth, but his vocal technic obscured much of this. Mr. Quait valiantly strove to be dramatic with a style which revealed in sharp contrasts of medium and hard tones and impressive pauses between phrases. His enunciation was good most of the time, but the exaggerations of his mannerisms prevented the achievement of anything approaching artistic finish.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Gioconda," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Enzo	Giuseppe Corallo
La Gioconda	Bettina Freeman
Laura	Stella De Mette
Alvise	Pietro De Biasi
La Cieca	Weider
Barnaba	Vincente Ballester
Zuane	Natale Cervi
Un Cantore	L. Dellemolle
Isepo	Amedeo Baldi

Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet

Conducto ... Gaetano Merola

New York Pays Homage in Song To Jenny Lind

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's late edition~~

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jenny Lind was celebrated in a concert at Carnegie Hall last night, which, as far as it was found possible to make it so, was a replica of the first concert given by the Swedish singer in America. Carnegie Hall could not be made to look like Castle Garden, which in the middle of the last century lay off a slight distance from Battery Park, with which it was connected by a bridge, and which for several years after Jenny Lind's American début echoed to the voices of singers who in dramatic music, if not in the florid lyrics of Rossini, Bellini and Meyerbeer and in simple folk-song, were possibly her superiors—Grisi, for instance.

But if there was no verisimilitude in the room or the apeparance and conduct of the audience, there was a pretty close approach to it in some particulars which lent a delightful archaic touch to the affair.

Welcome, Sweet Warbler

The flags of Sweden and the United States were intertwined above the platform and on the balcony front in the rear. Stretched along the proscenium arch was the Barnumesque greeting, "Welcome, Sweet Warbler." There were maiden ushers, in white, some in crinoline, carrying white wands with ribbands. Two firemen in the uniform of the old volunteer department walked up and down the aisles in the intermission and looked very much like men who in their youth had "run with the machine." Perhaps they had. The musicians of the orchestra and all others who participated in the music-making wore the garb of three-quarters of a century ago.

The program bore the names of Jenny Lind and her associates—Giovanni Belletti, who has been celebrated as the greatest barytone of the nineteenth century, was impersonated by Arthur Middleton; Ole Windingstad, a pianist by Coenraad V. Bos, and Richard Hoffman by Daniel Wolf. To represent Messrs. Kyle and Siede, solo flautists, were August Rodeman and Anton Fayer.

Jenny Lind's music was sung by Mme. Frieda Hempel, who in crinoline with a white silk or satin skirt trimmed with garlands of flowers and the most graceful and fascinating bodice that centuries of fashion have evolved, looked far lovelier than ever did the famous artist whom she impersonated.

We have often been obliged to answer in the negative the question whether we ever heard Jenny Lind, and so we cannot say whether or not Mme. Hempel approached her in her airs and songs last night. But that is immaterial. It is enough to say that in two numbers of the program she surpassed anything which we have heard from her since her advent in America. Of these numbers something shall be said presently.

Some Music Is Lacking

A brave attempt was made to perform all the music heard at the concert in Castle Garden on September 11, 1850. We had not believed it possible and so it turned out. The "duetto for two pianofortes on favorite melodies by Bellini, composed by Thalberg," could not be found. So the gentlemen played on two old-fashioned square pianofortes Reinecke's variations on a Gavotte by Gluck.

The house bill announced the number as a "duet on two pianofortes by Benedict," which indicates that there was some confusion on this point in the mind of the manager of the concert.

The "Greeting to America," a setting by Benedict of a poem by Bayard Taylor, for which Barnum gave a prize, was probably sung at the close. We do not know, because we could not stay until the end of so long a concert.

The two numbers in which Mme. Hempel's beautiful art showed most brilliantly were the air with two concertante flutes by Meyerbeer, and the Herdsman's son, "Kom kjyda," which Mme. Sembrich brought back to life in her recitals a few years ago.

Strictly speaking, the air with flutes was not that which Jenny Lind sang, though we are unable to say out of hand whether or not there was any difference in the music.

Had last night's house bill been accurate the air would have been announced as from "L'Etoile du Nord" instead of from "A Camp in Silesia." The latter is a German opera written for Jenny Lind four years before the composer despoiled it of its best music to deck out his French opera.

Imitates Jenny Lind

We recall the masterpiece of scintillant vocalization as part of Adelina Patti's repertory. As a concert piece its text is of no consequence, but in the transfer Meyerbeer robbed it of its dramatic significance and propriety, which in the German opera are as lovely as they are unique.

Frederick the Great was a character in "A Camp in Silesia" and the music occurs when the royal flautist is overheard playing a concerto in a garden pavilion. Vielka, the heroine, persuades her lover to emulate the King and stimulates his memory by singing the flute music for him after the King's playing. A dainty and effective conceit.

The French opera transfers the scene to Russia and changes Frederick into Peter the Great, who, tradition says, preferred the bagpipe to all other musical instruments and who certainly never played the flute. Peter and a cabinetmaker play the flute music on opposite sides of a room as medicine for the mad mind of Empress Catherine.

In the "Kom Kjyra" Mme. Hempel imitated Jenny Lind in playing her own accompaniment (on a tiny pianoforte which must have antedated the Castle Garden concert), and also in singing the unaccompanied coda which Jenny Lind added to it. When the Swedish singer sang it she was wont to turn her face to the audience and appear to listen to the echo as being thrown back from the rear wall. Mme. Hempel was not content with the nuance; she rose from her chair, sang the coda and touched the final chord standing. But she sang the air with ravishing beauty and had to repeat it.

Mr. Middleton showed surprising buffo skill in the cavatina "Largo al factotum," from "Il Barbiere." A cablegram of thanks to the Lind Centennial Committee, sent by the King of Sweden, was read. There was a fine audience and many signs of delight; but no crowd of turbulent enthusiasm like those of seventy years ago.

Exercises at the Former Castle Garden Where Famous Artist First Sang in America.

To crown the local celebration of the historical fact that Jenny Lind was born on October 6, 1820, the concert at which she made her American debut in Castle Garden under the direction of P. T. Barnum was enacted last evening in Carnegie Hall with Mme. Hempel, the Berlin nightingale, in the title role. The programme was said to be the same as that given in Castle Garden on September 10, 1850. This is a matter of no great importance, especially since the airs chanted by Miss Lind have survived the wear of time and remain in the repertory even of some Aeolian Hall fledglings.

Mme. Hempel reproduced also the costume of Jenny Lind and the Swedish diva's associates in the concert were impersonated with gravity even to the operator of the kettle drums. The costumes seemed to interest the audience deeply and Miss Lind-Hempel was a vision of delight with her flaxen locks and her voluminous skirt of white satin decorated with roses.

The programme consisted of the overture to "Oberon," conducted by Ole Windingstad, representing Julius Benedict; an air from Rossini's "Maometto Secondo," sung by Arthur Middleton as Signor Belletti; "Casta Diva," beautifully sung by the Miss Jenny Lind of the evening; a duet for two pianos played by Conrad Bos and Daniel Wolf, representing Messrs. Benedict and Hofmann; a duet from Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia," by Mlle. Lind and Signor Belletti; Benedict's "Crusaders" overture; the famous trio for voice and two flutes from Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia," written for Mlle. Lind; the "Largo al Fattotum," sung by Signor Belletti; the old "Echo Song," sung by Mlle. Lind, with her own accompaniment played on the genuine Jenny Lind piano used at the 1850 concert, and Bayard Taylor's "Greeting to America," with Benedict's music, sung by the prima donna.

Too Much of Rossini.

The general impression made by the concert, except when Weber's overture was played and Mlle. Lind sang from "Norma," was tedious. There was too much Rossini and altogether too much Benedict. But the affair passed off fairly smoothly except in the first air of Signor Belletti, the performance of which suggested that he, M. Benedict and Rossini had met just before the concert for the first time.

As to the need for such a celebration little need now be said. When Mlle. Lind went to London there was an expenditure of much trickery to arouse the interest of the musical world. The accomplished Chodley found himself unable to share the stimulated raptures of the London public. He perceived that Mlle. Lind's voice was divided into two distinct parts, the lower range being veiled, even husky and prone to be out of tune, while the upper register was powerful and rich and most brilliant at its top. She had a remarkable breath support and by cunning use of it managed to conceal some of the disproportion between the upper and lower portions of her voice.

Her colorature was dazzling, her trill true and taste in ornament original. She sang a ventriloquial planissimo. Her expressive power moved her auditors, but Chorley found himself satisfied only at intervals. He felt that she labored with the tests, all in languages foreign to her, and that this made her style too heavy for real expression. But she was aver y zealous artist and never slighted a phrase from the beginning to the end of an opera. Her fame has rested on the quality of her voice, her pathetic eloquence and her skill in florid passages. According to Chorley, only the last was truly of the highest rank.

Mme. Hempel's voice and singing need not now be analyzed. She may not be as astonishing in colorature nor as touching in pathos as Mlle. Lind, but she has an excellent art of her own and need not essay to win factitious

A cablegram of tribute to Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," from Gustav V, King of Sweden, was read late yesterday afternoon at exercises in the Aquarium under the auspices of the Jenny Lind Centennial Committee.

King Gustav's telegram reads: "I send my best wishes for the celebration of the memory of the famous daughter of Sweden, the great singer and the noble personality of Jenny Lind."

The Aquarium was chosen for the afternoon's celebration because when it was Castle Garden Jenny Lind sang there for the first time in this country.

W. A. F. Ekengren, Ambassador from Sweden, was the guest of honor, and recounted Jenny Lind's achievements, saying that she did much to promote friendship and understanding between Sweden and this country. Addresses were made by Madison Grant, chairman of the special committee of the New York Zoological Society, and Dr. Charles Townsend, director of the Aquarium. Swedish songs were rendered by the Swedish Singing Society.

Miss Parker in Recital

Canadian Contralto Is Heard at Aeolian Hall

The skillful use of an ordinary voice sometimes adds deceptive beauty to indifferent tones, but this was not true in the case of Miss Winifred Parker, a Canadian contralto, who sang in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Parker sang crudely and in such a fashion that the possibilities of her voice were obscured. In the first place, her voice is poorly equalized, weak in the lower tones, smooth in the middle, harsh in the extreme upper notes, which are also imposing in volume.

The most serious defect in her singing was a persistent tendency to scoop. Then, too, blurred enunciation in English, reneh and Italian left the hearer in doubt as to the content of the songs. As an interpreter she showed little imagination or variety. Her program included two recitatives and an aria from Halevy's "Charles VI," and songs by Debussy, Caccini, Martini, Saint-Saëns, Burleigh and others.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor," by members of The San Carlo Opera Company.

Cast.

Lucia	Regina Vicarino
Henry Ashton	Mario Valle
Edgar Ravenswood	Pitade Sinagra
Raymond	Natale Cervi
Alice	Alice Homer
Lord Bucklaw	Amedeo Baldi
Director	Cesare Sodero

Regina Vicarino Sings Lucia.

Regina Vicarino, a soprano not unknown to the Manhattan stage when Oscar Hammerstein was consul, returned to West Thirty-fourth Street last night with Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Company for a single performance of Donizetti's "Lucia," in which she sang the title role. Giuseppe Corallo, Mario del Valle and others assisted, and Mr. Sodero conducted the famous ensembles. The opera was heard by a large audience, only the standees showing any diminution from the nightly throngs that have marked nearly three weeks of the engagement here.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The hundredth birthday of Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish soprano, was celebrated in Carnegie Hall last evening by a quaint and in every way delightful concert. It was a reproduction, so far as the records aided by a more or less creative imagination could effect it, of the first concert that Jenny Lind gave in this country at Castle Garden on Sept. 11, 1850. The program was repeated.

with the exception of one number, the music of which appeared to be at present unobtainable.

The artists who took part in it appeared in costumes of the period, headed by Mme. Frieda Hempel, one of the few sopranos now extant who can represent Jenny Lind's art. She was a golden-haired vision, very like a Swedish nightingale, in white satin crinoline, garlanded with morning glories. Signor Belcttl, the baritone, was represented by Arthur Middleton in a colored dress coat, high collar and stock; Julius Benedict, in his capacity as conductor, by Ole Windingstal, and as pianist by Coenraad V. Bos; and Richard Hoffman, pianist, by Daniel Wolf. They, as well as all the players of the orchestra, wore similar costumes. Some of them looked uncomfortable.

The hall was decorated with the American and Swedish flags; over the platform was an illuminated inscription, "Welcome, Sweet Warbler." P. T. Barnum, Jenny Lind's manager, appeared at the end of the concert, impersonated by Thomas S. Wiso. Several firemen in fire hats and red shirts with brass trumpets moved about the hall, remnant of the force of 700 that escorted the singer from the steamer on her arrival. Young women in crinoline sold facsimiles of the Castle Garden program books.

A couple of old square pianos stood on the stage for the two-piano duet that was played and a still older square piano was provided for Mme. Hempel to play her own accompaniment on in the Swedish "Herdsman's Song." The sight was altogether picturesque and the significant portion of the program was well performed.

The overture to "Oberon," the scena au cavatina, "Casta Diva," from Bellini's "Norma;" the "Largo al Factotum," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and the Herdsman's Song" (which Mme. Sambrick used to sing in her folk-song concerts,) were music that has survived the seventy years. Perhaps some had heard the trio for soprano and two flutes "composed expressly for Jenny Lind" by Meyerbeer, in his opera "The Camp in Silesia" (afterwards recast as "L'Etoile du Nord.")

But who could have identified the baritone air "Sorgete," from Rossini's "Maometto Secondo," the duet for soprano and baritone "Pei Piacere alla Signora," from his "Il Turco in Italia"—as good as anything at least in "L'Italiana in Algeri"—the overture to "The Crusaders" by Benedict or the setting by the same composer of the prize poem of Bayard Taylor, "The Greeting to America," composed at Barnum's instigation for this concert?

The program went astray in its mention of the duel for two pianos, which was not by Benedict, as it stated, but was originally Thalberg's Fantasia on airs from Bellini's "Norma." This classic has somehow failed to survive in any obtainable form, apparently, and fill its place the two pianists played Carl Reinecke's Improvisation on a gavotte by Gluck, no doubt to the greater edification of the audience.

Mme. Hempel sang brilliantly with finished art and spontaneous ease in her solos and concerted pieces, and with especial sonority and beauty of tone in the "Herdsman's Song," in Swedish. Mr. Middleton did extremely well in the plaint air from "Maometto Secundo," and gave a successful American approximation to the Italian volunbility of the "Largo al Factotum." Praise should also be awarded freely to Messrs. Bos and Wolf for their tussle with the two square pianos. But was the duet played in Castle Garden on square pianos? The grand piano was in 1850 a well established institution, and the American pioneers had already introduced the improvements that made possible the instruments of today.

In the course of the concert a cabe dispatch was read from the King of Sweden, conveying his "best wishes for the celebration of the famous daughter of Sweden." The audience was a large one, completely filling the hal, and displayed an unfagging interest in the concert and abundant enthusiasm. The proceeds are to go to the same charitable institutions which Jenny Lind, on the advice of the Mayor of New York, selected as the beneficiaries of her first American concert.

Oct 8 1920

Double Bill at Manhattan.

The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" was again presented by the San Carlo Opera Company last night at the Manhattan Opera House.

Alice Gentle, whose satisfying interpretation of the title role in "Carmen" did much to start the San Carlo season on its successful way, was the Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticanna," with Eugenio Cibelli as Turiddu, May Barron as Lola, Alice Homer as Lucia and Fernando Guarnieri as Alfio.

The cast of "Pagliacci" presented Anna Fitzin as Nedda, Giuseppe Agostini as Canio, Vincente Ballester as Tonio, Nicola d'Amico as Silvio and Luigi Baldi as Beppo.

Director Gaetano Merola conducted the first half of the bill, with Cesare Sodero weilding the baton for the second.

German Songs, First Since War,

songs to be song here in German since the war, a performance achieved by Miss Alma Simpson, soprano.

Miss Ashley showed unusual talent at her piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. She is a pianist of first rank in the making. Although only twenty-six years old, her playing already has contour and maturity. She is fully equipped to hold the interest of an audience throughout a recital. It would be interesting to hear her with orchestra. Miss Ashley's touch is velvet and many varieties of tonal color are known to her well trained, sophisticated fingers. Her technic is smooth but not obtrusive. She does not sacrifice interpretation to gain speed.

Something of an Amazon in appearance, her playing has the enthusiasm of vigorous youth. But she is versatile, and the exotic charm of Debussy's Pagodes was as well within her grasp as the romance in Chopin's G minor Ballade. The pianist's interesting reading of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, tempted the listener to remain to hear her Chopin. Then came the Pagodes. A delightful recital by a pianist with a future.

In the evening Mr. Hemus, who for several years has been active in war work, sang in the same hall. His sturdy voice was heard to excellent advantage in a program which ranged from Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness to fly" to Walter Damrosch's "Danny Deever."

Miss Simpson's program at Carnegie Hall contained this note over the singer's signature: "As the poetry often suffers in the translation, making art, which is innocent, the loser, the last two songs, by Brahms and Schumann, will be sung in the original tongue." The songs were "Wigenlied" and "Auftraege."

If there were some in the audience who thought the singing of these songs in German a bit premature and in questionable taste, there was no hostile demonstration. Neither was there undue applause, and a young man who had attracted the attention of the audience throughout the concert, and suggested the thought that Miss Simpson had taken the precaution to provide herself with a claque, had the good sense to moderate his frenzy of enthusiasm.

But it would have made little difference had Miss Simpson been singing in German or in Chinese. Throughout a polyglot program, her enunciation in Italian, French, Spanish, English—we cannot answer for her Czech and Norwegian—was of the vaguest and almost wholly devoid of consonants. She wore the Spanish colors, a Spanish comb and carried a black spangled fan, thus giving the appearance of a lurking temperament. Her light voice, however, was not a convincing asset to the picture and at times she was nearly inaudible.

Oct 8

HEAR SONGS IN GERMAN.

At Carnegie Hall last night Mme. Alma Simpson, soprano, gave a song recital. Among other selections was one called "Cantar Eterno, Estilo," which, typical of the Argentine Pampas, was sung in the characteristic dialect of the "gaucho." Brahm's "Wiegenlied" and Schumann's 'Auftrage," sung in German, closed the final group. The singer's light quality of voice was at times pleasing, but her style had little color or originality. The accompaniments were by Miss Bozka Hejtmanek or the Ampico.

MISS ASHLEY, PIANIST, PLAYS.

Miss Phyllida Ashley gave her first piano recital here in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. She played Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," the Bach-Tausig toccata and fugus in D minor, some Chopin, a bit of Paderewski, who once predicted a future for her, and works of other composers. She seemed to suffer from nervousness, which may have been the reason she made so many technical slips.

In spite of nervousness, however, she disclosed a measure of talent. Without any wide variety of tone color, she ployer her music with considerable intelligence, and in respect to dynamics with a fair degree of mastery of the keyboard. The chief defect of her art seemed to be a want of warmth. Her audience was kind to her.

Phyllida Ashley's Piano Recital.

Phyllida Ashley, who gave a piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, is a young American who studied in America. There were praiseworthy qualities in her playing, though it is not yet ripely enough developed to require deep consideration as a contribution to the New York musical season. She has no little technical facility, which would be moré admirable if there were not so many more than a negligible number of false notes in her playing. She has an unusually well-developed touch, a feeling for beauty of tone and tonal color.

She will no doubt have hereafter, if she devotes thought and meditation to her art, a maturer conception of Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata and of some of the other numbers she played. Yesterday her performance of the sonata tended somewhat toward confusion. There was greater clearness in Tausig's arrangement of Bach's D minor toccata and fugue; and a feeling for the poetical significance of Chopin's nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, and the G minor Ballade. Among her other numbers were two pieces by Sigismund Stojowski, her master, and Paderewski's "Cracovienne Fantastique."

Oct 9 1920

By Richard Aldrich

The National Symphony Orchestra.

The season of orchestral music in New York, which is to be unprecedented in the number of concerts to be given by the three orchestras now belonging to the metropolis, was opened last evening in Carnegie Hall. The National Symphony Orchestra, renamed, reorganized, reanimated, if reanimation was necessary, under the direction of Artur Bodanzky, gave the first of its innumerable concerts. The program comprised the overture to "Der Freischütz," Brahms's second piano concerto, played by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

There was abundant interest, obviously, in the prospects and promise of the renovated organization, in which there have been so many changes of personnel since the close of last season, and whose ranks have been filled up with so many recruits from other and older orchestras all over the country. The hall was full and there was an atmosphere of expectancy.

The orchestra is, of course, greatly improved in its quality and in many of the things that go to make fine orchestral playing. It has a great power and an imposing sonority in which Mr. Bodanzky takes delight. He has already remoided it largely in the direction of his heart's desire, in precision, in finish of ensemble, in capacity of nuance, in brilliancy, in rhythmic energy and incisiveness; and in all these things it is plastic and instant in response to his direction.

In quality of tone, in transparency, in the minuter gradations and fusions of the diverse timbres and in sheer beauty of sound, there is still something to be wished for. The golden purity of tone that still remains an unmatched memory left by an unequalled organization, has not been reached by Mr. Bodanzky's efforts yet. These are subtler qualities, not attainable by the first waves of even the most skillful baton. They remain to be striven for to be laboriously worked out, and to take the place of some of the too-strenuous sound-production that is the basis of the orchestra's tone at present.

This is not, of course, to say that there is not a splendid efficiency, a dazzling brilliancy and a stirring musical vitality in the orchestra's playing at present. These were reached in the performance of the "Freischütz" overture, which was of the most dramatic and vivid order, an intelligent and cunningly wrought fulfillment of Wagner's conception of the piece. That conception, as he has detailed it, has led to many clumsy and uncomprehending exaggerations, which are impossible to a musician of Mr. Bodanzky's intelligence and musical prescience.

Of the same sort was the playing of Strauss's tone poem, from which he squeezed the last drop of delineative effect, of pathetic and melodramatic eloquence.

Brahms's concerto does not lend itself to this sort of treatment; yet in certain passages, especially of the first movement, it was submitted to something of the sort.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave a masterly performance of the concerto, profoundly felt, passionately energetic, brilliantly executed; but his conception of the work seemed sometimes to pass over into a vehemence not quite native to it. Of glowing and ecstatic loveliness was his playing of the andante.

The orchestral portion of the work was given the truly symphonic elaboration that it claims, now and again lapsing into vehemence likewise.

The results were unconventional, but they were stirring. Not only was Mr. Gabrilowitsch enthusiastically applauded, but Mr. Van Vliet, the first violoncellist, to whom falls the "long, sweet, gravely amorous song," as Mr. Gilman in his note called it, of the andante, was also made to take a share of the applause for himself.

Mrs. Annie Braham.

Mrs. Annie Braham, widow of David Braham, who wrote the music for the plays in which Harrigan and Hart became famous, died yesterday at the age of 79, at her residence, 75 West 131st Street. She is survived by a son, George Braham, and two daughters, Mrs. John Farley and Mrs. James Johnson, both of whom are on the stage. Another daughter, now dead, was the wife of Edward Harrigan, the comedian, and the mother of William Harrigan, leading man of "The Acquittal." Still another member of the family is on the stage, a granddaughter, Alma Braham, is in the cast of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

John Dennis Mehan.

John Dennis Mehan, founder in 1886 of the Mehan Schol of Vocal Art, died yesterday of peritonitis and heart disease at his studio in Carnegie Hall, where he had lived for twenty-three years, being the oldest tenant of the building.

The miniature Beethoven festival by the London String Quartet, in which these players have shown such distinction in interpreting Beethoven's most inspired works, is drawing to a close. At the concert last evening in Aeolian Hall there were two quartets on the program, Op 130 in B flat major and Op. 131 in C sharp minor.

The first of these, dedicated to Count Nicholas von Galitzen, was written in 1825, and contains six movements. It is one of the longest in the series. The third movement, which has the rhythm of a German country dance, is one of its distinguishing features. The second subject of the finale has been used by Borodin in the finale of his second quartet. In the second movement of Op 131, there is Mozartian lightness, while the Presto shows Beethoven in one of his most jocund moods.

As usual the players did full justice to the music. Their performance should bring joy to the hearts of all lovers of the best in chamber music.

At the final concert this evening Quartets Op. 132 in A minor, Op. 135 in F major and the Fugue in B flat major will be played.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Is Soloist and Artur Bodanzky Conductor as Season Starts.

At Carnegie Hall last evening the National Symphony Orchestra gave the first of a series of concerts which can aptly be described as little short of overwhelming in number and beyond conjecture in possibilities. Among the possibilities, indeed, is the extinction of less vigorously supported orchestral activities. Performance of orchestral music is not a self-sustaining industry and the unimpassioned observer must wonder how a demand for something like 150 entertainments by local organizations, to say nothing of those by visitors frof Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, the lagoons of the sea and the mountains of the moon, was discovered.

Happily the reviewer of musical doings need not concern himself with these matters. If there are public spirited men and women who enjoy paying the deficits of orchestras, let every one rejoice and hatsen to benefit by the numerous opportunities to hear beautiful music well played.

The National Symphony Orchestra came into existence last season and, though laboring under disadvantages, won respect and admiration chiefly through the interest of Artur Bodanzky's conducting. This season finds the orchestra reorganized, its personnel significantly changed and its field enlarged not only the increased number of concerts but by the engagement of a second conductor, William Mengelberg of Amsterdam, Holland.

Gabrilnowitsch Soloist.

The programme offered at the first concert was one of romantic character, yet discosing a conservatism sufficient to satisfy the elders among the listeners. Weber's "Freischuetz" overture, the B flat piano concerto of Brahms and "Death and Transfiguration" by Richard Strauss were the numbers. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was the soloist. The music of Richard Strauss had enjoyed a well earned rest. The last recorded performance of one of his works was that of the burlesque for piano with orchestra at the New York Symphony Society's concert of October 27, 1917, with Harold Bauer as the soloist. The unqualified Germanism of Mr. Bodanzky's programme last evening and the reintroduction of the art of the living embodiment of Prussian greed and materialism proved that for the conductor, at any rate, the war is a dead issue. It should be added that the audience appeared to share his view.

The reorganized orchestra preserves in some measure the qualities of last season's body. The tone, especially that of the strings, is vigorous, heavy and opaque. The brass wants refinement in sound, but the wood wind as a whole is of respectable merit. The style of the organization is, of course, that of its conductor. There is little of that luminous transparency which should be found in orchestral playing of the highest order and the middle ranges of the dynamic scale are seldom held before the auditor.

Playing of Great Vigor.

But in vigor, splendor of sweeping flights, in crashing boldness of attack and in burly mass effects this orchestra shines refulgent. It is not an instrument of the sunny morning, but rather a voice of the thunderstorm, suggesting grand piles of portentous clouds rent by dazzling flashes of lightning. Such thoughts must have obtruded themselves upon some minds in the course of the performance of the concerto. It was the loudest delivery of this work within the memory of ancient concert goers.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the season is just beginning. Mr. Bodanzky may perhaps find it more judicious to present the broader effects, such as the stunning climax of the Strauss work, while the orchestra is raw and to defer the elegancies and delicacies till time and custom have polished his instrument. But there is room for suspicion that the heavy artillery appeals powerfully to the conductor. His emotions seem to clamor for an expressive idiom not unlike that of James Macpherson, who always rode in the heart of the storm, like the Valkyrs in Act III.

STARS DECLINE TO SING IN GERMAN

A musical festival will be held at the Hippodrome tomorrow afternoon and evening by the Associated Choral Societies of the Northeastern States of America. The organization is the "Nord Oestlicher Saengerbund," an old and well established federation of German-American choral bodies.

Marcella Craft and Clarence Whitehill, both Americans, who have specialized in singing German operas, were engaged as soloists, with an orchestra of 120 pieces. Miss Craft delayed her departure for Chicago to rehearse with the Chicago Opera Company for its premiere in Milwaukee a week hence, in order to fill the Hippodrome engagement. There was nothing specified in the artists' contracts as to the language in which they would be expected to sing, but at rehearsal yesterday they were called upon to sing in German.

This Miss Craft definitely refused to do, stating that she was unwilling to sing in that language until such time as the state of war between the two countries is officially terminated. The festival management met the situation with calm politeness and without any effort to compel the aldurate prima donna to sing in German, and when Mr. Whitehill's position was reached in the rehearsal he, too, sang in English, although the mass choruses are in German.

Although sung in English, Miss Craft's principal number is essentially German, the prayer and aria from "Der Freischutz." In a group of four songs, also programmed, two are works of Johannes Brahms, for which Miss Craft had English translations made.

Although Miss Craft is an American, her greatest popularity was achieved as a star of the Imperial and Royal Opera houses of Germany and she was for five consecutive years the leading soprano of the Munich opera. Her German repertoire numbers forty operas. She will sing the Italian operas with the Chicago company.

Mortimer Wilson Awarded $500 Offered by Hugo Riesenfeld

Mortimer Wilson, of 651 West 169th Street, was awarded the $500 prize offered by Hugo Riesenfeld for the best American overture, at the Rialto Theater yesterday, after the Rialto orchestra had played the three compositions which had been selected from eighty-five manuscripts originally submitted. The decision by the jury was unanimous and took but a few minutes. Mr. Wilson entitled his composition "New Orleans," and submitted it under the pseudonym of "Mardi Gras."

Mr. Wilson was born in Iowa in 1876. His suite "From My Youth" was played by the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall November 29, 1918, with the composer conducting. It was also played by the Los Angeles orchestra and in Atlanta in 1914. Other works of this composer include many piano pieces, several orchestral suites, five symphonies, trios, organ sonatas and forty Mother Goose settings, twenty of which are published under the title of "Echoes From Childhood."

Oct-10 1920

Raoul Vidas, Violinist.

Mr. Raoul Vidas, who made his first appearance in New York two years ago and was barely heard last season, has not made the impression here that his exceptional talent and musical equipment would warrant. His reappearance yesterday afternoon disclosed again how great that talent and equipment are; he and they were vigorously applauded, but by a small body of listeners. He first came at a time when the field was zealously cultivated by and for "phenomenal Russians." Now Mr. Vidal is a French artist, French in style and artistic personality and, it is said, in parentage, though he was born in Rumania.

He is an artist of exceptional attainments in style, in which he has a true Gallic elegance and finish; in tone, which is of fine, searching and penetrating quality; in the dash and elasticity of his bow arm, and notably of the wrist, and in the dexterity of correctness of his technique upon the finger board. He has fine taste and fine musical feeling. His program yesterday did not demand the disclosure of any great warmth or soaring passion; it was in fact a bit bleak—Vitali's "Chaconne," that violinists are making a little more of, perhaps, than its real value warrants; Saint-Saëns's first concerto in A—almost unknown to present-day players and listeners, a "well written" work, but a dry one, lacking the fancy that emerges from the third in B minor; the "Chanson du Page," a little-known air of Tartini; a Rumanian folk dance, full of animation, that the player was called upon to repeat; a couple of arrangements of dances by Bach and Brahms, and Wieniawski's "Polonaise Brilliante."

He made these matters interesting by the engaging qualities of his playing, the vigor, the fine force and the sincerity and straightforwardness with which he presented them. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Vidas in a program that would give these qualities a somewhat greater scope.

Oct-11 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Mme. Marguerite Sylva Sings.

When Mme. Marguerite Sylva announced an "at home recital" of songs at the Times Square Theatre for yesterday afternoon it was probably to prepare her auditors for something different from a plain recital, or a "not at home" recital. The difference consisted chiefly in the confidential relations that the singer established with her audience by various chatty remarks, confessions and anecdotes which she interspersed between the numbers of her program.

Even without these, however, discriminating listeners would have derived much pleasure from Mme. Sylva's presentation of a program largely French, ancient and modern, except for three Spanish songs and three American. The dramatic or operatic style penetrates some distance into her methods of song interpretation, not, on the whole, to excess, nor to their detriment, but often to the advantage of the distinctness with which the mood is suggested and enforced.

Mme. Sylva's voice is remembered as a soprano of sympathetic, often beautiful, quality, and a low range of unusual power and dramatic potency. She sang with taste and spirit, with charm and even distinction, especially in the French and Spanish songs, with which she has an evident sympathy, and with a wide variety of expression. Her diction in French is excellent; the Spanish songs (one by Laparra, the other two being folk songs) she sang in Spanish, with an apology. The second of these Spanish songs, "La Nana," shows an unmistakable and fascinating Oriental influence.

Mme. Sylva was assisted by Miss Natalie Boshko, who played Vieuxtemps's "Ballade and Polonaise" in an immature manner, and Mr. Coenraad Bos, who played the accompaniments delightfully. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the Extension Fund of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

Young Violinist at Aeolian Hall.

Josef Waldman, a young violinist from Salt Lake, who prepared for the concert stage in Philadelphia and this city, latterly with a world-famous master now resident here, made his first public appearance yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Of serious mind and musical talent, he is not yet the mature artist; his preoccupation with technical studies was shown in violin classics of Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski, two little pieces by Bach and the "Hebrew Melody" of Achron. To Paganini's D-major concerto, the player wrote his own cadenza. He was assisted at the piano by Josef Adler

Bonci Welcomed at the Lexington.

Alessandro Bonci, the Italian tenor, who has represented to this generation some of the finer and more delicate traits of the art of song of other days, was warmly welcomed at the Lexington last night, on his way from Italy to join the Chicago Opera Company's tour. Mr. Bonci sang light modern lyrics of the serenade type, including one of Brahms in Italian translation, and later gave favorite opera airs and several duets with Helen Yorke, who shared the long program. The admired tenor returned in rare form, his voice sounding fresh and full as it has sometimes not done under the strain of former seasons, and his audience called him out for many encores.

Oct-12 1920

Godowsky Plays His Own Pieces

By H. E. Krehbiel

At a recital in Carnegie Hall last night Leopold Godowsky played six short compositions of his own, recently published by G. Schirmer, under the awe-inspiring title of "Triakontameron," which is supposedly good old Greek for "thirty days." The name sounds a little more like a workhouse sentence than Boccaccio's Decameron or the Valois lady's Heptameron, but the music has nothing of either punishment or ribald gayety in it, and at times is quite as full of witching charm.

There are thirty pieces, which consume about twice that number of minutes. We are somewhat doubtful that we shall ever hear them all at a sitting again. Nor are we sure that we shall ever want to, unless Mr. Godowsky plays them for us. They are all in triple time, and most of those which are in the gay mood naturally drop into the movement of the waltz, though not one of them is called by the name of the dance which long ago excited the cynical ire of Lord Byron. The nearest approach to the title is found in "Alt-Wien" (Old Vienna) and "Terpsichorean Vindabona."

For the rest Mr. Godowski has invented fanciful titles, suggestive of moods, places and other things, following the example, we imagine, of Schumann, who found the titles for his characteristic small pieces after he had written the music. Another musical analogue is suggested by Beethoven's "Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli."

Mr. Godowsky's pieces are not founded on a single theme, but Beethoven's variations are in many instances so loosely connected with Diabelli's theme that they are quite as much entitled to characteristic names as are the pieces of Mr. Godowsky. In fact, when Dr. Von Bülow played them on his last visit to America he gave each variation a title, and in many cases the appositeness of his appellations was startling. We did not think all of Mr. Godowsky's well chosen and missed the characteristics, sometimes, which we thought ought to have been most obvious in his "Ethiopian Serenade," for instead of which every listener must have expected to hear something of the rhythmical catch which has had the world by the heels for a decade past.

The pieces, however, are full of exquisite harmonic effects and melody which sounds exquisitely refined even when it suggests echoes of the city on the Danube, which seems to be tugging at Mr. Godowsky's heartstrings. His playing of them was ravishing, always, and bewilderingly so in its treatment of the extremely difficult figurations in which about half of them abound.

Mr. Godowsky began his recital with ten pieces by Chopin, in which he left us cold, save when he developed a striking climax in the trio of the Polonaise in A flat—not by noise but by the beautiful articulation of the melodic fabric.

Leopold Godowsky is a pianist, pedagogue, editor, composer and wit. When he gives a piano recital in Carnegie Hall, as he did last evening, there is a mighty rushing of the people to listen and the audience is composed of pianists, pedagogues, professors, pndits and many, many pupils armed with printed music. Last evening, however, the admirable artist elected to appear in two capacities only, expounder of Chopin and composer.

Of his Chopin, which opened the programme, it is unnecessary to say more than that he played it after his own manner, with inimitable clarity and crispness, with professorial authority and with much of the yearning search after emotion which Miss Frances Starr endeavors to portray at her piano in the Belasco Theatre. She should study Godowsky. He is a great teacher.

The new and original composition of the pianist, heard for the first time in public, is called "Triakontameron (no apologies to Boccaccio or Marguerite of Navarre, thirty scenes and moods in triple time." It consists of thirty little pieces and begins in "Nocturnal Tangier" and ends in a war "Requiem" with the national anthem. The work ended late. It cannot be discussed to-day. Its moods scour the world of feeling. There are a "Pleading Troubadour," and then "A Little Tango Rag," "Old Vienna" and "An American Idyl," a "Music Box" and a "Cuckoo Clock." It is all ingenious and interesting—and all in triple rhythm. Mr. Godowsky loves musical experiments. Time will show whether this one is a success.

SAN CARLO STARTS OPERA FAREWELLS

Final Week of Season Opens With 'Barber of Seville.'

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company opened the fourth and final week of its season at the Manhattan Opera House last night with a performance of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," in which Mme. Consuelo Escobar, a Spanish soprano, made her first appearance here in the part of *Rosina*. Mme. Escobar, who has sung in opera houses in Italy and Mexico City, was heard last summer in Chicago's summer grand opera establishment at Ravinia Park. Her impersonation of the role of *Rosina* last night was unfortunately not on a high level of artistic achievement. Her voice seemed worn and her vocal technic and style in florid music were insufficient. She seemed to please her hearers, as she was very warmly applauded.

The others in the cast, save Pietro de Biasi, who was the *Basilio*, were hardly adequate. Mario Valle was the *Figaro*, Pilade Sinagra the *Count*, and Natale Cervi the *Bartolo*. The performance as a whole was vigorous but lacking in sparkle and finish. Mr. Merola conducted.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Barber of Seville," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Count of Almaviva	Giuseppe Agostini
Rosina	Consuela Escobar
Figaro	Mario Baldi
Bartolo	Natale Cervi
Fiorillo	Amedio Baldi
Bertha	Alice Homer

By Richard Aldrich

Leopold Godowsky's appearances in New York have been rare in recent years. He came before a large public in Carnegie Hall as both pianist and composer last evening, when he played for the first time in this city his new composition, called "Triakontameron," described as "thirty scenes and moods in triple time." The title is obviously molded after that of Baccaccio's "Decameron," or the "Heptamaron" of Margaret of Angoutême; instead of tales for ten or seven days, he has produced a series of short pieces that may be supposed to represent the moods or impressions of a month. They are dated within the last two or three years and at various places on the Pacific Coast.

It is not without precedent for a composer to use the triple rhythm for such a series of tonal pictures—Brahms did it in his two acts of "Liebeslieder," which one avowedly "waltzes," though of such a variety of spirit and musical content that the waltz rhythm and still less the waltz character does not burden them with monotony. Mr. Godowsky has not been quite so successful in binding the sweet influences of Vienna in his experiments in triple time, even when he was most obviously aiming elsewhere.

A few of the pieces proclaim themselves Viennese: "Old Vienna," "where yesterdays look backwards with a smile through tears," as it is inscribed, and recalls a gayety that is gone; "Terpsichorean Vindobona" succeeds in forgetting the sadness; "The Temptress" must have had her seat on the Danube, and "The Salon" overlooks its banks. But the listener is haunted with the dance rhythm even in the "Epic," in the "Paradoxical Moods," in others. In the "Etheopian Serende" Mr. Godowsky found an ingenious suggestion of the banjo, but little cisot bear out the title; nor is the "Tango Rag," with its delicate and insidious syncopation, immediately recognizable, as entire tango or "rag," through it is beguiling. It must be confessed, too, that the music box and the cuckoo clock have been more convincingly achieved by others.

Mr. Godowsky struck his deepest note in "Memories" and in the "Lament," both of which are sincerely felt and poetically expressed; in the "Enchanted Glen" there is an atmospheric effect in the harmonization that is quite charming. The series ends with a "Requiem," from which at the close "The Star-Spangled Banner" emerges entwined with elaborate figuration. In all these pieces there is, of course, a sure command of planistic effect for the purpose in view. Mr. Godowsky has written with a fine feeling for harmony touched with modern freedom of effect.

He played the set with altogether seductive charm and poetical suggestion: more so than he did a group of compositions by Chopin that came first on the program. The difference, in fact, was disconcerting. But the hall was full of Mr. Godowsky's admirers, who found all as it should be.

MAY ALLEN MAKES DEBUT.

Contralto Heard in Pleasing Concert at Aeolian Hall.

Mary Allen, contralto, made her debut in Aeolian Hall last night in a program that indicates limitless ambition on the part of a new singer.

Brahms, Tosti, Bemberg, Schubert, Pergolesi and Rossi were well represented by Miss Allen, who has a voice of fair quality and range. The number "A Toi," by Bemberg, appeared to please her auditors best, though the first group of French songs gained much applause for the singer.

Oct-13 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Oct-13 1920

Miss Mary Blue, Pianist.

Miss Mary Blue, who made her first appearance as a pianist in New York at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, has something of the equipment, musical and technical, that can rightfully be demanded of an artist appearing in public in this city. It may even be said that she has more of it than a good many who bespeak attention in that capacity. Her training, gained in this country, has been excellent, evidently; and there is a musical intelligence and disposition back of it which has made it worth while.

She has still artistic maturity and independence to acquire, but her performance yesterday gave reason to [illegible] that they lie within her reach. She [illegible] abundant vigor and an intelligent a[illegible]cation of it; her touch is sympath[illegible]c, her tone full and well modulated; she has feeling for planistic effect, and well developed technique.

These things were shown in her playing of Busino's "Chaconne," erected upon the foundations and from the more or less scattered fragments of Bach's piece of the same name for violin; four numbers of Brahms's Op. 118, and Chopin's B-minor sonata. She played also four pieces by Rudolph Ganz, one of her teachers, Listz's "Harmonies du Soir" and two pieces by Moszkowski.

TWO WOMEN GIVE RECITALS.

Miss Blue, Pianist, and Miss Morgan, in Songs. Oct-13

Two recitals occupied Aeolian Hall yesterday. In the afternoon Miss Mary Blue played a programme of piano music. Her most important offerings were the Busoni transcription of the Bach chaconne, four numbers from the opus 118 of Brahms and Chopin's B minor sonata. Miss Blue is young and nt yet a ripe artist, but her playing showed merits. She displayed power [illegible] technic together with a command of

one which should prove to be a valuable asset. Better still was the evidence he gave of musical intelligence.

In the evening Miss Marguerite Morgan sang. It seemed possible that the singer's voice may once have been beautiful, but taht hard usage had brushed the velvet from ti, made holes in the sale and sheathed the upper tones in an armor of steel. The low tones were excellent. But the singer showed very little acquaintance with the art of tone production and almost as little knowledge of style. Conrad Bos sat solemnly at the piano and performed accompaniments worthy of a better fate.

Oct 14 1920

Maier and Pattison

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison gave a recital of music for two pianos in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. This kind of performance is infrequent, although old concertgoers retain memories of the Sutro sisters and later ones of Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson. The number of compositions for two pianos is not large and Messrs. Maier and Pattison have paraded its best items in former recitals. They seem now to have been driven to using arrangements of music originally written for orchestra and they have even invaded the realm of the opera. One of the pieces played yesterday was an arrangement by Mr. Pattison of the coronation music from "Boris Godunov."

The case of the Brahms variations on a Haydn theme, with which the players began their recital, was better, inasmuch as the composer himself made the two piano version. It might not be too much to say that in this number Messrs. Maier and Pattison displayed all the finest qualities of their excellent art.

The audience was naturally much more excited by the brilliant virtuosity of the scherzo by Saint-Saens, which offered many opportunities for failure of the perfect ensemble of these artists. The fact that in none of their digital flights or leaps did they come to grief seemed to satisfy the listeners that these indeed were "wizards of the keyboard."

There was a two piano arrangement of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." It is unlikely that this piece of orchestra music would be effective even if arranged for six pianos. In fact, as it was heard yesterday, it lost practically everything that makes it so captivating when orchestrally sung. It lost its shifting instrumental mysteries, its elusive tonal colorings and, alas! its atmosphere. Without atmosphere this kind of music is cruelly exposed in all its commonplace nudity. It needs the seven veils of orchestration. With them wrapped around it the music is bewitching. Clothes, to be sure, do not make the man, but they make many a musical composition. Messrs Maier and Pattison play admirably and their recitals are well worthy of the attention they receive.

The programme opened with Brahms's Variation on a Theme by Haydn. It included Saint-Saens's brilliant Scherzo, opus 87; Franck's Prelude, Fugue and Variations; a Sicilienne by Bach; a captivating Scherzo by Arensky, twice played, and an intoxicating Oriental "Orgy" by Iljinsky.

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" proved to be surprisingly effective. It was given with a remarkable feeling for color and nuance and with fine poetic sensibility. Less impressive to the ear, thus translated, was the Coronation Scene from "Boris Godounoff," arranged by Mr. Pattison.

Five little pieces by the modern Italian cacophonist, Casella, entitled "Pupazzetti," were amusing. The "Berceuse" and the "Notturnino" are suggestively atmospheric.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Jewels of the Madonna." By members of the San Carlo Opera Co.

The Cast.

Gennaro	Giuseppe Agostini
Carmela	Stella De Mette
Malello	Luisa Darclee
Stella	Frances Morosini
Concetta	Alice Homer
Totonno	Amedeo Baldi
Rocco	Manuel Perez
Raffaele	Vincente Ballester

Incidental dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor ..... Ernest Knoch

Oct 5 1920

By Richard Aldrich

A recital of Violin Sonatas.

Grace Freeman and Louise Scheuermann deserve credit for their enterprise in presenting at their recital of sonatas for violin and piano yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall such little known and serious works as the sonatas by J. Guy Ropartz and John Alden Carpenter, and, it might be added, the sonata in A by Mozart, who seldom is included when it is a question of sonatas. And, in fact, this example might well be followed by players of greater distinction.

For it must be said that neither of the two, Miss Freeman or Miss Scheuermann, was fully ripe for the task they undertook, and that the violinist in particular lacked a number of essentials that are expected in players before a public audience.

They did not give a very good account of Ropartz's sonata, which may be suspected of having, even under better auspices, stretches of dullness. But it may not necessarily be so dull as it seemed yesterday. As for Mr. Carpenter's sonata, it is an ingenious piece that deserves to be made better known to audiences of the composer's fellow countrymen.

Marie Dawson Morrell's Recital.

In the evening, in the same hall, Miss Marie Dawson Morrell, a young American violinist, gave a recital of more conventional type, including in its program Corelli's variations on "La Follia," a movement from Paganini's first concerto, a group of small pieces and Wienlawski's "Polonaise Brillante." She played with assurance, with a full though not always beautiful tone, with considerable technical dexterity, but with an effect of artistic immaturity, as one still "in statu pupillari." Such a piece as the allegro from Paganini's concerto, if it has any justification at all, has it in a performance not merely correct but of sweeping and dazzling brilliancy, and Miss Morrell's was not such a performance. As music it is of very poor quality; the cadenza, by Beseklrsky, quite matched it in this respect. Miss Morrell appears to have the substantial grounding of an artist, and time enough ahead of her to add to it some of the more necessary qualities.

Amy Neill, Violinist, Appears.

Amy Neill, a violinist of musical taste and engaging modesty, more valuable to a young player than much praise of injudicious friends, made her first appearance in Carnegie Hall last evening. She had earlier appeared abroad, it was said, after winning in the West the Charles G. Dawes prize. Miss Neill, without as yet developing powers for so large a hall, displayed good poise and especially good phrasing in Mendelssohn's concerto. She began with a sonata of Nardini, while among many lesser pieces were three by Rubin Goldmark, Samuel Gardner and Leo Sowpreby. Isaac Van Grove assisted at the piano.

GIRL VIOLINIST HEARD.

Miss Marie Dawson Morrell, violinist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening with the competent aid of Richard Hageman at the piano. She played Corelli's "La Folia," the first movement of Paganini's flimsy first concerto and other pieces, including Wienlawski's "Polonaise Brillante." Miss Morrell was born in Indianapolis and received all her musical training in that city. Her programme should give lovers of violin music a hint as to the nature of her aspirations and her equipment.

Virtuoso playing was what she aimed at and in a tolerable measure attained. She disclosed a large, virile, but not warm tone, an intonation generally tolerable, good finger technic and workmanlike bowing. In the langulshing cantilena of the Paganini concerto the best singing quality of her legato was shown. There was no distinction in her performance, which seemed to be the work of a well trained pupil not bountifully gifted with imagination or emotional expression.

At Carnegie Hall Miss Amy Neill, who has studied with Leopold Auer and Hugo Kortschak, appeared in her first metropolitan recital before a large audience. Miss Neill some six years ago played in concerts in Europe, and as winner of the Charles G. Dawes prize for the best American trained violinist, carried the trophy away from twenty-seven othe contestants.

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Miss Morrell makes it her boast that she received every bit of her training in the United States; in Indianapolis, in fact, where Hugh McGibney, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, was her teacher.

much credit

MISS WELLER IN SONGS.

Mezzo Contralto From Pittsburg Gives Recital.

Oct 16 1920

The daily aspirant for vocal honors yesterday was Miss Ida Geor Weller, described as a mezzo contralto and hailing from the river port of Pittsburg. She was heard in Aeolian Hall in a programme presenting a conventional arrangement of old airs and songs. Handel's "Nasce al bosco" was the number calling for the largest display of technical skill, and in this the singer showed that she had been well trained in so far as style was concerned.

Miss Weller's voice was deficient in warmth of character and in its lower tones it was extremely tremulous, indeed to such an extent that the florid passages of the Handel air were uncertain in outline. An audience of considerable size rewarded the singer with that kindly applause which never fails to be heard.

In the same hall in the evening there was a concert of Irish music. There were two singers, Cathal O'Byrne, tenor, and Miss Nora Power, soprano. They were heard in local songs from Ulster, Tyrone, Limerick and Dublin, folk songs and ballads. Hans Kronold performed improvisations on Irish airs on the 'cello.

The sole impression gained from the concert was that one line in "The Wearin' of the Green" was true: "She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen."

Ida Geer Weller's Song Recital.

There was a large and friendly audience to hear the song recital given by Ida Geer Weller, mezzo contralto, in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The voice, whose contralto quality is not strongly defined, is agreeable, though in certain sections it is not wholly under the singer's control. She sang with taste and intelligence, with musical feeling, an "Ave Maria" by Cherubini, the air "Nasce al Bosco" from Handel's Italian opera "Ezio," four songs by Grieg, a group by French composers and another by Americans, including two by her accompanish, Charles Gilbert Spross, "Lorraine, Lorraine Lorce" and "Minor and Major." The last named was marked "first time." It could not be said that Miss Weller's English enunciation was of a sort to make a book of the words unnecessary.

An Irish Song Recital.

Two Irish singers, Cathal O'Byrne and Nora Power, gave a recital of Irish songs and ballads in Aeolian Hall in the evening. Mr. O'Byrne showed a pleasing voice not much affected by traces of cultivation; in Miss Power's singing there was little of either. They sang the traditional songs and ballads by Moore, Lover, Annie Patterson and others, and Gaelic songs. Hans Kronold played improvisations on Irish airs for the 'cello.

"Tosca" was last night presented for the second time by the San Carlo Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House with a cast composed of Bettina Freeman, Eugenio Cibelli, Mario Valle, Pietro de Biasi, Natale Cervi, Luigi Baldi, Manuel Perez, Pietro Canova and May Barron. Fulgenzio Guerrieri conducted.

Oct 17 1920

SAN CARLO OPERA FAREWELL

Gala Performances at End of Four Weeks' $135,000 Season.

More than 8,000 persons filled the Manhattan Opera House twice over yesterday at the farewell performances of the San Carlo Opera Company, which leaves this morning for Cleveland, Dayton and Detroit, opening a forty weeks' tour of this country and Canada with the eighteen productions given during a tenth of that time in this city. Seven operas, two complete and others in part, made up Mr. Gallo's closing programs, the matinée presenting "Cavalleria," with Miss Gentle as Santuzza, and "Pagliacci," with Mr. Ballester in the baritone prologue and Mr. Agostini in the tenor air.

Last evening Mme. Lipkowska took her leave in the final scene of "Rigoletto," including the quartet; Miss Fitziu in the scene at the Paris gates, from "La Boheme"; Miss Freeman and others in the third act of "La Gioconda," with the "Dance of the Hours"; Mme. Rappold in the Nile scene from "Aida," and Miss Gentle in that before the bullring from "Carmen." Though prices were advanced from $3 to $5, a great crowd sought admission and many were turned away. The company $135,000 season was said to be a record for popular opera in recent years in New York.

André Polah's Violin Recital.

André Polah, a Belgian violinist, who has been heard as a member of the concert company with which John McCormack surrounded himself, made his first appearance here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall in a recital of his own. He played Mozart's concerto in D, a charming work not much affected by violinists nowadays, with some engaging foreshadowings of the later operas, especially of "The Marriage of Figaro," Chausson's "Poème" and two groups of shorter pieces, including an Etude in C for violin alone by Theodore Spiering, presented for the first time.

Mr. Polak plays with sincerity and without attempts at personal display, as an artist intent upon the true performance of te music in hand. His equipment in tone and technique is not of the highest. He played Chausson's "Poème" with great fervor, and better in important points than Mozart's concerto. In the concerto there were not infrequent lapses from true intonation; there was a lack of finish in phrasing; there was not always the feeling for style, the elegance and urbanity that the music requires. Mozart makes severe demands upon musicians of the present day in almost all artistic forms that the methods of the present day do not always qualify them to meet.

In Clausson's piece—a piece which sorely needs the color of the orchestral background to give it its true effect—Mr. Polah was more at home, and in both quality of tone an purity of intonation, as well as in his penetration into the spirit of the music, he gave a more satisfactory performance. It may be said that the day was not a favorable one for the tone of stringed instruments in general.

Miss Doolittle's Recital.

In the evening Miss Maude Doolittle gave a piano recital, for which she gave immediate proof that she was insufficiently prepared, both in technical equipment and artistic maturity. Her touch is as yet uncertain and productive of little fullness or soundness of tone; stitches in the tonal fabric were frequently dropped. Her program was unconventionally chosen: a Sarabande by Adele Aus der Ohe; that "Pastoral Varié" that pianists play and attribute to Mozart, though its style is essentially later than Mozart's; a Presto by Scarlatti; an Allegro from a suite by Taubert; pieces by Palmgren, Poldini and Rudolph Ganz, and a group by Chopin were the numbers.

Josef Stopak, Violinist, Makes Debut

Josef Stopak, a violinist born and educated in America, who served with the army and appeared in a concert with Jacques Thibaud last August at Scheveningen, Holland, made a début before an audience of his countrymen yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. He was assisted in the Vivaldi's A minor concerto by Rudolf Gruen at the piano and Francis Moore at the organ, and was also heard in the Fifth Concerto of Vieuxtemps and two groups of smaller pieces, half of which were arrangements by Nachez, Saint-Säens, Thibaud and Kreisler.

Mr. Stopak's tone, if at times small, was of fine quality. He played with much finish and repose a Mozart-Saint-Säens andante, as well as the large in Vivaldi's classic, while a more forceful and manly performance of the Tartini-Kreisler variations on a theme of Corelli was heartily applauded.

Tragedy of Schubert Symphony Brought Out by Bodanzky

The programme of the second evening concert of the National Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening comprised Schubert's unfinished symphony, the Goldmark violin concerta, and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy." The solo violinist was Francis MacMillen. The compositions in this list are all friends of long standing, although the concerto has enjoyed less familiarity than the other two. It has been revived this season possibly because violinists find themselves hard put to it to discover new matter, which is also interesting.

Mr. Zimbalist played it once last season, and one of the aspirants produced it again this fall; but since Franz Kneisel first performed it here in December, 1890, it has never become what might be called the fashion. It is a good piece of writing, not inspired nor inspiring, and formidably difficult. There is room for suspicion that this last quality is what endears it to the young virtuoso.

Mr. Macmillen's performance of the composition indicated that the player had occupied some time in serious contemplation of his art since he last appeared here as a soloist with orchestra. He had improved his tone and the general finish of his style. His cantilena had gained in depth and in sensuous beauty. There were some uncertain spots in the performance, but on the whole it was praiseworthy.

Mr. Bodanzky discovered more tragedy in the Schubert symphony than most of his predecessors have found. He emphasized his points sharply and injected into the simple, melodious composition a dramatic spirit which might have astonished even Schubert himself. The orchestra answered the will of the conductor well. The symphony was played with much precision and with a better balance of tone than the orchestra showed at the first concert.

MME. NAMARA'S CONCERT.

Mme. Marguerite Namara, who has sung here recently with the San Carlo Opera Company at the Manhattan, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall before an audience which filled all the seats. Toe soprano sang, among other numbers, some old French and English airs to harpsichord accompaniments, which were played by Walter Golde, and songs of Silberta, Taylor and Szulc.

At the Century Theatre in the afternoon the first in a series of Sunday afternoon musicales, Ota Gygi, director, took place with a programme given largely by English artists. Mme. Frances Alda made her first appearance of the season, and so did Percy Grainger, Australian composer and pianist. A new singer here, Laurence Leonard, an English barytone, who will be heard in his debut recital at Carnegie Hall this week, sang in place of Guido Ciccolini, who had been announced. Each artist gave encores in addition to groups of solo work. Mr. Leonard's singing seemed to win favor with the audience. Coenraad Bos was at the piano.

Toscha Seidel gave the programme at the regular Sunday evening concert at the Lexington last night. He and Harold Bauer had been the artists at the first concert in the series. The concert last night was the first at which there was only one performer. Mr. Seidel's principal number was the D minor violin concerto of the late Max Bruch. He played the work with much tonal beauty and fine feeling.

By Henry T. Finck

Oct-18 1920

National Symphony Orchestra

More than 200 orchestral concerts will be given in New York—that is, Manhattan—this season. The National Symphony Orchestra has undertaken to supply nearly a third of these. To get through with such a vast number it had to begin early and will have to continue after other organizations have finished. Last night in Carnegie Hall its third concert was given, and on Tuesday evening the fourth will follow with a programme identical with last night's. Francis Macmillen, the well-known American violinist, was (and will be) the soloist. He wisely played Goldmark's concerto in A minor, which is much less hackneyed than the other concertos so often heard in our halls. To be sure, it is less inspired than those rival show pieces for advanced violinists, yet there is plenty of melody, which Mr. Macmillen played with ingratiating tone and phrasing. The technical difficulties, which are considerable, were easily vanquished. Mr. Bodanzky supplied an excellent orchestral accompaniment, and the audience evidently liked the ensemble.

Mr. Bodanzky is not successful as an interpreter of Schubert. Seldom, if ever, has the divine "Unfinished" symphony been played here with such a lack of poetic spirit as was shown last night; it actually seemed dull, yet we all know how romantically and soulfully beautiful it is when interpreted by one who has learned the art of lingering lovingly on details—an art which this symphony, more perhaps than any other, imperatively calls for. The orchestral tone, too, was strangely lacking in euphony and variety. Schubert made his string quartets sound richer in quasi-orchestral effects than Beethoven usually or ever did. When he got hold of an orchestra, even though only a small one, he fairly bubbled over with rainbow tints. But where were they last night?

After the Austrian symphonsy and the Hungarian concerto Mr. Bodanzky conducted a familiar French work—Charpentier's suite "Impression of Italy"—which tells in realistic tones about midnight serenades, muleteers, winsome girls, islands in the sea, Neapolitan tarantella dancers, and the mutterings of Vesuvius.

Lhevinne, Schubert, and Liszt

All the pianists play Liszt's splendid transcription of Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark," but few seem to be aware that Liszt transcribed more than a score of other songs by Schubert. An omnivorous pianist, he annexed whatever he could find in the song literature that pleased him particularly. A number of years ago Breitkopf & Härtel published a volume of his transcriptions of songs by various composers which cannot be commended too highly to pianists, professional as well as amateur.

In Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the famous Russian pianist Josef Lhévinne delighted his large audience with a finely conceived performance of Schubert's "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," an amazing stroke of genius for a lad of seventeen, which, if memory serves us right, was the age at which Schubert wrote that miniature music-drama, for that's what this juvenile mastersong might be called.

How much older the Weber sonata in A flat played by Lhévinne sounded yesterday! He made the most he could of it, but it is hopelessly antiquated. He played also the F minor Ballade of Chopin and a group of études, besides pieces by his countrymen, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky.

By Richard Aldrich

Josef Lhevinne's Recital.

Josef Lhévinne made his first appearance this season in New York yesterday afternoon before a large audience in Carnegie Hall, an audience that was enthusiastic in its recognition of the many beauties of his playing. They are well remembered qualities, his beautiful tone, changing in color and manifold in gradation, his exquisite mechanism, his flawless technical skill that compasses everything without the appearance of effort, his unassuming mastery of his medium. Mr. Lhévinne has never shown strong emotional qualities, nor does he now indicate any powerful "subjective" interpretation of the spirit of what he plays.

His program departed far from the ways of virtuosos. He began with Weber's sonata in A flat, Liszt's transcription of Schubert's song, "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," Schubert's Impromptu in F minor, the F minor Ballade and five études of Chopin, Rachmaninoff's "Etude Tableau," op. 33, and B major Prelude, and Tschaikowsky's "Scène Dansante," from op. 72.

Weber's sonata twenty years ago and more was a prized number of the concert pianist's repertory; recently it has been less prized, and seldom heard. It is, in fact, beginning to sound old fashioned; and began to some time ago. Mr. Lhévinne played it in a singularly reserved manner. What some now call the "Weber flourish," and what some used to call the chivalric and knightly gallantry of the music, needs a rather prouder, statelier, perhaps it may even be said a more flamboyant expression than he gave it.

He sang the song of Schubert's expressively, but at slow tempo that would have taxed the phrasing of many singers; and the Impromptu with a becoming simplicity and directness of style. Mr. Lhévinne's reserve found little expression for much of the essential spirit of the F minor Ballade of Chopin; there is a certain morbidness in that spirit; but Mr. Lhévinne approached it in an uncompromisingly healthy mood; nor did he sound the vehemence of the A minor Etude, the last of the five he played. The others were brilliantly and delicately set forth; and the one in D flat he had to repeat.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

The National Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky gave the second concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The orchestral numbers comprised Schubert's "unfinished" symphony and Gustave Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy." M. Francis Macmillen, violinist, was the solo artist, and played Goldmark's concerto for violin, whose turn has come again in the prevailing scarcity of concertos for violin, which the efforts of modern composers seem unable to meet.

The playing of the orchestra again showed the improvement which the changes in personnel and the labors of the conductor have brought about. In the symphony there was finish in phrasing, and the strong contrasts in dynamics that M. Bodanzky takes pleasure in emphasizing. Some to whom it has been a lifelong friend may have found the tempo of the first movement uncomfortably slow, so that there was little contrast between it and the slow movement. The audience was enthusiastic in its applause, however, and Mr. Bodanzky made the players of the orchestra rise to share it.

Charpentier's suite is vivid and picturesque movement and was given a fittingly vivid and picturesque performance, one that dwelt upon the luxurious and ardent vein of Italian melody that the French prizeman in the Villa Medici so happily found for his music. What a pity that his inspiration so soon ran dry and that this suite and the opera of "Louise" are all that remain with any vestige of life of what he produced. Only four of the ive movements o the suite were played, the omission being that of the second one, "At the Fountain."

Mr. Macmillen gave a highly creditable performance of Goldmark's difficult concerto, though his somewhat excessive portamento and occasional lapses of intonation prevented its being on the highest plane. It was a dignified performance and a thoughtful one, and in the last movement brilliant. Mr. Macmillen's aplomb was not seriously disturbed in this movement by the breaking of a string of his instrument and the necessity of exchanging twice, with the first and second concertmasters. He was much applauded.

Ysaye Heard at Hippodrome

wo musical veterans, Eugene Ysaye and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, appeared at the Hippodrome last evening before an audience which overflowed onto the stage. The program was light. Mr. Ysaye played his own arrangement of Gemiani's Sonata in D minor, his own Extase and pieces by Vieuxtemps, Chopin and Wagner. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang an aria from Rosi's "Mitrane," a group of songs by Frank La Forge and others by Burleigh, Molloy, Pasternack, Schubert, Lieurance and Bizet. Both violinist and singer were generous with encores.

Mme. Namara Fails To Please Audience

There were few if any redeeming features about the singing of Mme. Marguerite Namara yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The performance of the singer did not justify the elaborate program, nor did there seem to be sufficient reason to warrant the presence of a spinet as part of the stage setting, since it was only used to accompany the first two songs "L'Amour de Moi" and "My Lovely Celia." In fact a piano accompaniment for the charming old French chanson would have been wholly acceptable, had Mme. Namara sung the song as it was written. Instead, and although she held a book of words to which she referred during every song, she omitted the last two lines of the first and second verses.

In some ways Mme. Namara's singing as well as her diction in French suggested Miss Mary Garden in her lesser moments, although there was probably no conscious attempt at imitation. Scarcely a phrase in any song by French, Italian, Russian, English or American composer was smoothly sung and not inflated for dramatic effect.

There were spasmodic and disturbing changes from the softest piano to the loudest forte. Only one song lent itself to such abrupt transitions—Gretchaninow's "My Native Land," which consequently suffered less than the others. Mme. Namara was not equal to the subtleties of vocal coloring in Debussy's "De Fleurs," nor did she do any greater justice to the endless opportunities in Ravel's "Scheherazade." There were some attractive songs in the group by American composers. For the benefit of an indiscriminately enthusiastic audience the singer repeated Harry Osgood's "Little Brown Bee," although Deems Taylor's delightful "May Day Carols" was infinitely more worthy of such attention.

Oct-19 1920

SELMA KRONOLD,

Mme. Selma Kronold, who for a number of years held a high place as a dramatic soprano singer in opera and on the concert stage here and abroad, died October 9 in St. Francis's Hospital, this city, following an attack of pneumonia. She had just convalesced from an operation when she was obliged to return to the hospital. In recent years she had lived with her father, the late Adolph Kronold, who died last spring at 1117 Madison avenue. Her mother had died several years before.

Mme. Kronold and her brother, Hans Kronold, 'cellist, were born in Cracow. She was born there in 1866 and made her debut in opera in Leipsic when sixteen years old. She later sang in opera in Bremen under the late Anton Seidl and met with success in concert and opera in Frankfort and Rotterdam.

In this country she sang in the Metropolitan Opera House under the management of the late Heinrich Conried and the late Maurice Grau and appeared in many of the leading roles of the German operas. She created in this country the parts of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and of Nedda in "Pagliacci." She also sang in English opera under Col. Henry W. Savage.

A few years ago Mme. Kronold adopted the Roman Catholic faith and was, up to the time of her death, president and directress of the Catholic Oratorio Society, which has given several concerts in Carnegie Hall. She also sang in St. Patrick's Cathedral for some time.

Early in her career Mme. Kronold was married abroad to Jan Koert, a violinist and concert master, who has played in the United States as well as in Europe. She was a cousin of Maurice Moskowski, the composer.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Ottilie Schilling's Song Recital.

Miss Ottilie Schillig, who made an extremely favorable impression at her song recital a year ago in Aeolian Hall, confirmed and deepened that impression by her appearance there yesterday afternoon. She is an American singer, who has received her training in this city. She showed, as she did at her previous recital, a soprano voice of peculiarly sympathetic timbre, of remarkable power and a wide range of expression and emotional accent. It is less developed in the lower portion; but the middle and upper ranges have a power and fullness, a vibrancy and searching quality that are put at the service of a really musical intelligence.

Miss Schillig disclosed yesterday an advance in most of these things, and showed that the promise of last year is on the way to fulfillment. In one respect she gave her admirers cause for some uneasiness; and that was her evident predilection for a prodigal use of the power and sonority with which her voice is gifted; a prodigality that sometimes verged upon undue forcing; sometimes, but not often.

Her singing of three arias by Gluck showed an intelligent appreciation of their style, a feeling for the broad melodic curve, for repose and legato, and in "Divinites du Styx," from "Alceste," she makes a real approximation to the grand manner in which this music should be sung, and which is not a common possession of singers of the present day.

There was the same largeness of style in her performance of the aria of the archangel from Cesar Franck's "Redemption," not one of his most interesting achievements, and an abundance of characteristic spirit and expression in French songs by Chéné, Baton, Laparra, Saint Saens and Fourdrain. It cannot be said that Bertha W. Keepman's settings of those love songs by Rabindranath Tagore are in themselves of profound musical interest, but Miss Schillig sang them with a warmth and conviction that seemed to give them an enhanced value. She did nothing finer than Brahms's song, "Eternal Love," a song that made the other modern lyrics on the program seem to shrink and shrivel to minor proportions. She put into it a superb eloquence, a fine feeling for its proportions and contrasts, a poignant climax.

Mr. Bos played her accompaniments with great finish and musical beauty, yet a somewhat broader style would have suited the singer better in some numbers, as in the "Eternal Love."

Mr. Nyredghazi's Recital.

A young Hungarian pianist, Ervin Nyredghazi, who comes with "much more than the customary heralding," as his manager announces, made his first American appearance last evening in Carnegie Hall. "His career and his quite amazing intellect" have been "matters of psycho-analytical study" by a Hungarian professor, we are told, who has written a book on the complex but absorbing subject of his talents.

So far as his performance went last evening Mr. Nyredghazi's talents seem hardly to require such elaborate contemplation. He has a brilliant technical equipment, great strength of arm and fingers, remarkable dexterity, a fine feeling for piano tone, and in these matters he is not unique among pianists. His conception of some of the most familiar compositions for the piano is often erratic and misleading. Thus in his performance of Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ toccata in D minor there were strange dislocations of rhythm, a rubato and a dizzying pace unsuited to Bach's ideas. He played Liskt's retouching of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasy with a brilliance and élan that were frequently dazzling, but with a touch that was now and again crisp to the point of bitterness, with a hankering for sentiment that too often dragged the themes into sentimentality. His treatment of Chopin's "Barcarolle," notwithstanding all the digital dexterity expended upon it, was neither brilliant nor poetic but dangerously near to dullness.

Mr. Nyredghazi played two compositions of Scriabine that are not well known here: a "sonata," so called, in F sharp, that is so far from the connotations of that word that it had better be called something else, and the "Poème Satanique." The sonata presents some interesting harmonic problems of a sort not at all extreme nowadays, though the musical substance made itself felt as tenuous; and the "Poème Satanique," a brilliant piece of bravura, seems of a modified devilry. Mr. Nyredghazi played a nocturne by Grieg with exquisite sensibility, creating and sustaining the languorous mood. He presented Leschetitzky's "Etude Héroique" with dash; and closed with Liszt's interpretation of Petrarch's 104th Sonnet and "Mephisto Waltz."

Ervin Nyredghazi, a Hungarian pianist, made his American debut in a recital at Carnegie Hall last evening. He presented a diversified programme ranging from one of Busoni's distortions of a Bach toccata, through Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia and pieces by Scriabin, Chopin, Grieg and Leschetitzky to Liszt. Nevertheless the Schubert number served well as an epitome of the newcofer's art.

This is a pianist with some important qualities and some common shortcomings. His technic is of the foremost virtuoso order. Arms like triphammers, wrists of tempered steel, fingers like mighty springs, and withal an amazing agility and clarity in passages, chords and other complications are in the armory of this performer. He has a dynamic scale of extraordinary breadth and a tolerable, though not large, command of tone color. He rejoices in massive effects, in Jovian thunders, in artillery fire of octaves and swift musketry of scales.

His readings betrayed an insatiable desire for originality. He was not satisfied to doanything as other pianists have done it. The result was exaggeration, distortion and often confusion. Wherever a piece of subsidiary counterpoint afforded an opportunity for breathless finger flights or an overwhelming tone effect it was dragged to the surface and made to figure as the principal idea. Musicians acquainted with Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia—and who is not?—will readily guess what happened. The reading had moments of great beauty, but it had too many others of flashing surprises and undreamed feats.

Mr. Nyredghazi is a pianist of great talent whose playing will surely excite much interest among other pianists, but those who love piano music chiefly as music will regret that his uncommon gifts are not always more artistically guided. He is young, however, and may grow wiser.

RECITAL BY MISS SCHLIGG.

Miss Ottilie Schillig, a young Southern soprano, who sang here last season and won unusual favor, gave a song recital with Coenraad Bos at the piano yesterday in Aeolian Hall. In a tasteful list of airs and songs, which contained novelty and variety, Miss Schillig again showed uncommon gifts as a singer. That she has progressed as a song interpeter was also evident. Her beautiful voice she used with freedom of tone emission, while intelligence and poetic imagination united in her conceptions of the texts. Her high tones sometimes lost their color through forcing and her lower ones were not always clear; but her nuance was generally of wide range and her splendid dramatic instincts unerring. Some numbers to be remembered as especially well sung were Gluck's aria, "Divinities Du Styx"; Rhene-Baton's "Lune De Cuivre," Koopman's cycle of "Love Songs," with poems by Tagore, the "Eternal Love" of Brahms and Cui's "Ici Bas."

In Carnegie Hall last night a new anist made his début. Ervin Nyredhazl is his Hungarian name, which would have been wise for him to anslate into English before starting his American tour. He is young, rely out of his teens, and he revels usically in the storm and stress of outh. Young as he is, he has had he misfortune of having a book written about him, and this has evidently given him an erroneous idea of his nportance, urging him to try to be lifferent from all other pianists so as o convey the impression that he is original, if not a genius. Now, originality is a great thing, but when the striving for it leads to arbitrary disregard of the obvious intentions of great composers it is not to be commended. Yet there was much in his playing last night to counterbalance his arbitrariness; a splendid technique, remarkable even in these days of pianolistic brilliancy and dexterity, and the dash of his playing often carries away the listener. His programme included some indigestible stuff by the uninspired Russian, Scriabin, but also works of superlative merit, like Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, a Grieg nocturne, Leschetizky's Etude "Héroique," and Liszt's Petrarch sonnet and "Mephisto Waltz." He has in him the material for a great artist, and his next appearance will be looked forward to with interest.

Pavlowa Returns

In flowered costume and Watteau hat they danced the stately minuet. It was a fête champêtre, and the gorgeousness of the gowns accentuated the gracefulness of the women. Then the gypsies came, swirling, whirling, all rhythmic beauty and, at last, the gypsy queen, Pavlowa, vivid in dress and personality entered. This ballet, "Amarilla," was pantomimed by Pavlowa and her ballet Russe last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. At one moment it was quaint and charming and at the next almost bacchanalian. A stately quadrille in which the costumes of the men vied with those of the women—for that was the day in which man's love of color was also given fully sway—took place. Then a quadrille with the participants not deigning to touch the earth was followed by a peasant group in sabots and crude colored materials—such crude colors that they could not clash. The rôle of the gypsy's brother was pantomimed and danced by Alexandre Volinine. His is a technique which could be produced by none other than a Russian ballet training which, added to his own natural agility, expressiveness, and evident love of dancing, resulted in one of the most artistic and finished bits of dancing ever seen in this country.

Russian dancingto many is synonymout with much posturing, gymnastics, and toe dancing. "La Peri," a dance poem, was of such character, and yet it was an exquisite scene, in which Pavlowa and H. Stowitts took one to the realms of the Far East. The mystic music and vivid splashes of purples and greens made the struggle for the Magic Flower a weird futuristic medley of color and movement, ending in the victorious Peri, holding the Flower of Immortality, flying heavenward.

Against graceful gray-green curtains Pavlowa danced her famous "The Swan." Should one say danced or floated? Light as the glittering wings of her costume she glided and swayed, her arms a poem of motion. A delightful bit of comedy was introduced in one divertissement—Grieg's "Holland Dance." Never was a wooden-shoed coquette more coy or comical, and never was a kiss harder earned by a red pantalooned boy. Volinine danced again as a Pierrot, and with all the joyousness and abandon of that happy creature. The Greek dance which followed was unusual in that it seemed so unprofessional in contrast to the other efforts; more like a group of sweet young girls at a graduation exercise. In a riot of color Pavlowa and several members of her ballet gave as the finale a Syrian dance. With the effect of skin barbarously tattooed showing through a purple transparency, she leaped and whirled, coming to a startling pause and holding without seeming effort her posture. Yes, Pavlowa and her ballet, the long-heralded, are here.

Oct. 20 1920

Bodanzky Gives Fine Concert in

By H. E. Krehbiel

The program of the second pair of concerts for this season of the National Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on last Sunday night and yesterday afternoon embraced three compositions —Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Goldmark's violin concerto and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy"— a group of familiar pieces, ingeniously put together so as to offer the charm of contrast, display the merits of the orchestra and hold the interest of the hearers from beginning to end. The charm of contrast in one respect, however, that of tempo, did not enter significantly until after the beautiful torso, left by Beethoven's spiritual heir, had been played, for Mr. Bodanzky read the two Schubert movements as if the composer had designed them to have the same pace, in general effect the quarter notes in the allegro moderato having substantially the same time as the eighth notes in the andante con moto.

Now it is easy to conceive of a quickened *andante* (the Italian word suggests alacrity, and Bach sometimes set down the indication *"andante-allego")* and a moderated *allegro* as synchronous, but the spirit of Schubert's music, it seems to us, demands a quicker tempo in the first movement than in the second, and so does one of the essential elements in the symphonic form. The need in this instance is made the greater by the fact that both movements are in triple time. It is a curious speculation which dawns upon us now for the first time that Schubert's abandonment of his most poetical instrumental work, celestial in its serene beauty, may have been due to the circumstance that he did not know how to proceed, with the need of a third movement in triple time, a scherzo, confronting him. He did not have the example of Brahms with his delightful intermezzos before him. But this may be wholly fantastic.

Band Has Fine Tone

Mr. Bodanzky atoned in part for the monotony caused by the similarity of his fundamental tempos by much freedom and elasticity in the progress of the movements, sometimes with ingratiating effect, sometimes with the opposite. A *ritardando* reiterated with every occurrence of a melodic phrase becomes cloying, even annoying, to persons who know music. It isn't healthy pabulum. But this was more noticeable on Sunday than yesterday afternoon. The symphony, but more especially the picturesque Charpentier suite (the second movement of which was omitted in the performance), showed the orchestra to better advantage than did the music of the first concert. There is some turbidity in the brass phalanx, and we fancy that more fundamental solidity in the string choir (numerically strong enough) seemed at times desirable, but the tone of the band is generally fine and remarkably ductile under the hands of Mr. Bodanzky.

It is already plain that the men will soon be electrically responsive to every wish of their conductor and that reviewers who have an eye more on the good of art than on the prejudices of the cliques into which the city's patrons of symphonic music have unfortunately been divided for years (though never so violently as now) after paying the meed of praise due to the playing of the men will have occasion to do little more than discuss the new music brought forward and the interpretations of the old. This ought to provide enough interesting material for the season in the case of the National Symphnoy Orchestra's concerts as well as those of the Philharmonic and Symphony Society and the bands from Boston and Philadelphia.

But let no one give "till judgment guide his bounty." Much beautiful sound will enter our ears, as it did yesterday when in listening to the loveliness of the Schubert Andante in some of Mr. Bodanzky's ecstatic movements we felt like saying, as Beethoven said of Mozart's G minor symphony: "You can hear the angels singing in it!"

Macmillen Charms

Mr. Francis Macmillen played the solo part in the violin concerto. It is a composition which he seems to have made peculiarly his own. He played it here last, we believe, at a Philarmonic concert conducted by Mr. Mahler in 1911, and he has had few virtuosos to contest his right to be considered its supreme interpreter. It came to him through his master, César Thomson, as it came to Olive Mead through her master, Franz Kneisel, who was the first to play it in the United States. That was back in 1890, when the work was twelve years old. César Thomson announced iit for a Philharmonic concert in 1895, but trouble with his bowarm led him to shun its stupendous technical difficulties and he substituted another piece for it. A week later, however, he played it at a concert of the American Orchestra at Chickering Hall, thus attesting his admiration for it.

Elman has played it and so has Jacques Hoffmann, but it is generally avoided by itinerant violinists. For reasons which may be surmised from the César Thomson incident. While it appeared to us too much of a violinistic show-piece when we first heard it, it has grown in our estimation since, largely through the performances of Mr. Macmillen—those of yesterday, Sunday and nine years ago.

Thoroughly fine and profoundly artistic were all these presentations of Goldmark's music. If we were made to grieve because of occasional faults of intonation, the player's noble tone, his lofty serenity in the middle movement, the dignity throughout and the reposeful conquest of its technical difficulties made amends. Mr. Macmillen's playing of the work is distinctly a notable achievement.

Ruth Clug, Pianist, Makes Debut.

Ruth Clug, whose formal debut as pianist filled Aeolian Hall last evening, had played considerably as an amateur in this city, as was evident from the interested crowd that followed her professional start on this occasion. She displayed a crisp touch in Bach's chromatic fantasy, a singing touch of much charm in Chopin numbers. There were others of Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, and a study in octaves by Emil Sauer, said to be performed for the first time here.

Oct. 21 1920

RUSSIAN PIANIST'S DEBUT.

Alfred Mirovitch Pleases Large Audience at Carnegie Hall.

In Carnegie Hall last evening Alfred Mirovitch, a Russian pianist, made his American debut in a recital. He is a performer of serious aimms and fine technical ability. He has his own ideas about tempi, as was heard in his first number, D'Alberts arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in D, which he played for the most part too slowly.

A pleasing number was his own arrangement of Mehul's sonata in A. This little sonata is one of the two works in this form written by the operatic composer. It is simple in style, reminding the hearer of Mozart, and it so pleased the audience that one movement was repeated. Mr. Mirovitch played the sonato, on the whole, very well. A finer range of dynamics, color and more legato would add to his performance. His list further included Chopin's B flat minor sonata. The audience was of good size.

"Autumn Leaves," a choreographic poem set to the Chopin music, was presented to an American audience by Anna Pavlowa last night at the Manhattan Opera House.

This novelty, arranged by Pavlowa, won the acclaim of London and Paris and has now won New York's stamp of approval.

Preceding this novelty the ballet "Thais" was given its third and last presentation in New York.

Boris Paranov, an American pianist whose musical education was received entirely in this country, gave his first New York recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was most pretentious, with selections from Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, Wandel, Schumanu, Liszt, Debussy and others.

Mr. Paranov is a good technician, and proves in his playing that he is a careful student of score. In the Beethoven sonata, particularly the first movement, the young musiciau was given an opportunity to show his finest depth of feeling.

ALFRED MIROVITCH PLAYS.

Russian Pianist Displays Rare Musical Qualities at His Debut.

Alfred Mirovitch, a Russian pianist, arriving by way of Asia, and said to have been a pupil of his countrywoman, Annette Essipoff, who herself played nearly fifty years ago in America, gave a first concert, and an interesting one, at Carnegie Hall last night. He is a player of almost uncanny clearness and never pausing in his quest of revealing dynamic values that ranged from inner voices of solid orchestral chords to vanishing melodies like distant bells. Chopin's Funeral March, in the B flat minor sonata, sent shivers down the listeners' backs, as if they were listening to a ghost story.

To such popular appeal as held an audience indoors on October's finest evening, Mr. Mirovitch adds more musical qualities that should bear critical rehearing. He played his own arrangement of a sonata by Mehul and others of Bach-d'Albert, Paganini-Schumann, Liadow and Liszt.

Oct 19 1920

Hungarian Boy Pianist Called A New Genius

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

We confess that we do not like to be knocked on the head before we have had time to draw a judicious breath every time a new musical performer comes to us across seas. It disturbs our equilibrium, makes us expect too much when we are in a generous mood or too little when we pause to ponder our experience with prodigious persons during half a century of critical activity. But it's a way the managers' publicity men have, and they are always a few weeks ahead of us in getting into the newspapers.

Last night we were bidden to Carnegie Hall to listen to a genius; not a brilliant pianist, but a genius with such an amazing musical and intellectual outfit that a professor of psychology at Budapest was moved to make a bookful of a study of him.

What we heard was a pianist of marvellously fine technical acquirements and undoubted gifts for his chosen vocation, but so obsessed with individualism that its manifestation frequently, indeed, generally, stood in the way of our enjoyment of his music.

Newcomer a Hungarian

The newcomer is Ervin Nyredghazi, a Hungarian youth, apparently eighteen or twenty years old. He has a legitimate artistic inheritance (we are told, but not by a press agent, wherefore we believe it), his grandparents, paternal and maternal, and his father having been in the service of the opera at Budapest. The story of his feats as a child sounds a little bit like that of Mozart, concerning whom, when he was half as old as Nyredghazi, the Hon. Daines Barrington made a report to the Royal Society of Great Britain. But it was the creative gift of the boy from Salzburg which amazed the wise men of Europe, not merely his playing; and in spite of this Dr. Burney, examining some of his music years later, thought his talent "more extraordinary than excellent."

The learned historian was mistaken, as we know, but if he had something of the distrust of prodigies which we feel we cannot blame him. Scores of prodigious children have we heard, and in nine cases out of ten they came to nothing, artistically, in later years.

The most notable exception was, and is, Josef Hoffman, and he was saved and permitted to develop only because a music-loving philanthropist rescued him from his father and his manager and enabled him to grow to maturity in a normal manner. The new pianist has passed his prodigy period, however, and is now safely on the road to what may be a great career.

Continuity Neglected

His admirable qualities, besides his finger technique, are a perfect command of the dynamic capacity of the pianoforte, also of its tone color, though of this he seems disposed to make little use. He feels no urge toward sensuous charm, though it is at his call in a high degree. He is often indifferent to melodic contours delighting in chopping phrases into bits, either by disconnecting the motives which compose them by short pauses, or crisp final chords, or by exaggerated nuances. He does not sing as he might because he does not want to. For the sake of crisp, crackling, crepitating tones he neglects melodic continuity.

He is too indulgent in sudden tempo changes and makes rushes in speed and sonority like the musical gypsies of his native land, who are as little Magyars as he is a Magyar by race. But his digital independence is marvelous to a degree. When we heard the rippling murmur of the music evoked by his left hand in the Bach-Busoni toccata we were sure that there sat before us an unsurpassed master of polyphonic playing.

It is long since we heard the like. But this was a passing evocation of his skill. In the Schubert-Liszt fantasia, with its use of the beautiful slow melody of the song "Der Wanderer," the aberrations were too many and flagrant not to cause disappointment and dismay. And so on with all the other pieces which called for soulful song. This bird can sing ravishingly; we wish he could be made to sing.

Pavlowa Ballet

Anna Pavlowa and her Ballet Russe omitted their new and promised Mexican ballet last night, perhaps because, like the new Egyptian ballet, which was given, the performance had not yet been rehearsed to satisfaction. The Egyptian ballet, with its costumes and postures adapted from Egyptian paintings, and the geometrical groups falling into place at a pause in the music, like glass in a kaleidoscope, has great possibilities. But the dancers were not at their ease last night, and though Stowitts was admirable in his part, Marie Olenova was not his equal. She redeemed herself, however, later in a fiery Amitra's Dance. The second and third parts of the performance, "Chopiniana," and the divertissements were all that one expects of this company. Once, early in the evening, Pavlowa missed a posture, and this piqued her into a later perfection. She has never danced better. Her Russian dance with M. Stepanoff and the quaint and charming Christmas delighted the audience. With them should be mentioned the Pastorale of Mlle. Stuart

nd M. Stowitts and the Scene Dansante of Mlle. Butsova and M. Olweroff, an exquisite eighteenth century fancy.

MUSIC

By Richard Aldrich

Graham McNamee's Song Recital.

It is nothing to Graham McNamee's discredit that nature, in endowing him with a baritone voice, made it one of slender proportions, pleasant but not seductive in quality, without much intensity or penetration of timbre and without much power. It is very much to his credit, however, that, being so endowed, he has striven to develop this voice to its greatest possibilities; to make it the medium of truly felt expression and to cultivate the finer graces of vocal art. His recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, heard by a large and friendly audience, was thus made a source of pleasure not always to be derived from voices of greater beauty than his.

Mr. McNamee sang a group of songs by Elder, Masters, Purcell, Haydn, Marcello and Carissimi with great purity and finish of style, with beautiful phrasing and pointed expression. Those in English, as others in the later groups of the program, were given a beautifully clear enunciation. They would all have had a better effect if the voice had not been affected with a slight unsteadiness.

Any one who sings the air "O Ruddier than the Cherry," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," with such admirably flexible command over the "divisions," with such finished phrasing and such excellent enunciation as Mr. McNamee showed, is doing a difficult thing very well indeed. In the air "It Is Enough," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," a greater weight and power of voice are indispensable, though Mr. McNamee did what in him lay to give the declamation potency. There was spirit likewise in his singing of the air "Spe Modo Vivitur," from Parker's "Hora Novissima." For the songs that were heard in later groups Mr. McNamee found apt and felicitous expression.

George Meader's Recital.

George Meader, who gave a song recital in the same hall in the evening, is an American tenor who has sung much in Germany, and who appeared in a recital in New York last season. He is an admirable artist, possessing not only an excellent lyric voice but also a beautifully finished art, a penetrating feeling for style, a musical intelligence, and his singing is an exposition of high qualities.

He understands different schools. There was great beauty in his equable and finished delivery of Gluck's air, "O del mio dolce Ardor," a beautiful piece of legato singing. In "Una Furtiva Lagima," from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," he showed an equal familiarity with another variant of the Italian style, of a more swelling accent, presented without hysteria, the tear being truly furtive. In a set of four French songs Mr. Meader gave especial value to Duparc's heavily fragrant "Extase" and to the more lightly burdened "Perles d'Or" by Thomé.

He sang a group of five German songs in German; three by Schubert, none of them among his most familiar ones—"Nachtstück," "Der Jüngling an der Quelle" and "Ganimed"—and two by Strauss, "Freundliche Vision" and "Ständchen." In these Mr. Meader showed that he possessed many of the secrets of the difficult art of Lieder singing. He found here, as he did in the other parts of his program, a peculiarly significant and characteristic expression for each of the songs, the confirmation of the mood.

Both the "Nachtstück" and the "Ganimed" are long, and, it might be said, diffuse. He displayed an unusual skill in sustaining the interest in them by a carefully planned development of the musical scheme; to the first of these songs, especially, he gave a beautiful delivery. For all five he received applause of warmth and demonstrativeness. "Der Jüngling" he had to repeat.

YOUNG BARYTONE PLEASES.

Graham McNamee Gives His First Recital Here.

Graham McNamee, a young barytone, gave his first recity here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He presented a programme which invited serious consideration and demanded a large measure of vocal and interpretative power. It was a programme consisting mostly of familiar numbers, sung here often by singers of reput. Yet Mr. McNamee emerged from the trial with much to his credit.

His voice is very light and not quite equal to the demands of several of his songs. Furthermore, his technic is not yet perfected, especially in passing upward from a medium to the high tones. On the other hand he showed a very pretty command of mezza voce and a delightful smoothness and accuracy in florid passages.

The technique can be improved easily and then will lend itself further to the publication of Mr. McNamee's artistic conceptions which have decided merit. His taste is excellent and he showed yesterda a nice sense of style which speaks well for his future on the recital platform. It was on the whole an interesting and promising debut.

PAVLOWA REVIVES 'GISELLE'

Old Pantomime Drama Given for Benefit of Camp Fire Girls.

One of the most brilliant audiences of the week filled the Manhattan last evening, when Mme. Pavlowa and her company of dancing actors revived a classic ballet, Adam's "Giselle," a work of Paris in the splendid, idle '40s, not often seen today. The occasion was in part a benefit for the Camp Fire Girls, whose members, in picturesque Indian costume, sold programs through the house, and at one pause in the pantomime drama carried flowers to the stage. Their organization received half of the more than $5,000 proceeds of the performance.

"Giselle" is another "Lucia" or "Sonnambula," with tiptoes in place of topnotes, and with a "mad scene" that prima donnas might envy as acted by Pavlowa last night. The spirits of lovelorn maidens, who danced at the tomb of Giselle in a second scene with the dead girl and her lover, recalled Puccini's later use of the same story by Gautier in "Le Villi," once sung at the Metropolitan. The ballet was followed by lighter dances, including the "Pavlowa Gavotte."

Oct 24 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Edward Johnson's Song Recital.

Edward Johnson, an American tenor who was heard here in the recent visits of the Chicago Opera Company and who before his operatic experience was known as an oratorio singer, yielded yesterday to the lure of the song recital, which attracted many operatic singers. His recital was heard by an audience that well filled Carnegie Hall and was enthusiastic in its reception of Mr. Johnson's offerings.

His robust voice he delights in using in a robust manner and it is effective and resonant when so used. His mezza voice was heard at its best after he had been singing for some time, and at its best is not one of his strong points. If his singing does not at all times show all the refinements of vocal art, his straightforward and energetic style, his discernment of the emotional and dramatic significance of the music he deals with and his skill in presenting it impressively make his performance interesting and often engrossing. His diction is commendably clear in English, French, Spanish and Italian.

There were sincerity and deep feeling in his singing of Durante's "Vergin tutto amor"; perhaps not the full beauty of the style it requires. If all the poetry was not sounded in Schubert's two Lieder, "Thou Art Sweet Peace" and "Impatience," sung in English, there were fervor and enthusiasm that made them carry far with the audience. Mr. Johnson gave vivid effect to a modern Italian realistic song, "Angeleca" by Pizzetti, in the Grand Guignol manner. Two of the songs by Americans were not among the least meritorious of his eclectic list—John Alden Carpenter's setting of Oscar Wilde's "Her Voice," a graceful lyric in a free and flexible style, and Charles T. Griffes's setting of Fiona MacLeod's "Lament of Ian the Proud," powerful and gloomy music, creating an atmosphere without elaborate means.

His last group was an interesting collection of folk songs: A Breton song, "Sylvestrik," of a singularly simple beauty; a Polish song from Moniuszko's "Echoes of Poland," somewhat lacking in characteristic flavor; a Spanish song, "Quien te Puso," which Mr. Johnson sang in Spanish; a "trench song," by V. Gui, "I tuoi Capelli"; a Sicilian song, "A la Barcilunisa," and Fritz Kreisler's arrangement of the Scottish "Earl of Moray."

Mr. Bos played the accompaniments in such a way that Mr. Johnson insisted on his frequently sharing the applause.

PAVLOWA MAKES A RECORD.

Receipts of Week of Russian Ballet at Manhattan Nearly $50,000.

Mme. Pavlowa completed last evening what was said to be a "world's record" in a week of Russian ballet at the Manhattan Opera House, where she closed her brief visit with a theatre for the eighth time crowded to the doors, and gave her only repetition of the previous Monday's program, including "La Peri" of Dukas, which she had then danced for the first time in America. One other prime novelty had been promised for yesterday's matinée, but Mr. Gallo announced that the interesting "Mexican Folk Dances" must wait till Pavlowa's return from her Pacific tour, when it is hoped to play another week at the Manhattan, following the Chicago Opera Company's local engagement.

For the second time during the week, the Manhattan held more than 7,000 spectators yesterday, while receipts for all eight performances were unofficially said to reach nearly $50,000. That will remain a "record" for any but opera prices, at least until Pavlowa again dances here in March.

Oct. 25 1920

Winogradoff Shows Crudities in Concert

Russian Barytone at Hippodrome Gives Exhibition of Stentorian Declamation

A more sanguine feeling of anticipation concerning the work of artists who appear for the first time in this city would be aroused if managers would refrain from flamboyant advance publicity or if the musicians themselves more often justiled the superlatives used in the announcements. The reverse, however, is usually true, for seldom more than the name appears on the program of those who wear the purple in the world of music, and, as in the case of the London String Quartet, the coming of the most distinguished visitors is more often than not practically unheralded.

A few weeks ago "the greatest Irish tenor" proved to be neither Irish nor great enough in mediocrity. Last evening at the Hippodrome "Russia's foremost dramatic baritone," Winogradoff, was foremost in nothing except perhaps in crudity. His voice was lacking in quality and rough as an unquiet sea. His singing was chieby an affair of stentorian declamation, for he sang every phrase in italics. His first three numbers included the "Largo al Factotum" from Rossini's "Barber of Seville" in Yiddish, Tomsky's ballad from Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame" in Russian and Nelusko's ballad from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" in Italian. His other contributions to the program were four Jewish folksongs. The pleasantest part of the program to the discriminating lay in the orchestral pieces, conducted by Arnold Volpe.

These included the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi," Moussorgsky's "A Night on a Bald Mountain," Tschaikowsky's "Capriccio Italien" and a new "Hebrew Intermezzo" by Mr. Volpe.

National Symphony

The third Sunday evening concert of the National Symphony Orchestra, which took place last night in Carnegie Hall, brought with it a revival of Tschaikowsky's second piano concerto. The soloist was Mme. Yolande Mero, who is well known to this public as a player of serious character. A curious misapprehension had spread among those most interested in the welfare of the National Symphony Orchestra to the effect that Mme. Mero had not been heard here in some years. Her last previous appearance was in a recital on January 13, 1919. In 1917 she appeared with the Philharmonic Society and also in recital. It seems unlikely that she had been forgotten in the time which elapsed between January, 1919, and October, 1920.

The orchestral numbers on the evening's list were Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and the D major symphony of Brahms. It will be seen that on this occasion the stern flow of Teutonism was interrupted by a spurt of Russianism. The concerto is rarely heard. Indeed the memory of contemporaneous concert goers would be taxed to recall a recent performance. It is an effective composition in which not only the piano but also the orchestra has pleasant things to say. It drops into the commonplace at times and the piano is too often busied with exhibitions of matters dear to tuners, but on the whole this concerto ought to be heard oftener.

Mme. Mero went at it with determination and muscular power. She did indeed indulge in some very delicate piano passages, but she rejoiced greatly in the thunders of the fortes, and thereby aroused her auditors to much enthusiasm. It is not necessarily a tribute to a pianist to receive ecstatic applause. It always can be obtained by playing fast and loudly. Mme. Mero is past mistress of this kind of art. She also can play with intelligence and insight, and there were flashes of genuine beauty in her performance last evening.

Mr. Bodanzky and his men delivered themselves of a stirring and dramatic version of the "Coriolanus" overture. The Brahms symphony also pleased the audience. The orchestra still excels in massive effects and in its dashing vigorous style rather than in the finer qualities of playing. But these no doubt will develop as the season advances and the conductor has time to polish his instrument.

KREISLER PLAYS AT CARNEGIE

Fritz Kreisler gave his first "concert of music for the violin" here this season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. A great audience thronged the hall. Mr. Kreisler was in one of his most genial moods and played with much warmth, dash and brilliance. In certain passages his technique lacked smoothness and his intonation certainty of pitch. But his tone was often of great beauty, his intelligence and nuance admirable and his rhythm superb. Notable numbers in his list were a fantasy for violin and piano in C, opus 159, by Schubert; Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto, and an introduction and scherzo-caprice for violin alone, by himself.

NINA WULFE MAKES DEBUT.

Nina Wulfe, a young American violinist, who has studied with Auer, gave her first recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. In Vitali's chaconne and Wieniawski's D minor concerto her work showed immaturity but a genuine musical talent. She has a large, rich tone, plenty of feeling and poise.

MISS FITZIU AT LEXINGTON.

The artists who gave the programme at the Sunday concert at the Lexington Theatre last night, were Miss Anna Fitziu, soprano, and Sascher Jacobsen, violinist. Cantor Bernard Wooiff, tenor, was to have also taken part, but he was indisposed, and could not sing.

The high lights in yesterday's music, of which there was an abundance, were seen (the cant of criticism has mixed the metaphors applicable to music and painting) in two concerts given in Carnegie Hall. In the afternoon Mr. Fritz Kreisler was heard in a concert of unusual brilliance even for him, who remains supreme among the horde of present day violinists in everything which goes into excellency.

Departing from the custom which he established and all his fledgling colleagues and would-be rivals are following, he presented a program which appealed to music lovers of taste and training, besides tickling the eardrums of the multitude. To begin with, there was Schubert's Fantasia in C for violin and pianoforte, which has been heard before at his concerts, though not often under better conditions, for he himself seemed a trifle embarrassed by its unfamiliarity and found it necessary to have the help of the printed page.

Plays Own Composition

Mr. Lamson, who played the accompaniment to the other pieces in the list, thought so much of his opportunity to occupy the same plane as the violinist that he overdid his part somewhat and in consequence there was not the mutually complementary ensemble which the lovely old, unaffected composition calls for. Sarasate and Bertha Marx used to play the fantasia, and there was a suggestion of angelic wedlock in all they did.

After this exposition of music for music's sake came Vieuxtemps's concerto in D minor, and the juxtaposition of the pieces must have made every hearer appreciate the difference between a purely musical evangel and a violinist's music written for the sake of his instrument. But Mr. Kreisler ascended to the heights of ethereal beauty in the slow movement when he joined the choired cherubim.

These numbers disposed of, Mr. Kreisler found his familiar element, that in which he lives, moves and has his being as one without a fellow. From his own poetically conceived and superbly developed "Introduction and Scherzo-Caprice" for violin alone, through Rachmaninoff's "Air," a tricksy "Valse Caprice" by Chabrier, transcribed by Loeffler; the Hindu chant from "Sadko" (repeated), Godowsky's "Wienerisch" (a modern virtuoso's evocation of the waltz-mad Vienna of olden times) and two of the Paganini Caprices, which Mr. Kreisler has touched up.

In all these the player's perfection of fingering and bowing, his exquisite poise, his luscious tone (he played on a Stradivarius bought in Vienna before the war and just received—obviously a magnificent instrument) all approached wizardry—if there be a wizard capable of evoking beauty in such a degree.

Supplementary Concert

Boxes, stairs and the stage of Carnegie Hall were crowded and there was a supplementary concert for the benefit of a hundred or more persons who rushed down to the platform, doubtless to see closely how the wheels went round. There could have been no other object, for they might all have heard better in their seats. The farther away from the platform, the better the acoustic properties of this room.

Devotees of music should move to the opposite end for the aftermath—if it is necessary for their happiness.

Mr. Bodanzky again disclosed a nice sense of propriety and proportion in arranging the program for the third evening concert of the National Symphony Orchestra, which began about three hours after Mr. Kreisler had satisfied the Oliver Twists of the afternoon.

There were three numbers: Beethoven's overture to the German tragedy by Collin on the Coriolanus story; Tschaikowsky's pianoforte concerto in G major, and Brahms's symphony in D. Mme. Yolanda Merō played the solo part of the concerto, and smote the pianoforte like an Amazonian heavyweight. The instrument, unfortunately, could do naught else than obey the Biblical injunction. At times we wished it had the ability to retaliate. There is much hollow and unsatisfactory music in the popular Russian's second concerto, but it is not all as aggressive-

blatant as it was made to sound last ight. The "Coriolan" overture was ayed with a good deal of dramatic e, but we could have wished a different beginning and ending. That ngry unison C at the outset should be stained ferociously, with adamantine erncss and its last drop of expresveness squeezed out.

Mr. Bodanzky did not prolong it as did the first phrase of the "Freihütz" overture recently, and in this was right. But in letting the violints bow synchronously and allotting up and down stroke to the whole ote he made it sound like two halfotes—which was disturbing to those ho know the puissance of the tone hen grimly held as it ought to be.

There was much freedom and elascity, as well as a beautiful exposition the thematic material in the symhony, but here, again, we had an uncountably slow beginning for the cning allegro—as if the first score so of measures were an introduction. Symphonies do not necessarily begin ith the equivalent of "Here beginth the first lesson, the Lamentation Jeremiah," etc. Many of them are f on their sprightly course at once, is this of Brahms in its pursuit of ernal delights. Both overture and mphony, we are sure, will go better -morrow afternoon.

Oct 26 1920

by John Quine

John Quine, a young barytone who had been heard twice in previous seasons, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme was varied and interesting. Not the least important item was the "Four Serious Songs" of Brahms. Much music has been written since David Bispham produced this group in the Carnegie Lyceum on January 13, 1897, and singers have generally avoided them because of their exacting demands in respect to voice and interpretation.

It would be too much to say that Mr. Quine met all their demands. They require a wider range of color than he possesses and a subtler type of expression; but, nevertheless, his delivery commanded warm praise. The interpretation had been carefully worked out and it carried conviction with it. Perhaps the most significant feature of Mr. Quine's singing is the clearness of the interpretative designs. There never is any uncertainty as to his purpose, which always commends itself as formed with musical intelligence and artistic sensibility.

Handel's "Furibondo" gave the barytone an opportunity to demonstrate that an old fashioned aria di bravura could be handled by a contemporaneous artist with accuracy, dash and style. Florid song is so much neglected by vocal students of this period of dramatic opera that it is an uncommon pleasure to hear a young man who has studied what the fathers of vocal art regarded as one of the essentials of their teaching. Mr. Quine, in addition to his accomplishments, possesses a pleasant natural voice, though not a distinguished one, and a manifest enthusiasm in his calling.

By Richard Aldrich

John Quine's Song Recital.

John Quine, an American singer who as gained his musical training in this ountry, and who was heard in this city ast season, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. uine has a baritone voice of not the ost beautiful quality in the world, of hich he has made a good deal and hich in many ways serves him well. e sings in general with intelligence; ith the realization that songs and ias express something, and that it is business of a singer to discover and isclose it. How flexible his voice is as disclosed conspicuously in Handel's agnificent air, "Furibondo spira il ento," in which he sang the rolling divisions" with dexterity and real effectiveness, without showing signals of stress.

He made a laudable attempt in ahms's "Four Serious Songs," music profound beauty; it needs, however, per artistic powers than Mr. Quine at resent possesses to present them conincingly. He shows a real feeling for gato, and when he sings in mezza ce without too great effort at "exession," there is beauty in the voice d the style. In such a song as ahn's "Cimetière de Campagne" it pears at its best. And Mr. Quine's unciation is also good and contributes the effectiveness of his performance. A besetting sin in his singing is a ndancy to "scoop," both up and wn, which frequently prevents him om taking a tone, especially a tone of gnificance or importance in a phrase, uarely and precisely. It is apparently, in some degree, an outcome of a sire to emphasize or make sure of the expression," not necessarily a vice of nal production. Whatever it is, Mr. mine will do well to correct it.

Miss Cecil Cowles Recital.

Miss Cecil Cowles in the evening prented herself as a pianist, a young woman from the West, who has not as yet separated herself sufficiently from the influence of the teacher to make herself felt as an independent and authoritative interpreter of music. Such independence and authority alone qual ify a player to set herself as an artist and to undertake to act as an intermediary between the great or even the less great composers and the public. Miss Cowles is only one of a large number who have already shown this autumn their failure to appreciate this fact.

She played last evening Mozart's sonata in A—it is a much more interesting and poetic piece of music than she allowed it to be—pieces by Gluck, Handel, Chopin, Stojowski, Hugo Mansfeldt and Liszt, and two of her own compositions: a, "Persian"; b, "Chinese."

Michel Gusikoff, Violinist, Pleases.

Michel Gusikoff, a young violinist of Russian descent, who studied with his father as well as with Mark Fonaroff and Franz Kneisel and who has been heard in the West as concert master of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, made a first appearance in recital yesterday at Carnegie Hall. He showed dignified bearing and serious purpose as a solo artist, with a certain preoccupation over the technical side of such music as Vivaldi's concerto, arranged by Nachez, or the Bach-Schumann sonata in B minor. A matinee audience found pleasure in his playing of the slow movement of a concerto by d'Ambrosio and in pieces by Godowsky, Dirk Foch, Cyril Scott and W. A. Parson.

MISS COWLES'S RECITAL.

Miss Cecil Cowles, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. She played Mozart's A major sonata, Handel's chaconne in G, some Chopin, some Liszt and even some Cecil Cowles. Not too bounteously gifted with musical perception, she was also deficient in technical mastery. She played with a good tone and with some fluent finger work. But even this was marred by false notes. In the familiar march of the sonata the Turks advanced in double time.

Oct 27 1920

By Richard Aldrich

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, which has gadually been making itself more and more at home in New York, and finding itself a welcome guest, began its season here last evening in Carnegie Hall; the hall was full; the evidence of the appreciation in which the orchestra and M. Stokowski are held was unmistakably shown.

The program was a long one, including Schubert's symphony in C, Alfredo Casella's orchestral rhapsody "Italia," Op. 11, and Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela," and "Finlandia." The playing of the orchestra showed the qualities that have won it admiration hee before; elasticity, a plastic modelling under the conductor's hand, precision of ensemble, and in general an excellent quality of tone, even though not in all respects of the greatest beauty. M. Stokowski's reading of the symphony realized much of the poetical beauty of the work, much of its joyous eton. He was much applauded.

The rhapsody of Casella was heard for the first time in New York. The composer is one of the better known of the younger generation of Italians. His Italy is not the Italy that has been so often joyfully celebrated in music, the picturesque Italy of sunshine, careless gayety and serenades. It is a more serious affair. The composer has desired to give a tonal picture of Sicilian life "in the play of tragedy, superstition and passion under the terrible heat of the sun or in the hell of the sulphur mines," and of Neapolitan life "in its full abandon and care-free exuberance, its mad delirium of joy." He has used several folk songs and several popular tunes, as Denza's "Funiculi, Funicula" and another by Tosti ("A Marechiare.")

The piece opens lugubriously with a succession of the folksong motives, rising to a passionate violence; there is the suggestion of a Good Friday procession with a hymn intoned on the English horn; a folk dance, in which the bassoon plays the tune, accompanied by the harp. The scene changes as the tune of "Funicula Funiculi" is heard well muffled up in the most modern of harmonies. There is a fugato on several of the motives, whipped up to a vertiginous end.

The music is graphic, imaginative. There is apparently no definite program, no depiction of scenes, but a succession of moods, sullen gloom, passion, mad delirium, powerfully evoked and sustained. The orchestral coloring is often striking, novel in effect. It is the work of a strong hand certain in its touch. The performance was a brilliant one.

Ralph Leopold Reappears and Helen Scoville Makes Her Debut.

Ralph Leopold, twice heard as pianist here since he served in the war, and previously, it is said, with orchestras abroad, reappeared before a large audience in Aeolian Hall last night. He gave an unaffected, musicianly and clean-cut performance of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31, No. 2; arrangements by d'Albert of Bach's D major prelude and fugue, and by Kundinger of Popper's "Dance of the Elves." There were also some Chopin, Liszt's "Consolation" and Russian descriptive pieces by Balakirew, Arensky and Rachmaninoff.

Helen Scoville, a young pianist of some individuality, gave her first recital before a matinée audience yesterday in Aeolian Hall. She played pieces by Chopin, a sonatine by Ravel, and such other moderns as Cyril Scott, Debussy, Dohnanyi, with one classic echo in a Schubert-Liszt "Soiree de Vienne." Miss Scoville's performance of these was, like "free verse" of the day, out of the beaten track in tempo and rhythm, yet even in wayward fancy often touched with youth's freshness and grace.

The programme was inordinately long and despite the fact that the conductor, Leopold Stokowski, hurried the last movement of the Schubert work, endured till it was wearisome. The novelty of the evening was the rhapsody of Casella, a young Italian composer, who was introduced by Walter Damrosch with some remarkable pieces of tone photography called "Films." The rhapsody introduced several familiar Italian airs, but much distorted and disguised. Especially this was the case with "Funiculi, funicula," which was smothered in counterpoint, acrid discords and tumultuous instrumentation till its own mother would hardly have recognized it.

Mr. Casella is ingenious, but that is what is the matter with so many of the younger composers. And they do need such a lot of machinery, drums, tambourines, bells, cymbals, all sorts and conditions of brass and of course unexpected solos for basson, English horn and bass clarinet.

What a pity they cannot accept the Rabelaisian suggestion of Mr. Huneker and write concertos for three oboes and fire hydrant. Probably some one of them will yet. Meanwhile let the record stand that the Philadelphia musicians played with their accustomed finish and clarity in the Schubert number. If they were not always clear in the Casella disruption, it was not their own fault.

MISS SCOVILLE'S DEBUT.

Miss Helen Scoville, a young pianist of Joplin, Mo., gave her first recital here in Aeolian Hall yesterday. Her programme, which was of limited scope, but artistic in selection, included a sonatine by Ravel and a passacaglia by Cyril Scott, the English composer and pianist, who is to give a recital next month at Aeolian Hall. Miss Scoville's equipment was unequal to the severe demands of a recital. For instance, in Chopin's F sharp minor polonaise she at times had a struggle with the notes. Her tone was pleasing and she has genuine musical instincts, even though they are still unripe.

RALPH LEOPOLD'S CONCERT.

Ralph Leopold entertained a large audience at Aeolian Hall last night when he offered an interesting programme of piano music in which the chief numbers were D'Albert's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in D, Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 2, and Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo. The Bach music he gave with a technic swift and sure and with fine clarity of style. His general work showed advancement on the poetic side of his art since he played here last year. The sonata was given with musicianly taste throughout and the slow movement was noteworthy for musical feeling.

The program of Sunday evening was repeated yesterday afternoon by the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall with Mme. Yolanda Mero as soloist, playing the Tschaikowsky second concerto.

Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and the Brahms symphony No. 2 were again played by the orchestra under Mr. Bodonsky's characteristic directing. Mme. Mero's brilliant interpretation of the Tschaikowsky concerto is one of the big treats of the organization's programs this season.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra gave the New York public an opportunity to hear some of the new sort of music which is making by a few daring, unscrupulously daring, young men in Italy just now. Orchestral music has never had a habitation in Goethe's land of the blossoming citron and orange. It was the cradle of the opera, the nursery of church music undefiled and the garden in which violin and organ music first put forth their fragrant blooms. The cradle of music once, it, somebody has said, has remained the cradle of the art. In respect of what for more than a century and a half has been considered the highest manifestation, it has been practically barren.

Sgambati, Martucci and a few others have ventured into the field of chamber music and the symphony, tentatively, timidly and without success. Their works came, passed and left no sign. The child that has been born of the spirit pervading the world today is an unruly and boisterous brat, an offspring of the Neapolitan slums reeking with the blood and filth which fructified operas like "A basso Porto," which New York heard, and a few companions from the hearing of which we have been spared by a benevolent and gracious Provident— to which laud and praise and gratitude, in sæcula sæculorum, world without end. Amen.

Casella Widely Heralded

Last week we listened to Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," a composition by a young Frenchman fresh from the Conservatoire, whose sense of euphony was unspoiled and whose mind was tremulously receptive to the sights and sounds of the land to which he had been sent that his imagination might feed on the glories of its historic past and the natural beauties which shall endure forever. From his fresh, unconstrained composition, full of the fruits of true creative genius, beautiful sounds rose like a fragrant exhalation, delighting the ear, quickening the fancy, stirring the emotions and evoking the images which are Italy.

Are those images only a dream? The composer who provided the food for discussion at last night's concert would seem to want us to think so. His name is Casella, and critics who have pushed forward so impetuously that they have overleaped the periphery of the world of art, in which are clarity, beauty, euphony, symmetry and the supreme æsthetic law of repose, have hailed him a genius. We heard some of his compositions a year or so ago at a concert of the Symphony Society. In them he tried to make tone pictures with tones—pictures of ponderous engines of war, creaking, clanking and thundering over the groaning ground.

He tortured the instruments of the band until they gave out shrieks which mocked the noises of tremendous tractors. The composition which we heard last night he called a rhapsody and entitled it "Italia."

Made Up of Folk Tunes

We have no desire to attempt to analyze it here. Analysis should be for the professional eye alone. Let it suffice that it is made up out of Italian folk tunes, only one of which was familiar, but was so perverted in time and rhythm, so beaten, belabored, bruised, clouted and cudgeled, that it was as piteous to behold as Don Quixote after his encounter with the windmills. It was Denza's "Funiculi, funicula."

This brisk little tune was so beset by other themes, so mired in different keys and muddy, dissonant harmonies, so racked and pulled out of shape and blown about by the blatant brass, that its own father would not have recognized it.

Of the other tunes, only one brought surcease to suffering ear-drums and suggested an evocation of beauty. It was an Easter hymn, sung by the English horn to murmurs which were soft though not soothing.

Perhaps Signor Casella is attempting to delineate the gibberings of a people driven mad by suffering or drunken with the blood of a murdered civilization.

For this orgy Mr. Stokowski prepared us with a scintillant performance of Schubert's great symphony in C, with many excellencies, though he indulged in breakneck speed in the finale, throwing poetry and continence to the winds in order to amaze with the skill of his players—skill to emulate a tornado in its rush. Rest from the blows of sound dealt by Casella was found in two pieces of music by Sibelius: "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Finlandia."

Italian Music Up-to-Date

The Italian composers, tired of melody, euphony, simplicity, grace, and all the other qualities that have heretofore made Italian music admired and loved throughout the world, have gone in for complexity, uncouthness, obscurity, dissonance, and din to beat the band—the jazz brass band. But they are amazingly up to date. Last night the Philadelphia Orchestra took possession of Carnegie Hall and played Casella's Rhapsody for full orchestra called "Italia." It is programme music of the most unblushing sort. The noisy, turbulent opening part echoes the actions of the recent strikers in the metal works. The lugubrious wails and ululations of the woodwind following the strike are echoes of the war. Then comes a set of capricious dances by Capri goats, and finally the audience is thrilled by D'Annunzio's

poetic and precipitous entry into Rome at the head of a Bolshevist army. A dynamite explosion pulverizes what is left of the old Roman Forum. Finis.

These are the things the writer saw while Conductor Stokowsky and his well-trained cohorts were perpetrating Casella's Rhapsody. Unfortunately, that signor never intended to express those things in his music. The Philadelphia Orchestra does not favor its New York admirers with a programme book, although its home audiences have an excellent one, edited by the erudite and entertaining Philip H. Goepp. Mr. Goepp got hold of Casella's score and in it found the true inwardness of this music as indicated by the composer himself: "In this rhapsody the composer desired to conjure up a tonal picture of Sicilian and Neapolitan life (without wishing to use an actual set programme); the former in the play of tragedy, superstition, and passion under the terrible heat of the sun or in the hell of the sulphur mines (*solfatare*), the second in its full abandon and care-free exuberance, in its mad delirium of joy amid the magical enchantment of the gulf of Naples."

Casella also gives a list of the folk and art songs he has cited in his rhapsody, among them a lover's wild curse, the plaint of the mine workers, a Good Friday processional hymn, and other things, including Denza's awful "Funiculi, Funicula," which Richard Strauss introduced in his "Aus Italian," supposing it to be a stray folk-tune. The strange thing about it is that though these tunes are introduced in Casella's "Italy" it gives the impression of being almost tuneless, due to the fact that the tunes are so obscured by rhythmic and harmonic distortions that a careless listener would never even suspect their presence. It cannot be denied that Casella's score evinces clever craftsmanship; he handles the orchestral forces with adroitness, but he seems to have no personal message to convey, and he is certainly on the wrong track. That way lies not the future of Italian music—at least, let us hope it doesn't.

Oct. 28 1920

MISS ELLEN RUMSEY GIVES SONG RECITAL

Contralto Sings German Songs Disguised in English.

Miss Ellen Rumsey, contralto, who was heard last season, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She presented a safe and sane programme, including some German songs disguised in English. Miss Rumsey appeared to belong to the unfinished pupil class. She undoubtedly had studied the art of singing for a considerable time with dubious results. Probably her most recent efforts have been in the direction of forgetting some of the things she learned in other years.

At any rate, her singing was a mixture of excellences and defects. When she called upon her charming natural voice for volume she closed her throat and strangled her tones. When she formed her tones correctly, as she did, for example, throughout Liszt's "Wanderer's Night Song," they were full, rich and sonorous. When Miss Rumsey gets her tone production completely corrected she undoubtedly will prove to be as attractive singer.

She has a voice of individual beauty, an easy command of dynamics when she does not force, a generous breath support, not always well managed, and a feeling for interpretative style. Conrad Bos was at the piano and his accompaniments were without some of that delicacy and elegance which first won him consideration here.

LAZARO SINGS AT CARNEGIE.

Hipolito Lazaro, a Spanish tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave his first song recital here in Carnegie Hall last evening. His large audience, which naturally included many of his countrymen, filled the auditorium. His programme included airs by Handel, a varied selection of operatic airs, Spanish songs, and lyrics by American writers. As a whole his list made no severe demands upon his powers of interpretation. He sang such number as "Care Selve" with a generally well sustained legato, although his diction was poor. In the operatic numbers and Spanish songs he was quite at ease, and sang with a lavish display of tone, sentiment and dramatic feeling. His natural voice, which is of fine power and beauty, especially in the high tones, would give more pleasure if it were better controlled. Last night he often forced it to the extent that his tones became hoarse. But much of his singing was brilliant and it greatly pleased the audience.

MISS GIVEN'S RECITAL.

Miss Thelma Given, with Richard Hageman at the piano, gave a violin recital yesterday in Carnegie Hall. Miss Given, who is an Auer pupil, was first heard here two seasons ago. Her admirable gifts as a performer seemed to give much pleasure to her auditors yesterday. There were moments of tonal unsteadiness in Grieg's beautiful G minor sonata, which began her programme, but her work throughout the composition was marked by color. Some of her best playing was done in her second number, Chausson's "Poeme," where there were admirable intonation and a fine command of nuance. 28

Miss Given and Lazaro 28 Are Heard in Recitals

Programs of Both Violinist and Tenor Marred by Pranks of Children

When Miss Thelman Given began Greig's sonata in G minor for violin and piano yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall she was a prey to temperament. Seemingly striving for an excessively colorful performance, her abuse of tempo rubato made difficulties for her accompanist, Mr. Richard Hageman, and she herself made at least one faulty entrance at the beginning of the second movement. Her tone was fitful as a flickering flame, now rasping, now submerged with a curious whispering quality, particularly throughout the first movement, which made for mystery, but was hardly in keeping with the character of the work.

Perhaps the violinist was nervous, perhaps she, with a certain portion of the autdience, was disturbed by the antics of a small boy who sat near the stage and between intervals of rattling the program vigorously exchanged maternal confidences suitable only to the privacy of the home. Of course, it is an excellent thing for parents to begin cultivating the musical taste of their offspring at an early age, but small and obviously unmusical children should be checked in the cloak rooms of concert halls or a certificate of good behavior required for admittanec.

At any rate, and whatever the cause, Miss Given did not find herself until the second piece, Chausson's Poeme. This she played with a gracious quality of tone and a good deal of understanding. Other numbers were by Debussy, Sinding, Auline, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Paganini, Grasse and Brahms.

In the evening during Hipolito Lazaro's recital at the same hall, there was another childish disturber of the peace, this time seated in a box, but the tenor's stentorian tones were only mildly intercepted. It is a pity that Mr. Lazaro is given to forcing a naturally agreeable lyric voice. In his efforts to apnear vocally robust he impairs the qutlity of his upper tones and makes his lower tones sound husky. In a program largely made up of operatic arias, in which he more than took advantage of every oyyortunity to sacrifice quality to size, his best work was done in Handel's "Care Selve" and in three Spanish tones, Alvarez's "La Partida" and "Granada" and Valverde's "Clavelitos."

In the afternoon, at Aeolian Hall, Miss Ellen Rumsey, a mezzo soprano with a pretty voice, sang an unpretentious program effectively.

Oct 29 1920

By Richard Aldrich

A Double Bass Virtuoso.

There was the singular pleasure offered last evening in Aeolian Hall of listening to a virtuoso on the double bass. A recital was given by José Mardones, basso, of the Metropolitan Opera House, with Antonio Torello, contrabass. Like Mr. Mardones, Mr. Torello is a Spaniard and is said to have wou renown in his own country. Their program alternated pieces for the player and the singer till the last number, which was an aria, "Per Questa Bella Mano," by Mozart, for the two together.

Virtuosos on the ungainly instrument that forms a familiar part of all orchestras are rare; but it does not need a very long memory to recall a virtuoso's performance in Mendelssohn Hall; and there are large fragments of musical history dealing with the achievements of Bottesini and Dragonetti, and more recently of Kussewitzki, who was represented by a piece on last night's program.

Mr. Torello is an accomplished virtuoso on his instrument. He uses a small-sized double bass with three strings, whose tone on the highest one approximates that of the 'cello. His liocrality in the use of harmonics is striking. He affects florid passages quite as much as the confirmed 'cello virtuoso, the double bass requiring considerably more physical agility and the result being quite as ungainly, and even more reminiscent of the caperings of the ox.

The repertory of the double bass is unfortunately limited, at least in musical value. Mr. Forello played a Fantasy of his own, and pieces by Ghère, Kussewitzki, Valle, Franchi and Bottesini (arranged by himself). The impression was more of difficulty successfully overcome than of something musically valuable in and of itself.

Mr. Mardones sang airs from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and a group of Spanish and Basque songs, with a voice of immense power.

John Campbell's Recital.

John Campbell, tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall that was well attended. His program contained, besides an air by Handel, groups of old Italian, modern French, folksongs and modern English songs. Mr. Campbell's voice is one of good possibilities, but his method of singing is not such as to let them always, or often, be realized. His tones are frequently constricted and he produces them in such a way that they tend to be flat in pitch.

Mardones of Metropolitan and Player of Solemn Instrument.

Bass and double bass gave a concert last evening in Aeolian Hall. The bass was Jose Mardones of the Metropolitan Opera, and the double bass, or rather the player of the instrument, was Antonio Torello. Mr. Mardones is so familiar a singer that it need only be noted that his big voice resounded powerfully in Aeolian Hall and made the double bass sound like half a one by comparison.

Double bass virtuosi are by no means numerous and historians tell in reverential terms of the extraordinary doings of Dragonetti and Bottesini. Yet performers on the biggest of fiddles are not wholly unknown to this country. In the season of 1904-5 one Jirsky, the principal double bass player of the Pittsburg Orchestra, Emil Paur conductor, played with the orchestra in its home city a concert piece written by Siemandi, his teacher.

On March 9, 1910, in Mendelssohn Hall there was a concert by Modiste Alloo, trombonist; Frank Kuchynka, double bass, and Irving Hassell, pianist. There being no trio for these instruments, the artists contented themselves with solos. Mr. Kuchynka performed a potpourri of airs from "The Bartered Bride" and also some Chopin, while even Sigismund Stojowski was made to contribute to the repertoire of the trombone.

Like his predecessors Mr. Torello last evening played on a small double bass and used a 'cello bow. His melodic utterances were naturally confined almost entirely to the first string, of which the scale was extended by well produced harmonics. For the rest what was heard sounded much as it might when delivered by a full grown 'cello. Mr. Torello played well, but it did not appear that the audience was greatly moved by the exhibition. The double bass is a solemn instrument and as a soloist is much given to complainings.

The recent concert matinee of Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa and his band in the Chicago Auditorium turned out to be more than a musical sensation, and the city police reserves were called out to clear the way for the entrance of ticket holders to the lobby.

At noon the last coupon and admission ticket had been sold and the box office was closed at noon, but the clambering crowd grew and refused to depart even when told that the last inch of standing room, as well as every seat, had been sold. The concert itself, including five new march numbers by the great bandmaster, was overshadowed by the tumultuous ovation given to Sousa. This was the largest audience that ever paid to enter the Chicago Auditorium, the concert following a week in St. Louis, Evansville, Terre Haute, Springfield and Peoria, where the March King and his band played to over $28,000 for the five towns named.

Oct. 22 1920

MME. DE. HORVATH'S RECITAL.

Shows Musical Feeling, Plays Well, but Misses Fire.

Mme. Cecile de Horvath, formerly known to local music lovers as Miss Cecile Ayres, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme contained Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Aria and Finale," the inevitable group of Chopin pieces, and some other examples of piano composition. Mme. de Horvath is one of those pianists who disappoint because they approach so near to their own ideals without quite reaching them.

Her performance of the Franck music, for instance, showed understanding and a certain degree of musical feeling. Technically it was marred by a few slips, but the tone was good, the dynamic graduations well worked out, and the reading in general intelligent. But the composition sounded heavy and wanting in the poetic introspection which characterizes Franck's art. Just why it would be difficult to tell. Mme. de Horvath played well, but she missed fire, and that seems to be all that can be said.

Should be on page 10

By Richard Aldrich

Cecile de Horvath's Recital.

The "length" of music, it has been observed, has nothing to do with the clock. It was not the clock nor the music that made Cesar Franck's "Prelude, ria and Finale" seem somewhat longer than usual, as Mrs. Cecile de orvath played it at her recital in Aeolian all yestorday afternoon. Perhaps it was chiefly some lack of imaginative fire on the pianist's performance; and this was to be observed in her playing of some of the other pieces on her program, as in Chopin's Nocturne in E.

And yet Mrs de orvath is a player of unusual parts, of excellent techincal facility, power of finger and of arm and the understanding of how to use if for tonal development; of rhythmic feeling; of intelligence; of analytical power. There was much to enjoy in her recital, the program of which included, beside the pieces mentioned, more Chopin, including one of Liszt's transscriptions of his songs and pieces byy Debussy, Leschetizky and Saint Saens.

Oct-29 1920

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition~~

Many things might be said of the concert given by two Spanish gentlemen and artists in Aeolian Hall, but the most obvious thing is that in one feature it was wholly, completely, entirely and unqualifiedly novel. Señor José Mardones sang some opera airs and songs, but Señor Mardones has for some years been an admired member of the Metropolitan Opera Company—perhaps the most admired basso since Edouard de Reske and Pol Plançon left us.

So of him there is no need of saying more than that he did not endure the test of the concert room as well as he does that of the lyric theater, that his voice was more stentoriously voluminous than refined in quality and that his vocal caperings, when he tried to caper (as in "Se vuol ballare," from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro"), were not so graceful as those of his companion, Antonio Torelló, whose instrument was not the voice, but the double-bass viol.

It was he who provided the novel element of the entertainment. We question if there were a dozen people in the room who had ever before listened to solos on what irreverent boys have been known to call a "bull-fiddle." Fifty years ago Signor Bottesini, who is set down in the books as one of the greatest performers upon the contrabass that ever lived (Dragonetti being the other), came to New York, but it was as fellow conductor with Arditi of a famous Italian opera company; and if he gave any performances on his grave and unwieldy instrument the fact has escaped our reading of the records.

From what the books tell us of his playing, however, we imagine that in more respects than one Señor Torelló resembles Bottesini more than the marvelous Dragonetti, who inspired not only the admiration and friendship of Beethoven, but also the idea of introducing the bass recitatives, which are a unique feature of the master's D minor symphony—the bridge built to connect the instrumental and vocal regions of the symphonic art.

Dragonetti used the full-sized orchestral instrument, with its normal strings; Bottesini a smaller instrument, equipped with harp strings. Señor Trorelló, we think, has followed him in this particular, for in no other way can we account for the marvels which he performed last night. His tone was like that of a large violoncello, and as Señor Casals can play violin concertos on his 'cello, so we imagine that Señor Torelló might play Beethoven's 'cello sonatas on his double bass.

His cantilena as well as his rapid passage work, indeed, is all played high up on the second and third strings, but the latter is always clean and clear, if not always just in intonation. Besides that, he produces harmonics, artificial as well as natural, with apparent ease, mixes bowed and pizzicato tones, and double stopping and arpeggios seem to inconvenience him no more than they do the ordinary violoncello player.

The effect is agreeable, though we could not help feeling that the instrument was less nobly employed by him than it is in the orchestra, where it is never called upon for such didoes, but gives out tones which form the foundation on which the entire orchestral structure rests, and where its deep pizzicati produce the effect, as we believe Berlioz said, of "gigantic heart beats."

Señor Torelló played a fantasy of his own composition, and a number of shorter pieces, including a clever little waltz by Koussewitzki, a Russian colleague, who of recent years has devoted himself more to conducting than performing.

Oct 30 1920

MISS MELLISH'S RECITAL.

Soprano of Metropolitan Opera Company Heard at Aeolian Hall.

Julius Caesas declared that he would rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome. Possibly a similar feeling prompted Miss Mary Mellish, one of the minor sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera House, to give a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. There at least she was the prima donna, and in the brilliance of the footlights, with no Farrars or Muzos to nterfere, sang Handel, Lully, Mozart, Brahms, Strauss and other masters to her heart's content, while Conrad Bos caressed the keys of a gentle piano softer and milder than the plangent orchestra of Papi or Moranzoni.

Miss Mellish looked very well, and from time to time sounded so. But not always. More of the time her strong, penetrating voice was avid in quality and uncertain as to pitch. Her intonation was alchrate, but beyond that there was little to praise. She betrayed in a Mozart air a sad inability to sing a grace and in other nhmbers a lack of style. In short, her song recital was the work of a singer possessing little command of the niceties of her art. The ahdience was friendly. Even some of her opera associates appladded her.

MISS ROMAINE PLAYS.

The piano recital which Miss Ninon Romaine gape yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall had one merit which should have especial notice. She devoted her programme to the works of the three masters most intimately associated with the romantic movement in piano music. Schuman, Chopin and Liszt, instead of trying to sweep the whole range of composition. Last winter much Schuman was played, but thus far in the present season there has been less. This is probably a good thing for Schumann as well as for many of the pianists, for few of them can adequately reveal the beauties of his compositions.

Miss Romaine displayed certain qualities which explained her attempt. She had tone and touch both well suited to the moods of Schuman and Chopin. She showed evidences of artistic appreciation of their music, too, but her achievements fell short of her intentions. She lacked chiefly the rhyshmic incisiveness and the delicate gradation of force requisite to clearly drawn interpretations. Perhaps also a larger command of the singing resources of the piano would have been helpful.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Mary Mellish's Song Recital.

Miss Mary Mellish, who for a couple of years has been heard in minor soprano rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House, appeared last evening in a song recital, in Acolian Hall. The operatic singer is not happy until she achieves one. The audience was large and friendly and had much applause for her performance of a program built on familiar lines, though the numbers themselves were far from hackneyed. It began with airs by Handel, Lully and Mozart, and continued with a group of French songs, another of songs by Brahms and Strauss, and ended with a group chiefly American.

Miss Mellish's voice is one of excellent potentialities, but her vocal studies have not been successful in giving her sure command of it or placing it unerringly where its tones are given a chance to sound to their best advantage. There are too frequently passages where the voice is pinched and the quality of the tone is injuriously affected.

She sings in a sincere and unaffected manner, and is not unsuccessful in giving characteristic expression to certain of her songs.

Ninon Romaine's Piano Recital.

Ninon Romaine, an American ianist who has studied in Berlin and layed in Germany, gave her first New York piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, in which she presented a program of music by Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. She plays with repose, facility and fluency, not always with technical accuracy, but without much deep feeling for the music and without lingering much over its poetical significance or the romantic implications of the three romantics who engaged her attention. In her pieces by Chopin, the A flat ballade, three études and the A flat polonaise, her rubato was a disturbing infraction of the rhythm.

Oct 31 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Ossip Gabrilowitsch's Recital.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch left his orchestra in Detroit long enough yesterday to give a piano recital in Aeolian Hall. Lovers of piano playing in New York should be grateful to the Detroit Orchestra that it can be left, on occasion, and that its training is not so exacting as entirely to abstract its conductor from the form of musical art by which he is best known in this city.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing is an extremely personal expression, fascinating in its purity, its clarity, its poetical feeling; playing of much distinction, insinuating rather than imposing, concerned solely with the spirit of the music. He possesses style in the finer sense; and his beauty of tone, subtle feeling for rhythm and polished mechanism are a delight in a world where subtlety, distinction and polish are none too common.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's program was of unusual composition in some respects. Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 22, is very little affected by pianists in public, but is music of ingratiating charm, which he played with a sense of the intimacy that belongs to it as chamber music. So, too, is the "Novelette" from Schumann's "Bunte Blätter," Op. 99, quite unfamiliar, but a brilliant piece, characteristic of some of Schumann's moods, original in its rhythmic impress, which Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with great gusto and clear articulation. So is Chopin's "Tarantelle" unfamiliar, but more deservedly so, for it is one of his weaker productions, and all the pianist's verve could not make it seem really worth while. And Weber's rondo, called "La Gaieté," has perhaps been voted old fashioned; but it scintillated under Mr. Gabrilowitsch's fingers.

He played César Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" in a more reserved manner than that in which it is usually given, with much pianissimo, especially in the figuration that encircles the melody. The fugue was delivered with much clearness and with a finely built climax. Schumann's "Arabesque" fitted closely into the mood of the occasion, as did Chopin's D flat nocturne. After the program was finished, Mr. Gabrilowitsch added a piece by Schubert and Chopin's D flat waltz.

Gabriel Engel's Recital.

Gabriel Engel, a young American violinist who gave a recital here last season, reappeared last evening in Aeolian Hall in a recital in which he played with Giuseppe Bamboschak, pianist, Beethoven's C minor sonata for piano and violin, Bruch's Adagio Appassionata, a concerto by Professor Cornelius Rybner, an arrangement of Schumann's "Gartenmelodie," originally for four hands on the piano, and a scherzo by Tschaikovsky. Professor Rybner's concerto was heard publicly for the first time in this country.

Mr. Engel's playing was only moderately interesting and was scarcely lifted above the level of mediocrity by anything that makes a performance upon the violin worth while.

Nov 1 1920

New York Symphony Orchestra.

The season of the New York Symphony Orchestra was begun yesterday afternoon with the first of its Aeolian Hall concerts. The orchestra and Mr. Damrosch then made their first appearance since returning from their European trip, in which they spread among the countries of western Europe a knowledge of how symphonic music is celebrated in New York.

There was a reminder of this in a pamphlet inclosed in the program, giving an account of the journey and what was played on it; and a reprint of many of the critical notices written in the European press about the performances, carefully selected, after the manner of managers. Orchestra and conductor were warmly welcomed, and Mr. Damrosch had to acknowledge repeatedly the applause in which the greeting was conveyed.

The program comprised Beethoven's seventh symphony and works by French and Belgian composers; Fauré's suite, "Masques et Bergamasques," played for the first time in New York; Lekeu's Adagio for strings, and an orchestral movement from Franck's cantata, "The Redemption."

Fauré's suite is in four movements, an overture, minuet, gavotte and pastoral. The mood established by the overture is one of gayety and tunefulness quite as if modern ideas had never entered into M. Fauré's head, as they sometimes have. And this gayety and tunefulness are kept up in the minuet and gayette. The pastoral is a little more serious in tone and suggests at points some of the more modern procedures. The whole suite is light; but it is little touched with commonplace and is agreeable hearing.

Lekeu's adaglio is not unknown in New York concert halls. There is much in it that is beautiful and poetically conceived, but there is also much that seems confused and uncertain; so that the piece as a whole lacks the firm touch of a master, however much it may show the gleams of a genius. The extract from "The Redemption" is a noble and sonorous piece of music, doubtless having some descriptive significance in the cantata, but standing sufficiently on its own feet to be heard by itself.

The playing of the orchestra, which shows some new faces, was excellent in tone and for the most part in finish. There was some roughness in the symphony, which Mr. Damrosch played with energy and rhythmic incisiveness. And the orchestra still sounds excessive in this hall in passages of full orchestration.

National Symphony Orchestra.

The National Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth evening concert yesterday in Carnegie Hall, at which the program comprised Beethoven's eighth symphony—a natural combination from the seventh that Mr. Damrosch played in the afternoon—Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero" second series, and Saint-Saens's piano concerto in G minor, played by Matilda Locus.

Miss Locus is one of the discoveries of last Spring, when Mr. Bodanzky set out to find native composers and native performers, being more successful with the performers than with the composers. She is said to be 14 years old. She is undoubtedly a gifted child, such as there are always many of; but, it is scarcely necessary to say, she is not fitted to play Saint-Saens's concerto to a public that goes to hear the music, and not to be amazed at the spectacle of a child doing what children are supposed to be unable to do.

She has unexpected muscular strength of finger and arm and considerable technical facility, though not enough really to compass the difficulties of the concerto. But her playing of it, in the particulars that count most, was crude and immature, and could not be expected to be otherwise. It was a performance that should not have been countenanced by the powers controlling the course of the National Symphony Orchestra, whose business it is to present the most artistic performances it can. The audience, of course, was indulgent and enthusiastic and recalled the child several times.

Malipiero's set of three pieces was heard for the first time in New York and are enough to place him definitely at the extreme left among the composers of the day. They also seem to place him as one who, when he wrote them, had singularly little to say. It might be endured that his harmonies are "more dissonant" than in the first set published under the same title, as an admiring critic is quoted as saying, or that the orchestra should play in two keys at once, if he would only express something in it worth while. But his themes are so poor in substance, so ineffective, that they do not get far.

The first movement represents a "dialogue of the bells," never sweet to begin with and much jangled out of tune, through some futile ingenuity of instrumental timbres. "The cypresses and the wind," the second movement, is "a fantastic vision" in which musical expression holds a very subordinate place, while the intention to caricature suggested as the motive of "the rustic festival," the strict movement, is not a bit more evident than in the other two.

These pieces were played with much energy and attention to the intended effects of color. It seemed, indeed, as if an unfair proportion of time available for rehearsal might have been spent upon Malipiero, to the detriment of Beethoven; for the performance of the eighth symphony was rather rough, especially the first movement; rather rude and cold in tone. But Mr. Bodanzky took the tempos sensibly and in accordance with the feeling of the music, and imparted much spirit.

First of Julius Hopp's Musical Entertainments Proves Huge Success.

The first of a series of popular concerts, under the direction of Julius Hopp, was given last night in Madison Square Garden. Large as is the auditorium of the great theatre, it was comfortably filled with music enthusiasts who had come to hear the splendid program that was given. The symphony orchestra was under the direction of Nahan Franko, who was in particularly good form, and gave a splendid performance.

The guest soloist of the evening was Claudia Muzio, leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She sang the aria "Vissi d'arte e d'amour" from Puccini's "Tosca" in a way that brought a storm of applause from her hearers. Florence MacBeth, coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, and Jose Mardones, basso, of the Metropolitan, also sang. Both were generously applauded. Another feature of the evening was the special arrangement of "The Lost Chord." It was well worth hearing.

The program also included the following: An overture from Wagner, the "Bell Song" from Lakme, by Miss MacBeth; several selections from Grieg, one of Verdi's arias, a Strauss waltz, a David selection by Miss MacBeth and several other interesting numbers.

Two Orchestral Novelties

Walter Damrosch had a French novelty on the programme of the Symphony Society's opening concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and in the evening Artur Bodanzky had an Italian novelty on the National Symphony Orchestra's programme in Carnegie Hall. The French composition was Fauré's suite "Masques et Bergamasques," the Italian was Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero" (second series). Neither of the two was worth importing.

M. Fauré is one of the most highly honored musicians in France. He succeeded Massenet and Dubois in the Paris Conservatoire and he has been busy, too, with his pen. Of his compositions few are familiar over here.

The quality of the suite played yesterday explains why. It consists of four orchestral numbers from a one-act comédie lyrique. It may be admitted that as Otto Kinkeldey remarks, it has "the grace of Rameau, the translucence of Haydn, the tenderness of Mozart, all handled with delicate mastery." But it lacks, what these masters had, original melodic idea; and without original melodic ideas no music can make its way, unless aided by sensational methods, which Gabriel Urbain Fauré would scorn. Possibly a French orchestra and a Parisian conductor might have made the suite seem shorter. It was preceded by Beethoven's seventh symphony, and followed by Lekeu's Adagio for strings and Franck's "Redemption." Mr. Damrosch and his men were cordially applauded by an audience which filled Aeolian Hall, though there was no soloist.

Carnegie Hall also held a large audience, ready to hear the Malipiero novelty, as well as Beethoven's eighth symphony and the G minor concerto of Saint-Saëns, with pretty Miss Locus at the piano. This little girl of fourteen made a great hit with the audience. She was recalled about a dozen times and every time she ran off the stage she carried away two armfuls of the flowers that had been sent up to her. She has remarkable strength for one of her age and sex, and she didn't seem to be troubled in the least by the nervousness, to be expected at a first public appearance. It would have been wise to postpone this début a few years; for, while technically clever, her playing of the French masterwork did not disclose the beauties of thought, style, and polish that abound in it. Mr. Bodanzky also failed to convey the real French message, and he laid altogether too heavy a hand on the orchestral part.

A French admirer (Henri Prunières) of Francesco Malipiero, whose "Impressioni dal Vero" closed this concert, informs us that "between 1910 and 1913 Malipiero became worried by the repeated assertions from his friends that he was crazy. He ended by doubting himself and his aspirations. He took fright at musical ideas which haunted him; he forced himself to chase them away." Not all of them, surely; the "Impressioni" played last night belong to the years 1911-13. They would seem crazy to us had we not become accustomed to that sort of thing through the noble efforts of the futurists of Germany, France, and America. In Paris last season one of Malipiero's works was hissed. We are more good-natured. Last night's audience received the first two parts in silence, while the applause at the end was feeble. It isn't worth while getting excited or vituperative about such experiments in dissonantal orchestral writing. Where they are accompanied by melodic inspiration, as in the case of Stravinsky, they are not only pardonable but even enjoyable, but Malipiero is not a melodist. The humorous touch is unwittingly given by M. Prunières when he says that "Malipiero does not hesitate to have recourse to the most consonant chords when he considers it necessary." Evidently he doesn't often consider it "necessary" to do so.

Of the three numbers in the suite the most interesting was the first, called "Dialogue of the Bells," which would have been a fine theme for Debussy. There is a "Waldweben" suggestion about the next number, "The Cypresses and the Wind," at the beginning; but the stormy part is not convincing. The "Rustic Festival" following it is intended to be partly humorous, but we couldn't see the joke. Our fault, presumably.

Zimbalist Plays

Efrem Zimbalist was one of the three violinists heard yesterday. There was a large audience to greet him in Carnegie Hall—an audience of admirers who were obviously very glad that his success as an operetta composer had not made him give up his fiddle. Long may he continue to wield his bow! He was at his best in a Mozart concerto in A minor, a work which needs a vitalizing tone like his to bring it up to date. He was also heard in the Bach Chaconne, a Tchaikovsky andante, and airs by Bizet and Sarasate.

Kubelik at the Hippodrome

Violinistically speaking, much water has flowed under the bridge since Jan Kubelik was last heard in New York, and standards of to-day may not be those of six years ago. We have been deluged with perhaps the most remarkable series of violin virtuosi in that time that such a brief span has shown in many years. And so people go to hear Kubelik with the great expectations that the memories and traditions of him imply, but perhaps with a little more discrimination than they had six years ago. All this being true, it is perhaps unfair to judge Mr. Kubelik from a recital in the Hippodrome, which is so large that delicate details are apt to lose their effect. His own Concerto in C Major, one of three written in his absence from our midst, a Paganini Concerto, and short numbers by Saint-Saëns made up Mr. Kubelik's programme, with several numbers by the orchestra under Mr. Hagenman.

There was considerable enthusiasm lacking somewhat in spontaneity. Mr. Kubelik will doubtless give music at New York a chance to judge him in a smaller hall.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Resumed from Yesterday's Last Edition

The Symphony Society began its annual series of concerts in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and the National Symphony Orchestra continued its series with the first concert of a fourth pair in Carnegie Hall in the evening.

There was also some orchestral music at the concert in the Hippodrome, where in the evening Mr. Jan Kubelik returned to the local concert rooms after an absence of six years. The incidents in these affairs which call for comment were the production of some music hitherto unheard in New York by Mr. Walter Damrosch at the first concert and Mr. Bodanzky at the second, and the pianoforte playing of a musically prodigious child, who already has received enough newspaper puffery to make us fear that she will not be permitted to develop, normally and healthfully, into such an artist as will challenge our interest five years hence. But much stimulation will be required to keep such a symphonic season as has been thrust upon New York on its legs; and children and mad music may be helpful.

Mr. Damrosch Welcomed

The Symphony Society resumed its labors without any snow of fuss and feathers, which spoke well for its manager and director. Mr. Damrosch was cordially welcomed by the customary audience, and warm approval was bestowed upon the music which he had prepared—Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a suite in four movements entitled "Masks and Bergomasks," by the French composer, Gabriel Fauré, and movement for strings alone by Lekeu and Cesar Fracn's fragment "Redemption."

In all this there was little of the trend in music as it has disclosed itself in latter-day France, Italy and, measurably, England. Gabriel Fauré is old enough and has been brave enough to proclaim that the best qualities of French music are not found outside of works produced by "scholastic discipline," and that it is his belief that "clear thought, formal purity, sobriety and disdain for big effects" are essential if French art is to recover its true, old and admirable character.

In words of this kind M. Fauré rebuked the tendency toward impressionism and cubism which he found in the works of his younger countrymen and which seems now to have infected the young anarchs of musical Italy. In the music from his pen which we heard yesterday there is certainly nothing of the stuff which he condemned in the preface which he wrote for Jean Aubrey's book on modern French music. The suite, taken from a short lyric comedy, is lucid enough and architectually firm enough to win approval from the most hide-bound conservative imaginable, and occasionally acidulous enough to delight any contemner of a system of harmony containing too many "lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon."

Whether it contains enough pithy substance to live is another matter. We doubt it, but we are sure that it would have made a stronger argument in its own behalf had it been more daintily played.

Minuet Is Neglected

Mr. Damrosch seemed to be still in the flush of the stiff, strong, sturdy energy with which he had infused the performance of the Beethoven symphony, and neglected to pay all the honor due to the second movement of the piece. This was a minuet, gracious enough in its material and structure to evoke pictures of the dance with which it may have been associated in the comedy.

Of all courtly dances the minuet is the most graceful, winning, soul and sense alluring, the highest expression of refinement and gentle courtesy in the realm of Terpsichore, stately and proud, but marvellously ingratiating in the deference of each to other of the dancers.

Something of this we should have liked to find suggested in Fauré's music, if for no other reason than to have had banished from our mind all suggestions of the clownish antics called up by the irrelevant title of the piece.

In the evening we had another symphony by Beethoven, the Eighth, which an ill-instructed press agent would have us think is popularly called the "little" symphony. We have never known it to be so-ealied except by Beethoven, himself, who in a letter to his friend Salomon asking him to find an English publisher for it designated it "a little symphony in F" to distinguish it in scope from the "grand symphony in A" (the Seventh), which he described in the same sentence as one of his "most excellent."

It is anything but small in its ideas, but as amazing in its exuberanec of spirit and plentitude of inventiveness as any of the immortal nine. Its periodicity in our concert-rooms is long, which is a pity, but by a coincidence it is to be heard in this city twice more this week—at a repetition of last night's concert to-morrow afternoon and a concert of the Boston Orchestra on Thursday evening. Mr. Bodanzky conceived it in its true vein of ebullient joyousness, but his material was somewhat refractory at times and we cannot truthfully say that all its beauty was made manifest.

Anticipated Mr. Damrosch

As Mr. Bodanzky anticipated M. Monteux in this symphony, so he did Mr. Damrosch in the first production in New York of Malipiero's second series of "Impressioni del Vero," which is down in the Symphony Society's promised list of novelties. It is not a vital matter. It would be best if Mr. Bodanzky's performance should serve as a warning example. Is this music? In the presence of this question we find ourselves quite at one with the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

"As to whether it be pack-saddle or caparison," said the curate, "it is only for Señor Don Quixote to say; for in these matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and I bow to authority."

"By God, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many strange things have happened to me in this castle that I will not venture to assert anything positively in reply to any question touching anything it contains."

We have been in merry gatherings of musical folk when simultaneously every one sang any song he pleased, while a stentorian tenor bawled out Beckmesser's serenade. The proceeding was supposed to parody the finale of the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Involuntarily the joke came to mind last night when Mr. Bodanzky turned his orchestra loose on what was entitled the "Dialogue of the Bells," in Malipiero's "Impressions"—mode there was none; key there was none, for no one can speak of tonality when different groups of instruments clash two keys (two? a dozen!) together in long sequences of excruciating dissonances. As for thematic material, such disjointed fragments of phrases cannot be dignified with the term. In the middle there was a brief space of real and restful harmony and one's jaws relaxed and one's breath returned. But it only reminded us of the story of the negro boy who kicked his bare heels against the jagged stone wall and howled with pain. Asked why he did it, he answered that it felt so good to stop. But the relaxation did not occur again—either in this movement or the two which followed it. In Rome, Paris and other European capitals this music has called out shrieks of protest in the concert room. Last night's audience was neither angered nor amused. We don't know whether or not it was stupefied.

The prodigy who appeared in the evening was Matilda Locus, a child of fourteen or fifteen years, who played the solo part of the concerto in G minor by Saint-Saëns. She played it in obvious unconsciousness that it had anything to do with the orchestral part, but that does not signify. She is a child. Her precocity in the matter of pianoforte technic (digital dexterity, fleetness and strength of finger, command of dynamics, etc.) and memory is marvelous. Dutifully we marvel. Dutifully, also, we deplore her exploitation.

Efrem Zimbalist Returns.

Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist, whose retirement of a year has resulted in putting his name among Broadway's white lights as composer of a current musical play, returned to the concert platform yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, where a friendly audience of great size received him. Mr. Zimbalist's marked traits of quiet strength and sincerity as a performer showed little change; he delighted his hearers in the adagio of Mozart's A major concerto, with Emanuel Balaban at the piano, and in Tschaikowsky's orchestral "Andante Cantabile," arranged for solo violin by Auer. There were also Bach's unaccompanied "Chaconne" and Sarasate's virtuoso versions of dances of Navarre and melodies from "Carmen."

Margot de Blanck Pleases.

Margot de Blanck, daughter of a leading musician of Havana, it is said, and herself a pianist of fluent and facile technique, appeared at the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon in music of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt. She presented two novelties, a "Danza Cubana," by Ignacio Cervantes, and "Danza de las Brujas," by H. de Blanck, both of which pleased an audience that included many of her compatriots here.

Nov 2 1920

J. PIASTRO BORISSOFF PLAYS

Russian Violinist Gives His First American Recital.

Of candidates for honors in the musical, as in the political world, a wise man observed that "they can't all be elected." The latest of violinists appearing daily now at Carnegie Hall, to be followed by another tonight, was Josef Piastro Borissoff, who played to a large audience there last evening in what was announced has his American début, and was so in fact except for one previous occasion when he had assisted at a Manhattan concern memorial to Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Borissoff is said to be a kinsman of Michel Piastro, heard just before him at Carnegie Hall, and is also declared to have established some reputation as composer in Eastern Europe and to have produced an opera at Petrograd.

He played last evening Vitali's "Chaconne," Tschaikowsky's concerto, with Emanuel Balaban at the piano in place of orchestra; some pieces by Scriabine, Ysaye, Kreisler and Sarasate, his acknowledged masters being Sarasate and Auer, and three works of his own. Intelligence and a certain welcome maturity marked his performance, while an uncertain halting between broad, massive tone and more exacting technical flights left him short of highest excellence at either extreme. Of his original music, a "Poeme du Nord" and Huoresque Orientale" carried Russian savor, the other being "Variations on the National Hymn of Greece."

BLIND PIANIST HEARD.

John Meldrum Again Unveils the Heart of Music He Plays.

John Meldrum, a pianist of Buffalo, who before now has challenged critical New York opinion, oblivious of the fact—which he does not mention—that he is blind, returned to Aeolian Hall last evening in a recital such as would have tested many an artist's powers, and which again proved this young man's gift of inner vision for unveiling the heart of music he plays.

His sense of symmetry and proportion appeared in Bach's C major prelude, Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue, Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26; his effects of piano tone, recalling Edwin Grasse's on the violin, explored a new created world in some Chopin pieces, and even in an "Ave Maria" from Liszt's "Harmonies Poetiques et Religieuses." He ended with two moderns, the Hungarian Dohnanyi's E sharp minor rhapsody and tht "Concert Study" of MacDowell.

J. Piastro Borissoff, outgrowing the child-prodigy period, was graduated from the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg, where he received the gold medal and a splendid old Italian violin as a gift from the late Czar in recognition of his musicianship. He has also received numerous decorations from rulers of other lands and is a composer of no mean ability.

MISS BUELL GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Dai Buell, a pianist who has been heard here on several previous occasions, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme paid especial tribute to MacDowell and Grieg. The former was represented not only by several short numbers but also by his "Keltic" sonata. Having finished with the representatives of Scandinavian and American romanticism, Miss Buell made a transition to Chausson, Scriabine and Ropartz, and concluded with Ireland and Schlozer.

The pianist was not at her best yesterday. The cause was not apparent, but she seemed not altogether sure of herself in the MacDowell sonata, missed many of her points and gave a reading which as a whole was curiously devoid of the romantic spirit. Possibly if Miss Buell had been more convincing in the matte rof rhythm and less concerned about an extreme pianissimo, she would have made her meaning clearer.

BLIND PIANIST HEARD.

John Meldrum, a blind pianist of Buffalo, who played here twice last season, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last night. This young artist studied at home and abroad for many years and from the beginning has shown that he wished to be judged entirely by his artistic achievements. He again won favor for his creditable performance. In a difficult programme, which included Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue, opus 35, No. 1; Beethoven's A flat sonata, opus 26, and Chopin's G minor ballade, he played with technical skill, good musical feeling, dignity and taste.

SINGS SOPRANO OR BARYTONE.

New Female Impersonator Appears at Palace—Other Acts.

Since the time when Julian Eltinge was in his ascendancy truly versatile female impersonators have been rare, but Karyl Norman at the Palace this week could very well lay claim to the mantle of Eltinge, as well as have it fit him even when cut along most modish lines. This youth from New Orleans can sing soprano or barytone equally well with one of those reversible voices. This gift enables him to appear first in all the regalia of a prima donna and then come out in the formal attire worn at stag rackets. In his feminine apparel he fully lives up to his alias as "The Creole Fashion Plate."

Nov 3 1920

New York Opera Association Opens Season in 'Carmen'

Under the direction of Theodore Van Hemert the New York Opera Association opened its initial season at the Lexington Theatre last night with a performance of Bizet's "Carmen." The aims of the association, still in process of formation, are to give opera at very moderate prices and provide an opportunity for young American singers of making their operatic debut in their own country. In time the association hopes to extend its activities throughout the country.

The principal singers in the cast were Miss Irene Bonheur, who sang the title part; Miss Hallie Stiles as *Micaela*, Auguste Perisse as *Don Jose*, Joseph Martel as *Escamillo* and Italo Piechi, a basso from La Scala, as *Zuniga*.

As might be expected the performance lacked many points in the finish of good ensemble, but much in this respect can be gained as the season progresses. The orchestra, led by Fulgenzio Guerrieri, showed the results of careful rehearsing, and so did the chorus.

Miss Bonheur sang with a pleasing voice, and showed in her action that Miss Geraldine Farrar had been her model. Her appearance was American rather than Spanish. Miss Stiles as *Micaela* caught the spirit of her part. The other singers were all in earnest, and for this they deserve credit. The good sized audience evidently enjoyed the opera.

The next performance will take place on Friday night of this week, with "Aida" as the opera.

STARS PLAY BEETHOVEN.

First Concert of Association's Second Season.

The Beethoven Association gave the first concert of its second season last evening in Aeolian Hall. This association was formed last year by a number of prominent musicians for the purpose of presenting works of Beethoven, including many unlikely to be brought forward in any plan looking only toward meeting popular taste. The musicians gave their services and thus made possible "star" concerts quite out of the reach of any manager depending upon pecuniary profits.

The programme disclosed a departure from the original scheme. The instrumental compositions presented were Beethoven's quartet in E flat, opus 74, and the Brahms piano quartet in G minor. The first was performed by the London String Quartet and the second by three of its members, with Harold Bauer as the pianist. Between the two Miss Florence Hinkle sang two groups of songs, the second consisting of "Faithful Johnnie," "Sally in Our Alley" and "Highland Laddie," with accompaniment of piano, violin and cello.

It is unnecessary to discuss the instrumental performance. The London String Quartet has established itself firmly in public favor here. Its thoroughly studied interpretations, combining intelligence with finish and virility of style, have pleased lovers of chamber music. These musicians were at their best last evening. As for Mr. Bauer, he is never happier than when playing Brahms.

The introduction of a composition by this master was altogether a fitting method of widening the scope of the associations activities. Brahms is the true heir to the throne of Beethoven in the same dynasty. He speaks the same language. He dwells in the same artistic region. His piano quartet brought last evening's concert to an inspiriting conclusion. The concert was altogether one of high art.

HEAR HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

Duci De Kerekjarto, a young Hungarian violinist, gave his first recital in this country last night at Carnegie Hall. He played to a large and enthusiastic audience. As a performer he seemed more at home in slower numbers, where he showed a musical tone and much sentiment, than he did, for instance, in the Chaconne of Bach.

Kerekjarto, as a pupil of Hubay, began his professional career at the age of twelve. He is still young and has quite lived up to the expectations of his early instructors. He has the uncommon ability to draw a beautiful, resonant tone combined with surprising technique.

His program was composed of "La Folia," by Corelli; "Chaconne," by Bach; "Ave Maria," by Schubert; "Nocturne in D Flat Major," by Chopin; "Perpetuum Mobile," by Ries; "The Nightingale," by Sarasate, and the "Witches' Dance," by Paganini, with his own cadenza.

Nov 1 1920

In the evening in Carnegoe Hall another Russian violinist, J. Piastro Borissoff, made his American debut. He is a brother of Michael Piastro, hailed as "the fiddler of the season" among the new comers. Mr Borissoff

The program last evening comprised Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74, played by the London String Quartet, Messrs. Levey, Petre, Warner and Evans, in the beautifully finished style that they made known to lovers of the string quartet by their Beethoven cycle of a few weeks ago; three of the songs, "Busslied," "Mailied" and "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben," sung by Miss Florence Hinkle charmingly, with a sure penetration into their spirit, to the piano accompaniments of Mr. Harold Bauer—such accompaniments as only the Beethoven Association can expect to supply—three of Beethoven's settings under the head of "Scottish Folksongs," with accompaniment of piano, violin and 'cello, and Brahms's piano quartet in G minor, Op. 25, played by Messrs. Bauer, Levey, Warner and Evans.

The three Scottish folksongs were "Faithfu' Johnnie," "Sally in Our Alley," and "Highland Laddie," being among the large number of Scottish, Irish and Welsh songs of which Beethoven made settings, commissioned by the enthusiastic George Thomson of Edinburgh. But as "Sally in Our Alley" was composed by Henry Carey, an English musician, it cannot correctly be styled a Scottish folksong. Miss Hinkle sang these also with much sincerity of feeling and beauty of voice. Brahms's quartet was given a performance of great vitality. There was much enthusiasm manifested by the audience.

"CARMEN" AT LEXINGTON.

Irene Bonheur Sings Title Role in Opera Association's Production.

With a performance of Bizet's "Carmen," there was launched at the Lexington Theatre last evening a new attempt to create a community interest in grand opera, offering not only an opportunity to American singers trained abroad in that art, but also a permanent free school for developing home talent. The New York Opera Association had rehearsed a volunteer chorus, which, with a professional orchestra, comprised the larger part of the forces engaged.

As the Spanish gypsy, Irene Bonheur made last evening a first appearance in opera in her own country, while the rôle of Micaela was sung by another newcomer, Hallie Stiles, a daughter of Dr. H. W. Stiles of Syracuse University. The tenor was Auguste Perisse, while as the toreador Joseph Martel made a popular success. Fulgenzio Guerrieri conducted the opera, as he will the company's second performance on Friday in "Aida."

An Amateur "Carmen"

It would, perhaps, be fair to judge the performance of "Carmen," given at the Lexington Theatre last night by the New York Opera Association, only by the standards applying to amateur productions. So judged, it was a creditable performance. Neither Irene Bonheur, the Carmen, nor Hallie Stiles, the Micaela, showed any signs of fitness for their parts. The Don Jose of Auguste Perisse was more commendable, however, and the work of the orchestra decidedly so. It is doubtful whether the popular demand for opera by mediocre companies is large enough to justify productions of this sort or whether such productions are of any benefit to the participants or anybody else.

Nov 4 1920

JACQUES PINTEL HEARD.

French Pianist Makes His American Debut in Carnegie Hall.

Jacques Pintel, heard as pianist at Carnegie Hall last night for the first time in this country, was born in Odessa, of French parents, who took him as a six-year-old child to Rubinstein. Later making his way to Paris, he was a Conservatoire prize man as early as 1900, it is said. He chose to introduce himself here in Chopin's B minor sonata, for which his constant search after a bell-like tone was effective at times and only palled for lack of variety, of rhythmic contrast, poetic and emotional content, that are Chopin's hallmark sterling. In smaller pieces arrangements by Tausig from both Bach and Schubert, an "Idylle" of Chabrier and "Mazeppa" of Liszt, the player found range for his swift, s.., oddly even manner of expression, especially in the piano versions of Schubert's songs.

Two pianists new to New York were heard in recital yesterday. In the afternoon Jacques Jolas appeared at Aeolian Hall. Born at Union Hill, N. J., this young man is a pupil of the late Teresa Carreno and Howard Brockwal. His program included Teusig's arrangement of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Brahm's Ballade "Edward," Capriccio in F sharp, Op. 70, No. 1, and Rhapsodie in E flat, Op. 119; McDowell's Keltic Sonata and pieces by Brockway, Albeniz and Balakirev. Mr. Jolas has an tgreeable touch and a sound technic, but little more.

While Mr. Pintel's playing has less brittleness and more poetry than is commonly associated with the average disciple of the French schooly of piano playing, it is little more than mediocre. Neither in technical craftsmanship nor in interpretation did he achieve anything to set him apart from confreres who come and go in the course of the musical season.

Jacques Jolas, Pianist, Makes Debut

Jacques Jolas, a pianist of this city, made his first appearance yesterday at Aeolian Hall in a matinee of more than usual interest, displaying a striking individuality of style ranging from the merely heavy-handed in a Bach-Tausig D minor fugue and a group from Brahms to something more nearly "sculpturesque" in his massive treatment of MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata, thrice heard this week, and Balakirev's "Islamey." A pupil of the famous Carreno, he also gave two pieces by his later master, Howard Brockway, which he refused to encore, and others by Albeniz, followed on recall by one more in the manner of present-day art in Spain.

Nov 5 1920

By Richard Aldrich

New York Symphony Historical Series.

A "historical series" of symphony concerts was begun by the New York Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, intended to illustrate not so much the birth or development of the symphony as the growth of modern orchestral music. This was clearly enough shown by the program of the first concert. The ballet airs from Rameau's opera of "Dardanns" and Gluck's overture to the opera of "Ihigenia in Aulis" do not bear immediately upon the development of the symphony.

And the explorations among the more or less archaic works of Gossec, Stamitz, Dittersdorf and the rest of the fathers, necessary for the exposition of the origin of the form, are not such as a conductor can lead a concert audience into today. In fact, Mr. Damrosch speedily got through with all touching the older style, and finished Handel and Bach, each with a concerto grosso, doing the same for Haydn with the symphony called (though not by him) "The Clock." In the meantime Mme. Louise Homer sang the air, "Che faro," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and the air, "Empio," from Handel's "Giulio Cesare."

In the beginning Mr. Damrosch made a short address, explaining the purpose of the series as intended to illustrate the development of the orchestra as used by the great composers.

Before the symphony the course of the concert was interrupted by the appearance on the stage of Paul Cravath of the Board of Directors of the Symphony Society(bearing a large laurel wreath of gold, which he presented to Mr. Damrosch on behalf of the President, Mr. Flagler(and the board, as a testimonial of their esteem and admiration, referring especially to the European tour of the orchestra and its great success as showing that the orchestra and its conductor were equal to any that were to be found in Europe and as a demonstration of how orchestral music was cultivated in this country.

In accepting the gift Mr. Damrosch said that the European tour had brought many proofs of the kindly feeling that existed in the countries of the allies toward the United States. He especially emphasized the fact that the excellence of the American orchestras was largely because they were not on a commercial basis, but were, in one way or another, subsidized by generous patrons; and added that an orchestra that had to "pay" had no reason for existence. Hence the success of the New York Symphony Orchestra at home and on its tour was due not only to the excellent musicianship of its members, but also because it was given opportunity for sufficient rehearsal through the generosity of its President, Harry Harkness Flagler.

There was great applause at this, and Mr. Flagler, who sat in a box, rose and acknowledged it with a bow.

The ballet music from "Dardanus" was said to be played for the first time in New York. It is the second of two suites arranged by d'Indy; music of charming Old-World grace and expressiveness. The concerto grosso by Bach was the first of the Brandenburg set f violin solo, oboes and horns, full vitality and beauty. There were n ments, notably in the first moveme when there was not all the desira fluency and finish in the playi Handel's concerto grosso was give Kogel's revision, a nobly muscul piece ,ending with a dance movement fascinating rhythm.

Mme. Homer sang with her well-membered beauty of voice and nas especially effective in the air from "Orfeo"; the one from Handel's oper abounds in "divisions" that occasione her a littletrouble; the air otherwise was sung with breadth and sonority.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its first visit of the season to New York yesterday and gave its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra showed many new faces as a result of the reorganization it has undergone since its troubles of last Spring: the list of players printed in the program book contains a much larger proportion of Anglo-Saxon names than have appeared in its roster before, or in those of most orchestras that play in New York.

Mr. Monteux presented a program of modern music generally unfamiliar: Sibelin's first symphony, Lekeu's symphonic fantasia on two folksongs of Anjou and Schrlabin's "Poeme de l'Ecstase." All these compositions suggested the proclivity of the modern to "excess of discourse" when they get well started. It was notable in the last movement and to a less degree in other movements of Sibelin's symphony.

It is music of a lowering spirit, showing its Northern origin. The first movement seems the strongest in the character of its themes, the ingenuity of their development, the grandiose close, matched by the audante with its suggestion of folk melody, though there is discursiveness in its length. The following allegro has the character of a scherzo and has been called wild and heavily fantastical; there is grimness in the last movement, but its power is dissipated by its extension beyond the value of its material. The symphony is twenty years old; but there is vigor in it that is not stated, and an individual tang in the music that is engrossing.

There is an unquestionable personal stamp, too, upon Lekeu's fantasia which has not a few elements of beauty; but its distinction is not always maintained and it suffers from its too great length.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" had its first performance in New York a dozen years ago. It has aged considerably since then and no longer strikes terror to the bourgeois so much as it breeds boredom on account of the extravagant lengths to which a tenuous musical idea is pursued. The musical germ is in itself slender, being little more than a succession of chromatic anticipations and suspensions on chords of the ninth and eleventh and other high numbers.

His kinship with the bacchanale in the later version of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" has been observed; some may discern a connection with Lisztian methods. There are ordustral ingenuities and refinements that are often striking, but the musical value is singularly small. What the philosophical or theosophical value of it may be is not evident. Scriabin was disposed to attribute cosmical significance to his later orchestral works that they seem to possess less of as time gnaws them.

The playing of these things by the orchestra was such as to give pleasure to its friends. The tone of the whole organization is improved and has mellowed; the tone of the strings in particular is finer. There are many youthful faces among the string players; and while they may not represent the quality of Berlioz's "Young Lions of the Conservatorie," they may be expected to go farther. There is still something for Mr. Montenx to do in refirming and polishing his performances, but he had to begin on an organization largely new. It takes time, but meanwhile it has been made evident that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not extinct.

W. J. Henderson

Mme. Louise Homer sang two numbers, "Che faro senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," and an air from Handel's "Julius Caesar." It was a florid air not at all suited to Mme. Homer's method of singing. She was heard to better advantage in the Gluck music, which she used to sing at the Metropolitan in the era of Toscanini.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD.

Perre Monteux Leads Musicians in First Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard for the first time this season in Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme consisted of Sibelius's symphony in E minor, Lekeu's symphnocl fantasia on two folk songs of Anjou and Scriabine's "Poeme d'Extase." The music was chosen by the conductor, Pierre Monteux, with cunning. It invited no comparisons with recent performances. It was not familiar to the majority of listeners, who were therefore not too exacting in their demands for perfection in presentation.

It is pleasant to be able to say that in some respects the orchestra sounded better than last season. Only a few new players were in the ranks, but none the less the general quality of tone, and especially that of the strings, was improved. The improvement was not as astonishing as Boston recorders would have us believe, but it was distinctly discernible. The wood wind and the brass are substantially the same.

The performance of the Sibelius symphony was vigorous and sonorous. It was not notable for finish nor for transparency, but it had the rude strength of the north and it voiced the moods of the work well. The slow movement was particularly well played and received that discriminating applause for which Boston Symphony audiences here are noted.

There will be more to say about Boston's musical glory when the orchestra is heard again to-morrow afternoon. Some will doubtless continue to wish that Mr. Monteux had more imagination and a more flexible beat. But it has been proclaimed out of the wisdom of the East that he is a great conductor and cities to the southward should not cavil.

J. Huneker

And the music? Well, it may be confessed that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck and Rameau were rather dimmed by the contemporary elocution. Mme. Louise Homer was the solo singer. The gods certainly have been good to her. For two decades and more she has defied the physiological laws inherent in the art of singing, and withal, yesterday afternoon, she sang with a vigor and freshness that amazed. She has a wonderful bellows concealed in her physique. She has more energy than finesse, more muscle than music. But what a voice, what volume, what stentorian delivery. It left us breathless just because of her own reckless breathing and tyrannical, cruel corsage. Mme. Homer sang the perennial favorite from Gluck, "Che faro," with some extraordinary phrasing, though generally effective, and an air unfamiliar to this generation, "Empio," from "Julius Caesar," by Handel a much admired number during the times of Cary, Winant and Anna Drasdil. Louise Homer was recalled. She is a hearty, wholesome artiste, who is always well liked, and she looks as young as her daughter.

The orchestral numbers illustrated the development of the sympony from Rameau to Haydn. Considering the wear and tear of the trip the orchestra didn't play so badly as might have been expected. It still holds its own on the technical side, although there were some rough spots, also a display of virtuosity in the woodwind choir during the playing of the Bach concerto No. 1, in F. As a matter of record there was throughout a decided monotony in color, key contrast and nuance, but the afternoon was a joyous one, even if Mr. Damrosch in his introductory remarks on the symphony did suggest a Young People's concert. The same musical programme will be repeated at Carnegie Hall this evening, but Mr. Cravath, who is suffering slightly from a singer's sore throat, will not appear. This is a mere rumor.

Marie Mikova, Pianist, Applauded.

Marie Mikova, a pianist of gracefully swift and facile style, who has before appeared here, gave a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall, where an audience cordial from the start remained after the close of her program till she played three encores. Several excerpts from a so-called "Exoticon" suite by Novak were of novel interest, comprising a march, Spring song and ballade respectively, on Tartar, Chinese and Lapland themes. Miss Mikova also gave Beethoven's sonata op. 57, and works of Chopin, Liszt and Debussy.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Repeated from yesterday's last edition.~~

The fourth and fifth symphony concerts since last Saturday were heard in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and evening. There will be three more to-day and to-morrow, and then the orchestras and their directors will call it a week and on Sunday begin another period of the same duration, with the same number of the same kind of musical entertainments. Within four weeks New York has already had half as many symphony concerts as sufficed for six months twenty years ago, and one organization has not yet entered the field, while two have just set out upon their activities. These two were the bands of the Symphony Society and Boston, which gave yesterday's concerts. It is only the beginning of the concert season, yet we think we detect something of a change in the attitude of the public toward the orchestras. The halls have not been filled, there has been somewhat of a change in the character of the audiences and a feeling of apathy toward the music. This was especially so yesterday afternoon and may have been in the mind of Mr. Damrosch when, in his speech in reply to that of Mr. Paul Cravath, who presented him with a gold laurel wreath in the name of the directors of the Symphony Society, he observed, with a significant smile, that foreign audiences were more demonstrative than the one to which he was talking.

Yesterday's moderation in the signs of pleasure and approbation may have been due in a measure, probably was, to the character of the program, for there could be no question of the cordiality of the applause with which the presentation of the wreath and Mr. Damrosch's acceptance of the tribute were received. Yet the music was all fine and calculated to give keen pleasure to the lovers of sound and healthy beauty.

Damrosch Plans Series

The concert was the first in the historical series planned by Mr. Damrosch to illustrate the development of orchestral music and the orchestra, as the conductor observed in a speech with which he prefaced the performance. A stickler for accuracy might have wished that the latter part of the phrase had been qualified a bit, for all of the music which might be characterized as archaic had been passed through the hands of modern editors, and none of it sounded as it was intended to sound by the men who wrote it.

The ballet airs from Rameau's "Dardanus" were edited and revised by Vincent d'Indy, the first of Bach's Brandenburg concertos was conceived for a small chamber band containing a violino piccolo (a smaller instrument than the violin tuned a fourth higher and consequently of a different timbre than that heard yesterday), and the concerto by Handel for strings and two choirs of wind instruments had been considerably altered by its editor, Herr G. F. Kogel, who added a solo for the violin in one of the numbers. Besides, none of these works was given in its integ-

, and in one movement of the Bach certo muted strings were used—a vice as foreign to the Bach period stopped trumpets or horns would ave been.

Some Unfamiliar Music

Only a portion of the Rameau music was unfamiliar, its finest number (in Gevaert's version) having been a feature repeatedly at concerts given under the direction of Mr. Sam Franko. These pictures on yesterday's concert may seem particularly important to the eral public and would not be had t the series of concerts been pronounced educational in character. That being so, every student of music is entitled to hear the music in the original package, so to speak, or as nearly so as the modern instrumental apparatus will permit. At the very least the student was entitled to explicit information on the subject either from Mr. Damrosch or an annotated program.

Barring the Haydn symphony (which has received the characteristic designation "The Clock" because of an effect in the slow movement) the freshest piece of music in the list was the Handel concerto (three movements out of the five edited by Kogel being played); the third with its jocund flourish of horns being better entitled to a name like "The King's Hunting Jigg" than Dr. Bull's famous harpsichord piece known by the title. It was tremendously exhilarating. Mme. Louise Homer, who was cordially welcomed, sang the air "Che faro senz' Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and a furious air somewhat out of her reach from Handel's "Giulio Cesare." Had she sung in English instead of Italian we should venture the suggestion that the next time she sings "Che faro" in such a tempo she change the sentiment from "I have lost my Eurudice, naught can exceed my grief," to "I have found my Eurydice, naught can exceed my happiness." Yet she moderated the speed, which Mr. Damrosch evidently wanted.

Before the Handel concerto Mr. Paul Cravath came on the stage, and in an address highly complimentary to Mr. Damrosch presented the laurel wreath of gold to signalize the achievements of the orchestra and its conductor on its European trip. Some of the things he said were rather luridly hyperbolical, but Mr. Damrosch in graceful phrase gave all the credit for the decorations and honors bestowed on him to Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, who paid for the trip and whose generosity maintains the organization.

It was Mr. Flagler's support, he said, which enabled the orchestra to rehearse as much as it does, and these rehearsals have brought about the difference between the Symphony Society's orchestra and the bands of Europe, which, depending on popular support, said Mr. Damrosch, cannot afford adequate rehearsals.

Some of the concert orchestras of Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic and Paris, we fancy, might find such an utterance a bit disturbing to their equanimity. We should like to hear from the Paris Conservatoire, the Leipsic Gewandhaus, the Vienna Philharmonic, Mr. Mengelburg and Mr. Nikisch.

There was a change in the program of the Boston Orchestra's concert as it had been anonunced. Mr. Bodanzky having brought forward Beethoven's Eighth Symphony last Sunday night and Tuesday afternoon Mr. Monteux seems to have thought it unwise to give the work a third hearing in so short a period and substituted for it the first of Sibelius's symphonies. It is a composition of splendid virility and great beauty in thematic material as well as treatment, the work of a strong, self-reliant creative artist, who does not need to seek individual expression in the mad adventure of the young revolutionaries of France and Italy. He has much to say and a superb knowledge of how to say it. Under Mr. Monteux's direction the men from Boston, almost completely rehabilitated in their long maintained excellence, gave a fine account of themselves. The string band, with its new leader Mr. Burgin, is a splendid body, its tone full and elastic. Boston may still be proud of its orchestra. The fantasia on Angevin melodies by Lekeu, which followed the symphony, was introduced here by Mr. Damrosch two years ago. We admired it and hoped for its better acquaintance then, and last night's performance did not lessen our appreciation of its ingenuities and beauties. The concert was brought to an end by Scriabin's "Poème d'Extase."

Oct 6. 1920

National Symphony Performs Ernest Bloch's Composition at Carnegie Hall.

The National Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon afforded an opportunity to hear Ernest Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra in the form in which the composer prefers it. This work was awarded the prize of $1,000 given by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge in 1919 and was produced at the Pittsfield chamber music festival of that year. The composition was subsequently performed in Aeolian Hall on November 18, 1919, at a concert of the Berkshire String Quartet, when Harold Bauer played the piano and Emil Ferir the viola. The solo part was performed admirably yesterday by Louis Bailly.

When the suito was first given here the comment summed it up as a composition showing mastery of the chosen material and of formal development but wanting in the noble simplicity needed for a truly fine art work. In its orchestral avatar it is less encouraging than it was before. It does not well endure repetition. Its moods are dour, its thematic ideas bitter, its entire method of expression harsh and forbidding.

The first number on the programme was Schumann's D minor symphony, old fashioned no doubt, but perennially youthful, with the spirit of jubilant manhood blessed by love. Mr. Bodanzky faithfully followed the wishes of the composer and played the four movements without a stop. The effect was what Schumann wished—that of a composition developed throughout from certain germinal ideas. The other number on the list was the dramatic "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasia of Tschaikowsky.

BOSTON PIANIST PLEASES.

Alexander Gunn Gives Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Alexander Gunn, a Boston pianist and pupil of George Copeland, the specialist in Debussy, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Gunn was heard here last season, when he made a favorable if not deep impression. At that time he was overanxious about his points and exposed his methods too clearly. In this respect and in some others he showed progress last evening. His playing of Bach's "Italian" concerto was marked by delightful clarity and fluency, balance between the polyphonic voices and musical touch.

He followed this with a conatina by Ravel, in which his studies in the Debussy and Ravel school were brilliantly illustrated. The composition is something of the filmiest texture, and under Mr. Gunn's fingers it shone forth as a gossamer web of piano floridity. Other numbers on the list were MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata, which is enjoying a season of unexampled activity; four pieces by Grovlez, some more Ravel, a bit of Debussy and a specimen of Percy Grainger's editing.

MUSICALE AT BILTMORE.

Rosa Raisa, Paul Althouse and Giacomo Rimini Sing.

There was a large audience to hear the first of the morning musicales yesterday in the ballroom of the Biltmore. The artists were Mme. Rosa Raisa, soprano; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Giacomo Rimini, barytone. Mme. Raisa's numbers included Verdi's "Vespri Siciliani," Bellini's "Casta Diva," from "Norma," and a group of songs. Mr Althouse sang the aria "Voir Griselidis," from "Griselidis," by Massenet, and a group of ballads, including "Top of the Morning," by Mana-Zucca.

Mr. Rimini sang among other numbers the Toreador song from "Carmen" and with Mme. Raisa the duet from "Il Trovatore," which brought the programme to a close. Mme. Raisa received hearty applause and was very generous with her encores, as were also Mr. Althouse and Mr. Rimini.

WOMAN VIOLINIST HEARD.

Mme. Charlotte Demuth Williams, an American violinist, who is not unknown here, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. In Handel's sonata in D she played with an agreeable tone, commendable technic and a clear, straightforward style. In Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" she showed the same qualities in the first two movements, while in the andante there was good feeling; in the final movement she was beyond her depth technically, and there was little, if any, brilliance. The most enjoyable number was Cecil Burleigh's "Rocky Mountain Sketches"—"Sunset," "The Rapids," "Up the Canon," "Avalanche." The music was good and very well delivered.

RECITAL OF GERMAN SONGS.

Nelson Illingworth, an Australian barytone, gave a recital of German songs (translated into English) at the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon. Mr. Illingworth's art is of an uncommon order, resembling in its fundamental traits that of Dr. Ludwig Wuellner. His voice is not one of sensuous charm, nor is his singing distinguished by technical skill or elegance of style.

He relies on his power of interpretation, which is aided largely by declamatory devices, often making considerable departure from true singing, and by facial expression and action of the head and body with occasional movements of the hands and arms. Mr. Illingworth disclosed a good understanding of his songs, intense earnestness in their delivery and no small amount of skill in the use of his methods of expression. His recital was interesting.

By H. E. Krehbiel

A song recital shared yesterday afternoon with a concert by the National Symphony Orchestra and was far and away the more interesting and valuable entertainment of the two. It was given in the Princess Theater by Mr. Wilson Illingworth, who is connected officially with the musical conservatory maintained by the Australian government at Sidney, and was listened to, not merely heard, by about forty persons.

The program was made up of six songs by Schubert, three by Loewe, six by Franz, two by Brahms and four by Schumann, all classics from the German repertory, though they were sung in English.

The fact that every word of them was so distinctly uttered by the singer as to be understood without an effort tells part of the story of the singer's excellence in the field which he has apparently cultivated with sincerity and deep devotion.

Words Lose Charm

It also invites a discussion of the question whether or not songs of this kind ought to be turned into the vernacular or sung in the tongue of the composers; but that would lead us into wider excurision than is practicable or advisable just now.

It is enough to say that for the hearers who were unfamiliar with the poems in their original form the use of an intelligible language must have been gratifying, while to those thoroughly familiar with the German idiom and genius the songs lost some of their charm, much of it indeed in the case of such lyrics as Rellstb's Aufonthalt," Goethe's "Erlköng" and Heine's "Ich grolle nicht."

The first of these is full of poetic words, which played their part in the inspiration of Schubert, but lost their descriptive character in the paraphrase. Consider "swift running stream" as an equivalent for "Rauschender Strom," with or without Schubert's storm-toss'd music! Heine's "Ich grolle nicht" defies translation into any language, and anything feebler and more destructive of the idea than "The grief is thine" can scarcely be conceived.

But one must not continue in this line of thought; as has been intimated, it would lead us far afield. For the los sin strength and propriety of verbal expression there was immeaurable compensation in the fine diction of the singer and the original English of the folk ballad "Edward" as set by Loewe; though even here we should have enjoyed more the old Scottish text.

The familiar songs drew a fresh interest from Mr. Illingworth's interpretation of them. The simpler lyrics lost somewhat from the singer's desire to give them dramatically emotional readings, whereby their purely musical value was sometimes impaired, even swamped in the subjective singer; but such ballads as "Edward," "Erlking" (Loewe's setting) and "The Two Grenadiers" (Schumann) were delivered with a power that gripped the imagination and emotions of the hearers in a degree that no song singer of recent years has exerted.

Vocal Charm Lacking

Great vocal charm Mr. Illingworth has not, but he has a fine command of the elements of singing, is gifted with a warm imagination, a large intelligence and intense earnestness. Perhaps his feelings occasionally carried him a little beyond pure lyricism and too far into the domain of dramatic action, for which he is lacking in respect of graceful pose and gesture, but in his most daring moments he not only retained control over his voice (a bass of good resonance and extended range), but kept tense the attention and emotions of his listeners.

It is long since we have been able to say anything like this of a singer of German Lieder.

At the orchestral concert Mr. Bodanzky brought forward Schumann's symphony in D minor, a suite for viola and orchestra by Ernest Bloch and Tschaikoffsky's overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet."

Of the first and last of these pieces nothing need be said so far as the music is concerned, and little about the performance, beyond the fact that the conductor obeyed the injunction of the composer to the letter and played the symphony without a break between the movements.

As a rule conductors in this country, despite Schumann's injunction, make a pause before the romanza—probably to give late comers an opportunity to get into their seats when the work is placed at the beginning of a program.

There were numerous tardy ones yesterday and they were kept standing behind the rail until the symphony was finished—played to the end, that is, for finished in another sense the performance was not.

Bloch's Suite Played

Mr. Bloch's suite has occupied more time in our music rooms and space in the journals than we think it is entitled to. In its original form, as a work for viola and pianoforte, it carried off Mrs. Coolidge's prize of $1,000, and was played at the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival in Pittsfield, Mass., in September, 1919. In November of the same year it was heard from Mr. Ferrir and Harold Bauer in Aeolian Hall, and in January, 1920, Mr. Bailly, who played the solo part yesterday, and Mr. Bauer gave it another hearing at a concert of the Society of the Friends of Music at the Hotel Ritz.

We are now told that it was originally conceived as an orchestral piece, and we readily believe it. We should have no difficulty in believing that it was primordially ordained for the band of a Chinese theater.

There are shricks in it to which nothing but a Chinese clarinet could do justice—or a pig under a gate. It begins with the hanging of Till Eulenspiegel in the Orient, and ends with a movement which would provide a capital accompaniment for a ballet picturing a carouse in far Cathay. It is a riot of cacophonous colors—lurid, pitiless, penetrating, nerve-rasping—scraped off the palette of Strawinsky.

There is no beauty of theme, as regards either form or contents in it. There is scarcel ya moment in which the instruments speak the language native to them. Every brass instrument has a plug thrust down its throat and croaks, whines, wheezes, gibbers, cackles and cachinnates in musical polyglot.

Mr. Bloch has said that the suite does not belong to his so-called "Jewish works," though there are spots in it suggestive of "a certain Jewish inspiration."

We are told that there are Chinese Jews, but we hope that Mr. Bloch did not think them capable of making music like his or suggesting any of its elements.

The worst we can think of them is that they might appreciate the grotesqueness of his last movement. We wish that the prize money had been awarded to Mr. Richard Aldrich for voting against Mr. Bloch's suite.

By Richard Aldrich

The National Symphony Orchestra.

The National Symphony Orchestra gave another concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, following its last one with vertiginous rapidity. The audience looked rather small, and with the number of orchestral concerts impending, it is difficult to see why many audiences should look otherwise.

The program comprised Schumann's Fourth Symphony in D minor, Ernest Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra and Tschalkowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Bloch's suite is an orchestration of what was originally written for viola and piano, the form in which the piece was played here last season and in which it won the prize offered a year ago by Mrs. Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge. It was said at the time that the composer had the orchestra in mind when he was composing it, for which reason the form in which it was played yesterday may be considered the definitive one. Louis Bailly, who has borne the heat and burden of interpreting Bloch's suite ever since it was first made known, played it yesterday with distinguished skill.

The composer has employed a fantastic and highly colored orchestration that fits the quality of the work. It cannot be said that it adds beauty to music that has always seemed conspicuously lacking in that quality; in more than one place it seems, on the contrary, to add new excruciations. In the last movement, particularly, and to a somewhat less degree in some of the others, it serves to bring out more clearly the influence of the Far East that Mr. Bloch has avowed and that is plainly enough to be heard in the music.

Mr. Bodanzky played Schumann's symphony as the composer directed it to be played, without pause between the movements. No doubt this helps the effect of the symphony by eliminating the disturbance of applause and of late comers forcing a way to their seats and slamming them down. And no doubt many another symphony whose composer has given no such direction would also gain similarly by the same treatment. He played the music with much crispness of rhythm and with pretty rapid tempos for the quick movements, and perhaps there could have been something more of romantic warmth in the Romanza, but the performance was effective.

By James Gibbons Huneker

THE NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The order of the programme yesterday afternoon at the concert in Carnegie Hall given by the National Symphony Orchestra was this: Simple, sour, sweet; Schumann, Bloch, Tchalkovsky. There was plenty of contrast and no little satisfaction afforded the audience, which, if not large, was enthusiastic. The novelty was a suite for viola and orchestra by the Swiss Berlioz, Mr. Ernest Bloch, now a resident of this city. It is the composition that captured a prize of $1,000 offered by Mrs. S. F. Coolidge of Pittsfield. In its original form, viola

and piano, it was heard at a concert of the Berkshire String Quartet in Aeolian Hall, Nov. 18, 1919, with Harold Bauer at the piano and Emil Ferir, viola. We learn this from Lawrence Gilman's always interesting notes to the programme.

But evidently the music cried for an orchestral garm. Mr. Bloch had made memoranda while working at the original version, so the transition could not have been difficult for such a master. We did not hear the duo, but we admire the expanded work which, with all its indebtedness to Richard Strauss in the first movement, to Liszt, Berlioz & Co. in the second —truly ironical and fantastic—or to Stravinsky in the fourth section, this music is individual and significant. His "Shelemo" (Solomon) for solo violoncello and orchestra, is to our way of thinking the most remarkable contribution to the literature of Jewish music, not liturgical, yet at its glowing core is the soul of Israel. The newer composition is something quite different; the slow movement is like a tropical night in a story by Joseph Conrad—for example, "The Heart of Darkness." The sincerity of mood is allied with superb technical mastery. Few contemporary composers handle their material so effectively as Bloch.

The orchestra, under the electric baton of Artur Bodanzky, attacked the tricky measures with confidence, if not always successfully. The solo viola was artistically played by Louis Bailly, who is a virtuoso on his instrument. His tone was rich and sombre in the eloquent introduction, and poetic was his interpretation of the mysterious and haunting song in the lento. Mr. Bailly was warmly received. The harmonic devices and dissonances were all calmly accepted by an audience inured to modern methods.

Schumann's D minor symphony and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" comprised the rest of the programme. In the Russian's music Mr. Bodanzky was at his best, though in the poetic element, the Juliet episode, he was not tender; indeed, he seemed in a hellish hurry.

Nov 7 1920

"The Fall of the House of Usher" Heard in Concert Given in This City

By H. E. Krehbiel

In their first visit to New York this season Mr. Monteux and the Boston Orchestra have done a service which deserves a few words of comment. By giving a hearing to symphonies by the Finnish composer Sibelius and the Rumanian Enesco (the latter at yesterday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall) he has drawn a sharp line of demarcation between the progressive composers of a decade ago and the revolutionaries of to-day. It is not necessary to seek for the element called nationalism in order to emphasize the difference between the music of these two men and that of Casella, Malipiero and Ernest Bloch which has been brought before the popular judgment seat. That element is somewhat hazy to the general understanding and at the best and the vision is considerably obscured by the fact that the influences reflected in it are not those which can be traced to the peoples from whose loins the composers sprang. Sibelius discloses most obviously Scandinavian and Slavic influences; Enesco, Casella and Malipiero French and Russian; Bloch is Hebraic in his capacity to assimilate whatever popular idiom he chooses to exploit. The fact that he is a Swiss by nativity, racially a Hebrew and German in technical training has nothing to do with the fact that he has written music tinged by synagogal hymns, or a piece like the suite for viola and orchestra, which he would have us believe was evoked in him by dream-visions of the Far, Far East—Siam, possibly; Burmah, Java, Japan—what not. What he succeeded best in doing was to make what would be a capital Chinese ballet of the purposely grotesque order.

Differences in Music

The difference between the music of the revolutionaries of to-day and that of the aggressively forward young men of a decade or two ago is that it proceeds from two opposite conceptions of musical creation. In the Sibelius and Enesco symphonies it was obvious that expressive and plastic musical thoughts were deemed primarily essential, and that modes of expression, novel if possible, the product of skill warmed by imagination, were fitted to them. In the compositions which we have thought it a duty to condemn it is obviously novel utterance which is the first aim of the composers, and melodic substance, idea, motive, only a necessary stalking-horse. They seem to be striving, as a few writers of cubist prose, for a brief space, a few years ago, to arouse images, as they say, or quicken the fancy and emotions, by strange combinations of instrumental timbres. And as lurid colors strike the eye more quickly and forcibly than subdued, so the tendency of the would-be anarchs is to emphasize dissonances by shricking them into our ears. These coloristic tricks are easily caught and copied, and hence this rude impressionism soon grows monotonous and wearisome.

Effort Toward Middle Course

In a new composition played by the Boston Orchestra yesterday we thought that we had observed an effort to follow a middle course. It was a piece, which for want of a more appropriate term, was called "The Fall of the House of Usher," from the poem of Edward Burlingame Hill, an American. Confessedly it was descriptive music, but in the intention of the composer a delineation of moods, which he found in Poe's story, with intentional realism of the picturesque characters only in the sonorous climax and end, which was built upon the phrases or emotions which had served their psychological purpose earlier. They did not show in the ruin which they were designed at last to depict, but disclosed themselves there, as we thought, in their highest potency. The thematic material did not seem very pregnant, but it was at least plastic, and Mr. Hill showed ingenuity and learning in his moulding of it. The instrumentation was colorful, but a somewhat excessive use of the tintinabulating celesta led even superficial hearers to think of Strauss's marvelously successful device of sprinkling harmonic dew in "Rosenkavalier" and to that extent diminished Mr. Hill's claim to originality. But to make original use of celesta tones is about as difficult a task nowadays as to create a sensation with a harp glissando.

Mr. Monteux's other numbers were an orchestral setting by Pierné of César Franck's "Prelude Chorale and Fugue" and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini overture.

By Richard Aldrich

The London String Quartet.

The London String Quartet that went far in arousing the interest of lovers of chamber music by its playing of the string quartets of Beethoven last month, in a cycle commemorative of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the master's birth, went further in its concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience did not completely fill the hall with its numbers, but filled it with an enthusiasm that is rarely expected upon chamber music; and two of the shorter compositions on the program, and the performance of them, gave such pleasure that the London players were made to repeat them.

A pleasure perhaps fully as great was derived from the interpretation of Mozart's D minor quartet with which the program was begun; an interpretation of a keenly musical beauty, beauty of tone and balance of the parts, of phrasing, and most of all of the truly Mozartean spirit and style that characterized it. There was something inimitable in the phrasing and articulation of the trio of the minuet.

It would have been a loss to have missed the charm of this performance of this quartet; and yet it was a pity in some ways that it was substituted for the quartet by Frank Bridge, originally announced in its place. New York chamber music lovers have had innumerable opportunities to hear Mozart's quartets, even though such performances as this are not frequent. But opportunities in New York to become acquainted with the productions of the contemparaneous British composers, a school as vital as any now in active being, have been limited, especially in the field of chamber music. It is true that the names of three men, who may be numbered among these composers, appeared on the program, but they were attached to pieces that could not be put among the more important of their class.

The first of the pieces, a repetition of which was made in part, was the Fantasy by H. Waldo Warner, the viola player of the organization, a "folksong quartet" based on a Berkshire melody published by Cecil Sharp. It was first heard in America at the Berkshire festival last September, and again gave much pleasure by its imaginative and ingenious treatment of the quaint tune that is its basis.

An active musician, British in spite of his name, Eugene Goossens, was represented by two short pieces, "By the Farm" and "Jack o' Lantern." They show, as other music of his that has been played here show, a spirit adventuring among the extremer modern devices of harmony. They are slight, but the picturesque effects aimed at are achieved. Percy Grainger's well-known "Molly on the Shore" was played with so much spirit that it, too, had to be repeated.

The closing number was Debussy's quartet, also familiar in New York chamber concerts, with which the London players showed themselves wholly sympathetic.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Orchestra greeted yesterday morning in Aeolian Hall the first of their younger audiences at the Symphony Concerts for Children, a series now in its fourth year. The little audience had grown in size as well as in years, and the music presented to it included Weber's "Freischuetz" overture, parts of Haydn's symphony, "The Clock"; two Russian folksongs by Liadow and a polka by Strauss.

Besides the orchestral music played in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Orchestra, there were three other concerts yesterday. In the afternoon the London String Quartet made exquisite music at Aeolian Hall. A somewhat tardy appreciation of the supreme musicianship of these British artists, which resulted in rather slim audiences at their miniature Beethoven festival earlier in the autumn, brought many to the hall. But there should not have been a vacant seat.

It was an opportunity to hear the Quartet in modern works, but Mozart's Quartet, No. 13, in D minor, began the program for balance and good measure. The first modern piece came next—a Folk Song Quartet in one movement, based on a Berkshire melody, "Dance to Your Daddy," in Cecil Sharp's Collection, by H. Waldo Warner, the gifted viola player of the London Quartet. This work won first prize in the W. W. Corbett Competition, of 1917, in England. Mr. Warner's Quartet is full of charm and skillfully written to display the individual merits of the organization of which he is a member. In the latter half of the composition, for example, there were striking opportunities for the deep-toned chant of Mr. Evans's 'cello.

Play Goossens's Sketches

This was followed by two sketches by Eugene Goossens, "By the Tarn" and "Jack o' Lantern." The first piece held the more merit. In its mystery of troubled water there was a kinship in color to Debussy's sea music in "Pelléas," although without the Frenchman's note of exultation. Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" and Debussy's Quartet in G minor, Op. 10, completed the program.

The four musicians showed themselves as inspired in their interpretations of modern music as in their treatment on other occasions of music by Beethoven and Brahms. High honors, too, were paid to the Mozart Quartet, but the climax of a rarely enjoyable concert came with Debussy's Quartet. Not a nuance, not a delicate modulation was overlooked. At times, as in the andante, their playing took on an almost unearthly beauty akin to music heard in dreams. Small wonder that the audience remained to cheer and applaud until the lights were dimmed.

In the evening, at the same hall, Edwin Hughes gave a piano recital. On his program, which made for contrast, Busoni's arrangement of Bach's Chaconne, Debussy's Pagodes, La Soiree dans Grenade and Jardins sous la Pluie, four mazurkas and a ballade by Chopin found themselves in the company of a Zuni Indian rain dance and the American barn dance, "Turkey in the Straw."

"The pianist had evidently supplied the program notes, and his inclusion of the [illegible] American tune appeared to [illegible] boost this melody into the realms of the Spanish seguidilla, the Hungarian czardas, the Italian tarantella and the Russian hopak. But "Turkey in the Straw sounds better in a barn than in a concert hall. The rain dance is an ingenious trap for applause and the audience promptly justified this characterization by insisting upon a repetition.

Mr. Hughes's playing was uneven. Only pianists of the martelian type, to which Busoni himself belongs, can cope impressively with the formidable demands of Bach's Chaconne when arranged for this instrument. Few are wise who attempt the feat. At times, Mr. Hughes's memory seemed to play him false or his fingers betrayed him. He also was more at home in the mazurkas of Chopin than in the China and Spain of Debussy. On the other hand there were charming moments in his playing of MacDowell's Novellette and Elfin Dance.

At the same time in Carnegie Hall, Mildred Wellerson, a child 'cellist was giving a recital. Her program included a sonata by Corelli, Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, and pieces by Bach, Skolnik and others.

Nov 8 1920

Selections From Rabaud, Wagner and Tschaikoffsky Lend Charm to Sunday Concerts at Aeolian Hall

By H. E. Krehbiel

Rabaud, Wagner and Tschaikoffsky were the composers of the music played at the second Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday—a Frenchman, German and Russian. The first provided a symphony, the second operatic excerpts and the third an orchestral fantasia designed as a musical gloss in Shakespeare's "Tempest." This, and the operatic pieces, Elizabeth's greeting to the minstrel's hall in the Wartburg from "Tannhäuser," the prelude to "Lohengrin" and Elsa's narrative of her dream from the same opera, were old and familiar concert material, which calls for nothing more than an expression of approval of the performance, especially the whole-hearted, unaffected ear and soul filling singing of Mme. Florence Easton who, using an English translation, had no difficulty in making every word intelligible except when she was overwhelmed by the orchestra.

The symphony by Rabaud was that in E minor, his second. With it when Mr. Damrosch produced it four years ago he won a place in the hearts of New York's music lovers, which he widened and made firmer by his opera "Marouf" and by his work for one season with the Boston Orchestra. It was spoken of in terms of eulogy by this reviewer on the first hearing and our admiration grew with the progress of yesterday's fine and spirited performance.

It may be that the circumstance that it is in strong contrast with some of the orchestral compositions which we have been compelled to pass judgment upon within the last fortnight had something to do with the matter. Involuntarily we found ourselves arraying Rabaud with Sibelius and Enesco, because, like them, we could be recondite, could hew to structural lines, yet be spontaneous and original both in the invention of themes which were real themes and not mere compages of a few tones in their expression. Here was no impressionism either fantastically flocculent or crudely cubistic, but straightforward, eloquent utterance of musical ideas. In spirit, matter and manner the symphony seems to us more Gothic than Gallic, more Frankish than French. We thought of Charlemagne's Franks in the first movement and Coligny's Huguenots in the second, and the revellings of touseled warlocks, banished finally by the ruggedly pious hymn of the Andante, in the fourth. Better than such imaginings, however, was the consciousness that this was a composition with bone, sinew, melodic and harmonic flesh enough in its structure to stand on its own feet if stripped of its color.

HUNGARIAN PIANIST PLEASES

Ervin Nyredghazi, the young Hungarian pianist who made his American debut here three weeks ago, gave his third recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday before a large audience. His programme had some novel variety. He played first Bach's prelude and fugue in [illegible] with much clarity and yet some lack of proper outline. Tschaikovski's only and seldom heard piano sonata in G followed. It was an unfortunate selection, as except some few passages of pleasing melody it is long and dull. Mr. Nyredghazi, however, did much fine piano work in an attempt to make the composition of interest. A prelude by Nending and Rachmaninoff's "Elegie" were heard, also the G minor barcarolle of Rubinstein and Rummel's "The Tempest," which last piece, depicting the lighting, thunder and lulls in a storm, was given with marvellous bravura. Here as an encore Grieg's "I Love You" was played with fine feeling and sentiment. In a nocturne and the A flat polonaise of Chopin poetry, color and rhythm were insufficient, but there was a very fine command of dynamics, while the final number, the "Faust" waltz after Gounod by Liszt, served for a breath taking display of speed and technic.

GALLI-CURCI GIVES RECITAL.

Makes Her First Local Appearance of Season at Hippodrome.

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci made her first local appearance of the season in a song recital in the Hippodrome last evening. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels accompanist. The house was large with the usual display of auditors seated on the stage. Any account of a "song recital" by Mme. Galli-Curci might be stereotyped and left to serve for all others.

The programme always consists of two or three operatic airs, somebody's variations (with or without flute) and a collection af varied songs which the prima donna sings with unvarying blandness and absence of vocal color. Her voice, a really beautiful organ, was fresh and sweet last evening, and listening to its unimpassioned tones seemed to satisfy the throng of auditors. That being the case, the purpose of the entertainment was accomplished.

Frederick H. Cheeswright, whose worth as a pianist is known to New Yorkers through former recitals, was heard again last night in the Henry Miller Theatre, where he gave a program devoted entirely to modern composers.

His program opened with a group of MacDowell character sketches composed of "Silver Clouds," "Br'er Rabbit," "The Eagle" and "Rigaudon." These, interpreted with delightful charm, prepared the way for the Cadman Sonata in A major.

... Debussy group contained the picturesque "Arabesque" in G minor, "Voiles," "Pagodes," "La Tarrasse des Oudiences du Clair de Lune" and "Minstrels." Numbers from Ravel, Daquin, Satie and Chabrier completed the program.

Signor Martinelli of the Metropolitan, appearing with Nahan Franko's orchestra before a large audience in Madison Square Garden last night, gave tenor airs from "L'Africaine," "Elisir d'Amore" and Massenet's "Werther," this last encored with the "M'Appari" from "Martha." A young soprano of the name of Melba McCreery, heard for the first time here, displayed a voice of much power and mature quality for her age in an air from "Madame Butterfly," also encored, and Helen Jeffrey, violinist, gave with the orchestra Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

Eight concerts of a day included a repeated program of the National Symphony last night at Carnegie Hall, where Ervin Nyredghazi, pianist, gave his third recital in the afternoon; a matinee "hour of music" at the Princess by Ethel Clark, soprano, assisted by Hans Kronold and C. G. Spross; a composite program at the new Times Square Theatre last evening by Eva Grippon, soprano, with Philip Gordon, pianist, and David Apollon, mandolin player, and a recital at Henry Miller's Theatre by Frederick Cheeswright, pianist, who presented works of MacDowell and an interesting sonata by Charles Cadman, based on poetic quotations from Joachin Miller.

Nov 9 1920

NEW YORK TRIO OPENS ITS SEASON

Evidence of Progress in Playing of Familiar Music.

That three good musicians playing a programme of familiar music can provide an evening of pleasant entertainment for a large audience was again demonstrated last night when the New York Trio gave the first concert of its second season in Aeolian Hall. The three good musicians were Clarence Adler, piano; Scipione Guidi, violin, and Cornelius Van Vliet, cello. The familiar music was Beethoven's B flat trio, Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano and Mendelssohn's C minor trio.

The New York Trio was first heard in December, 1919, and was warmly welcomed into the field of chamber music. Its first concert showed the results of conscientious and adequate rehearsal together with sound musicianship. Last evening's entertainment proved that the organization had made progress. Despite the fact that the piano occasionally overbalanced the other instruments, the ensemble was generally good and the playing had much of finish and musical color to commend it.

MME. STANLEY GIVES RECITAL.

Mme. Helen Stanley gave a song recital in Carnegie Hall last night. A concert by this singer is sure to bring artistic enjoyment. She has a beautiful fresh soprano voice, she uses it skilfully and her understanding of style is broad and polished. Her programme was largely of modern selection. A group of airs from different lands, among them the Polish "Le Soir," arranged by Moniusko, and Lagarra's "En Decembre" on Spanish themes, were in her list; also Scandinavian and modern French songs, Cyril Scott's "Time o' Day" and three songs dedicated to herself by Barlow, Marsh and Crews. As her first selection she gave Floridia's arrangement of the "Invocazione di Orfeo" air from Jacopo Peri's "Euridice," singing it with a beautiful, even quality of tone and legato style. And in other airs and songs there were always color, sentiment and intelligence. Her large audience seemed delighted with each selection she gave. Ellmer Zoller played the accompaniments.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Florence Hinkle's Recital.

Miss Florence Hinkle gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where there was a large audience ready with well deserved applause. Miss Hinkle is one of the best known of local singers, with a voice and a style of great beauty, a deeply musical feeling and an unfailing technical skill that brings her intentions to full realization. The voice, singularly pure and equable in quality throughout its range, is not one that lends itself naturally to variety of color or a wide range of emotional effects; yet the singer's skill is such it is made to produce all its possibilities in this direction.

Her program included songs of widely different styles, in which she achieved a full measure of success. She began with "Intorno all' idol mis," from Marc Antonia Cesti's opera of "Orontea," of the mid-seventeenth century, whose requirements of sustained legato style she met fully, as she did with great power and nobility those of the splendid air "Sommi dei" from Handel's opera of "Radamisto," a difficult task admirably performed, as was the more animated air "Deh respirar lasciate," from Leonardo Vinci's "Artaserse." There was a very considerable drop from these to the song "Child of Earth," by Charles E. Horn, the English composer, best remembered by his song "I've Been Roaming" and by the pioneer work he did in the New York Philharmonic Society.

Miss Hinkle showed another side of her art in a group of four songs by Brahms. "To an Aeolian Harp" might perhaps have been sung with more emotional depth and more variety of color. But there was a notable expression of passion, a real eloquence in her singing of "Oh, That I Might Retrace the Way," and also in "My Love Is Green," in which she reverted to the original German text, after singing the others in English.

Miss Hinkle's fine enunciation of the text made it perfectly comprehensible throughout, and in all these songs the intelligence and finish of her phrasing and the highly musical quality of her style and conception were continually in evidence. She followed them with a group of French songs and another of songs in English, including two by her accompanist, Richard Hageman.

It is surprising, though, that the wife of Herbert Witherspoon, who lays so much stress as a teacher on diction, should enunciate her consonants so indistinctly, particularly those at the end of words. Certainly this shortcoming detracts from the effectiveness of her interpretations, which, at best, are monotonous for lack of imagination, temperament and dramatic sensibility.

Nov 10

By H. E. Krehbiel

(~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition~~)

It is a comforting reflection for the reviewers of musical doings, in contemplating a long concert which ends with the only feature which demands comment on the score of novelty, that he must empty his mind of the matter before midnight. When the music is like that which was heard in the second part of the concert given by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, the thought that it must be speedily be got out of the reviewer's intellectual system, like a poison or a noxious and baneful gas, is not only comforting but gratifying. Once rid of the perilous stuff he will never be troubled by its again, unless he choses to call it up to illustrate the vagaries of the peculiar geniuses who, by handing about the candied stick of mutual adulation, humor their belief that they are leading the world into new paths.

Impressions of Concert

It was a pleasurable conviction when Mr. Stokowski carried his baton from the platform after conducting a performance of Brahms's symphony in E minor that the high-water mark of the concert season so far as it had progressed had been reached. There was nothing which could be called back to mind to equal it for sheer musical eloquence and loveliness. Lambent flames seemed to play around its every measure, with their suggestion of a Pentecostal benediction. The final passacaglia was heaven-storming. And then came Cyril Scott with his pianoforte concerto in C and two orchestral pieces, which (heaven save the mark!) were also called passacaglias. The English composer played the pianoforte part of his concerto and conducted the two orchestral pieces.

He did his work very energetically, and it seemed a pity that such energy could not have been expended in a better cause. A pity, also, that his orchestral pieces should have been brought into juxtaposition, and consequently contrast, with the last movement of the symphony. Was it necessary that he should measure his strength with that of Brahms in so recondite a form? A theme which is little more than a fragment of the diatonic scale sufficed the German master, and with it he achieved an artistic miracle.

Mr. Scott's Presentation

Mr. Scott labored with fragments of two Irish melodies, one of a lugubrious, the other of a rollicking character. In the words of the song from which the first theme was borrowed there is a lamentation, we believe, of the diminutive size of the potatoes which grew in Ireland in the year of a historical famine. No potato could have been so small as the ideas in the concerto, considered as melody, and no folksong theme was ever so be-plastered with crass dissonances as the one which served as the unhappy foundations of Mr. Scott's variations. We know of no man who has ever more effectually concealed a tune than Mr. Scott in some of his arrangements of folksong melodies for pianoforte. He did not hide the contour of his themes in his passacaglias, but he outraged their spirit as he outraged every conception of euphony in all three compositions. Listeners with alert and curious minds were no doubt interested in following him in his excursions into strange instrumental realms and entertained by such combinations of voices as those of the celesta, harp, xylophone, snare drum and pianoforte, but we doubt if any considerable number found edification or delectation in the pursuit.

Cyril Scott in New York

George Henschel once said to Ethel Smyth that before the age of forty a musician cannot expect to establish a reputation. The English composer, Cyril Scott, is forty-one, and he has been known at home for some years as the creator of a symphony, four overtures, a concerto for piano, some chamber works, and many piano pieces and songs. It has been said of him that "as a composer he has adopted *in toto* Debussy's principles and method, and completely identified himself with the style of the French master."

Nov 10 1920

In this city some of his songs have been heard and pianists, among them Percy Grainger and Leo Ornstein, have played his sonata and some short pieces. A few weeks ago he came over for an American tour, making his first appearance last week with Leopold Stokowsky's orchestra in Philadelphia; and it was with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night that he made his first bow to a New York audience, which greeted him as a visitor of his distinction should be greeted. He played his concerto and conducted two Passacaglias for orchestra of his own composition.

It was hardly polite to the distinguished visitor to make him wait till the tail end of the programme. Novelties should always be given early. Yesterday's audience had to hear part of a long Bach concerto (Brandenburg, No. 3) and the fourth symphony of Brahms, taking up an hour and a quarter, including the intermission. However, Mr. Scott was allowed at last to take the floor and he played his composition *con amore*, with fire, enthusiasm, and sufficient technical skill for the purpose. Except in the first movement there was less evidence of Debussyan influence in the concerto than had been expected. Throughout the work the piano decidedly played the first fiddle, although the orchestra is by no means neglected. There are some recondite effects which may voice the theosophical occultism in which Mr. Scott hides himself. Superfluous dissonances abound, as was to be expected; nor, of course, does the English Debussy feature melody any more than the French Debussy does. There are no sweeping phrases that carry the hearer along as a boat is carried by a tide; the music is choppy, reasoned, subtle, clever, intellectual, rather than emotional; yet its energy makes an appeal to the feelings.

Bells are a hobby of the Dehussyites. There are obvious chime effects in this concerto, and the celesta has the time of its life. Not only does it speak right out in meeting whenever it pleases but the pianist gets some pleasing celestaal (proofreader will please not change that to celestial) effects on the piano. The opening of the slow movement is a sort of dialogue between the pianist's imitation celesta and the real one. The brilliant cadenza was reserved for the final movement; in it the pianist's playing was incisive, lucid, virtuosic. All of the movements end rather abruptly and unexpectedly which is commendable. Mr. Scott also deserves praise for not being ashamed to have the music before him. Most pianists should follow his example.

The audience was interested in Mr. Scott's two Passacaglias, which he himself conducted. One is based on an Irish famine song, the other on "The Poor Irish Boy." The meaning of the old dance called Passacaglia is somewhat obscure; it has been defined as "Gassenhauer"—a tune played in the streets by itinerant musicians. In some cases the theme is "so disguised and embroidered amid ever-varying contrapuntal devices as to become hardly recognizable." In Mr. Scott's two Passacaglias the tune is always on deck; over and over and again it is heard, in one disguise after another; *mais que voulez-vous?* Did not Beethoven, in the rondo of his violin concerto, repeat a theme of five tones more than forty times?

How did the Philadelphia Orchestra play the fourth Brahms symphony? Pierre Key, the editor of the *Musical Digest*, will pardon us for anticipating him. An eminent Brahmsite, H. E. Krehbiel, found its performance the high-water mark of the season so far. "There was nothing which could be called back to mind to equal it for sheer musical eloquence and loveliness. Lambent flames seemed to play around its every measure, with their suggestion of a Pentecostal benediction. The final passacaglia was heaven-storming." Another eminent Brahmsite, James Gibbons Huneker wrote that "Mr. Stokowsky ambled through a decorative version of the Brahms fourth symphony, which was plastered over with effects we recall from other conductors; a varlorum Brahms, but with the real Stokowsky absent. Karl Muck, the Berlin conductor with the Swiss movement, has spoiled us for such perfumed readings of the big-souled Brahms." Not being a full-blooded Brahmsite ourselves, we hesitate to arbitrate between these experts. But it seemed to us that while the slow movement was beautifully done, there are many things in the final passacaglia which Nikisch and Stransky have heretofore revealed to us but which were missed last night.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

The second concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, given in Carnegie Hall last evening, concerned itself largely with the music of the British pianist and composer, Cyril Scott, present in person and engaged during a part of the evening in operating a piano. Mr. Scott's activity as a specialist in key board combinations was exercised in a performance of his concerto in the delectable key of C major. As a composer he was further illustrated by two passacaglias for orchestra.

Mr. Scott is a distinguished figure in the musical life of Britain. He is almost equally eminent as an admirer of Percy Grainger, whom he rivals in affection for instruments of percussion. A modernist, Mr. Scott has written and published an interesting volume entitled "The Philosophy of Modernism," which discourses through many pages with seeming wisdom and leaves one little better informed at the end than at the beginning, except that in so far as it is great news that Percy Grainger is a master composer.

It would be more satisfactory to hear Mr. Scott's concerto earlier in the evening, but, coming as it did after a movement from Bach's Brandenburg concerto in G and the whole of Brahms's E minor symphony, it was not favorably situated. After Brahms, Scott follows in the dim distance, and the hours shrank into gloom before he finished.

In brief, then, his concerto is modern in all its elements, but is written with a certain amount of skill. The slow movement contains a well defined mood and musical material fo considerable beauty, albeit of the type long ago made known nto us by the fauns sporting in the afternoon. The first movement is too much of passage work, too little of substance. None of the composition seems as important to the time hardened hearer as it does to the ardent young enthusiasts who are always looking to the future to justify their views.

Of the passacaglias nothing can now be said. Of Mr. Stokowski's reading of the Brahms symphony only warm praise can be offered. It was a superb performance, although the conductor did take the liberty of editing the score in one spot to the extent of stopped trumpets, which Brahms knew not. But all can be forgiven for the poetry and strength and clarity of the reading.

Child 'Cellist Gives Recital

Elsie Hilger, a child 'cellist, gave her first recital in New York last evening at Aeolian Hall. Her program included Volkman's Coocerto in A minor, Op. 33, Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, Schumann's Traumerei and other pieces.

Nov 8 1920

Poe-Inspired Music

Edgar Allan Poe's short story of "The Fall of the House of Usher" is an amazingly perfect piece of artistic construction, in which there is scarcely a superfluous word. Thirty-five years ago George Edward Woodberry, in his critical biography of Poe, wrote of it that "the adaptation of the related parts and their union in the total effect are a triumph of literary craft, the intricate details as it were mellowing and reflecting one ground tone, have the definiteness and precision of inlaid mosaic, or, like premonitions and echoes of the theme in music, they are so exactly calculated as to secure their end with the certainty of harmonic law itself." For several years reports were current that Debussy was composing an opera on this story, and the Metropolitan Opera Company obtained the rights for its American production. Poe admirers who are also music lovers saw at once that here was a fit subject for the French master's hand. But Debussy is dead, and apparently the projected opera was never written.

Now Edward Burlingame Hill, an American composer living in Cambridge, Mass., has used Poe's story as the basis for a "Poem for Orchestra," completed last winter, and this had its first New York performance in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had brought it out in Boston on October 29. A programme note quoted the composer as saying of his piece: "It was not my intention to depict the story scene by scene, but rather to attempt to give in music an impression of the atmosphere of the story as a whole. For musical treatment I did associate the two themes with Roderick and Madeleine Usher, but entirely without descriptive realism save possibly in the destruction of the house."

What he set out to do Mr. Hill has accomplished with commendable skill. His two themes are distinctive, interesting and appropriate to the psychology, the awe, and the mystery of the tale, and they are developed and combined with considerable ingenuity of orchestration to produce the impression of an atmosphere of fearsome doom. The listener who is familiar with "The Fall of the House of Usher" feels that something of the spirit of Poe informs this music, for the whole

bleco is developed with a method of concision and restrained power and, like the story, proceeds relentlessly, yet with beauteous episodes, to the sullen end. Inevitably it is a sombro tonal picture, of course, yet a surprising richness in subdued tints is provided by a clever use of celesta, harp, tamtam, and triangle. And it has the merit of brevity; it is not so long as to become monotonous.

At the hands of M. Monteux and his payers this new tone-poem received a sympathetic and finely finished performance. It was well received by the audience, though there was no prolonged demonstration over its presentation, as there was over that of César Franck's Prelude, Choral, and Fugue for Pianoforte, as orchestrated by Gabriel Pierné, which followed it, compelling the whole orchestra to rise in acknowledgment. The programme of the concert, the Boston Orchestra's first local matinée of the season, began with Enesco's Symphony in E flat, Op. 13, and ended with Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture.

Nov 11 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Sascha Jacobsen's Recital.

Sascha Jacobsen, a young American violinist who has received his training in New York, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall last evening. He has appeared before in New York concert halls, and has shown talent in his playing and a native musical aptitude for the violin, as well as excellent schooling. His talent has been observed to be developing and his style maturing, and in his recital last evening his progress was well exemplified. He played with dignity and aplomb, with an abundance of spirit and with a cultivated style and excellent mechanism. The quality of his tone was the least satisfactory feature of his performance.

His program was exacting, comprising the "Devil's Trill" sonata by Tartini, Paganini's concerto and groups of smaller pieces. Mr. Jacobsen is still a young man and gives promise of interesting future development. It is not, however, one of the prerogatives of youth to keep an audience waiting for twenty-five minutes before beginning, without explanation or apology.

Two Musical Events Held

Song Recitals and Concert by Violinist Heard

A song recital and a concert of violin music was the fare provided for concertgoers yesterday. Walter Greene, barytone, did the singing in the afternoon at Aeolian Hall. He has a fine, manly voice, and sang with taste and intelligence. A feature of his program was "Cain," with text and music by Rupert Hughes. This work, chiefly an affair of varied declamation, would doubtless be welcomed with delight in British concert halls. It is evidently intended to appeal directly to the emotions of an audience, but so elaborately contrived in uncoördinated episodes that the aim of text and music is defeated.

There is an attempt to portray the horrible affect of fratricide, upon the mind of the slayer, but so elaborate is the picture of fraternal and filial remorse that the hearer remains unstirred. French songs, to which half of his program was devoted, showed that Mr. Greene's denunciation in this language needs polishing. He was at his best in the final group of Irish, English and American songs, a music which Francis Moore's "Promised Land" was conspicuously pleasing.

Sascha Jacobson, a well graced young violinist, played in the evening at Carnegie Hall. He is among the most gifted of the younger violinists, and was heard to excellent advantage in a program which included compositions by Tartini, Paganini, Wieniawski, Sinigaglia, Arbos, Sarasate and others.

When Rupert Hughes wrote his Music Lover's Guide, in 1903, he probably did not foresee that the later-issued musical cyclopædias would devote nearly half a column to him and his compositions. The public knows him best as a most successful story writer. Now he is a major, and he writes a good deal of music, most of which is tinged with futurism. Some of his songs are worth trying by the public singers. Yesterday his "Cain" was sung in Aeolian Hall by Walter Greene; a work which impressed the audience so much that the composer, who was in the auditorium, had to rise and bow to acknowledge the cordial applause. Walter Greene, who sang it with conviction, is a barytone who graduated from operetta some years ago. He has a good voice, which he exhibited also in French songs by Méhul, Grétry, and Massenet, and others by lesser lights.

NOV 12 1920

By Richard Aldrich

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society aligned itself with the other New York orchestras for the Winter's music last evening, when it gave its first concert in Carnegie Hall, beginning its seventy-ninth season. There was a large audience present, that gave Mr. Stransky a cordial greeting on his appearance at the conductor's stand. There were new faces among the players, as there are in all the orchestras this season.

The program was an uncompromising reminder of the Pulitzer bequest which emphasized the desirability of putting Liszt's music to the fore in the society's programs. It was put much to the fore in the shape of the "Dante Symphony," which was followed by a number of Wagnerian excerpts, also underlined by the same authority.

The "Dante Symphony" was first given in New York by the Philharmonic Society fifty years ago, since which time conductors have been somewhat wary of it. The last previous performance was nine years ago, when Mr. Stransky played it in commemoration of the centenary of Liszt's birth. It is an effort to set forth in music the sublimity, darkling horror, doubt and terror, and the ecstatic joy, of Dante's vision of hell, purgatory and heaven.

Liszt never lacked courage in attacking problems of this sort. He reveled in such a subject as Dante provided for him in this symphony. He made use of what seemed, when it was written, all possible instrumental apparatus, together with the added resources of the charm of women's voices in the last section. He provided himself with an outfit of portentious themes and labored vallantly to scale the heights and plumb the depths of Dante's imagination.

His admirers follow him in the faith that he triumphantly succeeded in both and produced true interpretation of the inner spirit of the poem. To the others it seems now, as it has before, as if his achievement never panted more hopelessly in the rear of his ambition, as if he never lashed the commonplace and the bombastic to a higher pitch of sound and fury, signifying very little. The few and fleeting passages of beauty and effectiveness are heavily paid for by endless pages of commonplace. The fact that the symphony has been so rarely resuscitated in the half century since it was first played in New York justifies the wisdom of the conductors who have let it gather dust on the shelves.

The women's chorus was sung by Victor Harris's St. Cecilia Club. Mr. Stansky conducted the work with great zeal and conviction. Perhaps he got out of it all the significance it contains. He unfortunately did not do so out of the baccanale from the Paris version of "Tannhäuser;" the playing of it was a mush of tone in which the significant themes were often indistinguishable and the gorgeousness of which was dimmed. A portion of the women's chorus that sang the song of the sirens behind the scenes fell so much from the pitch that the passage was spoiled. The St. Cecilia Club also joined in the spinning scene from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman;" and the program was ended with the "Ride of the Valkyries."

The New York Symphony.

The second concert in the "historical series" of the New York Symphony Society was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and was devoted entirely to Mozart. The large place thus given to him in the series was interpreted by the last sentence of Dr. Otto Kinkeldey's thoughtful essay on the composer in the society's "Bulletin": "If belated justice is to be done, Mozart must be made to mean more to the great bulk of the newer generation of concert goers than merely the link between Haydn and Beethoven."

The works chosen to illustrate the importance thus implied were the overture to "The Marriage of Frigaro," the symphonies in G minor and in C, a serenade for string ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"), for orchestra, and two soprano airs sung by Mme. Frieda Hempel, who appeared before the New York public for the second time this season. They were the "Incarnatus" from the mass in C minor and the air of Costanze from "Il Seraglis." The symphonic pieces, even the serenade, which Mr. Demrosch has played before, were familiar.

The setting of "The Incarnatus" from the mass was probably not known to most of the liteners. It is a delightful air in and of itself, but is a curious commentary on the ideals of ecclesiastical music that prevailed at the close of the eighteenth century. For modern ears the air is little differentiated from many of Mozart's operatic airs in its style, in the general design of the melody, in the treatment of the text. The air is accompanied by the orchestra with flute, oboe and bassoon obbligati, which are often floridly employed. At the end there is a long cadenza for the orice, contesting with the obbligati wood winds in a manner that foreshadows the operatic "mad scenes" which were a later development and of which a flute obbligato is the indispensable hall mark.

Mme. Hempstead sand these two airs with vocal power and brilliancy and an easy command of the style of Mozart. The orchestral performance was excellent in many respects, in tonal quality and balance, delicacy and rhythmic life.

By H. E. Krehbiel

The Philharmonic Society entered the field last night with the first concert of its seventy-ninth season. As usual the concert took place in Carnegie Hall, where, in the afternoon, the Symphony Society's orchestra played the music of the second program designed to illustrate the development of the symphonic form. The two schemes were at opposite ends of the scale. Mr. Stransky presented compositions by Liszt and Wagner; Mr. Damrosch compositions by Mozart. The historical plan might have been more apporite from an educational point of view if Haydcn, who ended the first program, and Mozart, who filled the second, had been reached less abruptly and by different paths; but we have no desire to cavil with Mr. Damrosch's judgment in his choice of compositions, even though we felt obliged last week to point out adulterations in the wine which he was serving to students.

His orchestral numbers, yesterday were the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," three movements of the four constituting a notturno, or "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," as Mozart called it, and the two symphonies in G minor and C major—the socalled "Jupiter" of course. All of this music dates from the closing years of the composer's life. The overture was written in 1786, the nocturne, or serenade, in 1787 and the two symphonies in 1788.

For the sake of variety two airs were sung by Madame Frieda Hempil and these, by reason of their exquisite performance, were the most delightful features of the concert. The first was a novelty—an air from an uncompleted mass, by Mozart, which was given to the concert world in a practicable form only twenty years ago. The history of the work forms an interesting biographical note. In 1783 Mozart, who was wooing Constanzi von Weber, registered a vow "in his heart" (as he said) that if he brought her home to Salzburg as his wife he would produce a new mass as a votive gift. He won her and the mass in C minor was performed in the Church of St. Peter on August 25 of that year. But it was incomplete, only four of its divisions—Kyne, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus—being finished.

Constanzi sang the solos, but not the air sung by Mme. Hempel for that was among the incomplete portions. Nevertheless, we fancy that it was conceived either for her or her gifted sister, Aloysia, with whom Mozart was in love before he turned to her sister. Its voice part was wholly written out, and so was the obligato parts, for the word winds in what we imagine must be the most amazing piece of missal writing in musical literature. It is bravura music of the most light-hearted and brilliant kind, full of scintillant scales and ingenious passages, all vocalized on the vowel of the first syllable of "factus," yet its text is that portion of the creed which proclaims that Jesus Christ was "incarnate by the Holy Ghost and of the Virgin Mary and made Man." A profoundly solemn conception to composers since church music began but accepted by Mozart in the spirit of Christmas rejoicing.

Mozart never finished the mass, but despoiled several of its numbers for a cantata for three voices and orchestra, entitled "Davidde penitente," which he made for a concert given to enrich the pension fund for musicians' widows in Vienna in 1785. A copy of the four completed divisions was found in a Bavarian monastery by André (Mozart's publisher), and in 1891 Alois Schmidt brought out the work in complete form, carrying out Mozart's sketches where he found them and supplying the rest from other masses by Mozart.

There could scarcely be too much praise for the manner in which Mme. Hempel sang the "Et incarnatus est" and later, the great florid air from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" or, since she sang the Italian text, "Il Seragli." It was the most astonishing feat of bravura which we have ever heard her perform and as pure and noble in style as it was brilliant and ravishing in vocal quality. No singer known to us could have rivalled it.

The programe prepared by Mr. Stransky for the Philharmonic Society was made up of Liszt's "Dante Symphony," the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," spinning scene from "The Flying Dutchman" and Ride of the Valkyrior from "Die Walküre." In all of these numbers, except the last, the orchestra had the coöperation of the St. Cecilia Club, of which Mr. Victor Harris is conductor. All the music has been familiar to local concert lists for a long time—the work by Liszt for just fifty years. The Philharmonic Society gave it its first American performance and the concluding "Magnificat" was then sung by the boy choir of Trinity Church.

The sexless voices of boys are better adapted for the serene, etherial, passionless effects aimed at by the composer than the mature voices of women; but the club sang well in this number, with precision, a fairly well-balanced body of tone. The soprano sagged in pitch on the high tones, but not so dismally and distressfully as the portion of the choir that sang the song of the sirens off stage in the Bacchanal. This number, if it is performed in concert at all, would be more effective if accompanied by moving pictures; we wish the observation taken in all seriousness. There was adequate precision in the band's playing and some noticeable improvements over last season in the wood-wind choir. But the muscularity and full tone of the strings which we used to admire in the old Philharmonic is no longer there.

Pepito Echaniz, Pianist, Appears.

Of Pan-American pianists, a young Cuban, Pepito Echaniz, was the latest arrival yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, playing a program more on the order of many predecessors of Novaes in Paris. The young man's performance, harsh and disjointed in a Bach-Busoni chaconne and in Franck's prelude, chorale and fugue, achieved more congenial effect in a Chopin group, which earned an encore, and modern French pieces. His "Reflets dans l'Eau" of Debussy was admirably restrained, a marine of unrippled iridescence; there were also technical pieces, "Staccato" by Max Vogrich and the "Campanella" of

DOROTHY MOULTON'S DEBUT

English Soprano Sings Many German Songs in German.

An English soprano, Dorothy Moulton, making her New York debut in Aeolian Hall last evening, emphasized by her program and by its presentation on Armistice Night that they "do some things differently" in London. Half her songs were from Schubert and Schumann, in German. One woman protested, several left the hall, but most of the large audience met the singer in hospitable mood, obviously applauding however, in more generous measure, after Schubert's "Hark, the Lark," in its original English.

Accompanied by Richard Hageman, the singer gave Schumann's "Nut Tree," Ravel's plainly recited "Nicolette" and Manuel de Falla's fairly dancing "dancing "Seguidilla." Miss Moulton has a light, pleasant voice, not of high range or emotional color. She added one air, "Au Pays ou se Fait la Guerre," by Duparo, appropriate to the day, and British novelties, Arnold Bax's "Shieling Song" and others of Cyril Scott and Frank Bridge.

NOV. 13, 1920

Josef Fuchs, a Native Violinist,

By H. E. Krehbiel

Another violinist was cast up by the troubled sea of music on the stage of Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. His name is Josef Fuchs, an American trained in America, a pupil not of Leopold Auer, but of Franz Kneisel, which facts are adduced not as giving him any particular importance, but simply to give point to the observation that in respect of technical skill, musical intelligence, preparedness for public appearance, as well as in respect of lack of these things, there is no difference between the gifted young men of foreign and those of native birth.

Nature has endowed him abundantly with the peculiar mental and physical capacities (fruits of talent or genius, as one chooses to call them) which enter into the composition of a violin virtuoso. But Mr. Fuchs is young and has a temperament which makes his playing, full of brilliant qualities as it unquestionably is, more immature than it ought to be. He is still in a violent ferment. Because he is sure of his marvellous fingers and his splendid bow-arm, he dashes through his music more as if to show that he can toss its technical difficulties to the winds than as if he were essaying an exposition of its contents.

"Prodigious!" was the exclamation which the audience yesterday must have had in mind but could not utter after the young man had tossed off the Wieniawski concerto in F sharp minor as if its bristling difficulties provided him with child's play. But the performance was restless, devoid of that element of repose which Ruskin thought the supreme attribute of beauty.

Command of Mechanics Praiseworthy

In a parallel case was his playing of the unaccompanied sonata (No. 1 in G minor) by Bach. Here, of course, the player's breathless manner was more deplorable than in the concerto, for it raised the question whether his musical mind was yet sufficiently stable to justify his entrance on the concert platform. But if he is not fully equipped, neither are ten out of the dozen or more talented young men who have preceded him this season.

Admitting that the Wieniawski concerto served a purpose more or less laudable in exploiting Mr. Fuchs's command of the mechanics of violin playing, he must be commended for the music which he chose for his début, and we are sorry that we are unable to discuss his playing of all the numbers in detail. He avoided tidbits and confections. With Mr André Benoist he played Brahms's Sonata for pianoforte and violin in A major, Op. 100. After the Bach and Wieniawski numbers he played Chausson's "Poème," Op. 25, and Vogrich's arrangement of Paganini's Ninth Caprice.

Tribute to Bach and Beethoven

Mr. Stransky and his Philharmonieians, having opened their season with Liszt and Wagner on Thursday evening, paid tribute to Bach and Beethoven—two of Dr. von Bülow's trinity of Bs—at a second concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The list comprised the first of Bach's Brandenburg concertos, an aria for strings based on the choral perlude for organ, "O Mar. Thy Grievous Sin Bemoan," transcribed by Reger; the "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" transcribed by Abert (a warhorse of the Philharmonic Society for lo! these many years) and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. It was a scheme

rthy of the society's traditions. The nscription of the aria was new to e local public—one of the old mas- r's soulful harmonizations of a slow elody, which might, perhaps, have made a deeper impression had it not been brought into comparison with the more exquisitely lovely and soulful andante of the concorto grosso. In the performance of this work the solo band of wind instruments (flute, oboe and trumpet) was more effective than the solo violin consorted with it, played by Mr. Megerlin, the concertmaster, which was frequently submerged. In the andante the balance of tone was better, for here Mr. Stransky wisely reduced the strings of the ripieno band by one-half and silenced all but two of the contrabasses. This movement provided the most uplifting moment of the afternoon, which was full of pleasurable moments.

The Brandenburg concerto would have been more delightful had the violin equalled in tonal quality the other instruments (flute, oboe and trumpet) of the concertino; but Mr. Megerlin's intonation is a better asset than his tone, which has the aridity of a sagebrush country. Mr. Reger's transcription of the organ prelude adds to the modern orchestral repertory a melodious hymn tune respectfully treated. The artistic individuality of the organ chorale, however, is quite obscured. The form is not cultivated by modern writers; but Reger affects a fondness for ancient manners which he apes not altogether badly. In this case the archaic flavor is almost entirely destroyed. Putting new wine into old bottles and making the bottles over at the same time is not certain to be a very successful process.

His tone, not large, was beautiful in quality and his technic was brilliant in every respect. There was want of precision in the Brahms sonata and in the Wieniawski concerto, played with tremendous dash and technical skill, a lack of correctness in many matters. Mr. Fuchs is one of the most gifted young violinists who has appeared recently before this public and there is good reason to hope that he will have a successful career. But he will have to learn that the human mind endures calm better than tempest

Joseph Fuchs's Recital.

The first appearance in public of Joseph Fuchs, which took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, showed the talent and accomplishment of a young New York musician who has obtained all his training here, evidently training of the first order. Mr. Fuchs plays with much repose, self-possession and confidence, and with a well-developed command of the mechanism of his instrument; indeed, with an artistic finish of style that is not often possessed by the young appearing for the first time in public.

Mr. Fuchs has musical intelligence as well; without it he could not have played as he did Bach's G minor solo sonata, or have made it approximate so nearly to musical beauty and have kept it so little like a difficult technical exercise. Musical intelligence was much less needed in Wieniawski's first concerto; there he showed something of the brilliancy and dash that alone can give it an excuse for being, or at least for being played in public.

His program began with Brahms's sonata in A for piano and violin and ended with Chausson's "Poème" and Vogrich's arrangement of Paganini's ninth caprice; a program that in itself evinced the young player's high artistic ideals. He still has a distance to travel on the way to artistic maturity; there is something still for him to learn. But it seems clear that the root of the matter is in him, that he will go far and will learn much.

George Reimherr, Tenor, Appears.

George Reimherr, a light tenor, whose polished style has limits of mood within which lies a distinct popular appeal, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening, singing airs of Mercadante and Verdi, an old Dutch battle song and some Scandinavian pieces, with others in well-enunciated English, from Mendelssohn and Schumann to Cecil Forsyth, Frederick Vanderpool and Dorothy Wilde. Of novel interest were his songs by Koscak Yamada, sung in Japanese, an obvious hint of Puccini in two of them being redeemed by the third, "Fairer Than Moonlight," a rare evocation of slender means in the manner of both poetic and pictorial arts of Japan.

Josef Fuchs, violinist, who won the $1,000 prize last season in the Damrosch School of Music, made his metropolitan debut in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

N V 12 1920

Holding its forces in reserve till all the other orchestral armies had gone boldly over the top, the Philharmonic Society marched impressively into the field with the first concert of its seventy-ninth season in Carnegie Hall last evening. The conductor, Josef Stransky, gravely accepted the stupendous responsibility thrust upon him by his most ardent critical admirer, who proclaimed him the "greatest Liszt conductor that ever lived." As if this were not a burden ponderous enough for any human to stagger under, Mr. Stransky elected to make his reentry as the interpreter of Liszt in the act of interpreting Dante.

The "Dante" symphony was revived by the Philharmonic Society December 21, 1911, after a silence of twenty-seven years. It was given again on March 25, 1915, and on November 16, 1917. It is singular that an important composition by so distinguished a master as Liszt has been heard so seldom. However, the conditions are such that the Philharmonic is sure to bring forward nearly everything by Liszt in the course of time.

The performance of the pretentious composition was good. The choral portion was well sung by the St. Cecilia Club, and the orchestra discharged its duties with credit. But the problem remained unsolved. Dante's "Inferno" explains itself, but Liszt's musical illustration of it explains nothing. It shrinks with every passing year, and its pallid emptiness becomes more patent.

But Mr. Stransky must conduct Liszt. It is so nominated in the bond. After the music of the Abbe there were selections from the works of his famous son-in-law, Richard Wagner, namely, the Parisian bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," the spinning scene from "The Flying Dutchman" and the "Ride of the Valkyries." This afternoon the Philharmonic Society will present at its first matinee a different programme.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Pomenading down the centuries, Walter Damrosch arrived with his cycle of historical symphonic concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon at the foot of a great mountain from whose sun crowned summit the spirit of Mozart smiled down upon a harrassed and turbulent twentieth century. With the orchestra of the Symphony Society and Mme. Frieda Hempel a large audience basked in the glow of Mozart's genius, drank in large and wholesome draughts of pure and unadulterated diatonic scales woven into melodic forms simple, sweet and cherrful, and went home happier even than it could have been after hearing the latest inventions of the modernists who regard the diatonic scale as utterly out of date.

The instrumental numbers were the "Figaro" overture, G minor symphony, serenade for strings and "Jupiter" symphony. Mme. Hempel sang the "Incarnatus est" from the C minor mass and an air from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail." The soprano was not entirely happy in the number from the mass. It is extremely difficult, and Mme. Hempel seemed to be not quite sure of herself. In the operatic aria, however, she sang with confidence and with a splendor of tone, a brilliant sweep of floridity and a command of style altogether admirable.

It does not seem essential to expatiate on the performance of the orchestral numbers. They were well played and thoroughly enjoyable. Perhaps no other composer, not even Beethoven, can stand furnishing an entire symphonic programme quite so well as Mozart, the blithest of all musical souls. His wife said he was an angel and his epitaph might have been that of the Italian poet Poliziano, which called him an angel with one head and two tongues, for he was an immortal master of Italian and the first master of German opera.

CUBAN PIANIST DEBUT.

Pipito Echaniz, a young Cuban pianist, made his first American appearance in a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, when he interested his audience by the display of a genuine piano talent, although in certain respects his performance was immature. His pedalling was often injudicious, he sacrificed technical clarity to speed and there was lack of expository clearness, as for instance in his playing of Busoni's transcription of Bach's chaconne and Franck's prelude, chorale et fugue.

But he showed individuality and poetic taste; he never forced his tone, and he played with much good technic.

In a group of difficult pieces by Chopin, in spite of some defects, he was at his best. The C minor nocturne was especially liked. A year's hard study with a master in certain essentials, including rhythm and left hand passages, would no doubt make his playing of high artistic merit. His modest and pleasing demeanor is in his favor.

ENGLISH SOPRANO'S RECITAL.

Miss Dorothy Moulton, English soprano, gave her first recital in this country last night in Aeolian Hall. She sang, in German, groups of songs, by Schubert and Schumann, French songs, and, among some other lyrics, Cyril Scott's "Lullaby." She disclosed a light voice with not much color, a breath support not always secure, but admirable taste. In her delivery of the German songs she showed artistic appreciation of their spirit. Richard Hageman played the accompaniments with rare skill.

Nov 14, 1920

By Richard Aldrich

E. Robert Schmitz's Piano Recital.

E. Robert Schmitz, a French pianist who has made himself well known in New York concert halls in the last few years, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall that was devoted to the music of the modern Frenchmen, with the sole exception of Chopin's sonata in B flat minor. He began with this, and perhaps in his playing of it did not wholly do himself justice, for there were many technical slips and some of his calculated effects did not quite "come off" as he had calculated them. Yet there was often a fine musical feeling, a discernment of the poetical beauty, in his conception of the sonata.

He apparently played with more certainty in the newer pieces on his program, and unquestionably with a full sympathy, with zeal toward the interpretation of their difficulties. But so far as technical slips are concerned, it might be hard to say whether or not he made any in some of this music, and if he did, how injurious they were to the composers' purposes.

These pieces were a set of variations by Liaponnoff, a Bourrée and a Rondo by Roussel, "Carillon Dans la Baie," by Vuilemin, and a sonata, perhaps more appropriately to be called a "sonata," by Darius Milhaud—all of which were set down as played here for the first time. He followed these with Ravel's "Joux d'Eaux," Debussy's "Danse" and "Soirée dans Grenade" and Saint-Saens's "Toccata."

Time was when some of this last group seemed difficult, problematical, even unpleasant. They sound now quite intelligible and perfectly pleasant. Perhaps Milhaud's sonata will some day. It is difficult now to listen to. Its dissonances seem extreme and obstreperous. Its thematic material is for the most part not alluring, though one of the themes that appears in the second movement a "Pastorale," is charming, and in the company it keeps seems almost like an oversight. But its appearance is fleeting. Milhaud is one of the "group of six," Mr. Schmitz's program notes inform us, who aspire to "simplicity of form," and his sonata is a reaction against "thematic work"—meaning thereby the elaborate system of development from a "generative theme" practised by César Franck and his followers? At all events, says Mr. Schmitz, "no theme ever reappaers in another part."

The two pieces by Rogussel are more easily accessible on a first hearing and have a vigorous spirit, a complexion of their own. The "Ronde" was repeated. Vuillemin's "Carillons" are not wholly differentiated from other carillons; but there are some striking effects of color suggested which Mr. Schmitz skilfully produced on the piano. There was a large audience that showed interest in his ventures.

William Robyn's Recital.

William Robyn, a young tenor singer of this city, made his first appearance here in concert last evening at Carnegie Hall. His voice is light and of pleasing quality, except in the higher ranges, when he attempts to give it greater power; then it becomes somewhat metallic and tends toward hardness. He sings with intelligence, taste, and musical feeling; he has good ideas about phrasing and his enunciation in English is exceptionally clear and intelligible.

With these qualifications he was successful in interpreting a program that began with Salvator Rosa's "Star Vicino" and included songs by Stephen Storace, the eighteenth century English composer; two gay old French songs arranged by Weckerlin; Lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Strauss; a group of songs in French and five by his accompanist, Frank La Forge. In "Star Vicino" he had not quite gained command of his voice, which then seemed somewhat pallid, but in the succeeding numbers its quality was improved.

Josef Piastro Borisoff Plays Again.

Josef Piastro Borisoff, a Russian violinist recently heard for the first time in Carnegie Hall, reappeared there last evening, playing three of his own works, an "Air" represented as in the style of Bach, a "Poeme Romantique" and an "Impromptu." He also gave, with Francis Moore's assistance, a suite for violin and piano by Sinding, the D-major concerto of Paganini and an arrangement by Wieniawski of Chopin's D-major "nocturne."

Modern French music occupied a conspicuous place on the program of E. Robert Schmitz, who gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The four pieces which, it was said, received their first performance here, were Roussel's Bourrée and Ronde, Vuillemin's "Carillons dans la Baie" and Darius Milhaud's Sonata.

Albert Roussel, born in 1869, left the French navy and became a professor of the Schola Cantorum. Vuillemin is a critic as well as a composer. Milhaud, formerly an attaché of the French Legation in Brazil, has visited the United States.

Yesterday's longest contribution by these representatives of the ultra-modern school of France was Milhaud's Sonata. It proved to be another example of rhythmed dissonances, during which the average listener finds it difficult to keep temper and nerves in order. The Sonata is in three movements. In the first movement an effect of chimes was employed, a form which appears to lend itself most satisfactorily to the most arrogant expression of modern dealers in dissonances. In the second movement, labeled Pastoral, there was an audible crowing of cocks and twittering of birds. As a whole the composition has little to commend it and is readily forgotten.

Vuillemin's Carillons is a more likeable bit of impressionistic coloring, with a definite and striking picture of chimes floating over troubled waters and the song of peasants on the shore. Roussel's Bourne is not to be compared with Chabrier's brilliant piece of the same title, and there was a far healthier gayety in the same composer's Ronde.

Mr. Schmitz is a well graced pianist, one of the most interesting and imaginative now before the public. No more eloquent pleader of the cause of dissonance could be desired. But even his wise, sophisticated and persuasive fingers were ineffectual in establishing the Sonata as a worthy composition. They were more successful in the Carillons and the Ronde.

Some of the most delightful playing of the afternoon occurred in the last group on the program, which included Ravel's Jeux d'Eau and Debussy's Danse and Soirée dans Grenade, of which Mr. Schmitz gave an extraordinarily effective performance

Nov 15 1920

Harold Bauer Plans Program in Which Over 160 Years of Music Are Outlived

By H. E. Krehbiel

There was a concert in the Cort Theater yesterday afternoon which outlined over 160 years of music for instruments now represented by the pianoforte, yet gave its audience nothing to hear more modern than compositions by Johann Sebastian Bach. The concert lasted an hour and fifty minutes, and yet at the end nobody seemed weary, and when the hearers reached the street some of them were overheard whistling the theme of the last movement of the old Leipsic cantor's Concerto in D for harpsichord, flute and violin.

It is doubtful if ever an audience left a musical comedy in so blithe and jocund a humor. The concert was in the strictest sense of the word a historical and therefore an educational affair, and Harold Bauer, who planned it, played all of the pianoforte music and tried with as much success as is obtainable in these days to make it sound as it sounded to the composers of the music and the people who first heard it.

Therein lay much of its charm—therein, and also in the fact that he played his pianoforte in the manner in which its predecessors of the eyboard guilled family used to be played. The instrument was a concert-grand, but this did not lead him to pound and belabor it, instead he caressed it. His fingers, like those of the Dark Lady to whom Shakespeare addressed one of his sonnets, walked over the keys with gentle gait, whether slowly or swiftly, and tones of marvelous clarity and sweetness answered to every touch.

Audience Held in Spell

He held his audience as in a spell and made it realize that there was appealing beauty in compositions so archoric that it lacked the elements even of tonability. A toccata by Claudia Merulo, a capriccio on the interval of the cuckoo's call by Giorolanno Frescobaldi, a toccata by Johann Jakob Froberger had been played down to the final chord of the last piece before the ear heard the closing chord, which suggested the major or minor made of to-day, and yet his hearers followed him with beaming countenances and exclamations of "charming," well mingled with the noise of brating and ruddied palms.

They were brave old men whose spirits Mr. Bauer evoked. Mernlo, a great organist of the Cathedral of St. Mark in Venict, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century; Frescobaldi, who attained to such a popularity as an organist that at the age of twenty-five he played to an audience of 30,000 people; Froborger, who is set down by historians as the first of the tribe of peripatetic virtuosos,

and of whom the story is told that he worked the bellows of the organ in Westminster Abbey at the wedding of Charles II and Catherine of Portugal and was so awed by the pomp of the function that he forgot to plow and the organ stopped breatless, whereupon he filled the bellows, mounted the bench and played so brilliantly that he was recognized by a court lady, who had heard him play in Vienna—a story worthy of a modern press agent, but probably apocryphal, for Charles was not publicly married in Westminster Abbey, but privately, at Portsmouth.

After these worthies had been disposed of Mr. Bauer played a sonata in eight movements descriptive of the combat between David and Goliah by Johann Kuhnau, who was the great Bach's predecessor as cantor of St. Thomas's School in Leipsic. A naive piece of program music is this old sonata, which Mr. Shedlock placed in the hands of music students.

Goliath rages in the first movement and strides over the ground like Wagner's giants; David approaches him in a gentle pastorale; Goliath is ponderously rampant until the pebble flies, glisanda from the shepherd lad's sling; then the towering human bulk falls clattering down amongst the lowest keys; the Philistines fly prestissimo, the Israelites rejoice in a Siciliana, the women sing antiphonally "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands" and the Israelites dance and leap for joy in the finale.

In generous music all this, but truer in its spirit than the crude tonal deliniations of many a modern programist.

Then came the mighty Bach, 200 years old now, but like Bacchus "ever fair and ever young." Of his music there was one piece, wholly new to the audience at least in the form in which it was presented. Mr. Baner transcribed a Fantasia which the old master wrote for harpischord with pedal keyboard for two pianofortes.

He played primo in a concert-grand pianoforte and Ernest Hoffmann played secondo on a pianoforte with metal hammers and (probably) light strings which gave out an imitation of the sound of the old quilled instrument.

This "spinet grand" (we know it from the opera house) was used again to fill out the figured bass in the concerto in D, in the performance of which Mr. Bauer had the help also of Samuel Gardner, violin; Georges Barrère, flute, and a small band of strings conducted by Mr. Réné Pollain.

It was the composition, played as Bach's concertos and suites ought to be played, which sent the audience home in such merry mood.

There was a long wait for hte bands men who had played at the concert of the Symphony Society and this intermission Mr. Bauer filled by a volunteered performance of one of Bach's partitas. The concert was given under the auspices of the Society of Friends of Music.

Werrenrath, Rich

There were two song recitals at Carnegie Hall yesterday. In the afternoon distinguished singing by Reginald Warrenrath, baritone, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave much pleasure to an audience that filled the hall. It was Mr. Warrenrath's first recital here since his visit to England last summer, where London journals echoed the praise that has long been bestowed upon his work in this city.

Mr. Warrenrath has first of all a beautiful voice, wide of range, rich, sonorous. He is the more to be commended for not yielding to the temptations of winning applause from the multitude by the spectacular feat of forcing tone. His phrasing and diction are those of a consummate artist. As an interpreter he shows rare understanding of the text, as well as sympathey with the wishes of the composer.

Delightful Folk Music

Five songs of the Hebrides, from the collection, arranged by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser were a feature of the program. They were "Ballad of Macneil of Barra" "Cradle Spell of Dunvegan," "Cuchullan's Lament for His Son," "Herdsman Night" and "Home Oor Bottachan." These songs, with others in her collection, were sung here a few years ago by Mrs. Fraser and her daughter. They have the charm, sturdiness and intimacy characteristic of all folk music. Still it is doubtful whether they will fulfill the expectations of the singer, expressed yesterday in a tribute to the collection, by taking the place of the leider, conceived long before "the late unpleasantness," as Mr. Warrenrath expressed it, and which for generations have enriched the repertoires of singers.

Five songs by English composers, R. Vaughan Williams, Thomas P. Dunhill, John Ireland, Cecil Forsyth and A. M. Hardcastle, completed the program. Mr. Werrenrath told the audience of information contained in a letter from Mr. Forsyth that he and Williams, Dunhill and Ireland had studied composition together as pupils of Villiers-Stanford.

Generous With Encores

Besides doing full justice to every song announced for the afternoon, Mr. Werrenrath was generous with encores. These included "Lee Mirroir," "Little Streams of Dunn" and "The Wreck of the Julia Planté," but none was more delightful than Deems Taylor's charming "May Day Carol," which was sung after the first group.

In the evening Miss Idelle Patterson, in a program which ranged from Handel to Hallett Gilberté, displayed the usual resources at the command of a lyric soprano.

Symphony in Sunday Concert

The third concert in the Sunday afternoon series of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday marked something of a pause in the indefatigable labors of Director Walter Damrosch for public education and the quest of the recondite.

There were no novelties, though the Hayden Violin Concerto in C, which was played by Mr. Raoul Vidas, accompanied by Mr. Damrosch at the piano, in addition to the orchestra, is not a work often found on concert

MISS PATTERSON'S RECITAL.

Miss Idelle Patterson, soprano, with Walter Golde at the piano, gave a song recital last night at Carnegie Hall. Her singing showed improvement since she was last ehard here in rectal. She has gained in technic. In a difficult air frm Mozart's "Magis Flute" her overture work had cleraness and correct pitch in many of the high passages. Her light lyric quality of voice would be pleasing if her scale were even. Sho sang Brahms's "May Night" without much vocal color, but with graceful sentiment.

Titta Ruffo, baritone of the Chicago Opera, sang in a benefit for the Navy Club last evening at the Hippodrome, his familiar manner of bold dramatic appeal giving popular effect to the factotus air from "The Barber" and the prologue to "Pagliacci," cheered by 7,000 hearers. He also sang an air from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," while an assisting soprano, Nina Morgana, was heard in French and English songs, including several by American composers, Eddy Brown, Mana Zucca, Vanderpool and Cadman.

Reinald Werrenrath, reappearing for the first time since his tour of Europe, was greeted by a crowded house at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. His artistic interpretations ranged from old Italian airs to modern French, such as a "Lied Maritime," by d'Indy, and to "Songs of the Hebrides" collected by Mrs. Kennedy-Frazer. The admired baritone pleased his house with spoken interludes, telling the origin of the ancient Gaelic pieces, "which are so good," he said, "that it wouldn't be right not to let you in on them."

Flora Jewel, a young soprano of agreeable voice and presence, gave a debut recital at the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon, assisted by C. V. Bos, in airs of Handel and songs of Fourdrain, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cyril Scott, Courtiandt Palmer and Alexander Lee.

Idelle Patterson, who sang with the Society of America Singers a season ago, appeared in recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. Hallett Gilberte accompanied a group of his songs, and Walter Golde assisted in airs of Mozart, Delcroze, Kramer, Nevin and La Forge.

Nov. 16 1920

At Metropolitan

"La Juise" Begins Listlessly, but Tenor as Eliazar, the Vengeful Jew, Gives Splendid Performance

By H. E. Krenbiel

A beginning was made with the thirty-sixth season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The occasion calls for a record of incidents rather than critical comment. It was not a brilliant opening artistically, whatever it may have been socially, on which point there can be no discussion here.

The opera was "La Juive" and it began listlessly in most respects. Signor Caruso was an exception, and there were moments when Mr. Rothier and Mr. Harrold proved the truth of the old Spanish proverb that "when the abbot sings well the acolytes will not be far behind." But the moments were not many and all of them were brief.

Ther was more life in the performance given in the last week of the thirty-fifth season than in the first night of the thirty-sixth, which fact might serve as the text of a preachment were it thought in any way associated to artistic righteousness.

Audience Apathtetic

That the audience showed itself apathetic was something of a surprise, for there was a tremendous exhibition of interest on the part of that portion which is generally set down as musically the most responsive. The people who sat in the boxes of the stockholders were those of the last season and the season before that and the season before and so on for a considerable period of time. It was not to be expected of them that they should display any special interest in the occasion, for to them it was an old experience. Having other claims upon their attention, too, they came later than usual—not until the second act was well under way.

Since there were new names in the printed list of boxholders in the grand tier, it is safe to assume that there were new faces there also, as there were in the stalls. But there was nothing in the opera or its performance to disturb their decorum. There must have been a vast deal of pleasurable anticipation in the upper reaches of the house and behind the thinking rails, for the line of enthusiasts eager to pay $3.30 and less for the privilege of standing back of the orchestra circle or sitting on Olympus still reached completely around three sides of the vast building half an hour before the beginning of the opera. But they made little gladsome noise during the representation and even waited until after the first act before testifying their exceding great joy in Caruso.

Two Changes in Cast

There were two changes in the cast of last season's performance of Halevy's opera. Mr. Harrold was Leopold in place of Mr. Diaz and Mr. Lembard Ruggiero in place of Millo Pico. The opera benefited by the substitution, Mr. Harrold putting some fine work to his credit in the finely dramatic portion of the second act, where he overshadowed Miss Scotney (the princess) as completely as he was overshadowed by Signor Caruso (Eliazar).

The great tenor was in admirable vocal condition, and, unlike Miss Ponselle (Rachel), held out stoutly against the general oppression. So did Mr. Rothier. Mr. Caruso's performance of the part of the vengeful Jew, however, was as notable a thing as he has ever put to his credit. He was not only electrifying in his moments of passion, but his suave and truly beautiful singing in the scene of the Pesach meal was transporting.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted the performance and held it firmly in hand, though it is possible that his ear was offended at the occasional impurity of intonation in the wood-wind choir of his band.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"LA JUIVE" (The Jewess), opera, by Eugene Scribe (in French). Music by Jacques F. Halevy.

Rachel	Miss Rosa Ponselle
Eleazar	Enrico Caruso
Cardinal Brogni	Leon Rothier
The Princess	Miss Evelyn Scotney
Leopold	Orville Harrold
Brugglero	Robert Leonhardt
Albert	Louis d'Angelo
A Herald	Paolo Ananian
Major Domo	

There was much excitement in the air. The first night of opera is an event in the experience of each year. Men pay fabulous prices for seats. They might hear the same opera with the same singers a week later for one-quarter of what it costs the opening night; but all the thrills would be wanting. Every one on that night feels like Anchises, the spectator of historical actions of which he himself was a great part "quorum pars magna fui," Virgin reports him.

Halevy's "La Juive" Sung.

Perhaps the knowledge that any opera would pack the theatre on the opening night, so long as Caruso sang, was the secret of the impresario's choice of Halevy's "La Juive." It is a dull and pompous work, and its story is one of suffering, misery, and final agony. It reminds one of the punishment for compassing the death of the son of the Mikado as described by Gilbert—"something lingering with boiling oil in it." If there is a more lingering opera than "La Juive" it must be one of Meyerbeer's.

But no professional observer after passing half a lifetime in the world of music can be induced to believe that any one takes this type of opera seriously. In the public mind it is not classed with music dramas, but with singers' operas, works designed and carefully executed for the purpose of affording vocal celebrities a field for the display of their lyric aviation. Therefore the local operagoer considers "La Juive" solely with regard to its relation to the art of Mr. Caruso.

In the golden years of his young manhood, when his voice, too, was golden, and smooth lyric song his ideal, the famous tenor would not have approached this musty score. But the attack is not what it was; the sustained legato becomes more and more difficult; and hence the pompous declamation and plangent cantilena of Halevy present an alluring refuge.

Caruso as Eleazar.

The earnestness with which Mr. Caruso enters into the impersonation of *Eleazur* is already well known to this public. His forceful declamation commands admiration and his liquid chanting in the supper scene awakens memories of the youth of the voice. Probably the original *Eleazur*, Adolphe Hourrit, was not his superior in the part, although the poignant note of real tragedy is wanting.

It was said in this place last season that survival of the opera in the repertoire would depend on the public acceptance of Mr. Caruso in this new role. There seems to be little doubt that opera goers will enjoy the impersonation for another season. The vociferouse demonstrations meant nothing. They would have been heard if Mr. Caruso had sung any other part in his list.

The other prinicpal members of the cast were those concerned in the performances of "Le Juive" last season. Miss Rosa Ponselle as *Rachel* and Miss Evelyn Scotney as the *Princess* walked out of one scene into another, rolled up their eyes, knit their brows, wrung their hands and emitted high and far reaching tones which stirred the populace to explosive gratitude, but of the two agonized women of Seribe's tragedy they were but vacuous images.

Orville Harrold returned to opera last season as *Leopold*, but it was later in other parts that he 'came back." However, he sings the music agreeably. Mr. Rothier has had so much experience with pontiffs and high priests of various nationalities taht he could not go astray as the *Cardinal Brogni*.. Miss Rosina Galli, dancing in her admirable manner, lent an element of joy to an otherwise depressing drama. Mr. Bodnzky, the tireless conductor, nothing daunted by the imposing burdens of the National Symphony Orchestra, directed the performance with masterly skill.

MME. BARBOUR'S RECITAL.

Mme. Inez Barbour, lyric soprano, with Richard Hageman at the piano, gave a song recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Mme. Barbour, who in private life is the wife of Henry Hadley, the composer and the new associate conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, reappeared here in a recital last season, after some time spent in study, and won success. Yesterday her audience filled the hall

Her programme showed judgment in respect of varied styles, and in its delivery she gave a bountiful measure of the artistic essentials required for making a song recital enjoyable. As the list advanced her voice was not always at its best, but she showed unfailing taste. Some numbers, notably well delivered as regards feeling and style, were two, sung in German, by Bach-a pastoral, and Humiston's arrangement of an air from the "Coffee" cantata, Mozart's "Violet," Schumann's "Moonlight," Brahms's "Nightingale" and "Le Vase Brise" of Frank.

In closing came a group of Mr. Hadley's songs, for which the composer played the cacompaniments. Three were heard for the first time—"If You Would Have It So" and "The Time of Parting," with texts by Tagore, and "The Luteplayer of Casa Blanca," written in a direct style, and admirably well sung. They were much liked and could all have been repeated. The first one was.

GREEK BARYTONE HEARD.

Last night in Aeolian Hall Nicholas Antoniades, Greek barytone, gave his first song recital in this country. In an air by Giordano and other selections he sang with a voice of seemingly good natural quality, but it lacked schooling. He was assisted by Miss Nevsa Tempest a soprano, who was new here.

By James Gibbons Huneker.

Well, its all over, even the shouting. The thirteenth year of the Gatti-Casazza consulship at the Metropolitan Opera House began last night and triumph again perched on the standards of this popular impresario, whose lucky number, as Col. Bill Guard assured us is 13. In anticipa-

Hon, therefore, let us rejoice, though we shouldn't be surprised that after the season had uncoiled its weary length it would strongly resemble the seasons that had preceded it. Men change, mankind—which includes the ruling sex—never. Opera always was, always will be. Only it was called by other names. And all happy operatic premieres are alike; if they happen to be unhappy then they have a history. When in Paris "La Juive" was sung for the first time (the data-hounds say it was Feb. 23, 1835) it had a smashing success and when Dr. Leopold Damrosch revived the work during the season of 1884-1885 in the vocal barn in Broadway it made a hit. Maturna was the beautiful Jewess—beautiful in the libretto. Rose Ponselle was the heroine last night. Enrico Caruso the Eleazar, and that is why another bull's-eye was scored by the management. When in doubt play your trump card; the opera doesn't much matter if that trump be Caruso. His public fairly assaulted his suffering ears with applause.

Nevertheless, the success of "La Juive" is a curiosity of musical history. The music is tinsel and thunder, the book of Eugene Scribe sheer melodramatic bosh. But its racial kernel has proved thus far its salvation. Anything that concerns the Jews or Jewry finds a hearing. The most persecuted of races is also a romantic race. There is a god of vengeance and in plays or fiction dealing with the chosen race he inevitably intervenes in behalf of the oppressed. He is more than a figment of the imagination from the Old Testament to David Pinski. How hollow, how theatrical is this deus ex machina we need not stop to ask here. Behind the footlights he strikes terror to the heart of the unjust, and as the composer Halevy was Jewish born the story of the Jewess made to him a special appeal. The oppressors were the Christians. They robbed the wealthy Israelite of their gold—chiefly acquired by usury—and taxed the poor Jews ... The ghetto and its curse ... exists in this slightly improbable ... of a Jewish girl pursued by ... seducer. Her father, knowing ... origin, pits her against the in... machinations of the arrogant ... Brogni, and revenges him... in a truly barbarous manner by ... identity as she enters ... cauldron, there to ... simmer in a hell broth. What cru... not the mind of librettists ... and executed. "Leah the ..." is idyllic by comparison.

A sort of inverted Shylock is Eleazar. He is an inoffensive citizen who ... outrages the religious sensibilities of the worthy citizens of Constance (a few centuries ago, to be sure, yet 1920 has its pogroms as had Switzerland in 1414.) He knows how to labor, how to love, and he also knows how to hate. But old-fashioned, tedious, cumbersome as is the operatic machine the remarkable characterization of Caruso set ... public beating fast last season. ... this portrait, the most finished ... vocally and dramatically in the long ... crowded gallery of the distinguished Italian tenor. After it his ... of Leyden in "The Huguenots" seems slightly theatrical. The anguish of an old man who has grown to adore the daughter of his foe is admirably painted by Caruso. In the interview with the Cardinal—query: why are these Princes of the Church so evil in opera? Consider "La Fiametta". And the great tenor was not in his best vocal estate during the early scenes.

Two seasons ago, to be precise, Nov. 12, 1918, the Metropolitan Opera House was the scene of a Victory Jubilee. "Samson and Delila" was the opening selection, and though Caruso and Louise Homer assumed the title ... nothing musical mattered, for peace was whirring its dove-like wings and the town had hardly recovered from the delirious news of the armistice. Last night ... politics didn't even occupy ... they were totally forgotten. The chief question was: How is Caruso's voice? Unsinged by the lightning that struck him last summer, the master of the gateway, Tom Bull, became hoarse from answering this eternal inquiry. All the grand opera "fans" in Gotham thronged the narrow lobbies, busily buzzing; a rumor overheard at the ice cooler flew from mouth to mouth, reaching the top gallery as if by telephone. Nearly every nation was represented, and Italians by no means predominated. You asked yourself: Considering the present price of coal, where does all the money come from that is spent at the box office of our Opera House? A perfect Noar's Ark of the nations. Few we heard criticising the choice of the Halery opera; one and all beamed their satisfaction over the vocal condition of the beloved Enrico, or gurgled with joy when speaking of Rose Ponselle, who was a nervous Rachel. The boxes too, the magic horseshoe, were well filled, and earlier than anticipated for there was the Horse Show at the Garden, and, perhaps, other rival attractions. Grand opera, socially speaking, occupies a position midway between football and the Horse Show. But on this occasion it transcended mere sport; it became artistic. Need we tell you that the old guard, male and female, that once sang but never surrendered, was out in full force, hammers in hand?

Alphonse Karr must have been thinking of opera when he said that the more it changed the more it is the samo thing. Hazlitt went him one better: "The opera is a fine thing; the only question is whether it is not too fine. It is the most fascinating and, at the same time, the most tantalizing of all places. It is not the too little, but the too much that offends us. Every object is there collected and displayed in ostentatious profusion that can strike the senso or dazzle the imagination; music, dancing, painting, poetry, architecture, the blaze of beauty, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, and yet one is not satisfied—for the multitude and variety of objects distract the attention, and by flattering us with a vain show of the highest wish,, leave us at last in a state of listlessness, disappointment and ennui." But not last night. Mr. Hazlittwould have found no signs of listliness or ennui among the eager and enthusiastic people who crowded behind the rails of the orchestra circle, nor among the occupants of the orchestra stalls, and certainly not upstirs in the balconies. The verdict of the box-holders who pay for the show doesn't much matter. It never did. It never will. The thumb reversing is a porogative of lesser mortals. Doubtless, if asked which composer they preferred, Meyerbeer orHalevy? they would answer: Puccini. The world is more Celtic than we imagine.

To Artur Bodanzky belongs the credit of almost making "La Juive" sound like real music. Our greatest conductor in opera on symphony, he was tendered an ovation which he richly deserved. He is a human dynamo. Ponselle shared honors with Caruso. Rothier was the same imposing Cardinal, and Orville Harrold the Prince Leopold. The still small voice of Eveyln Scotney warbled and the cast, comprising Leonhard, D'Angelo and Ananian was excellent. To relieve the sombre and murderous atmosphere came a brilliant ballet with Rosina Galli and Bonfiglio and delightful was their dancing. The graceful Rosina was saluted with bombshells of applause. The mise-en-scene was effective and good news for music lovers. The orchestra played in splendid form. It is the best of operatic bands. The Setti chorus met all the demands of the score with ease. Everybody was in contented humor, except the over-worked police and chauffeurs and thus endethed the first chapter of the book of the opera for the season of 1920-1921.

Nov 17 1920

Chamber Music

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition~~

With the exception of Percy Grainger's "Children's March," all the music heard at a concert given by the New York Chamber Music Society in Aeolian Hall last night was new to the local public. The list of composers had an international cast. Donald Francis Tovey represented Great Britain, with a set of variations for flute and strings on a Siciliano by Gluck; from the posthumous papers of Charles T. Griffes came transcriptions for pianoforte, two violins, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and French horn of three bits of descriptive pianoforte music.

Grainger Comes at End

H. Woollett, whose name suggests the Englishman, used French melodic idioms in a quintet for the wind instruments of the organization. Giacomo Orefice stood for Italy in a theme with seven variations of a delineative order, which he calls "Reflessi ed Ombre."

At the end came the Australian, Grainger, with an arrangement of his march made for the society and employing all of its instruments. We have heard it for the pianoforte and for the orchestra; transcriptions for "two-somes," "three-somes," "four-somes," etc., are in the offing, if not already in port. Last night's production, we suppose, was an "eleven-some."

This was a longer offering of contemporaneous music, and the most laudable thing about it all was that the composers all seemed possessed of old fashioned ideas of beauty, even while giving free flight to their fancy and imagination.

Mr. Woollett's Theme

The most obviously spontaneous utterance was that of Mr. Woollett, who employed melodies of a folk-song kind as themes for the four more or less conventional movements of his quintet. His inventive ingenuity found ample play in a varied and interesting handling of the voices and color effects.

The pieces by the late Mr. Griffes were studies in the manner of Debussy, but their delineative effects rested quite as much on the melodic phrase as on the harmonic and instrumental integument.

High water, it seemed to us, was reached in the "Reflections and Shadows"—thank heaven they were not "Impressioni"!—of Signor Orefice, who, having invented a pregnant theme, put it through a series of transformations which were as pithy as they were poetically suggestive.

Signor Orefice, we fear, is looked down upon as a reactionary by his countrymen, the Casellas and Malipieros, who seek to storm heaven with Big Berthas.

Miss Beebe and her associates were made to feel that their laudable efforts to give edifying entertainment were cordially appreciated.

By Richard Aldrich

Joan Manen's Violin Recital.

A less familiar nationality was introduced yesterday afternoon into the New York concert season, already well provided with phenomenal Russians, when Joan Manén, a Spanish violinist, made his appearance in Carnegie Hall. His countrymen and women and others in considerable numbers braved the weather to hear him. Mr. Manén established himself at once as an artist of fine attainments and individuality. He has an ample command of the mechanism of his instrument, a tone of generous proportions and alluring quality, and a refined and musical style.

He plays with dignity and poise, with full absorption in the music that occupies him; and his account of it is such as an artist would give. He is disposed toward sentiment and delicacy rather than breadth and ruggedness, and he is at his best in music that has these qualities. There is sometimes, in fact, something of an excess of sentiment in his playing, such as may be brought out by an occasional tendency to "slide" upon the fingerboard. Yet this cannot be called a besetting fault in Mr. Manén's playing, or an abuse such as so frequently mars the playing currently heard in the concert room.

His program included Mozart's concerto in D, two movements from Bach's solo sonata in C, an arrangement by himself of a sonata by Porpora, another arrangement by himself of two movements by Bach, a piece by himself entitled a "Song"; "The Bee" by Schubert, the violinist, and his own revision of Sarasate's "Caprice Vasco." He played Mozart's concerto with the charm that characterizes his style, with vivacity and finish, but now and then betraying in the turn of a phrase something of excess in sentiment. In the movements from Bach's sonata he hardly showed the largest grasp of the music, but there was repose in his playing, which was technically superior to the difficulties presented, and made the movements sound like music and not like physical exercises.

It was evident that Mr. Manen has an artistic stature that will raise him above many of the newcomers who play the violin.

THRONG HEARS KREISLER.

Standees Overflow Carnegie Hall on Seasons Stormiest Night.

Few stars have filled Carnegie Hall of late as Fritz Kreisler, in his first appearance this season with orchestra, filled it last night as guest of the National Symphony, in a program doubly honoring the solo performer. Twice Kreisler played, while before and after each number Bodanzky went back for orchestral interludes to Wagner's "Rienzi" and "The Ring," just as at the opera this week he will conduct a post-war revival of "Tristan." Mr. Kreisler went even further afield; he has made his little journeys among old classics a fruitful cource of little pieces which have become hackneyed in the hands of lesser men, but on this occasion he chose a work of lasting merit, the only such surviving, by Giovanni Battista Viotti, a Piedmontese virtuoso, who died in tragic want nearly a century ago and fills an unknown grave in London. Besides Viotti's Concerto No. 22 for violin, there was later the familiar "Introduction and Rondo" of Saint Saëns.

Viotti's classic established the mood of the performance, one of serene and simple beauty, the adagio movement introducing a cadenza like a caress of plain chords upon storm-swept strings, the finale developing a livelier strain as the entire orchestra plucked in guitar-fashion an accompaniment to the soloist's dancing measure. It carried the hearer back to an age of innocence earlier in this century, when Mme. Sembrich sang on such a night in Carnegie Hall to what was wittily described as "Kneisel weather and a Paderewski house," a description supplemented last night by a genuine "Caruso ovation" from orchestra and audience after Kreisler played. Though some subscribers' seats were empty, there was an overflow of standees. The program will be repeated to another sold-out house tomorrow afternoon.

SPANISH VIOLINIST'S RECITAL

Joan Manen, a Spanish violinist, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday. He played Mozart's D major concerto, two movements from one of Bach's unaccompanied sonatas, a sonata in G by Porpora, arranged by himself, one original composition and two editions, one of which was of a piece by Sarasate. It is a pity that the violinists feel obliged to do so much editing.

Senor Manen becomes another in the already long list of accomplished violinists who havae appeared here this season. He commands admiration for many good q ualities. His tone is excellent in its purity and penetrating sweetness. His bow arm is good and his finger work that of a master. His reading of both Moztr and Bach left something to the imagination.

Tho Manen style is polished to a suporfine degree. Deliberation sometimes supplanted repose and the finesse of his detail sometimes appeared over elaborate. But the exaggeration, if such it might be called, was on the good side. At least it made everything clear and elegant. There was no tearing apart of phrases or passages for the sake of "brilliancy." It was sound violin playing, albeit perapsa lhittle over sentimental at times. It was a pleasure, too, to see a violinist w ho could play without violent physical contortions.

Nov 18 1920

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

The King	Louis D'Angelo
Amneris	Margarete Matzenauer
Aida	Emmy Destinn
Radames	Giovanni Martinelli
Ramfis	Jose Mardones
Amonasro	Giuseppe Danise (debut)
A Messenger	Pietro Audisio
A Priestess	Marie Sundelius

Incidental dances by Florence Rudolph and the Corps de Ballet.

Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

By James Gibbons Huneker

AIDA AT THE METROPOLITON.

The second night of the opera season brought with it a revival of "Aida" at the Metropolitan, and we could not forbear thinking that, all said and don, this spectacular work is an ideal one with which to open the lyric season. However, it has so often served that particular purpose that doubtless Manager Gatti-Casazza wished for a comparative onvelty, so "La Juive" was his selection. "Aida" is in the same catagory with "The Prophet," "Rienzi," "William Tell," "The Hugenots," and such tuneful pagents that catch the ear of the public, fashionable or musical. Itsmassive decorations, its imposing churus, its exotic atmosphere, romantic story and richly colored music have made it a persunial favorite at times leaning on Meyerbeen, at the core it is idomitably Verdi; it is also Verdi at the parting of his artistic ways. The Greater Verdi was soon to appear. And Aida was not written to celebrate the completion of the Suez Canal, nor yet to open the Italian Opera House at Cairo, Egypt. There beliefs, common enough, are what good old Sir. Thomas Brown would have classified as "vulgar errors." However, the Khedive Ismail Pasha did commission Vendi to write an opera, and the composer consented; but fate ordained that neither the Suez Canal nor the Cairo Opera House opening were consecrated by the music of "Aida."

Tveryone who goes to "Aida" has heard it sung better; in this respect it is not unlike the case of "Hamlet." There were even doubters and fault-finders in the times of Italo Campanini, our first great Rhadames. Doubtless some critics shrugged shoulders the night of the Cairo premiere. Therefore, if you were in the mood critical last night there was more than one detail to criticize, but if you took the performance by which large minor shortcomings wereover shadowed by the east with which this huge operatic mechanism functioned. The chorus was admirable; hence the big climax at the end of Act II. was tellingly achieved. The stage pictures were magnificent the evolutions of the multitude effective. The various ballets were excellentll danced, the Ethiopians—who seem to be growing up—arousing more than usual interest. Miss Florence Rudolph capered delightfully and received a round of applause. The stage settings were picturesque throughout.

Punctually at 8 o'clock Maestro Roberto Moranzoni lifted his experienced baton, and seven minutes later Martinelli was delivering "Celeste Aida," as trying a test as may be found in the literature of opera, not because his charming lyric is of supreme technical difficulty, but that it forces a singer so speedily into the thick of the vocal battle; sing well or forever after hold your peace! it seems to say. Many a tenor of sound calibre has met his Waterloo in this same tantalizing aria. As Martinelli

was in "good" voice we escaped various vocal rocks and whirlpools. His long vacation shows in the more vital work of this singer, though his histronic assumption is rather colorless. A new Amonasro and a new member of the company proved his mettle and left a pleasing impression. His name is Guiseppi Danise, and he is evidently a routiniere, both as actor and singer. His baritone is of an agreeable timbre, resonant and well schooled. M. Danise was well received. Rothier, Andisio and D'Angelo were in familiar roles, while Marie Sundelius as the Priestess was as usual artistic in her delivery of the exotic measures.

A year ago Ema Destinn (Emmy on the programme) returned to us in the same part of this opera but not with marked success. On the present occasion there is, we are happy to say, a different tale to tell. This favorite singer is became the shadow of herself; that is she has half the bulk she displayed twelve months ago, and her voice has recovered some of its old brilliancp; it dominates, as it should, in the concelted finale of Act II and after her solo scene "Ritorng Vincitor," she received three curtain calls, which she deserved. In the opening scene Destinn was nervous and strayed from the pitch, her rhythms, too, were wobbly, but it may be said that she was another, and a lesser, Destinn last night, naturally lesser, not artistically, but as to avoirdupois. She also shared many calls with Madame Matzenaner, the Amnaris of the evening. That imperial feline of Old Egypt has never sung with more artistic finesse and power. She is slimmer. She is sumptuously beautiful and has solved the very important corsage problem; therefore in Act II. when reeling her breath control was admirable. She was the bright, particular star of the performance. Everything went with clockwork precision under the experienced labor of Mornnzoui. The stage pictures were effective, the audience responsive and Manager Gatti-Casuzza may fairly congratulate himself on the success of the first "Alda" of the nascent season.

This newcomer was Giuseppe Danise, who played the rôle of Amonasro with all the impetuous vigor and picturesque pose and action and sang the music with all the barbaric spirit which any hearer, novice or veteran, could ask. This latest addition to Mr. Gatti's male forces has an opulent endowment of voice. It is heroic in quality, sonorous and warm. Verdi's Ethiopian King stands quite alone in the gallery of the lyric drama, however, and concerning Mr. Danise's vocal style it will be safer to talk after he has been heard in operas of a different order than "Aida."

Mr. Danise made a very good impression on his first appearance: a robust singer, an ample personality, an Amonasro of intense and ardent temperament. His voice is a baritone of good quality, though it did not seem at first of great resonance, but well produced and well managed as voices go now among Italian singers. His delivery, though not highly finished, showed a sense for dramatic phrasing and declamatory power; and a part of his intelligent performance was manifest in his clear declamation. It seemed from this first appearance that Mr. Danise will be a useful member of the company.

There was another pleasant surprise, a newcomer, Giuseppe Danise, who won instantaneous success in the part of Amonasro, for which he is particularly fitted by reason of a royal figure of manly beauty to tempt a sculptor. He proved to be an impassioned actor—one of the best ever seen in the part of the captured King of Ethiopia. His voice is not only sonorous, virile, vibrant, appealing, but in his use of it he avoids the claptrap which mars the singing of so many Italians. He didn't bellow for the gallery or indulge in lachrymose "soh stuff" for a moment, but sang, as he looked—a gentleman and a warrior. A Campanari come back to the Metropolitan stage he seemed. After his final impassioned scene with his daughter Aïda, on the bank of the Nile, the audience was wild with enthusiasm. No personally conducted applause that! It was spontaneous, unanimous, thunderous, prolonged. Translated into words it meant: "Hurrah! Gatti has discovered a new star of the first magnitude."

Tito Schipa, in Recital at Carnegie Hall, and Boza Oumiroff Pleases With Program in Aeolian Hall

The usual curiosity inspired by the opportunity of hearing an opera singer in recital drew a large audience to Carnegie Hall for Mr. Schipa's concert. Either it is his habit to use his voice more carefully in concert, or the tenor has marvellously improved in style, for in his work yesterday there was a smoothness in phrasing, a respect for the melodic line, wholly lacking from his operatic performances last season.

This improvement naturally resulted in the more effective display of a beautiful voice full of warmth and youthful vigor. Of course his singing has the directness and simplicity of the Italian school, but barring the foolish and spectacular prolongation of certain effective notes, as in Giordani's "Car Mio Ben," too often a trick of opera singers, there was artistry in this directness.

Caccini's "Amarilli" was sung with marked purity of style, and in this as in other songs throughout the afternoon, Mr. Schipa showed himself an intelligent and sympathetic interpreter. His program was varied and attractive. Among the French songs was Franck's "Panis Angelicus," which afforded the singer an opportunity for the expression of spiritual fervor characteristic of the Latin races. This was also true of Mr. Schipa's own "Ave Maria." The closing group of Spanish songs provided a different touch of color, and to his program as a whole the tenor did full justice.

Boza Oumiroff's Song Recital.

Boza Oumiroff, a Czechoslovak baritone who was heard in New York a number of years ago, has returned, and yesterday gave a concert in Aeolian Hall. He sang a program beginning with old Italian and French airs by Marcello and Fasola, Guédron and Martini, a group of five songs by Duparc and a final set of songs in his native tongue by Dvorak Novak, Fibich and Picka.

Mr. Oumiroff's voice shows what may be the ravages of time. At any rate, it is at present much lacking in resonance, range and power. Nor is the voice fully under his command in the matter of pitch, and not infrequently drops below it. While Mr. Oumiroff has an agreeable and cultivated manner of presenting himself and his art, the means at his command are so limited that it cannot be considered of great significance today.

Mr. Oumiroff was assisted by Mme. Ella Spravka, a Czechoslovak pianist, who was heard in pieces by Chopin and also added to the Czechoslovakian character of the program by playing pieces by Smetana.

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ALBERT VERTCHAMP, a musician of excellent attainments, gave his annual violin recital in Carnegie Hall last night. His command of the essentials in his art is broad and admirable. His interpretations were invested with nobility of tone, a straightforward presentation of dominating episodes and a brilliant exposition of the glittering bravura passages.

Nov 19 1920

Hadley Directs

By H. E. Krehbiel

Revised from yesterday's post edition

Mr. Henry Hadley directed the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society at a concert given in Carnegie Hall and will be at the head of the band again in the same room this afternoon. His official title is associate conductor of the society and he will relieve Mr. Stransky at two more concerts in February. It is a new office, though there was a period of several years' duration half a century ago when two men alternated in the directorship.

They were Theodore Eisfeld and Carl Bergmann, both Germans. In the early days of the society the duty of leading the band was shared by a number of men, among them Ureli Corelli Hill (its founder), Loder, Boucher and Bristow. Hill and Bristow were native Americans; Loder was an Englishman; Boucher a Frenchman. Until the coming of Eisfeld the principle of rotation among the most distinguished and capable men prevailed, but after Eisfeld died (in a shipwreck while voyaging to his native land) the headship became single.

Damrosch a Conductor

Bergmann stood alone until his physical breakdown, and, after single terms by Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Adolph Neuendorff, Theodore Thomas took the helm and held it until his departure to Chicago. Then came Anton Seidl, after whose death there was an interregnum filled by guest conductors, all of them of foreign birth except Frank Van der Stucken.

Walter Damrosch was conductor for one season, and though by that time he was a pretty well seasoned American he could not lay claim to American nativity, having been born in Breslau. Among the guest conductors was a Russian, Safonoff, who became permanent conductor for a space, an Englishman, a Dutchman (Willem Mengelberg, who is to come to New York again in January to direct the second half of the National Symphony Society's concerts), a Frenchman and Victor Herbert, an Irish-American of German artistic antecedents.

Hadley a True American

The new associate conductor is all American, unless study and service in foreign lands be held to have tinctured his nationality. But, to parody Gilbert's familiar words, had he been a Russian, Frenchman, Turk or Prussian instead of a full-blooded American he could not have led the orchestra better than he did last night.

He was masterful in command, penetrating of insight into the scores which he had in hand, firm yet flexible of beat, clear and unmistakable in his mute commands, continent and graceful of gesture, and he held a respectful attitude toward his men, the public and the art of music.

Moreover, he got a quick, unanimous, willing and eloquent response from the orchestra. Little more need be asked of any conductor.

The music consisted of Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor, Bruch's violin concerto in G minor and Moszkoffski's suite in F major.

Though none of these pieces was new, only the concerto was thoroughly familiar to the public. Its solo part was played by Toscha Seidel, who squeezed out of the composition the last drop of sentiment and passion of which it was capable, and by drawing a tone clean, clear, full and beautiful (except occasionally from the G string) caught hold of the favor of the audience mightily.

The symphony went superbly a splendid work, fecund of fancy, strong in imagination, a flowing stream of song, sonorous, with stupendous sonority at times, but never blatant.

By James Gibbons Huneker

CARUSO IN THE CHORUS.

Caruso had lots of fun last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The relief from the strain of singing and acting such a tragic role as the Jew Eleazar on Monday showed itself in "The Elixir of Love." The plump Enrico as the village bumpkin, Nemorino, cut up all sorts of pranks and doubtless believing that every law has its holiday he let his larynx loose and sang all over the shop. Caruso can do it but no one else. In the last outburst before the first act curtain the popular tenor committed the seven deadly sins of vocalitis, which are: Explosiveness, scooping, abuse of the glottis stroke, loss of breath control, singing off pitch, faulty phrasing—that makes six. What is the seventh? Oh, we forget. Enrico sang a legatissimo phrase pianissimo and wooed our ears with the charm and celestial calm of his occasionally lovely organ.

But those concert tours in the early Autumn should be sternly frowned on by Manager Gatti-Cusazza. Caruso returned to the Metropolitan with fatigued vocal chords. Monday proved that fact. Maurice Grau wouldn't permit his stars to tire themselves with such tours. But Caruso enjoyed himself last night like a boy let loose from school. He bobbed in and out of the chorus and made the girls laugh. He also sang lustily with the rest. And may we be quite frank? (Look out for something disagreeable when people talk about frankness!) The massed voices of the chorus sounded fresher than an yof the principals. What a set of wobblers and barkers. Scotti, too, has been on a protracted tour. You can't dampen his ardor, but with Didun the pair gave a magnificent demonstration of shivering tour production.

Mabel Garrison is swallowed whole by the huge stage, yet she sung prettily, acted nicely and permitted herself the luxury of sometimes singing flat. The entrance of Dr. Dulcumara was marred by the behavior of his horses. They shied at the singing, no doubt, for the starboard animal deliberately whispered something into the ear of its mate, and then the assembled peasans became nervous, including the Senegambian trumpeter, who had lost his sunny smile, and it was with satisfaction we saw the team prance into the wings. What did that horse tell his friend? Probaly something about a furtive larynx, or some such nonsense.

It was a spirited, but vocally noisy performance, this of the Donizetti operetta hich Mr. Papi conducted. A large audience was enthusiastic the worse the screaming, and we thought that as an alternative title "The Elixir of Voicelessness" might prove appropriate.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"L'Elisir D'Amore," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.
(In Italian.)

Adina	Mabel Garrison
Giannetta	Mary Ellis
Nemorino	Enrico Caruso
Belcore	Antonio Scotti
Dulcamara	Adamo Didur

Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

"L'Elise d'Amore" does not stand alone in owing its presistence in the list of the Metropolitan Opera House, at present cenrtalfily, entirely to Mr. Caruso. His Nemorino is one of the parts in which he is most liked, and which he enters into with a boyish glee. His rustic clumsiness and peasant antics, appropriate to his part, though they nowadays represent a gradual accumulation of exaggerations, have long been thought highly amusing and characteristic. It is a more serious matter that theaccumulation of exaggerations has also been made in his singing of the music which, as exemplified last evening, was in his worst style. The exaggerations are uncalled for by the music, hte situations, or anything or anybody except that portion of his admirers that finds such things a proof of a tenor's greatness, and a subject for frantic applause.

Mr. Caruso as *Hemorino* was in better condition than he was on Monday night, but he was not free of all difficulties. Nor can it be said that he sang as well as he should. He took many curious liberties with his music, employing singular and startling contrasts of piano and forte without any apparent purpose except perhaps to astonish his hearers, and he produced some remarkable declamatory effects, particularly in his low register. But all passed unnoticed, or at least was forgotten when he finished with loud high tones. And they were not good tones, either.

Miss Mabel Garrison's *Adina* is nw well known. It is very charmingly sung, but everything is constructed on a scale rather small for the Metropolitan. Mr. Scotti made his first appearance of the season as *Belcore*, a role in which his experience is of great value. Mr. Didur, who can be depressingly tragic at times, was amusing as *Dr. Dulcamara*.. To complete the record Mary Ellis was the *Giannetta*, and Gennaro Papi conducted.

Valderrama Concert Appreciated.

A recital of "Inca" music, given by Carlos Valderrama, the Peruvian composer-pianist, entertained a good house yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan Opera House. Senor Valderrama was assisted by Inga Julievna, whose voice proved entirely in accord with the attractive musical numbers which she was destined to interpret.

The recital brought home to those whose musical tastes are classically inclined the value of a primitive theme. The music of Senor Valderrama, who played only his own compositions, is of an appealing nature which will attract both the music lovers of classical and aboriginal motif. Throughout the performance, which was rendered with rare technical skill and fine feeling, the listeners showed their appreciation of Senor Valderrama's efforts. The selections, interpretive to a degree, brought out all the elementalism of the piano when it is used as a vehicle to bring understanding of the age-old quality of music. Senorita Julievna, whose voice control is excellent, despite a certain tremulo which is not ironed out by the ultra-refined processes of our present effete civilization, was as heartily applauded as the Peruvian composer himself.

The throbbing, age-old quality of Senor Valderrama's interpretations show in vivid relief that the Inca music is as old as the Inca civilization itself; if such proof were needed. There were those, perhaps, in the auditorium who affected to find a rehash of the classics in the program; but those must have been the critics who can find a rehash of Shakespeare in the works of modern authors. The fascination of elementalism, in music as in life, was what gave being to the stillness which swept the Manhattan Opera House when Senor Valderrama played.

The program consisted of the following selections, of which the Peruvian Triste Melgar and the Inca Rhapsody No. 5 in C minor, were the most popular:

Part First—"Inca" Prelude No. 5 in G minor Op 11 (Morning Prayer to the Sun). "Inca" Rhapsody No. 3 in F minor Op. 18 (An "Inca" Legend). Yaquayra in B flat minor Op 11 (Worship Song and Ceremonial Dance). "Inca" Rhapsody No. 5 in C minor Op. 18 (A Tradition of the Conquest.)

Part Second—"Yaravi" song of the Andes Op 8, interpreted by Inga Julievna, (sung in Quechua). Voices in the Fountains, of the Incas Op 8. Peruvian Triste Melgar, intergreted by Inga Julievna. Colonial Airs, theme and variations Op. 18.

Senor Valderrama's art is a real one. It can best be described, briefly, as "Jazz tempered with classicalism."

Ida S. Davenport, Soprano, Sings.

Ida Swope Davenport, a soprano, formerly of Ohio, once heard last July 4 at the Stadium, gave a matinee in Aeolian Hall yesterday, in part, it was said, for a home for crippled children which she supports at Providence, R. I. Mrs. Davenport displayed a light voice of some cultivation, best suited to her earlier airs such as Loewe's "Canzonetta" and "The Mermaid's Song" of Haydn. She was accompanied by Richard Hageman in a more ambitious air from Thomas's "Hamlet," modern French lyrics and an American group by Harriet Ware, Huerter, Hageman, Kramer and Rihm.

Nov 20 1920

Jeneie Callaway-John, soprano, heard in recital last night in Aeolian Hall, played a fair-sized audience with a presentation of songs. Her program opened with a group composed of Handel's "Bel piacere," Gretry's "Je crains de lui parler la nuit" and "Under the Greenwood Tree," with music by Dr. Thomas Arne. A "Cycle of Gypsy Songs," by Dvorak, were also delightful.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Zaza," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. In Italian.

The Cast.

Zaza .....Geraldine Farrar
Anaide .....Kathleen Howard
Floriana .....Frances Ingram
Natalia .....Marie Tiffany
Madame Dufresne.....Cecil Arden
Millo Dufresne.....Giovanni Martinelli
Cascart .....Guiseppe De Luca
Bussy .....Millo Picco
Malardot .....Angelo Bada
Lartigon .....Paolo Ananian
Duclou .....Pompilio Malatesta
Michelin .....Mario Laurenti
Courtois .....Louis D'Angelo
Marco .....Giordano Paltrinieri
Toto .....Ada Quintina
Auguste .....Pietro Audisio
Claretta .....Phillis White
Simona .....Veni Warwick

Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

Huneker

ZAZA JAZZES.

Zaza, that noble hearted harlot, the joint creation of Berton and Simon, with the jazz music of Leoncavallo, was enacted for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a huge and delighted audience. The occasion also marked the return of Geraldine Farrar in the title role, an event of no little importance in the world operatic, for Miss Farrar is a much beloved artiste whether she disports herself as Carmen, Tosca, Thais, Manon or as the lady with the legs in the Leoncavallo circus. Her associates were Katharine Howard, Tiffany, Ingram, Arden and that charming coda, Ada Quintina and Martinelli, De Luca, Bada, Picco, Ananian, Malatesta, Paltrinieri, Laurenti, Audisio and D'Angelo. At the initial performance a year ago Crimi was the lover and Amato the other end of the song and dance sketch; Zaza and Cascart. Martinelli also sang the part of Dufresne last season, so virtually De Luca was the only newcomer in the cast last evening. Roberto Moranzoni conducted.

A capital title for a book would be "The Sentimental Strumpets of French Fiction," which title would naturally embrace the stage ladies of easy virtue from Camilli to Zaza. The sentimental prostitute is an institution for theatres and novels alike. Her prototype, need we tell you, is the inimitable and adorable Manon Lescaut. Shorn of that fickle girl's name the literature on the theme might have been something different. Emma Bovary and Sapho—"Toute la lyre"—we should have had but the loss of Abbe Prevost's heroine would be irremediable. She is not only a masterpiece, but also a discovery. The titled cocottes in Paul Bourgak's stories need not be considered, while Marthe, the first fiction of Huysmans, touches depths that even Zaza never reached. Zola's Nana is a romantic aristocrat by comparison, and the Elisa of Edmond De Joincourt a mere surface study. Howtver, to the younger Dumass belongs the credit of inventing a weeping, consumptive Camilla, that, however, is so symbolical of her profession. The ferocious irony of the son of the mighty Alexander! As far as the art of characterization is concerned the step downward from Camilla to Zaza is great. Camille, because of her rank as an artiste, and because of her abundant sensibilities, has some claim upon our sympathies. She is, at least, an "interesting case," though less rare than is commonly fancied by those uncritical persons to whom any suggestion of moral irregularities is anathema. No doubt highly laudable this mental attitude, but hardly conducive to psychological investigation. It is precisely one of the functions of art to delineate the deviation from the normal. Camille is one, Zaza is another, though at the opposite end of the scale; black, instead violet.

She is a music hall singer and dancer, an avocation that harbors nothing inherently wicked. Zaza isn't so wicked as silly, and, worse, she is sentimental. Her heroics are sickly with melodrama. That scene in the home of her married lover has a rank smell; nevertheless, it is the one strong situation in a lath and plaster play. So distorting is the so-called "optique" of the theatre. And as acted by Geraldine Farrar, with the co-operation of Ada Quintano, it is tear-compelling. As for the man, he is only a stuffed effigy. Not by a word, by a gesture, does he reveal himself a degree above the average sensual imbecile in real life. Mr. Everyman, slopping over with sentiment, whining, vulgar, stupid, this sorry Don Juan of the music-hall back door! We wonder if Miss Farrar smiled when Zaza in Act II. exclaims: "Io? non t'ho amato, no!" ("I? I never loved you, no!") for the Cascart was impersonated by De Luca and not by Pasquale Amato. Truly a dramatic pun.

The music of Leoncavallo still sounds as garish, insincere and noisy as it did at the first hearing. But it is good enough for the libretto. The score is crammed with quotations. Miss Farrar was in brilliant form. Her celebrated temperament was in working order and the battle of the two women was thrilling. She sang with her usual Zaza voice. Her costumes fairly dazzled.

The gorgeous "Gerry" was bombarded with flowers at the close of Act II.

Martinelli, too, was in excellent voice and spirits and looked like a gay young swell. De Luca is evidently acquainted with the cubotin type. His cascat was life-like and replete with little lively touches. His singing in Act II. was the most artistic of the evening. Naturally, he hasn't the dashing presence of his predecessor, Amato. Miss Howard was funnier than ever. The general performance went with a swing for Monanzoni is even a sure and satisfactory conductor. We like the first act best of all, because it is unashamedly vulgar. Yes, they were on view, those twin pillars of Hercules, as massive and as impressive as of yesteryear.

All the little gerryflappers were out last night striving to fill the Metropolitan Opera House with their hysterical squeaks of rapturous approval of everything done by the prima donna, even that of which it is to be hoped they did not know the meaning. What is a gerryflapper? Simply a girl about the flapper age who has created in her own half baked mind a goddess which she names Geraldine Farrar. For the gerryflappers the opera season began last night when Miss Farrar made her reentry as the remarkable heroine of Leoncavallo's "Zaza."

The opera was produced last season and was received with favor by this public, partly because its book is made from an effectively theatrical play and its music has both character and facile melody, but chiefly because Miss Farrar's art found in the name part a perfect medium for all its manifold and striking disclosures.

There was nothing new in the American soprano's impersonation. In spite of its amazing physical demonstrations in the first act—quite in keeping with the character, be it noted—it remains one of the most successful character delineations in Miss Farrar's repertory. It strikes a genuine human singer's voice, which was in good order last night, and which, when all is considered, is one of the most human voices in the whole world of opera. Miss Farrar has imparted vitality to Leoncavallo's moribund work, and it ought to hold a place on the Metropolitan stage as long as she is able to repeat the sincere and touching delineation of last evening.

Mr. de Luca succeeded Mr. Amato as *Cascart*. He commanded praise except for his desire at times to dwell upon certain effective tones of his voice at the expense of the composer's melody. Mr. Martinelli as *Dufresnes* was acceptable, but not distinguished. Mme. Kathleen Howard was seen and heard again as the tippling mother of *Zaza*, a role in which she aroused much envy. The rest of the cast was generally competent, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted with skill and resource, the latter being much in demand.

The opera itself is written with brilliant skill in the management of the contrasting efforts, notably the famous scene behind the scenes that constitutes the first act; and the various blends of sentiment, sentimentality and passion that have their place in the succeeding acts. Leoncavallo found the right note for it all in his music, which is fluent, and melodious by commonplace, and does not err on the side of distinction. Fragments of obvious tune, waltz rhythms and others, with a smattering of "Pagliacci" and stretches of the plainest kind of filling together with a few long sustained melodies are the chief constituents of the score.

Miss Stell Anderson Gives Evidence of Mediocrity: Hadley Again Conducts Philharmonic Orchestra

The question which often arises in the mind of a recorder of musical doings in the metropolis, "Why do persons come to New York from all points of the compass, hire a hall and give a concert, at a cost of from $500 to $1,000, when they have nothing to offer beyond what scores of wiser and more unassuming local folk might give?" was precipitated again last night, when a Miss Stell Anderson gave a pianoforte recital in Carnegie Hall. The young woman was announced as a Norwegian pianist, but that fact did not help her at all.

Had she been born under the rooftree of Ole Bull, Backer-Gröndahl or Grieg, she would have brought no message to judicious lovers of music, playing as she did. The kindest-hearted, most generously intentioned reviewer in the world would be put to his trumps to explain why she or her friends thought that she ought to have joined the innumerable caravans of mediocrities who are troubling the public ear of this city in this season of all seasons.

For the second time Mr. Henry Hadley conducted an entire concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a different symphony on the program from that performed Thursday evening, and though Mr. Toscha Seidel was again the solo player, he produced a different concerto — Mendelssohn's instead of Bruch's, in G minor. The symphony was Dvorak's "From the New World," which would be worn theradbare by much playing if it were made of a little less durable fabric.

Mr. Hadley brought out no beauties that had escaped the eyes and ears of other conductors, but gave it a reading which was straightforward and intelligent. The Philharmonicans have often played it better and frequently played it not so well. The last number of Thursday's program, Moszkoffski's Suite in F, was retained.

Miss Katherine Bacon's Recital.

Miss Katherine Bacon's piano recital in Aeolian Hall, her first one in New York, showed an engagingly musical personality and an uncommonly well-trained and well-formed technique, the results of the two united being such as to give pleasure of a none too common kind. Her program began with an arrangement by Busoni of a quite unfamiliar toccata and fugue in C minor by Bach; not one of the master's most interesting and absorbing compositions as it seemed yesterday, the toccata in several contrasted sections being very long indeed. Four of Couperon's miniature program pieces followed; and Chopin's B flat minor sonata, three preludes by Rachmaninoff, without the one in C sharp minor or even the one in G minor, a fact indicating a spirit of originality and independence on Miss Bacon's part; pieces by Ravel, Albeniz, Brahms and Liszt.

Miss Bacon's tone and touch have color and nuance, though they are apt to be somewhat small in scale—this is the impression, in fact, left by her playing of Chopin's sonata. But there is finish in detail, carefully adjusted and proportioned, and musically so, not in the manner of one who arranges and adjusts a cabinet of curios. Her treatment of the phrase is intelligent, carefully conceived and employed to musical ends; her left hand is well developed, an active factor in the production of a harmonious whole. It is not often that results so musically satisfactory are offered in this hall by a newly appearing performer.

The second of the series of Biltmore Friday morning musicales took place yesterday, with Claudio Muzio, soprano; Percy Grainger, pianist, and Edward Lankow, basso, as the artists to attract early risers.

The musicale proved a success from all points of view. Both Miss Muzio and Mr. Lankow were in splendid voice, while Mr. Grainger played with his accustomed charm.

The program, of the semi-popular order, was composed of some of the better known classics and a few modern writers with Mr. Grainger contributing three of his own numbers. The audience which

ARTISTS PERFORM 'AIDA' ON SHIP AT QUARANTINE

Impromptu Opera Given When Vessel Is Detained.

Grand opera without Metropolitan embellishments was heard off Quarantine Wednesday night aboard the Lamport & Holt line Vasari, in from South American ports. The tenor was Beniamino Gigli, Italian singer who has been entertaining Buenos Aires. Others of the cast were Teofilo Dentale, basso, Romeo Francioli and Gabriele Santini. The tug that came alongside to tell the skipper he would have to stay down the bay all night also chucked a bunch of newspapers aboard and their advertisements told of the production of Verdi's "Aida" at the Metropolitan.

Many of the passengers and the opera folk aboard the Vasari had hoped to see the spectacular Metropolitan version of "Aida" and were disappointed. The resourceful Gigli, whose repertoire is yards long, suggested that with all the professional and amateur talent aboard they should have no trouble producing a modest "Aida" of their own. That is why the welkin rang off Quarantine and folks ashore raised their windows to get the resonance of the robust Gigli's art. On the trip Gigli had exercised his voice on deck, beginning at 5 in the morning.

Nov 21 1920

By Richard Aldrich

"Tristan and Isolda."

Another of the Wagnerian operas was restored to the active list of the Metropolitan Opera House at the matinee yesterday afternoon; after "Parsifal" last season, this season, this season "Tristan and Isolda," for so it is now spelled. There was a very large audience present, an audience that listened eagerly with few defections, till the end, which was late, and that seemed desirous of appeasing a hunger of two opera seasons' standing. Wagner's music drama was sung in the English language, and is today necessary, and by singers who are for the most part Americans, born or naturalized. Most of them were well conversant with the language and sang it without difficulty. The difficulty wos on the other side of the footlights, in understanding it.

The performance had unquestionably its element of strangeness to those who know their "Tristan" well, but it nevertheless worked its old magic; it led them again through the ecstacy and anguish of the two lovers, and again its music seemed like heart's blood. There were great excellences as well as lesser in the performance. It was in many respects a performance of dramatic power and emotional poignancy in which the floods of orchestral tone surged with a sweeping eloquence under Mr. Bodanzky's hand.

It was notable for the appearance of an Isolde new to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and a Brangaene, new to any stage. Mme. Matzenauer had sung Isolde in German, in Germany, and in Chicago; she had never appeared in the part in New York. She at once ranked herself among the finer interpretors of it known to this city, who have been many in the last thirty-four years. The voice, rich, dark, equable, powerful, and has long been admired in other music.

It is not an "Isolde" voice; the part is instinctively felt to need a color more specifically that of a soprano, and especially for the sake of the contrast that Wagner clearly had in mind between the utterance of Isolde and of Brangaene throughout the first act. There were many passages there in which the voice of Brangaene seemed of a clearer, brighter timbre than that of the Isolde; and this was reversing the order of things.

Mme. Matzenaner's singing was true singing in the finer qualities of phrasing and legato, and yet powerful and often movingly expressive in declamation. There were dramatic intensity and sweeping power. Nor did the range of the music cause her the difficulty that might have been conjectured. The couple of high C's that come in the ecstatic outpouring of her meeting with Tristan at the beginning of the second act were not easy, but there was very little else that was not.

Miss Jeanne Gordon, who came to the Metropolitan from the West last year with little or no operatic experience, and who showed much talent and an innate gift for the lyric drama, has received surprising and unexpected promotion to the part of Brangaene. It is one of the capital parts of the Wagnerian dramas; but Miss Gordon acquitted herself in it admirable. There were certain signs of inexperience in her performance; and it could not have expected to be otherwise. But there was also an intelligent understanding of what she was about, and of the meaning of her implication in the fate of the immortal lovers.

If her performance now is too much in outline and too little touched with significant detail, it can hardly be doubted that it will be enriched with the growth of her experience. Her voice has beauty, freshness and power, and she sang the music with intelligence and with a dramatic touch that will likewise be deepened and intensified as she grows into the part.

The Tristan was Johannes Sembach, the Kurvenal Clarence Whitehill, both well remembered for their participation in this music drama. Mr. Sembach's voice and style have not changed for the better in the few years since he has been heard at the Metropolitan; yet his impersonation of Tristan has fine attributes, suggestions of chivalry and passion, of the agony of the last act. Mr. Whitehill's Kurvenal is a rugged and sympathetic portrayal, sung with great power and beauty of voice. Robert Blass, also an old friend, was the King Mark, with due impressiveness and dignity, and singing acceptably.

The performance, as has been said, was in English; the second of the Wegnerian dramas so to be presented at the Metropolitan. No special translation was made for it, as was the case with "Parsifal" last season, for which Mr. Krehbiel made his admirable version. An old translation by H. and F. Corder was used, revised and improved by Sigmund Spaeth and Miss Cecil Cowdrey. The revisions and improvements are not incorporated in the printed libretto. Those who could do so had to note them from the mouths of the singers. It may be feared that few could. The Corder translations is full of ineptitudes and absurdities. But it might have been sung with all of them untouched, and few listeners would have been the wiser.

"Opera in English" at the Metropolitan, at any rate, has rarely been less intelligible than it was yesterday afternoon. A few phrases, a few words were carried over the orchestra, especially when the singers were highly supported by the orchestra; but they were few and far between. Much might be said as to translating "Tristan and Isolda," and as to what Mr. Spaeth and Miss Cowdrey have really done, also as to singing it in English; but not now.

"There was also a new scenic setting for the ne wproduction of "Tristan," made by Joseph Urban. It is not, on the whole, one of Mr. Urban's most successful ones. The ship in the first act differs little from the numerous other ships that have been seen in this drama, except as to certain ornamental details of carving and rampant lions or dragons on the hangings. "Isolde's Chamber," that appears in the second act, is a very substantial castellated structure, the prescribed garden scarcely more than suggested, the "high trees" only outlined along the proscenium arch. Some of the other conceptions of this scene

were more poetic. In the last the castle in Karcol, the tree, the outlook on the sea fulfill at least Wagner's specifications.

"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Italy's twin opera thrillers, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," packed the Metropolitan to capacity last night, a newcomer in the prologue to Leoncavallo's mimic tragedy being Giuseppe Danise, whose incisive dramatic delivery won roars of approval. Miss Easton, Messrs. Kingston, Laurenti and Paltrinieri returned to familiar roles, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted, as he also did in Mascagni's work, sung by Mmes. Destinn, Perini, Berat, Messrs. Harrold and Millo Picco, the last named appearing in place of Mr. Chalmers.

But English Is Poor in 'Isolde'

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

There went a gust of art wind through the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon which shook the rafters of expediency and convention and drove a host of bats and night birds tumbling and fluttering into the outer air. After an interregnum of three seasons Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was performed. It was performed in English (ostensibly), which fact might have made the day one to be marked with a red letter in the future calendar of the establishment if all or even one-half of the anticipations which it held out had been realized. There are several red letter days associated with the great lyric drama—let us speak out our conviction: the greatest of all lyric dramas—as it has been presented at the Metropolitan establishment. One was the first American production of the work on December 1, 1886, when all the performances at the theater, though not the entire repertory, were German. A second was the first performance in the Grau régime, when, through the influence and participation of Jean de Reszke, it was demonstrated to the public that Wagner's music might be sung so as to meet the claims of æsthetic beauty without harm to the dramatic ideal. This was in the season of 1895-'96. Within the intervening decade and afterward there were several notable incidents, such as the assumption of the part of Isolde by Mme. Ternina and Miss Fremstad, but those which deserved a red letter or a white stone were the two mentioned.

English Not Clearly Sung

If yesterday's production in the English language had been what it might have been its significance would have been greater than that of any of its predecessors, except the first. But it was not. In fact, the moments in it in which there was an opportunity to realize that the vernaeular was the language of the performance were so few and so detached that the subject involved becomes negligible, except as an element in the larger question as to whether or not operas ought to be presented in any other language than that in which they were originally written. That question has frequently been discussed in this journal and the arguments must not be repeated here; it is better to devote time and space to a few observations on the causes which brought about the failure in this respect of a representation which in many other particulars was of noteworthy excellence. Preliminary to these observations let it be set down as an axiom that no intelligent person is likely to reject that for an audience to which the English is a native tongue an unintelligible English performance is immeasurably worse than a performance in any of the other languages in use at our lyric theater. It is worse because it is unintellibigle to all those who listen to it, not only to those to whom French, German or Italian is an unknown tongue.

Whitehill Is Understood

We should feel obliged to speak in less sweeping terms out of consideration for the efforts of two or three artists who managed to make some of their words understood—Mr. Whitehill, for instance, and Mr. Sembach—if there had been enough of understandable speech to present even an outline of the poet-composer's thoughts in their significant continuity. Nobody expects to understand every word in an opera. On the contrary, there are many educated people of taste who think it sufficient if they understand enough of them to get what might be called the general run of the argument. For the rest, especially in the highly emotionalized moments of the play, they are content to depend upon the more eloquent expression of the music. No lyric drama, perhaps, makes this easier than "Tristan und Isolde," with its tremendous musical utterance of the universal passion. It is possible to be blithely or even purposely indifferent to what the typical lovers of all times say to each other in the love duet of the first act. Even in reading the text from the printed page with its turgid mixture of pessimistic philosophy, one feels like saying with Swinburne's Yseult:

"I have heard men sing of love a simpler way,
Than these wrought riddles made of night and day";

but there is not a line in the first act or the third which ought not to be brought to the cognizance of a hearer who wants to get at the hot, throbbing heart of Wagner's drama. And there is not a line which in the original tongue, or in an adequate translation, might not be brought to the ears and comprehension of every devoted listener if it received honor due from translator, singer and conductor.

Paraphrase Is Faulty

Yesterday's audience was wholly at sea in respect of this. Shall we attempt fully to apportion the blame? It would be a thankless task. We shall do it only in part. The English version used was that of H. and F. Corder, the first and worst ever made of Wagner's dramatic poem. It was touched up in spots, either to make it better adapted to singing by Mr. Sigmund Spaeth and Miss Cecil Cowdrey. But the revision offered no help, because not one line of the poem in fifty was intelligibly uttered; and if it had been possible to follow the performance with the book of words in hand, there were none of the amendments in the brochure sold to the audience. That contained only the old, platitudinous and faulty paraphrase of the Corders, full of lines without meaning, Teutonic forms of expression and verbal makeshifts.

To three of the singers—Miss Jeanne Gordon (Brangaene), Mr. Robert Blass (King Mack), Mr. Clarence Whitehill (Kurwenal)—the English tongue is native; to the others—Mme. Matzenauer (Isolde), Johann Sembach (Tristan), Robert Leonhardt (Melot), Octave Dua (a shepherd) and Angelo Bada (a steersman), the tongue was foreign. Mr. Whitehill loomed up in this company, not only because of his singing, but also by reason of his finely conceived and finely wrought dramatic impersonation. When he failed to make himself understood the fault was that of the book or the frequently tempestuous proclamations of the orchestra. The latter also overwhelmed even the gorgeous voice of Mme. Matzenauer, which was never before poured out with such lavish bounty or such opulent loveliness as on this occasion. Let us dispose briefly of this obstacle to the verbal part of the drama now. Mr. Bodanzky, like many of his predecessors in the director's chair, cannot, it would seem, be persuaded that the instrumental element of Wagner's score is its be-all and end-all. It is difficult, we admit, that any conductor, with such an eloquent agent at his command, and with a score through which passion pours like an overwhelming stream of molten lava, should think of subordinating it in the moments of supreme climax to the voices of the singing-actors. But Wagner, who must have felt the urge of his music more keenly, vitally, compellingly, than any reproducing artist can feel it, yet insisted that in its most tumultuous moments it was only an accompaniment to vocal song.

Passionate expression is not conditioned upon volume of tone; sonority and emotional intensity do not necessarily imply loudness or noise. Isolde selects the love philtre from the box of potions to the soft song of a solo violin; Tristan's heartstrings snap in twain to the pianissimo chord of a harp. Are these not dramatic climaxes? Mr. Bodanzky did things of wondrous potency and beauty with his band yesterday, lifting his hearers to mountain heights of feeling and plunging them into awful depths, but he was never more eloquent than when he subdued the instrumental voices so that the song of the singers might be heard, and occasionally understood. The same intensity of emotional utterance might have been attained had he set the pegs of his orchestra a degree or two down in the dynamic scale. We say this in the full glow of appreciation of his fine interpretation of the score. It was often transporting. But his fortissimo climaxes frequently shattered the equally if not more important climaxes of the singers.

Revels in Opulent Voice

Mme. Matzenauer suffered from this as much as Mr. Sembach; but the latter was more distinct in his enunciation than his companion because of his careful—at times it seemed too careful—singing. Mme. Matzenauer reveled in the gorgeous opulence of her royal purple voice. Such a magnificence and splendor of vocal tone as she poured out we cannot recall ever to have heard before. The part is not new to her; she sang it in Boston a few years ago and also in Paris. To incorporate it in her repertory was a natural, a pardonable, perhaps a praiseworthy ambition. Contraltos have little to do in the works of latter day composers, and that little is not all to the tasto of a big-brained singer to whom her art is more than lascivious pleasing. Her achievement yesterday justifies her desire. It was almost bewildering from a musical, a dramatic and purely vocal point of view. But her persistent use of the device of darkly coloring all vowel sounds was harmful to her enunciation of the text. By covering her high tones she also covered the words. A similar fault could not be attributed to Miss Gordon, whose enactment of the part of Isolde's serving-maid in its musical sufficiency and its histrionic skill was one of the surprises of the representation. Naturally her voice suffered in effect from being brought into contrast with that of Mme. Matzenauer. The relation of soprano and contralto voices was reversed. The companion of the princess was reduced to undeserved servitude.

We can particularize no further; there will be time for that in the days to come, for Wagner's work was received with such gladsome and obviously genuine enthusiasm that it must hold its own with the most popular works in the repertory which Mr. Gatti has prepared for this season. There must be comment, too, on the new scenic outfit of the opera; for when Mr. Urban sets himself a large task be accomplishes a noteworthy thing; and this he has done in the mounting of "Tristan und Isolde," whether or not it is the correct thing may be reserved for discussion at another time.

Nov 22 1920

By H. E. Krehbiel

At four of the seven concerts which were offered to the local public yesterday large orchestras took part—the bands, namely, of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies, National Symphony Orchestra and Metropolitan Opera Company. It being an off-day in the Aeolian Hall Sunday series, the orchestra of the Symphony Society was transported to the Lexington Theater, where it gave a concert under the direction of René Pollain, one of Mr. Damrosch's assistants, which had for its special attraction the B-flt apianoforte concerto by Tschaikoffsky, with the solo part played by Erwin Nyredghazi.

Before that work came Beethoven's C minor symphony, which is doomed to be played so often this season because of the 150th anniversary of its composer's birth that its serious admirers are likely to wish to have it laid away for a long space after the celebrations are over. After the concerto came the first of Bizet's two "L'Arlesienne" suites, and the overture to Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys."

Concert at the Metropolitan

The consensus of critical opinion expressed after his recitals has denied the right of the youthful Hungarian to a place among virtuosos of the first rank. There remained, however, some curiosity to observe how he would comport himself in the premier of a concerto and it was gratified yesterday.

Of distinction there was scarcely a modicum in his performance of Tschaikoffsky's work. The music lends itself to external glitter more than to depth of emotional expression, but there have been few pianists who have played it within the last few years who did not throw out a bigger and brighter tonal coruscation than this young man, from whom, to judge by what is told of his childhood, we were justified in expecting things far above the ordinary.

Can it be that his genius has withered in the bud? If so, he is one of a company so numerous that it may be said to have fixed the rule. Musical genius has often disclosed itself like

"A love that took an early root
And had an early doom."

Wise are the parents who know how to nourish it. But it is much to be hoped that this young man has not reached the end of his tether. There is so large a deposit of acquisition and achievement in him as to justify expectation of a fine future.

The first of the Sunday Night Popular Concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House was after the popular heart. The people who go to these concerts, as a rule (and there were occasions when they were multitudinous), are of the class whose musical enjoyment is summed up in listening to and looking at opera singers. Instrumental music interests them very little, if at all.

Many Singers Appear

The larger the number of singers who take part in a concert, therefore, the greater its attractiveness and their enjoyment. Last night ten of Mr. Gatti's singers, and they were not the least consequential in his roster, were booked to appear, and in addition to airs enough to furnish forth any ordinary affair there were duets, trios and quartets.

The singers were Mabel Garrison, Jeanne Gordon, Rosa Ponselle, Marie Sundelius, Marie Tiffany, Rafaelo Diaz, Orville Harrold, Morgan Kingston, Giuseppe de Luca and José Mardones. All the music was from operas by Verdi and Puccini, the older master contributing the lion's share.

Quite naturally, the audience, which crowded the gigantic room, had what the late Senator Conkling, in an argument in a local courtroom, called a "halcyon and vociferous time."

The only fly in the ointment was the rule prohibiting repetitions or additions to the program—"encores," as they are called in the slang of the concert room. Had the bearers had their will, there would have been half a dozen if not a full dozen of these "agains."

There were only three purely orchestral numbers on the program—two overtures, by Verdi, and the prelude to the third act of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." One of the overtures was that to "The Sicilian Vespers," the other to "La Bataglia di Legnano," an opera of Verdi's early period (composed in 1849, two years before "Rigoletto").

There is a suggestion of martial and revoluntary music in the title, and the story deals with incidents associated with the battle in which the Lombard League defeated the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the struggle between imperialism, papacy and republicanism, which filled much of Roman history in the twelfth century.

Well, music of combat is in the overture, for it begins and ends with a march melody, first in the brass and finally in the entire band. In the middle (it is an overture of the potpourri kind) there are gentle little tunes, hard for the present generation to recognize as characteristically Verdiesque, played by the word-winds, with string pizzicati and such like tidbits of orchestration.

Decidedly ingenuous music, all of it, and, from a martial point of view, music for tin soldiers. The Verdi of 1849 does not sound to us "like a musician with a helmet" as he did to Rossini. His head covering is papier-mache at the best. Mr. Bamboschek conducted the concert.

Music

DE GOGORZA'S RECITAL.

Emilio de Gogorza, one of the most distinguished recital singers in this country, is heard in New York rarely more than once in a season. This capricious but generally lymphogenous climate is a deadly foe to his vocal estate, and he usually sings here in a depreciated condition. Yesterday, in the course of his annual recital in Aeolian Hall, he was obliged to inform the insatiate encore demanders that he was just recovering from a bad cold, and his voice proved it.

But Mr. de Gogorza's consummate art triumphed over his difficulties. He sang, as he always does, like amaster. His delightful programme was varied in styles, moods and national characteristics, all embodied by the singer with unerring skill and with a warmth of imagination and feeling which few artists possess. The group of Basque songs, with which the entertainment began, afforded the most uncommon national traits, but the Spanish songs later in the programme afforded quite as much pleasure.

Mr. de Gogorza sang the Basque songs in the original language. Some Russian songs were presented in English, and there was a group of three English songs at the end, one by Cyril Scott and two by Sidney Homer. The delivery of the latter's "Fiddler of Dooney" was a brilliant exhibition of lightness of style and perfect enunciation. But in all his songs and every language the barytone made the text clear and at the same time to sound well.

The listener hardly knows what to admire most in one of this artist's recitals. Everything is exquisitely combined in a well balanced ensemble—voice, tonal variety, technic, musical instinct and understanding, strong dramatic feeling and knowledge of how to communicate it, and never failing taste. The applause of the large audience was of the kind that cannot be mistaken. It signified real enthusiasm, and was commensurate with the extraordinary merit of the concert.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

At the first of the Philharmonic Orchestra's Sunday concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday Mr. Stransky again held the baton after giving it over for the society's two concerts last week to the organization's new associate conductor, Henry Hadley. The "all seats sold" placard hung in the lobby.

An all Wagner programme was given. Save one number, it consisted of excerpts from the master's music dramas. The numbers were the overtures to "Rienzi" and "The Flyin Dutchman," the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla from "Rheingold," the Sounds of the Forest from "Siegfried," the "Tannhauser Bacchanale, the "Siegfried Idyll," the prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," and the Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie."

Ida Keller, an attractive young soprano, was heard in recital yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre in a program of Italian, French and English songs, which demonstrated the theory of her teacher, Walter Robinson, that any person with normal vocal organs, who can speak, can be taught to sing.

In Miss Keller's first group of songs, "Cade la sera," by Mililotti, she displayed a nice intonation and fine legato, while "The Bell-man," by Cecil Forsyth, brought out a plaintive note which is most appealing. Other composers represented on her program were Monteverde, Pergolesi, Weber, Rachmaninoff, Rubenstein, Henry Hadley and Hageman.

By Richard Aldrich

Emilio de Gogorza's Recital.

Such singing as Emilio de Gogorza gave at his recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was not only a great and keenly felt enjoyment to the discriminating listeners, with whom the hall was well filled. It was also a salutary lesson for any who would accept it as such, an inspiration in its showing of what finished art, a comprehensive understanding of style, fine technical acquirements and understanding persistence in the pursuit of high artistic ideals can accomplish. There is unfortunately only too much opportunity to compare it with what a lack of these qualities produces. Such a lesson and such an inspiration are needed in this day and generation.

Mr. de Gogorza's recital was an unceasing delight from the beginning to the end, not only on account of the interest and variety of the songs on his program, but as well on account of the beauty, the perfection of his performance. When the recital was about three-quarters finished, Mr. de Gogorza excused himself from giving an encore that the audience was asking for, saying that he was just recovering from a severe cold. There was very little or no trace of it in his singing; there was scarcely a cloud upon his tones; and the consummate skill of his vocalism was enough to get the better of any disorder in the state of his vocal organs.

Mr. de Gogorza always recurs with affection to the songs of Spain, folk-songs and those of artistic creation, and there were several of both kinds on his program. He began with six Basque folk-songs, five of which were sung in the Basque language, songs of idiomatic quality, flavored from the soil. They were of contrasting character; and there was no more delightful feature of Mr. de Gogorza's singing than his complete identification of each song, its spirit and significance.

He was on very different ground in two of César Franck's songs, "La Procession" and the "Mariage des Roses," into the first of which, especially, he put a profound impressiveness. Paladilhe's song, "Suzanne," is not unknown to this public; and it is perhaps not a very valuable piece of music in itself, but it almost seemed so from the extraordinary point and expressiveness, the delicate shades of declamation with which it was delivered, as if it were a little drama in itself. To this he added Debussy's song "Voici que le Printemps," in a beautiful mezzo voice, in which he quite recaptured the poetic suggestion of the song.

There was noble eloquence and pathos in his delivery of "The Wounded Birch," by Gretchaninoff; an amusing ironic touch, an uncomfortable realism, in Moussorgsky's "The Goat" and something of the harsh note of bitterness in Koeneman's "When the King Went Forth to War," also a Russian song. Appropriately Mr. de Gogorza added Rachmaninoff's poetically felt "Silent Night."

There were more Spanish songs, comprising F. M. Alvarez's powerful "Canto del Presidario," filled with a sense of horror; a brilliantly amusing folk-song of Murcia, "El Lano," and the singularly beautiful "En la Huerta de Murcia, a folk-song with a gleaming touch of orientalism suggested by the recurrent little melisma, and then a Spanish song as an encore.

The program closed with Cyril Scott's "Song of the Night" and Sidney Homer's "Requiem, nobly sung, and "The Fiddler of Dooney," to which Mr. de Gogorza's versatility extended, with a plausibly Celtic note. And then to the listeners lingering after the close of the program he added a song by Cyril Scott and a couple more Spanish songs.

The unpeccable vocal production, the skillful use of diverse tonal qualities and colors, the beauty of phrasing and the finished enunciation that marked Mr. de Gogorza's singing were a delight to his listeners. They and the intensely musical quality of his singing are such as only a great artist, a great master, can offer.

Jan Kubelik and the National Symphony Orchestra under Artur Bodanzky appeared at the Hippodrome last night in aid of the building fund of St Jean Baptiste Church, the box sale alone netting $10,000, it was said. Kubelik played Mendelssohn's concerto and pieces by Paganini. Bodanzky added Wagner's overtures to "Rienzi" and "Master Singers" and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

Claudia Muzio sang airs from "Aida," "Trovatore" and "Pagliacci" at a Hippodrome matinee benefit for Beth David Hospital. Moisaye Boguslawski was heard in piano groups from Chopin and Liszt, while the Letz Quartet opened with a recent work by Fritz Kreisler and closed with a new "Folk Dance" dedicated to the players by Alfred Pochon of the Flonzaleys.

Joseph Winogradoff, a Russian baritone, made his second appearance last evening at the Lexington, singing airs in Italian from "Rigoletto," in Yiddish from one of Rubinstein's biblical operas, and his own arrangements of Russian folk songs. Assisting in Saint-Saens's 'cello concerto was Bernard Nadelle.

Cyril Scott's Recital

At Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon Cyril Scott, England's most celebrated musical impressionist, gave his first New York recital, playing a programme of his own compositions for piano and voice with the cooperation of Eva Gauthier as interpreter of his songs. He had played his pianoforte concerto with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall a few days earlier, but this recital afforded better opportunity for appraisal of his achievement as a composer. Mr. Scott has been widely characterized as Debussy's English double. This generalization is too easy to be either fair or completely true. He has something original to say in music and he says it in a distinctly individualistic way. He uses some of the essential materials and devices first employed by Debussy to convey a mood or an impression, but uses them with a subtle difference and gives them the stamp of his own personality.

His programme comprised twelve piano pieces (to which he was compelled to add three extras), ten songs to piano acccompaniment, and an "Idyllic Fantasy" for voice, Oboe and 'cello, which was given with the artistic help of P. Mattieu and Bernard Altschuler, who played their instruments off-stage. Mme. Gauthier, before beginning her first group of songs, asked her hearers' indulgence because her voice was impaired by a painful attack of tonsillitis; yet despite this handicap she succeeded in interpreting the spirit of the songs with a delicately finished art, and in giving moments of keen pleasure in some of them, notably in those entitled "The Pilgrim Cranes," "The Song of Arcady," "Sands of Dee," "Lullaby," and "An Old Song Ended." The piano solos included an impressively sonorous "Ballad," the familiar "Lotos Land" (as charmingly exotic, novel, strange, and unexpected as a poem of the Far East by Kipling), an almost equally captivating "Caprice Chinois," two "Pastorals," a scintillating "Passacaglia," a clever bit of tonal legerdemain called "Bells," an "Ode Heroique." "In the Forest" (from Vistas), containing some ravishingly beautiful harmonic effects, and several others.

There was no heaven-storming portentousness in any of this music, but rather the whole programme was of a pleasantly intimate quality, and the short piano pieces and songs showed a command of diversity and variety in delicate and fastidious workmanship, glints of rare tonal beauty, novel harmonic effects, and considerable skill in evoking the mood or conveying the impression intended. As compared with some of the ultra-modern piano music recently performed in local concert rooms, Cyril Scott's pieces are lucidity itself.

A large and distinguished audience, including many well-known musicians, found the recital so enjoyable that it rewarded composer-pianist, and singer with lavish applause, and after the end of the programme remained to demand more of Mr. Scott's music.

G. W. H.

Cyril Scott Gives

With Miss Eva Gauthier as interpreter of his songs, the English composer Cyril Scott gave a recital of his works for piano and voice yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. At the beginning of the afternoon Miss Gauthier told the audience that she was suffering from tonsillitis and asked indulgence for her singing. But no apology was needed, so skilfully did she conceal her ailment, and only gratitude could be felt for the art and sustained beauty of her performance.

The most grateful person in the hall of course, should have been the composer himself, for while his songs were more interesting, more endurable than his piano pieces, it would be difficult to imagine their successful presentation by a less accomplished singer, with the possible exception of the charming "Lullaby," which has been sung here before.

The first group of Songs, "The Pilgrim Cranes," "Rain," "Tranquillity," a song without words; "The Song of Arcady," contained little that was edifying or enjoyable, and Mr. Scott failed utterly in realizing the magnificent oportunities contained in the test of "The Sands of Dee." The second group included "Lullaby," with its delightful accompaniment. It also included "An Old Song Ended," which contained much of beauty, and "The Little Bells of Sevilla," which was both ingenious and effective. As a separate number Miss Gauthier sang an "Idyllic Fantasy" for voice, oboe and 'cello, the instruments, played by Mr. Matthieu and Mr. Altschuler, remaining in the privacy of the artist's room while the singer alone occupied the stage. The Fantasy was far from idyllic.

The piano pieces faintly suggested what has been said before but with greater arrogance by modern Frenchmen. The first number, "Ballad," might have been called Theme and Variations. Of course, the variations were exercises in dissonance. In "Pastoral No. 2" there was an obvious attempt to recreate the atmosphere of "L'Apres Midi d'un Faun." Mr. Scott's "Rainbow Trout" suggested pale imitations of Debussy's goldfish. There were two notable exceptions to the general sterile character of the piano pieces, "Lotus Land," a genuine bit of inspiration in which there is a marked Oriental flavor, and the exciting "Danse Negre," effectively played by the composer.

It is said that in his book on modernism Mr. Scott maintains that genius only can be appreciated by itself. Perhaps this explains his attitude of Olympian indifference to the audience.

Spalding Recital

Albert Spalding, greatest of American violinists, was at his best in his recital Saturday afternoon in his playing of two movements of the Bach G minor concerto, unaccompanied, and the great applause was completely justified. Almost equally good was his playing in the Enesco Sonata No. 2, his skill in the somewhat difficult passages being most marked. Taken all in all, the recital was delightful.

NW 28.9.20

"Tosca."

The performance of Puccini's opera of "Tosca," given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, the first one of the season, occasioned the first appearance of Puccini's name on the opera bills—and that, too, in the second week. It was chiefly notable for its introduction of one of the new members of the company, Mario Chamlee, who appeared as Mario Cavaradossi. It is a considerable undertaking for a newcomer to step thus into the shoes of some of the most prominent and popular members of the company in an opera so highly esteemed by the public and to make so favorable an impression as Mr. Chamlee made. He disclosed a tenor voice of excellent quality, of unspoiled freshness, not without warth and color, vibrancy and power, and made intelligent use of it without some of the faults that make judicious listeners sometimes grieve. He sang spontaneously and normally.

For one thing, he has not yet got into the grip of the habit of shouting at the top of his lungs. Perhaps he may find that shouting is unnecessary, as a steady practice, on the stage of the Meropolitan, and that his effects will be more certainly made and in a more artistic manner, with a due modulation of the voice to the requirements of the situation and the best advantage of the phase. So it may be hoped.

Mr. Chamlee, though he has sung this part probably a good many times in the Scotti Opera Company, of which he was a member, showed no great skill as an actor, and a rather conventional idea of what the part demands in that respect. It may be hoped that Mr. Chamlee will find means of remedying this as his experience enlarges. He will, of course, have further opportunities before the end of April of showing what he can really do in the way of both song and dramatic action. In the meantime it is gratifying to note the favorable impression he made last evening and to record the rather unusual cordial applause that the audience gave his extended air in the first act.

And it is all the more gratifying thus to note and record in the case of a young American singer; for that is what Mr. Chamlee is; a Californian, with a training entirely American, and a name slightly reorchestrated for operatic use.

Whatever else there may be in "Tosca," there is when Mr. Scotti is the Scarpia, a highly distinguished impersonation, one of the finest to be witnessed at the Metropolitan. It was in the familiar vein last evening of elegance, finish, intensity and polished villainy. Mr. Scotti was in better voice than he was the other evening in "l'Elixir d'Amore"; added to which the music of "Tosca" is doubtless in certain ways less exacting than Donizetti's lyric phrases.

Mme. Farrar's Tosca was beautiful to look at, somewhat less beautiful to hear, much as it has been in recent seasons. The others who took part were those who have beeen in the cast before, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mme. Mero's Recital.

Mme. Yolanda Mero, who has long been known as one of the most brilliant and scintillating of pianists resident in New York, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall that interested a numerous audience. Mme. Mero covered a wide gamut of expression in her playing yesterday, and showed not only imposing power, fire and rapidity, but also a tone modulated to the extreme of softness and delicate sentiment.

Muscular power and clearness of articulation marked her playing of an arrangement—by whom the program did not state—of an organ concerto in D minor by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest and called the most talented son of a greater musician, Johann Sebastian Bach; a piece introduced by some sweeping chord passages that might have surprised the composer to hear as Mme. Mero played them.

The piece has a massiveness of outline suggestive of some of his father's work, but also more conventional phraseology than is often to be found in these works. Mme. Mero played Beethoven's poetic and reticent sonata op. 109, in E, in a vein that truly represented it, and with special beauty in the variations—beauty of tone and phrasing.

Shorter pieces by Weber (the brilliant rondo in E flat), Brahms, Grieg, Debussy and Agghazy, and a group by Liszt completed the program. The rondo had a fleet brilliancy that well became it, and Brahms's intermezzo was given with a sincere and tender feeling.

Birgit Engell, Soprano, Makes Debut

Birgit Engell, a Danish soprano, girlishly demure and dowered with a voice of creamy top notes yet unspoiled, made a successful first appearance at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by C. V. Bos. She proved her skill in two lyrics each of Brahms and Strauss, and from Northern composers, Ekki Melartin's "The Christ Child's Slumber Song" and Sibelius's "The Malden from Her Love Tryst." There was charm also in well-chosen American songs, Dagmar Rybner's "Pastoral," which was repeated; Watts's playlet "Pierrot" and Densmore's "Spring Fancy," of thrilling bird-notes, which earned Grieg's "Solveig's Song" for brilliant encore.

Czechoslovak Violinist Makes His American Debut in Carnegie Hall.

Before an audience of much social brilliance assembled under the auspices of the Camp Fire Girls, and in a program that still left to future hearing his claim to highest qualities of musicianship, Vasa Prihoda made his American debut as violinist last evening at Carnegie Hall. His name in Czechoslovak is more nearly Przihoda, beginning with a "sneeze," and he was born twenty years ago at Vodnany, in the thne Austrian province of Bohemia. For him, snice the war, Italian enthusiasts had taken a violin of Paganini's from its vault, and he also was said to have stirred the soul of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Prihoda played last evening Tartini's "Devil's Trill," Paganini's D major concerto, with cadenza by Sauret; a version of Schubert's "Ave Maria," by Marak, his teahcer in Prague; Krelsler's "Caprice Viennois," a mazurka by Dvorak and variations by Paganini on an air from Paisiello's "Molinara." It was all fiddlers' music or flappers' delights, from purely technical to merely ear-tickling.

Boyish of figure, but with manly dignity, Prihoda gave a good account of himself so far as this music allowed. He has taste, even elegance, an undoubted virtuosity of the left hand, a more moderate tone-power of the right, or bow arm, and he won his house without exhausting the fiddler's bag of tricks or the true artist's repertory of the violin.

Czechoslovak flags marked a box occupied by Prihoda's official countrymen here; others, not official, appeared in national dress in the aisles, along with Camp Fire Girls in outing costume, while little Christmas trees and mimic campfires flanked the stage. Mrs. Frank Vanderlip gave a box party for wounded soldiers from Fox Hills, as did Ogden Mills for blind girls from the Lighthouse while two more boxes were filled by permanently disabled army men as guests of the Carry-On Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch Play.

Alexander Bloch and Mrs. Bloch, whose artistic sonata recitals for some years have been marked by sincerity and mutual understanding, and who now find no competitors in that field in New York's most crowded season, gave the first of two recitals before a musical audience last evening at Aeolian Hall. They were heard in classic works of Bach in E minor, of Beethoven in G major, Op. 96, and the less formal sonata in E flat of Richard Strauss; works widely varying in style, and as variously creditable to these sympathetic interpreters, who were heartily applauded.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—"Tosca," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(In Italian.)

The Cast.

Floria Tosca	Geraldine Farrar
Mario Cavaradossi	Mario Chamlee (debut)
Baron Scarpia	Antonio Scotti
Cesare Angelotti	Paolo Ananian
The Sacristan	Pompilio Malatesta
Spoletta	Angelo Bada
Sciarrone	Louis D'Angelo
A Jailer	Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Shepherd	Cecil Arden
Conductor	Roberto Moranzoni

Puccini did not contribute to the first week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, but he had the distinction of beginnning the second with the performance of "Tosca" last evening. The repetition of the papular work acquired some slight additional interest from the debut of Mario Chamlee, an American tenor of Italian parentage, brought hither from the Pacific coast. Mr. Chamlee's appearance as *Cavaradossi* served to disclose the fact that Mr. Gatti-Casazza has added to his forces a young tenor who has a pleasing voice and an unaffected manner of singing.

Nothing in his impersonation aroused expectations of great achievements, but this young man sings normally, his voice is fresh and his style has certain lyric qualities of merit. A good stage appearance and a manly demeanor were among his assets.

His associates were old friends in their parts. Miss Geraldine Farrar as *Tosca* wore some new clothes and the familiar art. Her voice defied the weather and her singing gave pleasure, especially when she made love to the audience instead of *Cavaradossi*, as she

did in the first act. Mr. Scotti was the same sinister and forceful *Scarpia* that he has always been, but he was not in good voice and no small part of his singing was done by sheer force and vallant resolution.

The orchestra was frequently too vigorous. Possibly the union musicians wish to give good measure for their increased pay, but most operagoers would be grateful to them for opportunities to hear the voices more frequently. Mr. Mranzoni, who conducted last night, may have incited the musicians to violenco, but he appeared to be trying to calm them.

Danish Soprano

By MAX SMITH.

AFTER a postponement, due to her belater arrival, of the date originally set apart for her American debut, Birgit Engell, Danish soprano, with Coenraad V. Bos to assist her at the piano, gave her first recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a large and responsive audience.

Her well-chosen programme embraced not only selections of Italian, French, Scandinavian and American origin, all given with the original texts, but also a group of lieder by Brahms and Strauss sung in German.

It had been Mme. Engell's intention before she reached this country to employ translated versions of the German poems, but because of a modified public opinion she was advised to present all of her songs in the idiom of the composer. Nor was there anything in the demeanor of her listeners yesterday to suggest that this gave offense. On the contrary, Brahm's "Sandmaennchen" evoked an unusual amount of applause and Strauss's familiar "Staendchen"—one of her most delightful contributions—was redemanded.

Mme. Engell is simple in her demeanor, sincere, sympathetic and absolutely without theatrical mannerisms, despite her experience on the operatic stage.

Her voice is a lyric soprano of brightly resonant character, rather full and vibrant in the medium, but inclined to be somewhat hard in the upper register. It is not a voice of much sensuous beauty. Yet it is a voice of agreeable quality, vitalized by intelligence, artistic sensibility and warmth of feeling.

While some of her songs asked, perhaps, for a more impassioned utterance than she had at her command, her interpretations disclosed a considerable range of expression. They were always in good taste, always significant, always in keeping with the poetic background.

Vasa Prihoda in Debut

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

An old German conception of a region of bliss, preserved in a popular saying, is that there the skies hang full of fiddles—"Der Himmel hängt voll Geigen!" New York is such a Land of Cockaigne just now, the only rift in the lute, or fly in the ointment, being that not all of the music which comes from the fiddles is productive of pure joy.

The most of it, indeed, if it brings a feeling of pleasure at all, brings what Gilbert calls modified rapture only.

It is no longer possible to be carried away by facts of technique, because such feats are become so common that they are accepted as a matter of course; they do not dazzle or bewilder, they fail even to evoke surprise.

Vasa Prihoda Heard

It is only when technical proficiency is allied with qualities which tell of genuinely artistic instincts, when it becomes a means and not an end, that it comes into its rights as an admirable thing.

The latest violinist to be publicly heard here is Vasa Prihoda, who gave a concert in Carnegie Hall last night. He was announced as a Czecho-Slovakian, but whether he is a Bohemian, a Slovene or a Croatian was not mentioned, and it does not matter further than to explain the rather unusual character of the audience that gathered to hear him.

It was evident that an appeal had gone out to a different element in the city's population from that usually relied on to fill our concert rooms when an unknown artist makes his début. The newcomer has mastered the mechanical elements of violin playing in at least as thorough a manner as any of the artists who have preceded him this season.

In a much higher degree than the large majority of them he has learned to put that proficiency in the service of musical taste and elegance.

No Largeness of Caliber

It is plain that he likes to astound his hearers and that he is convinced that he does, but he shows such propensity more in an irrelevant flourish of his bow at the end of a section or composition than in his playing. It is a virtuoso's gesture and militates against him more than against his performance.

Largeness of caliber is not to be found either in his tone or his style, but the former is marvellously clear and beautiful and the latter continent. A singular sense of intimacy pervaded his performance of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, an intimacy which would, we think, be found extremely ingratiating in a smaller auditorium than Carnegie Hall. The same quality marked his performance of Paganini's Concerto in D, where we would willingly have sacrificed some of it for a greater breadth of manner as well as tone, but in this work there was impeccable clarity of execution, which cannot be said of his double trills in the Tartini sonata. In these he was disappointing, particularly on their first appearance.

Grace, ease, taste and elegance make the charm of his playing, for that it is charming can scarcely be gainsaid. Perhaps more heart-warming music than that which he played last night will disclose higher qualities.

By Richard Aldrich

The Flonzaley Quartet.

The Flonzaley Quartet reappeared in Aeolian Hall last evening for the first concert of its New York season, after bringing home some green laurels from an European tour. They brought also other baggage, including a "Concertino in one movement," by Igor Stravinsky, composed for the Flonzaley Quartet. This they played last evening "for the first time in any country," as the program announced. There was a large audience that filled the hall and heard also a quartet by Mozart in G, and Schumann's quartet in A.

There may conceivably be something of embarrassment in being such a famous string quartet as to have a "concertino" composed for you by Igor Stravinsky. You then have to play it, in some country, whether it seems to be the kind of thing to be played, or not. The Flonzaley Quartet, greatly daring, played in New York the three-string quartets by Stravinsky, with pieces of program music, whose singular merit was that each one lasted hardly longer than one minute. But there is always longer in such courage. The concertino lasts a good deal longer than a minute.

It lacks, also, the pictorial suggestiveness of the three earlier pieces. It is not programmatic, but "pure music"; and Stravinsky, whose ballet of "Petrouchka" is one of the most fascinating products of the most modern school, has apparently little or nothing to sing when he is not illustrating in music something that goes on before his listeners' eyes ;or when he undertakes "pure music." It seemed also last evening that in this "concertino"—a new use of an old name applied simply to a single string quartet movement—he had moved on, backward or forward, from his "Petrouchka" standpoint, and he had less than could by any stretch of the imagination be considered of musical quality.

There is a possibility in orchestral work of mollifying or ameliorating, to some degree, by combinations and contracts of color, the sourest discord; but the string quartet is uncompromising; and the consummate ugliness and thin emptiness of this piece was left extremely bare. In it Stravinsky seems to have little or nothing to say; and this, after all, is the most depressing feature of it.

The Flonzalez players had evidently done their utmost for this unattractive godchild of their, and played it with zeal and devotion, and with more seriousness than the audience showed in listening. At the end there was applause, some of it polite; and the players were several times called out. But when the applause seemed to become unduly persistent, whether from politeness or the enthusiasm of the most emancipated, there was not a little hissing, unusual in the tranquil atmosphere of chamber music.

The playing of the quartet by Mozart and Schumann had the suavity, the beauty of blended tone, the perfection of ensemble that have so long delighted the audiences of the Flonzaley Quartet.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

At the concert of the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening the symphony was d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain." Efrem Zimbalist played Glazunoff's concerto for violin, which was followed by Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride." This program will be repeated this afternoon, and comment may be deferred till then.

Olga Steeb, Pianist, Gives Recital.

Olga Steeg, a pianist of oLs Angeles, where she has appeared with that city's symphony orchestra under Walter Rothwell, was heard in a matinee recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall, presenting Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue, Beethoven's osnatta Op. 53, a Chopin group and pieces by Liszt. Mana Zucca and Fannie Dillon. Miss Steeb's playin ghas clearness, seeking the sudden and bold rather than the subtler contrasts that should make for poetic charm, but none the less effective in her music's larger outlines, it high points of trills and scales.

By James Gibbons Huneker

FIRST FLONZALEY CONCERT.

At the first Flonzaley Quartet concert of the season at Aeolian last evening a harmonic bomb was exploded in the shape of a concertina by that cheerful pessimist, Igor Stravinsky, and when we say a bomb we really mean a prickly pear stuffed with picric acid. At the end of the brief, appalling composition something happened that was a startling novelty to the audience. Hisses were heard, hisses intermingled with handclapping. It was the new unmusic that was hissed, not the Flonzaleys. But there must have been persons present who enjoyed the dissonances, else why the persistent applause? It is said that the Quartet was rather overwhelmed at the first rehearsal. The composition is dedicated to them. Stravinsky is a man of notorious talent, so they did their best and the better they played the worse the noise sounded.

Arnold Schoenberg is easily outdone. That first scale, rather two scales so close together that they squeaked (a raised second?) set the listeners smiling and from smiles to hysterical laughter was an easy transition. Yet, with all its strangeness, this music was not funny. It was consummately made, full of intricate rhythms, cross-accents and shuddering semitones. There was a mood buried in the interior of the wailing and the hopping accompaniment. Once or twice diatonic progressions were like bits of blue sky seen through a subway car on fire and the passengers yelling blue murder. Or the mood evoked may have been that of an emergency ward in a woman's hospital. Such quaint screaming. Chinese, Japanese or Javanese! The Javanese gamelang can be made eloquent, so it is averred by travellers. We give up the conundrum. Perhaps the profoundest criticism, profound because human, was uttered by the colored Chasseur of the hall. "Its the first time I ever heard those gentlemen tune up on the stage."

Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Louis Bailly and Ivan d'Archambeau, the members of the famous organization, played with their old-time poise, exquisite finesse and deep musical feeling. The evening's programme began with Mozart's G major quartet (Koechel 387) and ended with the A major quartet of Schumann, Op. 41, No. 3; Stravinsky was sandwiched between these beautiful works and tasted like stale caviar dipped in train oil. In the first section of the Mozart first movement, the damp weather was responsible for some "froggy" tones, but in the repeat they had vanished; probably they had lurked in ambush for the coming of the Stravinsky nightmare. But the feelings of "those present" were mightily stirred by the exotic noises of the great Russian humorist.

Always the Flonzaley Quartet seems to wish to be like "stort Cortez when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific." And they equally desire that their auditors, like the men under Cortez, shall look "at each other with a wild surmise." They scour the circling earth in search of the newest things in quartet guise and often they return with strange game. At the first concert of the season last evening in Aeolian Hall they produced their latest acquisition, a "Concertino compose uour le quatuor du Flonzaley," by no less a personage than Igor Stravinsky, composer of "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petrouchka," and other morceaux.

The auditors heard it with varying emotions. Respectable old ladies, who had sat in beautiful silence while Mozart's G major quartet was performed, began to chatter like girls. Middle aged men chortled and snorted. Boys of tender years (the late twenties, perhaps) coughed and sneezed. Gentle maidens, trained up on the delicacies of Ravel and Debussy and not accustomed to the insanities of Leo Ornstein's insanities, uttered soft complaints.

The murmurings grew, like those described by Berlioz in his account of his performance of the Rakockcy march in Hungary, but from a different cause, till at a momentary pause after an excruciating climax in the composition, a ripple of only half restrained hysterical laughter swept through the hall and every one knew that Stravinsky had achieved another success.

The composition is a scherzo with a middle section of cantileno based on fractured chords of the diminished seventeenth. Of what scales the various melodic ideas were fashioned one can only guess, but suspicion arose that the composer had got them together by listening to a Boston east wind blowing through the harp of a Staten Island ferry boat minstrel. But Stravinsky is such a joker, and under the surface of this strange music ran a grim humor, something like that of "Petrouchka." And he proved that he did not need an orchestra to make his music sound. He can write for a string quartet. But why?

Schumann's A major quartet completed the programme. It sounded like children's music after the concertino.

CALIFORNIA PIANIST HEARD.

Miss Olga Steeb, a pianist of Los Angeles, who had been heard here on two previous occasions, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Her long number was Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata. Other pieces were Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue, a group of Chopin, examples of Fannie Dillon, and Mana Zucca and two compositions of Liszt.

Miss Steeb deepened the favorable impression she made at her local debut. She has a fluent technic, good rhythm and musical appreciation. She played with intelligence and taste, but not always with success in the department of tone. But a pianist who displays as much acquaintance with the true inwardness of her art and comprehension of the music before her is a welcome visitor.

AT his postponed recital, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Lawrence Leonard, British baritone, revealed more conspicuously the qualities he had disclosed at a Sunday matinee in the Century Theatre.

He ought to win special favor among those who are fond of ballad singing. His diction in English is good—far more distinct and intelligible than in French—and he has the equipment, sentimental and humorous, valuable in that domain of interpretative endeavor.

Mr. Leonard has a voice of ample range, rather nasal in its resonance and somewhat compressed at the top. A product of the same schooling, it would seem, as Louis Graveure, he shows a few of the same traits (he, too, favors the falsetto head-tone, if not so insistently) though he is not as finished a singer. Then again he reminds one occasionally of John McCormack. Indeed, he might be hailed by his admirers as the McCormack among baritones. But his suavity of utterance, aggravated by the scoop lachrymoso and the slide lamentoso, seems to lack spontaneity and sincerity.

In a programme that embraced four Russian songs, given in English, the Prologue to "Pagliacci," English selections by Roger Quilter and Ivor Novello, a group of French contributions and several works of American origin, Mr. Leonard had the assistance at the piano of Francis Moore.

By MAX SMITH.

TAKING up his symphonic responsibilities once more, after the trifling task of producing "Tristan and Isolda" in the English version for the benefit of the Metropolitan's subscribers, Arthur Bodanzky last night gave another concert with his National Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

The programme, to be repeated this afternoon, was not one that made inordinate demands on his powers. Nor was it a programme that piqued curiosity. Devoted exclusively to more or less familiar compositions of the post-Wagnerian era—French, Russian and Czech—it kept at a respectful distance from all futuristic tendencies, while delving no further into the past than the Overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," which brought the evening to a brilliant close.

Special interest was lent to the occasion, however, by the appearance as soloist of Efram Zimbalist. And, although the concerto of Glazounoff (opus 82), first introduced to us, as the records show, by Mr. Zimbalist, can hardly be considered a creation of great consequence, it broke rather refreshingly the monotony of listening to reiterated performances of Bruch, Mendelssohn et alii.

There is opportunity for display in the Glazounoff work, and the Russian violinist brought to bear all the resources of his art, without marring the characteristic ristinction of his style with virtuoso extravagances. Even Mr. Zimbalist, however, inclines towards the sadierine portamento, as was made evident in the slow movement. In nobly sustained cantilena, untainted by the whining slide, he and other pupils of Auer might well take a hint from Sascha Jacobsen.

Vincent D'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain," based on a prose poem by Roger de Pampelonne, wouldn't it be amusing, by the way, to hear this composition in conjunction with Richard Strauss's Alpine Symphony?) is virtually a tone-poem in three parts, entitled respectively "Aurore," "Jour" and "Soid." Pictorially effective, suggestive, atmospheric, it is nevertheless, like most of the learned Frenchman's music, clearly defined in its formal architectonieh scheme,

In music that asks for plastic exposition, clarity of thematic and rhythmical retail, Bodanzky is at his best. He was thoroughly at home in the D'Indy symphony and he gave a reading of the Smetana Overture that had in it the zest, the verve, the effervescence of a Gustav Mahler.

Naughty Stravinsky

Igor Stravinsky, the Russian futurist, like Rachmaninoff and Auer, and other distinguished Russians, left his country because Lenine and Trotzky made human brains as unprofitable as pigs' brains are to a butcher (though said brains rightly cooked are the best part of the animal). He has made his home at Morges in Switzerland, near Paderewski's château, and when last heard from was in Paris, to be applauded and hissed in concert halls. He is the composer of the delightful "Petrushka," which has become so popular at the Metropolitan Opera House, and of the charming "Fire Bird," as well as "Le Sacre de Printemps," which has not yet been staged here. As the composer of "Petrushka" he has been lauded to the skies in this column, because, while he indulges in hair-raising discords, he has method in his madness. There is usually a reason for his cacophonies, often a humorous reason, and, above all, he has something new and really musical to say, which differentiates him from most of the other futurists.

A few seasons ago the Flonzaley Quartet played three one-minute pieces by Stravinsky, which amused the audience so much that they had to be repeated. That was probably a new experience in this composer's life. He is evidently not "ungrateful," for last summer he wrote for the Flonzaley Quartet a so-called concertino, and this had its first hearing anywhere last night at Aeolian Hall at the season's first concert of the Flonzaleys. It revealed Stravinsky once more as a wag—the waggishest sort of a wag. Nothing has been said by him or by anybody else as to what his intentions were when he wrote this near-music—or, rather, far-music. But there can be little doubt that he intended it as a Mephistophelian parody on chamber music as a genre. With seeming owlish solemnity he sets each instrument in succession tasks which only such consummate musicians as the Flonzaleys could possibly perform, while the harmonic combinations are as agreeable to the ears as the tin-horn-cowbell-and-rattle symphonies played in our streets on election nights. The violins squeak, the viola wails, the 'cello grunts like two pigs, and then they all fall to tearing out each other's hair and spitting at each other like midnight cats. Richard Strauss's personal remarks about the New York critics and others in his "Heldenleben" are, in comparison with this concertino, like California orange-blossom honey.

Last night's audience, be it said to its credit, received the Stravinsky novelty as it was no doubt intended to be taken—as a rather broad, parodistic joke. Nearly everybody laughed and the players were repeatedly called out by noisy applause. Some of those present, however, hissed, which was foolish. If Stravinsky wants to be naughty, let's let him. From one point of view his latest joke is even a scholarly achievement. His is the first concertino true to the original meaning of the word, for the Latin *concetare* means to contend, dispute. Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly and D'Archambeau evidently had the time of their life contending and disputing and boxing each other's ears, musically (that is unmusically) speaking. Incidentally they also played quartets by Mozart and Schumann as only they of all the Quartets in the world can play them.

NOV 26 1921

Danish Soprano Heard In Thanksgiving Recital

Miss Florence Bodinoff, at Aeolian Hall, and Cuban Pianist, at Carnegie

The counter attractions of Thanksgiving Day were such as to discourage large attendance at the musical offerings of yesterday afternoon. A fair-sized audience, however, greeted the first appearance of Miss Florence Bodinoff, Danish soprano, who gave a recital of songs in French, English and Danish in Aeolian Hall. Miss Bodinoff made a pleasant impression, disclosing an agreeable voice and interpretive skill.

At the same time Miss Flora Mora, a young Cuban pianist, who was heard here last year, was playing to a small group of listeners in Carnegie Hall. Miss Mora showed power and dexterity, neither, however, temperately used. Her rapid passages were frequently blurred, her rhythms capricious. In no respect were her attainments equal to the Busoni arrangement of the Chaconne of Bach. She was more successful in the lesser numbers, which included two pieces by the late Enrique Granados, formerly her teacher.

NEW MUSICIANS HEARD.

Two recitals took place yesterday afternoon. Both were given by young newcomers here and attended by small audiences. Neither one of the two aspirants was quite prepared for public appearance. At Carnegie Hall Miss Flora Mora, announced as "the Cuban artist," played the piano in a manner calling for little praise. At Aeolian Hall Miss Florence Bodinoff sang airs by Lully and Salle with a voice naturally clear and resonant, but with little or no idea of style.

By James Gibbons Huneker

A CARMEN BY ZULAOGA.

Geraldine Farrar, in the last act of "Carmen" yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, seemed to have stepped from a canvas by Ignacio Zulaoga. She wore a black gown heavily spangled, and three scarlet notes like tiny trumpet blasts set off the sombre material; two were roses, one at girdle and the other in her hair, while a tan, blood red, sounded a hint of the forthcoming tragedy. Last season she was attired in this particular scene in white. She boasted three new costumes at this Thanksgiving matinee. The most bewitching one was sported in Act II. at the tavern—silver spindrift against turquoise blue. Phew! A lulu! Miss Farrar in thise scene was literally a "halfback," for she was stripped to the waist, showing plainly those famous shoulders to a record breaking audience that, dazzled by her dancing, cheered, forcing the poor, dear, tired girl to bob in and out of the double curtains and gather sheaths of flowers—a small garden full. It was a holiday crowd and out to praise everything.

Next in interest was Rosina Galli, who danced a Spanish love dance in Act IV. Miss Galli too felt the heated atmosphere of admiration, and with brother Bonfiglio she danced as only she can when in high spirits. She was also Spanish as to garbing, and in her justly celebrated teetotum she doubled her personality so that we had the satisfaction of seeing two Rosina Gallis—and one is quite enough to hold us in thrall. Talk about spooks! Was she applauded?

Farrar's Carmen has its well defined limitations, but within their scope her interpretation is clear, vivid, logical. She pitches the character in the key of realism. She is a charming termagant in the earlier episodes, and in pugilistic display she has no match on the boards. Yesterday she added injury to insult by kicking a prostrate enemy. Later she was slammed earthward by Martinelli, who was full of fight; but she took her punishment gamely. As for voice, she wore her usual Carmen voice. Don't look askance; she has a half-dozen different vocal equipments hanging in her dressing room. Her Zaza larynx is different from her Manon larynx or her Thais (pronounced "thigh's" when in Manhattan) As a matter of statistics, Farrar was in fresh voice and sang with sprightliness, passion, caprice, rancor, mockery and romance. Naturally, it was her day at home, and she made the most of it; a bewildering vision with shining teeth and luminous orbs.

The performance was excellent, though far from flawless. Unsteadiness of rhythms in several of the choruses and in the scherzo quintet was noticeable, and in the case of the quintet is was not altogether the fault of Conductor Wolff. Marie Sundelius was, as ever, a lovely Micaela, singing her supple, blonde tones. Stalwart Clarence Whitehill scored heavily in the Toreador's song. Martinelli's voice has seldom sounded so fresh and vibrant and his acting was more plastic than last season. Leon Rothier, Louise Berat, Marie Tiffany, Dua, Leonhardt and Laurenti comprised the rest of the cast. Mr. Wolff took several curtain calls with the singers. And such were the high lights of a successful holiday "Carmen."

Mr. Martinelli's Don José is also familiar. There are some matters in which he, too, might improve his handsome and presentable impersonation, such as singing the "Flower" song in the second act in the style and spirit desired and directed by the composer, in large part piano, with a soft ending of the last section and a pianissimo B flat.

Yet, after all, why should he, when he gained uproarious applause with his fortissimo—which, it may be added, is much easier to take. Likewise it might be suggested to Mr. Martinelli to expend more pains on the sound of the French final "e," silent in prose but sung with a color he has not yet caught.

Mr. Whitehill's Escamillo is in many ways magnificent both in voice and action; he is more successful than many have been with the "Toreador" song in the second act, and makes it graphic. There was no better singing heard in the performance than of Mme. Sundelius, as excellent in style as in voice. Mr. Wolff conducted with great spirit and with the purpose of keeping the orchestra in its proper place.

"La Boheme."

Puccini's "La Boheme" was sung last evening to the Metropolitan's second big audience of the day, with a cast largely familiar in former seasons, Mr. Harold as Rodolfo singing more freely than he had previously done this Fall, while Mme. Alda and Miss Romaine made their re-entrance as Mimi and Musetta. The Messrs. Scotti, Picco and Martino, Malatesta and Annanian completed the little picture of student life in the Paris Quartier Latin, and Mr. Papi conducted. "La Boheme" will be presented for the first time this season at the Metropolitan on Friday afternoon, Dec. 10, beginning at 1 o'clock, and sung, of course, as it was last season in the fine English version by H. E. Krehbiel. The artists include Mmes. Matzenauer, Gordon, Sundellus, Ellis, Delaunois, Roselle, Miriam (debut) and Ingram, Messrs. Sembach, Whitehill, Blass, Didur, Ananian, Bada, d'Angelo, Dua and LLaurenti. The conductor is again Mr. Bodanzky.

Two performances were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon "Carmen" was heard for the first time this season at this house, with Miss Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle. It was an eventful, if not a wholly admirable, performance.

In the first act Miss Farrar's attack upon the girl from the cigarette factory was directed with such force that the victim lost her wig. In the second act Miss Farrar's dress was in itself an event. Her skirt was of blue and tinsel, scarlet lined. Her sleeveless bodice, held in place by a slender chain of brilliants about her neck, was without a back, bared to the waist. The costume was neither Spanish nor becoming. Where are the sensuous shawls of yesterday?

Audience Irritated

Throughout the afternoon the singer kept her audience irritated by the improvements she chose to make upon Bizet's music. In spots the score was scarcely recognizable, as in her taunting of Zuniga at Lillas Pastia's.

Miss Farrar never has been a great Carmen, and, judging from the present condition of her impersonation, it is doubtful whether her portrayal will ever assume this element.

Carmen was a sinister and enigmatical creature. Miss Farrar has only succeeded in being a hoyden. The liberties she permits herself with the score practically obliterate the possibility of a critical estimate of her singing. Yesterday she sang to suit herself, with a baffling variety of tone production, to which she sacrificed diction and Bizet, carrying off her vocal misbehavior with astonishing aplomb.

Mr. Martinelli is in many respects an excellent Don José. The merits of his impersonation increased, both vocally and histrionically, as the afternoon progressed.

NOV 27 1921

Gibbons Huneker

"MEFISTOFELE."

Last night at the Metropolitan Opera House Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele" was sung for the first time since the season of 1907-1908. The cast of the present occasion was this: Margherita, Frances Alda; Elena, Florence Easton; Marta, Katharine Howard; Pantalis, Flora Perini; Faust, Benjamino Gigli—his debut. Mefistofele, Didur; Nereo, Paltriniori, and Wagner, Bada. Roberto Moranzoni conducted. The ballet was under the personal supervision of Rosina Galli, and the chorus trained by Giulio Setti. Boris Anisfeld painted the scenery and designed the costumes. The stage was directed by Samuel Thewmann. So much for the plain facts.

For dates we refer you to Mr. Krehbiel's study in his first book of operas. "Mefistofele" was first sung in New York at the Academy of Music, Nov. 24, 1880. Valleria, Annie Louise Cary, Campanini and Novara comprised the cast. This performance we do not recall, but we have a lively recollection of the first representation at the Metropolitan Opera House, Dec. 5, 1883, particularly of the singing by Nilsson and Trebelli-Bettini of the duo "La luna immobile." This became the only popular number of the work. We also recall subsequent revivals, Jan. 14, 1901, and an earlier one Jan. 15, 1896. We have heard that Marie Roze-Mapleson also sang Margherita at the Academy of Music in 1880, but of this Mr. Krehbiel makes no mention. Is it true?

"Mefistofele" was produced at Milan in 1868. This premiere was marked by rioting, and later a duel, in which the composer participated. Public feeling ran high, for they take opera seriously in Italy. The performance lasted six hours and was a hopeless failure. Not until the work, pruned and revised, was given at Bologna, did Boito receive a fair hearing. Preferring literary labor, he had composed little previous to this music-drama. But "Mefistofele" was such a challenge to conventional operatic forms that it was soon sung at London and elsewhere. Boito, who is chiefly known as the librettist of Verdi's two last operas, was a man of the loftiest artistic ideals. His mother was Polish, which may account for his poetic gifts. He reorchestrated and polished "Mefistofele" and changed Faust from a tenor to a baritone part. This change was not permanent. And the work, despite some beautiful pages, smells of the lamp.

"Mefistofele" was once music of the future, now it reminds us of some strange, amorphous survival from a remote past. It is such a tremendous attempt to embrace all of Goethe's profound world-philosophy, poetry, dramatic symbolism, that it ends in failure; but a remarkable failure. There is little melodic invention, the prison scene being the top-notch of its dramatic passion; while the tenor solo, "From the meadows, from the valleys," is reminiscent of the theme in the slow movement of Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata for violin and piano. It is music of the head, not of the heart. Boito has admirably characterized Mefistofele. His sinister solo, "I am the spirit that denies," is striking; the orchestra with its shrill, diabolical whistling suggests Berlioz. It also suggests in feeling and atmosphere the "Honor" solo in Verdi's "Falstaffo" and Iago's "Credo" in "Otello." Verdi and Boito collaborated so much that they must have absorbed each other's ideas. In the Garden Scene, a quartet—and nothing more—"Rigoletto" is recalled. It seems trifling though it is trickily difficult. The Margherita of Goethe is not evoked. She is hardly ingenue, this flirting girl who so calmly gives a sleeping potion to her mother. The loving side of her nature is barely outlined.

The Prologue in Heaven reveals Boito's skill in choral writing. Mascagni did not fail to note this detail when writing the prayer in "Cavalleria Rusticana." The Witches' Sabbath, the scene on the Brocken, is difficult to realize scenically. It contains a big fugue. The dying scene is dramatically stronger than Gounod's, who set out to write an effective operatic scena, and in his trio is the fire of the footlights. But Boito is possessed by the tragic beauty of the situation, and thus presents a more affecting and dramatically truthful picture. Calve it was who made this episode familiar in New York.

Boito attempts to compose Part II. The Classical Sabbath leaves us unmoved, although the composer, with his unrhymed dactylic and chroiambic verse and the accompanying music, with its old-fashioned harmonic flavor, is supposed to symbolize the fusion of Greek and German ideals. But the public only sees Faust consoling himself with Elena, and the symbolism falls flat. There is some effort at unity in the welding of the prologue and epilogue by using the opening theme as a choral finale. The one well known number of this second part is "La Luna Immobile," for soprano and alto. But the work is too episodic to rivet our attention. The most admirable point is the free treatment of declamatory passages. In this Boito set the pace for Verdi. The spoor of Verdi's later style is here. More than Ponchielli, Boito was a pivotal point for the Neo-Italian school. He remained in the background, the youngsters profiting by his experimenting. "Mefistofele" strikes us as an experiment, with Wagner as the model.

Boito's devil is greater than Gounod's. The French devil is not a terrible fellow; he is too fond of high living and has pretty taste in wine. The mocking, sardonic, arch-fiend of Boito is more like the popular idea of mankind's enemy. He is familiar with the Powers and contemptuous of earthworms. His evil and defiant song of Triumph is characteristic. The solo in the Brocken scene, "Here Is the World Empty and Round," does not make the same shuddering impression as the Denial song. Boito's Faust is rather colorless and more Philosophic than amorous. Marwherita's most musical moment is when, in the mad scene, she recalls her lost happiness.

And there is much music that is ugly, dreamy; Boito is in "Mafistofele" more poet than musician. Of rich, red musical blood and vital characterization there is not a superabundance. This composition is a product of the scholar; it lacks the quality of humanity sometimes possessed by musicians of meaner attainments than Boito; for example, Mascagni and Puccini. There are dramatic moments, but the story halts, which the symbolical and mystic elements do not altogether convince. Truth is, the libretto contains matter that is too extra-musical for treatment. To give

the world a Faust in tone commensurate with the dramatic poem, a composer would have to be a second and a musical Goetha. Neither Gounod nor Boito was strong enough to cope with the beauty and grandeur of Goetha's masterpiece among masterpieces. Gounod was a musical sensualist lacking lofty intellect as well as imagination, and Boito falls on the side of sensuous temperament. He is too cerebral.

The production is magnificent. "The Damnation of Faust" would be child's play in comparison. The fantastic imagination of Boris Anisfeld had full play and his pictures were stimulating to the eye as well as the fancy, although there wasn't muoh of the conventional Faust atmosphere in them; for example, the garden scene transported us to the Ganges rather than to Germany. But the witches' sabbath was atmospheric and lacked only the grotesque music of Berlioz to match the satanic revels perfection. This, shuddersome bacchanal was invented by the fertile Rosina Galli, and the scene alone made the opera an assured success. It is bound to be a rendezvous for every curious child in Greater New York during the Christmas holidays. Ah! the hobgoblins, the queen, "ocky" things awing and crawling, hopping and leering. We quite forget Faust and his psychology, especially when the torches rose and fell as the diabolic fugato was sung by the choir infernal.

The spectacle, to be truthful, dwarfed the human interest. There was no Chaliapine to roar defiance at the delty, nor a Calva to die in lyrical delirium. Anisfeld's prologue in heaven was a gorgeous fantasy, and the open air scene at Frankfort quite palled the eye; it was mediaeval, though the Muscovite predominated. The costumes, too, were picturesque and individual. Benjamino Gigli made a satisfactory debut. He sang and acted with aplumb. He is evidently experienced. His voice is fresh, sweet, vigorous, well trained, though he "weeps" to much (lar moyant); his diction is clear, his gestures nad poses effective. He forces his voice at intervals, for he keeps hi seye on the gallery. He may never set the river on fire, but he will certainly prove himself of value at our opera house. He is Manager Gatti's Benjamin among tenors. As he was snowed under by the scenery, we may expect better things from him later on. We missed Alda's mad scene and Miss Easton's Elena. Perhaps a matinee would have been a happier selection for this revival: the work is very long and lasted almost till midnight.

But we did carry away a vivid impression of Adamo Didur's splendid performance of Mefistofale; splendid on the historic side. As Mardones is indisposed. Didur took his place at short notice and deserves great credit for dramatic impersonation. He was veritably a hell of a devil and brought the house to the cheering point. The audience received the music and scenery with every testimony of approval. Roberto Moranzonic was at his best. He led a forlorn hope, so we had fancied, for this music-drama has never been a favorite, and he led it to a decided victory. Score another bull's-eye for Mr. Gattl-Casazza.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Mefistofele," by members of the Metropolitan company.

The Cast.
(In Italian.)

Margherita	Frances Alda
Elena	Florence Easton
Pantalis	Flora Perini
Marta	Kathleen Howard
Mefistofele	Jose Mardones
Faust	Beniamo Gigli (debut)
Wagner	Angelo Bada
Nereo	Giordano Paltrinieri

Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

The Philharmonic Society.

At the Philharmonic Society's concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall the chief place on the program was occupied by the second symphony in D of Hugo Alfvén. The name is unfamiliar in New York concert halls; it is that of of a Swedish composer, now musical director of the University of Upsala, and ranked by Mr. Humiston in his note upon the program as the only one of significance among contemporary Swedish symphonic composers.

If the symphony is an accurate measure of Mr. Alfvén's size and significance, Sweden is apparently in a rather unfortunate way for symphonic composers. A feebler composition in the symphonic form has not recently been presented here. In the commonplace and triviality of most of its themes, in the wholly stencilled manner of their development, it is commonplace. A fugato in the andante and a developed fugue with an extended chorale in the last movement give the composer the air of doing something important, which is hardly justified by the facts.

The performance did not do much to give any factitious interest to this symphony; it was tame and lacking in strength. There was also a suspicion of the same quality in the performance of Smetana's symphonic poem "Vitava" that followed. Then came the Siegfried Idyl, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

Winston Wilkinson, Violinist, Plays.

Winston Wilkinson, violinist, assistted at the piano by Marie Maloncy, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, playing a concerto in E minor by Nardini, that in D major by Paganini, worn threadbare of late, and the equally recurrent "Carmen" fantasy of Sarasate. The young man's program said this matinee was a début, though he has appeared in tours with the tenor, McCormack. He is a player of sincere and unassuming manner, trained in this country, and, with rare loyalty, emphasizing collectively a group of "Compositions by Americans," Harry Gilbert's "Marionettes" and airs by Cecil Burleigh, Arnold Volpe and Eddy Brown.

NOV 28 1920

14 Operas Sung at Metropolitan First 2 Weeks of Season

It was long ago so contrived at the Metropolitan Opera House that for a fortnight or a little more at the beginning of a season there should be a different opera on each subscription night and afternoon. The practice takes the fresh bloom which may have grown during the summer vacation off a large part of the repertory very early for regular attendants. The number of these, however, is small, being confined to those generally esteemed fortunate persons who go to all representations in obedience to the call of duty.

The plan is the only one which could be devised to meet all the obligations which operatic management imposes—and they are many, difficult and delicate. The popular operas and novelties must be distributed over the subscription dates as equitably as possible and to the satisfaction of the different classes of subscribers. So must the appearances of the favorites of the public. The conditions of the contracts in respect to number and frequency of appearances must be kept in mind and the information supplied by the box office not go unheeded.

It is not necessary to consult standards of excellence in compositions and performance, for the other conditions being observed, it is all one as to how operas are performed. So it chances this year, as in a long line of preceding years, that though only two weeks have passed since the opening of the season, we have already heard more than one-third of the operas which are in what may be called the Metropolitan's current list.

The thirteenth opera was "La Forza del Destino," which was performed yesterday afternoon. The representation at popular prices in the evening added the fourteenth, "Rigoletto." The day was thus filled with music from the heyday of Verdi's productivity, if not from the period of his ripened genius.

In the distribution of characters in "La Forza del Destino" there were two noteworthy changes from the cast which, with slight fluctuations, has been heard in the opera since its first performance at the Metropolitan on November 15, 1918. Caruso was in his old rôle of Don Alvaro, of coure, and Miss Ponselle in hers as Donna Leonora. Upon these twin pillars the structure has rested from the beginning, and when they are removed it will probably pass away into the desuetude which held it for more than a generation before its revival by Mr. Gatti. Miss Delaunois, who has at times yielded to Miss Gordon, was back as Preziosilla, and Mr. Chalmers again was that Father Meltone who is the only figure in the play with other outlines than those of the old operatic puppets.

In place of Amato or De Luca or Zanello, who have sung the rôle of Don Carlos at one time or another hitherto, we had the new barytone of the company, Signor Danise, and in place of Señor Mardones (The Abbot) Signor Martino—capable artists, both of them, though of conventional cut.

Daily diagnostic reports of performers and performances are not to our liking, nor does the comfort, wellbeing or happiness of the public depend upon them. The vocal chords of singers have their indispositions at times and also at times are in finer fettle than ordinary. It is not necessary that the one fact or the other should be bulletined daily. Let it suffice that the opera went off yesterday as if in excellent health under the direction of Mr. Papi, who has guided its course from the beginning.

The special interest attaching to the performance of "Rigoletto" in the evening was the début of Miss Nina Morgana in the rôle of Gilda. It also marked the second appearance of Mario Chamlee, who was first heard early in the week in "Tosca" and who brought an easy grace to the rôle of the Duke, singing the music with spirit and, in the main, with discretion.

Miss Morgana revealed a light, well-placed voice with a pleasant, youthful quality, which gained in warmth as the constraint of her initial appearance wore off. Mr. De Luca was heard again in his familiar impersonation of Rigoletto, Mr Rothier as Sparafucile and Miss Perini as Maddalena. Mr. Moranzoni was at the conductor's desk.

Alfredo Oswald in Piano Recital.

Alfredo Oswald, who appeared as pianist in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, is perhaps the ablest South American musician to arrive here since his own countrywoman, Guiomar Novaes. He played a program of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, alternated with groups of "little classics" from Italy and of four works by his father, H. Oswald, of Brazil. The performance of Bach's "Chromatic" fantasy and fugue was exceptionally fine in clarity, in avoidance of mere noise, such as to mark Mr. Oswald at once as an artist and one who should be heard again.

NOV 29 1920

U. S. Marine Band Gives Concert for Veterans

Fifty Convalescent Service Men Are Guests of Caruso at Hippodrome; Daniels Attends

The United States Marine Band played to a large audience yesterday in the Hippodrome, at a benefit given by Belleau Woods Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, to raise funds for a clubhouse. Secretary of the Navy Daniels occupied a box near the stage, where he was greeted by officers of the Marine Corps, the army and the navy, here for the football game on Saturday.

Anna Fitziu, soprano, and Rudolph Boeheo, violinist, were solosists at the benefit for the post, which is composed of marines of the 5th and 6th regiments. Eighty per cent of the men in those regiments were wounded in France.

John Alden Carpenter of Chicago and Percy Grainger, formerly of London, form a snappy combination. Those who attended the concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon had opportunity to realize it. Mr. Carpenter sat in a box. Mr. Grainger sat at a piano, but what he was doing, with the aid of Walter Damrosch and the orchestra, had already been done by Mr. Carpenter with a pen and some score paper.

Mr. Grainger played the piano part in a "concertino" for piano and orchestra composed by Mr. Carpenter in 1915, played in Chicago in 1916 and revised in 1919. The work had been played also in Boston and even in Paris, where it must have been a puzzle. The title, "concertino," as applied by Mr. Carpenter, means a little concerto. The composer has told us that it is just a friendly, if rather animated, conversation between piano and orchestra about rhythms, Oriental, American and otherwise.

The work is scored for what the sailors would call "all hands and the cook." It is nip and tuck between piano and orchestra at times, but the composition, boisterous in some places and amusing in others, is all the time music. It deals liberally in jazz raised to the nth power by smart treatment, and best of all things it is American to the core.

Mr. Carpenter has not tried to write like a Leipsic professor or a French revolutionist, though he does poke fun at the latter for a minute or two. The whole composition is humorous, and the piano is only a factor in the publication of its happy notions. The orchestra has even more to say and says it in every conceivable way. The piece was excellently played and received with favor by the audience. Mr. Carpenter acknowledged the applause.

The other numbers on the programme were the three instrumental parts of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Tschaikowsky's "Nut Cracker" suite.

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

At the fourth afternoon concert of the New York Symphony Society, given yesterday in Aeolian Hall, the program comprised Liszt's "Faust" symphony—the three instrumental movements without the final chorus for female voices—John Alden Carpenter's "Concertino" for piano and orchestra, the solo part played by Percy Grainger, and Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite, the last named being substituted for four movements of Dvorak's suite for orchestra, first announced for this concert.

Mr. Carpenter's "concertino"—he was a little modest in his title, for it might perfectly well have been a concerto, except, perhaps, for its light-mindedness—was played for the first time in New York, though the piece itself was written five years ago, and was revised as to its last movement a year ago. In a note as to its character the composer mentions its "light-heartedness," and compares it to a conversation between two friends, a little garrulous, in which rhythms, American, Oriental and other, are discussed; and there is youth in the air.

The music fits this account of it; it is gay and brilliant, for the most part, and not to be taken too seriously; sometimes a little extravagant, touched with the grotesque and highly colored; not without the stopped trumpets, the harp and piano glissandos, the glockenspiel and the castagnettes that add such an absorbing interest to so much of today's music. The piano part is likewise brilliant and is skilfully written for the instrument, and Mr. Grainger let none of its brilliancy be missed.

Mr. Carpenter is here, as he has shown himself to be so often before, fanciful, ingenious, full of invention and speaks a language that is recognizably his own. The rhythms that he mentions are many and adeptly used. In the first movement two syncopations of "rag time" are unmistakably and cheerfully in evidence and one still stronger in the slow movement, where the first theme has a character to correspond. The piano has a persistent figure long repeated, with the melody in the 'cellos. In the second theme Mr. Carpenter becomes more serious; he writes with a touch of passion and harmonizes richly. Once more the mirthful spirit returns in the last movement, and intensified. The rhythm is curious, as if in fine heats, and the melody is mischevious. A wild tune intrudes gaily; there is a snatch of "Dixie" and a whirling end.

This music is of a kind to win sympathy even from the sternest; its spirit is insinuating, its brilliancy warming, and where Mr. Carpenter has let himself be a little serious, he has made it worth while. Mr. Grainger played the solo part with great gusto; he was much applauded and several times recalled. Mr. Carpenter sat in one of the boxes to hear the performance and was made to rise and accept applause for himself.

Liszt's "Faust" symphony is, at any rate, better music than his "Dante" symphony that was heard here earlier in the season. There might be dispute as to whether it is better than Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite, which followed the concerto, and carried on in some manner its vein.

Leopold Godowsky was welcomed in one of his rare appearances yesterday at the Philharmonic's crowded matinee at Carnegie Hall. An all-Tschaikowsky program, comprising that master's fourth symphony, first pianoforte concerto and "Slavic March," recalled the great Russian who himself had stood on this stage at the hall's dedication. The present performance, in particular Mr. Godowsky's cool, crisp share in it, brought back something of that simpler time, an "age of innocence" before New York had yet learned to listen to five full orchestras and a nationally famous band all in one Sunday.

Michel Piastro, a violinist, whose powerful tone had been marked in several recitals here, met his test with orchestra last night in the National Symphony's popular concert at the Hippodrome. Under Paul Eisler's direction he was heard in Lalo's so-called "Symphonie Espagnole," well suited to his calm style. Mana Zucca, a young song writer and pianist, appeared in her first large work, a piano concerto in one movement, and there were orchestral excerpts of Weber, Wagner and Tschaikowsky.

A pianoforte concerto in Madison Square Garden was a novelty to some 3,500 at last night's resumption of popular concerts there. With Nahan Franko's orchestra, Philip Gordon was greeted by a hushed audience as he played Saint-Säens's work in G minor. Claudie Muzlo, of the Opera, who has before appeared in these popular programs downtown, was heard in an "Aïda" air, as was Percy Hemus in baritone songs of Bizet, Lieurance and Damrosch.

Harold Bauer, in Saint-Säens's C minor concerto, No. 4, gave double distinction to last night's Metropolitan bill, adding also Liszt's "Fantasie" with the orchestra under Hageman. Mme. Destinn sang airs from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame"; there were two Puccini favorites by Miss Sparks and "Pagliacci" for Morgan Kingston.

Walter Gross, a lad of 11 years, without "prodigy" frills, played a Haydn sonata and other pieces at the Princess yesterday afternoon. He showed a frank liking for the picturesque "Indian Lodge" of MacDowell and a "Weeping Willow" by Koscak Yamada.

The novelty on the programme given by the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall was the concertino for piano and orchestra by the American composer John Alden Carpenter of Chicago. It was the first hearing of the piece in New York, and the composer was present to accept the plaudits of the audience, the orchestra and the conductor, Walter Damrosch. Percy Grainger played the piano part, and he was a good selection, for the composition abounded in a variety of rhythms, a field in which he revels.

Beyond its infectious orchestration, involving the use of cymbals, tambourine, castanets, glockenspiel, harp, besides the usual instrumental forces, the concertino, in three movements, had little to commend it. Its themes are trivial, and the whole thing is more in the nature of "popular" music. It was well played by both the orchestra and Mr. Grainger

30

Nov 30 1920

Wagner's Drama Sung for Second Time in Season at Metropolitan; Scenic Problems Solved by Urban

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

Mr. Gatti opened the third week of opera at the Metropolitan last night with "Tristan and Isolda," as Wagner's drama is called in English. Why we do not know. Probably because the translator feared that if the heroine's name were spelled as it is in German somebody might pronounce it in two syllables. The change of the final vowel, however, has brought it to pass that some of the singers say "Isolday" and some "Isoldah." As the name exists in English literature it was, of course, impracticable, for it could not always be adjusted to the music, or the music to it without disturbance. But we did not set out to indulge in a discourse on the names of the immortal lovers. What was uppermost in our mind in making a record of Mr. Gatti's act was that the choice of a German opera, even if sung in what passes for English, was so out of the ordinary as to seem a bit daring. Time was when Monday night, as the night sacred to fashion, was consecrated to "Faust" and "Romeo et Juliette" and other operas in which the beloved first tenor and the almost equally beloved first lady could glitter, or in which understanders of operatic languages could recognize "jamais" or "Io t'amo" and go home happy. True, there came a conjunction of circumstances in the consulate of Maurice Grau when he did even a more courageous thing than Mr. Gatti—he opened a season with "Tristan und Isolde" in the original tongue. There was no revolt in the boxes then; there was no revolt last night. Fashion was out in force and listened respectfully, though it understood only the music, foregoing even "I love you!"—which phrase, by the way, we believe never occurs in the text. Singular, is it not?

This being a second performance there was an opportunity to look at Mr. Urban's pictures. He has composed new ones for every scene. As usual the architectural features have chiefly occupied his attention. Yseult's (or Isolda's) garden is only suggested by trees painted in the wings, a few lilac bushes and a few blossoming vines climbing up the side of a castle, which, with its porch, fills the stage. And the lovers sing their praise of Nirvana seated on a bench hewn out of the castle wall. The picture is effective, but the music of the opening scene, the verbal dalliance with rustling leaves and the vanishing sounds of the hunt would freight the atmosphere of a scene in nature, as Wagner intended that it does this.

The scene in Brittany is well conceived, and here we have a right royal old tree for Tristram to die under. but Mr. Urban found no solution of the vexing problem of the ship of the first act. The vessel is a stately one, with suggested carvings that have the strength of gracefulness and the gracefulness of strength, though an archæologist might get up a pretty quarrel with the Teutonic style of the ornamental motives. But Yseult's pavilion still reaches from starboard gunwale to port, and is of such monstrous heights that Tristram at the helm sees nothing of the bow. There is no mast, but shrouds run up on either side and, like the painted flags in the wings, are obviously fastened to nothing at all. But the picture fills the eye and will serve. The anomalous character of the outfit is duc to Wagner. Ingenious efforts have been made by theatrical artists to remedy it, but all have proved abortive. Yseult and Brangäne must have the scene to themselves, except when the maid goes to summon the knight. Tristram and his fellows must not be visible during the long scenes in which they are inactive. Continual sight of them would be disturbing to the action. Let nautical critics rave; there is no help for them. The play is the thing, not its dress.

By Richard Aldrich

Daisy Kennedy's Violin Recital.

Something other than one more in the interminable procession of violinists, which takes the whole season to pass a given point in Aeolian Hall, was made known there yesterday in the first appearance of Daisy Kennedy. She is of Australian birth, but studied in Europe, and has recently lived in England, being in private life Mrs. Benno Moiseiwitsch.

Miss Kennedy is distinctly an artistic personality by herself; a player of great vigor, an almost masculine vigor, in fact, domination and decisiveness. She has an admirable command of the mechanism of her art; a large, though not always a warm tone, a bow arm of sweeping power and elasticity, facility on the finger board and precision of intonation. Nor is she without feeling for some of the subtler qualities of sentiment, though these seemed less prominent in her playing yesterday afternoon than some other characteristics. She showed a well-defined appreciation of style in the performance of a group of pieces by eighteenth century Italian masters, some of whose names are not widely familiar here: Tartini, Nardini, Milandre, Barbella, Pugnani. Her playing of Tartini's variations on a theme by Corelli was of splendid power, as was that of Kreisler's familiar arrangement of Pugnani's Praeludium and Allegro.

In Bach's unaccompanied suite in B minor Miss Kennedy displayed a real authority and something of the grand manner. She followed this with Paganini's concerto in D and with a group of modern titbits by Nandor Zsolt, a Hungarian composer whose name is a strange one here: Zimbalist, Cyril Scott and Kreisler. It was amply made evident in her playing that Miss Kennedy is an artist of stimulating quality whose participation in the musical life of New York is likely to give it interesting contributions.

In Aeolian Hall in the afternoon Daisy Kennedy, wife of Benno Meisciwitsch, the pianist, who played last Saturday, made her local debut. A Bach suite unaccompanied, Paginin's D Major Concerto and two groups of shorter piece, old and modern, comprised her programme. Miss Kennedy has the style and the musicianship to cope with the above selections, but her faulty intonation robbed her playing of the requisite charm.

The evening soloist was Marta de la Torre, a Cuban product and prize winner, whose talent her home Government is championing. She has studied and appeared abroad. Last night she played the Tartini D Minor Concerto and the Glazounow Concerto as the principal numbers.

Miss de la Torre has a nice warm tone that, however, wanders from the pitch and loses its quality in the rapid passages. She bows gracefully, plays easily and in free style, but shows a tendency to hurry matters. In short, hers is a talent that can be developed with profit.

Marta de la Torre, Violinist, Plays.

Marta de la Torre, a girl violinist of dark Spanish type, whom the Cuban Government sent as student to Gevaert and Cesar Thomson in Brussels some years ago, made a local debut last evening in Aeolian Hall. She gave a tasteful performance of Tartini's classic D-minor concerto, then attempted with piano a more exacting modern one, Glazounow's Opus 82, with little pieces arranged by Loeffler and Kreisler, and Bazzini's Ronde des Lutins. After many Pan-American pianists, the young Cuban woman was the first fiddler to arrive here from the South, and while she is not yet a finished artist, her modest introduction was made in a hall suited to her powers and before an audience of evident sympathy. Emanuel Balaban assisted at the piano.

Debut of Daisy Kennedy

In the horde of violinists which is deluging New York few possess any distinction. Yesterday a new violinist, one who has an individuality, made her first New York appearance at Aeolian Hall. The beautiful Australian girl, Daisy Kennedy, who in private life is Mrs. Benno Moiseiwitsch, is well known outside of the United States. Her first appearance leads one to believe that she will become as great a favorite here as she is in England.

The unaccompanied Bach Suite in B minor proved the high light of the violinist's programme, and she stood the test admirably. Exquisitely rich in tone and in feeling was the beautiful Sarabande; the Bourrée was played with splendid energy and rhythm and the Presto went at hair-raising speed. Well-nigh impeccable intonation is one of Mme. Kennedy's gifts.

Two Kreisler arrangements, one of them by Corelli, the other the Pugnani Allegro, were among Mme. Kennedy's opening numbers. Less well known were a Larghetto of Nardini, a menuetto of Milandre, and a lullably by Barbella. The Paganini concerto proved dull, although the artist did her best to lend it vitality. "Dragonflies," an effective hit, played with sordino, was repeated. It was one of two numbers by Nandor Zsolt. Zimbalist's Hebrew Song and Dance proved to be pleasing, and so was Cyril Scott's melodious and commendably short lullaby, which was encored. Kreisler began and ended the programme, his Tambourin Chinois being the last number. There were encores, of course, and the audience would gladly have heard still others. Doubtless there will be plenty more opportunities to hear an artist who is so agreeable to both ear and eye.

Dec 1920

By James Gibbons Huneker

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Leopold Stokowski knows how to build a programme; his scheme last night at Carnegie Hall, where he conducted the third concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was brief and well-contrasted: Dvorak's E minor symphony; the Brahm's St. Antoni Chorale; and the Tannhauser overture and Venusberg music—the so-called Paris version. In length and variety we think this an excellent examplar, which was, of course, conducted without score by the astonishing and versatile Mr. Stokowski. We say, "of course," because, with the possible exception of Toscanne—Arthur Nikisch being Prons concours—no one of the younger men has such an amazing memory as the popular blind baton-wielder from the City on the Delaware and Schuylkill and Wissahiskon Creek.

From the "New World" symphony is beginning to sound old and very stale. Its bare ribs are bleaching in the shrewd wind of the stiyy young century. The Melting Pot of America has not melted away its un-American atmosphere: Czech, German and Russian. The essential shallowness of this music, its lack of personal profits, its insincerity, not to say oroginality, shows plainer at every performance. It was over-praised and over-puffed at its birth—which is reported to have occurred at various times in several citics. It is high time the old-fashioned work was shelved, say, for ten years. Then its resurrection might prove a ghastly surprise for its present admirers.

A mosaic, cunningly fashioned, of of other men's music, this symphony contains one pretty movement, the Lango, though it lacks the profound emotional fibre of Brahms. And then the quotations! They leap to the ear from that motto, borrowed from Schubert and handled a la Tchaikovsky—also in an E minor symphony, tthe Russian's fifth—to the apparition of Venus with her climbing arpeggios in the last allegro, just after that vigorous and slightly vulgar Roedown; even there Dvorak patterned after the finale of the aforesaid Tchaikowski work. The opening figure in the Scherzo is a quotation unabashed from Beethoven's ninth symphony. Pure Schubert pops up in the trio. In none of the movements is there largeness of utterance; true symphonic utterance. To the present writer Dr. Dvorak, many years ago, criticized Peter Schaikowsky, for whom he cherished a dislike. According to his judgment the Russian wrote orchestral suites which he called symphonies. Now, there is a modicum of truth in this criticism. Neither the Russian nor the Bohemian composer was a master in tonial architecture. Brahms was their master at every point, and to give Dvorak due credit, he was the first to acknowledge the enormous superiority of Bhahms over himself. There is much tinsel and thunder in Dvorak.

Dvorall is melodic and temperamental. But his memory was too receptive. Wagner is his King Charles head. He can't dodge him; even the Valkyrie cry is overheard in this symphony. The real Dvorall is to be found in his Husitzka overture, in his charming Scherzo aapriccoso, in his Slavic dances and songs. He had color and rhythm and he was a bit of a barbarian when he let loose. But the year's haven't treated him well; even his much praised orchestration sound thin and drab nowadays. Mr. Stokouski has made of this symphony a war horse. He conducts it conamore and languishingly. After the Largo from which the saccharine dripped, you expected a box of Huyler's with each movement. The public, however, swallowed the sentimental bait, hook and all. Then followed the Brahms Variations, and while they were polished to artificiality in the reading one bar revealed the difference between a musical thinker and a romantic improviser, not fit to unlatch the musical shoes of his great countryman, Bedrich Sinetana.

By Richard Aldrich

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

At the third concert which the Philadelphia Orchestra contributed to the New York musical second last evening in Carnegie Hall Mr. Stokowski offered a program that seems in these days conservative. It was made up, at all events, of music thoroughly familiar: Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World"; Brahms's Variations on a theme of Haydn, called the "Chorale St. Antoni," and the Overture and Venusberg music from the Paris version of Wagner's "Tannhäuser."

The playing of the symphony as well as of the variations by Brahms showed the meticulous care, the fastidious taste, with which Mr. Stokowski finishes and polishes every phase, putting each one in its proper place in the whole, giving each its proper proportion. It also showed his fondness for the finest-spun pianissimos, his tendency toward repression, his reluctance to let loose the higher sonorities of his forces. The result of this manner of treatment on Dvorak's symphony was somewhat to anaesthetize its vitality. This symphony should smel lof the soil; it seemed a bit washed and perfumed as Mr. Stokowski played it. And the energy of the finale was a little damped by the deliberate tempo at which he took it; a tempo that did not quite allow its momentum to be launched and maintained. There was much that was beautiful and poetically felt in the slow movement and the contrasting character of the several sections of the scherzo was brought to the fore.

There was a simliar finish in Brahms's variations; yet here, too, there might have been a question of some of the tempos. Was there something a little mischievous, or a touch of malice in putting the "Venusberg" music from the first act of "Tannhäuser" on the program with Dvorak's symphony? Wagner's sirens have always suggested themselves a little in the last movement. When they are really heard by themselves, as the orgy of the Venusberg is for a moment lulled, Dvorak is seen to have known a good thing when it intruded itself on his subconscious memory.

LETZ QUARTET'S OPENING.

Applauded in Its Chamber Music Concert in Aeolian Hall.

The Letz Quartet opened last evening at Aeolian Hall its fourth season of chamber music, a field which at present it shares with the Flonzaleys, and to which it brings the artistic services of Hanz Letz, formerly with the Kneisels, and of Sandor Harmati, Edward Krenier and a new 'cellist, Lajos Shuk, who proved to possess a tone of agreeable blending quality if not great power. Mr. Shuk was heard midway in last night's program in a 'cello sonata, opus 8, of Ernest Dohnanyi, the excellent assisting pianist being Lee Pattison, hitherto known as an artistic partner with Guy Mayer in recitals for two pianos.

In Brahms's beautiful string quartet in A minor, Mr. Letz and his associates were warmly applauded by as many of their audience as were able to gain entrance during the earlier proceedings. It would seem hardly necessary to bar the doors so forcibly as was done on this occasion against music patrons of the most intimate form of recital; hardly warrantable so long to exclude half an audience from any hall. The concert concluded with Mozart's quartet in D major, creditably performed by the new ensemble.

Peruvian Contralto Heard at the Aeolian

By MAX SMITH.

CONSIDERABLY less buxom than a year ago, Marguerite D' Alvarez, Peruvian contralto, for whom Osoar Hammerstein, infatuated with her art, was said to have embarked on his costly adventure in London, gave lavishly of her superb voice and her flaming temperament yesterday afternoon to an extremely responsive audience assembled in Aeolian Hall.

Very wisely, however, she put a curb on her emotions and refrained from tearing passion to tatters as she did last season in Carnegie Hall. It was as difficult to resist the appeal of her richly resonant and powerful voice as it was to withstand the potency of her dramatically tense and forceful delivery. Vitalized by her persuasive personality, even such a trivial piece of music as Easthope Martin's "All For You," struck home.

But Mme. D' Alvarez wore too insistently the buskin of tragedy. The quality of her tone, the modulations of her voice and her accents, tugged at the heart-strings not only in selections dripping with pathos, but also in those couched in a lighter vein. No wonder, then, that the listener seemed to discover behind her apparent spontaneity something artificial, theatrical, strained. Reiteration is apt to destroy illusion.

The singer had the able and sympathetic assistance at the piano of Walter Golde.

I.

O Golgotha! ..... Sebastian Bach

II.

Nebbie ..... Respighi
Tu Sei Proprio Come un Fiore ..... Scambati
Rispetto IV ..... Wolf-Ferrari

III.

Night ..... Wollesley Cox
The Butterfly is in Love With the Rase. Wollesley Cox
The Trust ..... Sibelius
Life and Death ..... Coleridge Taylor

IV.

Au Desert ..... Rhene Baton
Serenade Melancholique ..... Rhene Baton
Je Tremble en Voyant ton Visage ..... Debussy
Air De Lia (from "L'Enfant Prodigue") .... Debussy

Seguidillas Gitanas ..... F. Pedrell
El Columpio ..... F. Pedrell
El Amor Brujo ..... Manuel De Falla
"Pres Des Remparts de Seville" (from "Carmen") Bizet

The performance of the familiar Dvorak symphony might be the theme of considerable discussion were it likely to lead anywhere. Mr. Stowkowski had his own notions about the tempi of the composition and about its general character. Of course (barring three or four bad technical slips) the performance was one of much finish and great

clarity. But possibly it was just a little too elegant. Something of the immense vigor of the composition was missing. But Mr. Stokowski's admirers, who are legion, will not believe it possible that he could be mistaken about anything in the department of tempo. So those who are mute observers of the deeds of heroes should write only glorification

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's late edition~~

There was an intimation in these columns some time ago that with the multiplicity of symphony concerts which are to be given this season the duty of a reviewer, outside of preserving a record of incidents and commenting on works new to the current list, might well be limited to an occasional discussion of the interpretation of a familiar work at the hands of this or the other conductor.

Such an occasion was offered last night in Carnegie Hall, when the Philadelphia Orchestra came before a local audience for the third time this season.

A circumstance which has not been referred to in this journal heretofore may first be mentioned: the visiting organization has this year enlisted a larger clientèle and one of finer musical character than any of the local orchestras. Its audiences are become like in number and kind to those which were long attracted to the vast music-room of the Boston Orchestra. An inquiry into the reason for this would, we fear, result in disclosures the reverse of flattering to New York's conductors, if not necessarily to its symphonic institutions. It is become evident that while the conductors are satisfied with "good enough" performances, there are many lovers of orchestral music who think, with a recent British essayist, that a garment cannot be clean enough to pass muster unless it be as perfectly and wholly clean as it can be made. We have better fabrics than those woven into the Philadelphia Orchestra in at least two of our bands, but our leaders seem to be less fastidious about their disclosure than Mr. Stokowsky.

We know, of course, that we are prone to detect delicate flavors in foreign fruit brought to us at intervals which we do not find in our perhaps too familiar growths, but to offset this there is the civic pride of a great metropolis which hesitates to damit that it can be outdone in any field of endeavor and that spirit of devotion to leaders which has resulted in giving us a plethora where fewer things and better would more greatly advantage us. Instead of a one-souled, whole-souled body of music lovers we have cliques and parties, prejudices and jealousies which are costly to music's patrons and detrimental, at least not helpful, to musical culture. Besides there seems to be too much concert-giving to admit of adequate preparation.

In this respect both of the orchestras which visit us have an advantage over the local bands. The music which they play for us has been studiously prepared for performances in their homes, and when they come to New York the players put forth special efforts and give us the best that is in them. We know that to be true, for we heard many concerts in Boston in the days of Gericke and Nikisch, and they never reached the high standard which they maintained in New York. But these are generalities, and we must become specific.

The programme of last night's concert comprised Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn and the overture and bacchanalian ballet scene from Wagner's "Tannhäuser"—familiar music, all of it. The symphony, indeed, is become so worn by frequent usage that it would be threadbare were it made of more perishable stuff. We do not see why the orchestras should not play it without the help of the printed page. It calls up memories of Berlioz's story about the Mendelssohn concerto, which the pianofortes played as soon as their fallboards were raised, without waiting for the fingers of the Conservatory pupils.

But it did not sound hackneyed last night because Mr. Stokowsky invited, nay compelled, us to observe more than its surface beauties. He disclosed the ruddy, opulent life which courses through all its veins, the exquisite organisms out of which its palpitant body is compounded, and this he did not so much by applying analytical methods which may be likened to the work of a surgeon's scalpel as by arousing the keener, clearer, vision of the listeners and stimulating their receptivity.

Not all that he did in this work or in the noble composition by Brahms was admirable. Too often he discovered himself as a mere seeker for effects, telling effects, whether legitimate or meretricious. Therein he is disappointing. He pursues a *diminuendo* until the tone becomes attenuate to the vanishing point, and also frequently until the very thing that he is striving for is marred by the incapacity of the players to achieve it because of defective material. There were several disturbing slips of the horns last night which may have been due to the fact that he was exacting too much from the players. His ability to present a pure, plastic line is his strength; his tendency to preciosity his weakness. But it was an inspiriting concert.

Dec 2 1920

MUSIC

By James Gibbons Huneker

DEAR OLD FAUST AGAIN.

Notwithstanding the critical hullabaloo raised last week over Boito's complex machinery for the Goethe poem-drama, here is dear old "Faust" again with Gounod's simple, melodious setting and the more pretentious composition seems only a curious experiment by comparison. Age hasn't staled the beloved opera, which was sung for the first time this season last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cast, with a single exception, was familiar and a favorite one: Farrar, Martinelli, Whitehill. Albert Wolff conducted. But isn't Faust like Hamlet, inasmuch as no one of ordinary competence can fall in it? And, like Carmen, its presentation by the Metropolitan management is always a brilliant and satisfying spectacle even if there are shortcomings on the lyrical side; indeed, if the truth be told, Faust, Aida and Carmen are the three standbys of the repertory. They never pall on the public and while we welcome, nay clamor for, such exotics as "Mefistofele," yet for steady operatic diet "Faust" is more satisfactory. Naturally enough, with the progress of time the work is in ever danger of becoming conventionalized. But give us an all-star cast, as Grau used to, and then watch the box office. That's about the only new thing we can write concerning "Faust."

The performance was respectable, though not inspiring. The moral police of the dispensation would never raid such a garden scene. The only thing inchuste in it was the vocal intonation and even that was partly platonic. The dominating figure throughout was Clarence Whitehill, whose Mephisto is in the high artistic plane of his wonderful Klingsor Kurvenal. A sinister, sophisticated Devily, above all, an ironic Devil. But always a gentleman; which is a consoling thought for those who are preparing to shuffle off our mortal coil, yet who fear the promiscuousness of paradise. He sung the "Golden Calf" magnificently. Mr. Dinisk was indisposed and the valentine was agreeably sung by Mr. Laurenti, who is the possessor of a light baritone, well cultivated and tastefully used. But his acting is restrained. Martinelli was not in his best vocal condition. He has never been a remarkable Faust. He was gorgeously arrayed and looked as if he were going to a masquerade ball of the Yelks.

Miss Farrar didn't have her Marguerite voice with her; we believe she left it in her dressing room. She is past the ingenue age, the age of trills, douladés and top tones and winning smiles. The color of her voice and her waist line tell their tale. She knows it and no doubt loathes the sweet, supine heroine, not Goethe's but the simpering girl of the French librettists. She dressed like a chatelaine, not a village maiden. "The King of Thule" romance she went through with religious sincerity, but, after the jewel aria we reluctantly dragged ourself from the auditorium. We adore Geraldine and admire the rare musical intelligence which can cover so many vocal shortcomings; but there was no need swallowing the entire box of candy to discover the caramels. And in the lobby we ran into the arms of Manager Gatti-Casazza. The rest is in musical parlance, always silence.

PIANIST MAKES DEBUT.

Miss Constance McGlinchee, a young pianist from Eastern Massachusetts, gave her first recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Her performance was such as to lead the listener to question why she was led to give a recital here. In Franck's prelude, choral and fugue and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" she disclosed a limited knowledge of thematic clarity and nicety of phrasing, and as for the first essential of all musical performance, the rhythmic sense, there was little. She played with a beautiful piano tone and some technic, also sentiment; but these qualities, unfortunately do not suffice for public appearance.

Constance McGlinchee Makes Debut.

Constance McGlinchee, a pianist from Boston, where she studied with the late Carlo Buonamici, and is said to have appeared in Georges Longy's concerts of chamber music, made her New York début in recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. She is technically proficient, not without nervous slips, as if less accustomed to solo playing; she has taste also, though a certain hardness of style was perhaps heightened by her choice of Franck's prelude, chorale and fugue, and Schumann's symphonic studies. There were lighter pieces in conclusion by Debussy, Jongen and Schloezer.

Dec 3 1920

Symphony Society Contributes to Musical Exercises Marking 150th Anniversary of Composer's Birth

Boston Orchestra Heard

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's late edition~~

At two concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday performances were given to four symphonies, two symphonic poems and a suite. The audiences were quite distinct in composition and character, however; though that of the afternoon, which heard three symphonies by Beethoven, may have felt that the program was somewhat ponderous, it was upheld by the feeling that it was participating in an act of commemorative celebration, for the concert was the Symphony Society's contribution to the musical exercises which have been planned in honor of the 150th anniversary of the birth of the master who brought the symphonic form to perfection, and also, as some think, to its final culmination.

Boston Orchestra Heard.

The program of the Boston Orchestra, which gave the evening concert, knew nothing of Beethoven, but paid its tribute to Brahms (his spiritual brother), Maurice Ravel, Richard Strauss and Ottorio Respighi, the last a gifted member of the coterie of latter-day Italian musical impressionists.

The symphonies which Walter Damrosch selected as illustrative of the master who will occupy the minds of concertgoers largely during the next few weeks were the first, fifth and seventh, though they were not presented in that order, Mr. Damrosch having aimed evidently at sounding a jubilant note at the end, with the triumphal and triumphant march of the symphony in C minor.

This work and the seventh of its kind had already been heard in the present season. More significant, from a historical point of view, was the first in C major, which is offered to the public, we should say, about once in a decade. It fitted well into the historical scheme which Mr. Damrosch is pursuing in a special series of concerts, for it bridges the gap between Haydn and Mozart and the strongly individual Beethoven, as he disclosed himself first in the "Eroica."

It is, moreover, the oldest orchestral work of the composer which has survived in the concert rooms of the world, and its only still sentient predecessors are two pianoforte concertos, some pianoforte sonatas and chamber compositions. Its speech has much of the idiom of Haydn, more of the spirit as well as idiom of Mozart, but the glowing eye of Beethoven looks out of every movement.

Comprises a Minuet

Its third section is called a minuet, but the jocose, madcap spirit of the scherzo has already touched its measures. The symphony was certainly conceived and largely written down before the year 1800, when it was first performed, for Beethoven was slow of production and the theme of the scherzo was used by him in a German dance written for a ball in the Ridotto room several years before the symphony was brought out.

Mr. Damrosch had the singular introduction to the finale played solo by his concertmaster. A dubious device. Why not follow Beethoven and permit all the first violins to make that hesitating approach to the effervescent tune into which, after a moment, they dash with such gayety?

Time was when the little introduction was thought scarcely worthy of the composer. One German conductor, near to him in time, omitted it in performance, fearing that it would provoke derision.

Mr. Monteux's program in the evening consisted of Brahms's Symphony in E minor, Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." The Boston conductor, on his first visit, changed his program because another conductor had a few days before performed the symphony which he had planned to play.

He was placed in the same dilemma again last night, for Mr. Stokowski chose the Brahms symphony as the war-horse of his second invasion of New York. The temptation to compare the two performances is strong, but must be resisted. It will suffice to say that there was meticulous nicety in the performance of the Philadelphians, virility in that of the Bostonians.

Charm in Ravel's Music

The Ravel suite, a novelty, was a transcription of four pieces from a set of six dedicated by the composer to companions in arms who were killed in the war. The forms were archaic; the spirit of the pieces, by which we mean the melodic, harmonic and instrumental expression, was modern. Couperin is an archaic composer, but his ballet suites are delightfully fresh and lovely.

There is much charm in Ravel's music also when not married, as in the Forlane, by strenuous effort to avoid the obvious.

It is a pitiful cry this: "Save me from being as other music is—natural, unqualifiedly ingratiating and lovely!" But the immortelles which hang on Couperin's tomb are of that kind. The hothouse blooms of Ravel will not live so long.

Respighi's symphonic poem "Fontane di Roma" was played at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in February, 1919. A pretty poetical conceit lies at its base—the composer gives musical expression to the sentiments and visions evoked by his contemplation of four famous fountains in the ancient city of Italy "at the hours," he says, "when their character is most in harmony with the surrounding landscape or in which their beauty appears most impressive to the observer."

So we have the fountain of Valle Giulia, a pastoral picture, cattle passing and disappearing in the mists of the Roman dawn; the Triton fountain: Naiads and tritons called together by summons from the conch-shell horns, disporting themselves in the jets of water glittering in the morning sun; the Fountain of Trevi, a triumphant procession of Neptune over the water's surface in his chariot drawn by seahorses, followed by a cohort of sirens and tritons; the Fountain of the Villa Medici, a vision of sunset and evening twilight, passing into night, tolling bells, twittering birds, rustling leaves, sounds steeped in sweet melancholy, vanishing into silence.

The music differentiates itself from that of some of Respighi's fellows heard recently in being something more than color. There is beauty of line and phrase as well.

Old devices are used, of coure. A sustained high tone, which pictures the Star of the East in Liszt's "Christus," silence and twilight in D'Indy's "Day on the Mountain," the bleak stretches of the Russian steppes in Borodin's symphonic poem, here tells us of dawn and fading eve. There is much of those vague tangled sounds and vagrant dissonant chords, covered by a haze of instrumental color, for which Schumann found the word in "Traumeswirren," but there are also thematic invention and poetical thought.

We pass from the gallows to the grave in taking up the novelty on last night's programme. "Le Tombeau de Couperin"—"The Tomb of Couperin" is its title, and its composer is the futurist, Joseph Maurice Ravel of Paris, honorary vice-president of a musical vinegar factory. Originally this was a suite for the piano in six numbers, dedicated to the memory of officers and soldiers, companions of Ravel, who are now in their graves. But apart from these "in-memoryofs" and the tomb title, there is nothing funereal about this suite. On the contrary it consists in its orchestral version of four numbers which are, apart from the Prelude, old dances—a Forlane, a Menuet, and a Rigaudon. Concerning these dances Philip Hale, who is an erudite scholar as well as one of the most brilliant journalists of the day, gives in his programme book an amount of information which it must have taken him hours to gather in the Boston Public Library. But with all his wit and wisdom he cannot explain the title of Ravel's piece. He calls it fantastic. It certainly is; and foolish, too.

The Couperins were a numerous French musical family, corresponding to the German Bachs. Francois was the greatest of them. He, too, wrote pieces with fancy, fantastic titles that had little to do with the music he composed; hence, perhaps, Ravel's choice of his name; but why *tombeau?* We give it up. As for the nature of Ravel's music, it is, of course, the usual mixture of sweet, sour, and bitter, as in a grapefruit, though not so judiciously blended. Its most engaging feature is the use of the oboe in suggesting a *cornemuse* or bagpipe. We liked best the whirling Prelude in 12-16 time. The Forlane is stupid music; it does not suggest the giddy tarantellan pace or the rowing of an oar associated with the name. The Menuet is graceful and charming, and in the Rigaudon the bagpipe suggestions again give pleasure. The piece was admirably played by M. Monteux and his men; much better, as was to be expected, than the grave fourth symphony of Brahms, which opened the concert.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Triple bill, presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Il Carillon Magico" and "L'Oracolo." By members of the Metropolitan Company.

The Casts.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

(In Italian)

Santuzza ..... Emmy Destinn
Lola ..... Flora Perini
Turiddu ..... Beniamino Gigli
Alfio ..... Thomas Chalmers
Lucia ..... Louise Berat
Conductor ..... Roberto Moranzoni

"IL CARILLON MAGICO."

Pierrot .....Rosina Galli
Colombine .....Florence Rudolph
Harlequin .....Giuseppe Bonfiglio
The Princess of the Dream.....Jessie Rogge
A Gallant Cavalier .....Florence Clover
and Entire Corps de Ballet.
Conductor.....Gennaro Papi

"L'ORACOLO."
(In Italian)

Win-Shee .....Adamo Didur
Chim-Fang .....Antonio Scotti
Hoo-Tsin .....Millo Picco
Win-San-Luy .....Orville Harrold
Hoo-Chee .....Ada Quintina
Ah-Yoe .....Florence Easton
Hua-Quee .....Cecil Arden
A Fortune Teller .....Pietro Audisio
Conductor.....Roberto Moranzoni

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The first real novelty of the operatic season was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, being a ballet, or, as the composer styles it, a "mimetic-symphonic comedy," entitled "Il Carillon Magico," by a Czech or Slovak of Italian education not widely known to fame, Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli. It was given between "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Oracolo" in what they call a "triple bill."

It is a simple story of some of the many adventures of Columbine, Pierrot and Harlequin, classical figures in the old Italian comedy of masks that have become typical in musical and other comedies quite innumerable in all countries of Europe. The variations in their adventures are as innumerable as the countries in which they appear.

In this one Pierrot, Columbine's lover, has fallen in love with the "Princess of his Dream," and Harlequin makes trouble by persuading her of it. He continues his work by selling Pierrot a magic clock whose chimes will summon the unknown fair one at a lover's call. This is the prologue.

An orchestral interlude depicts the faithless Pierrot hastening to his Dream Princess. The curtain—a second curtain of decorated gray—parts and shows the garden of the Princess' palace. The Princess, appearing in obedience to the spell of the chimes, drops a scarf and again disappears. Pierrot, after various adventures with this scarf, again advised by Harliquin, organizes a serenade. Rival serenaders appear and there is a musical conflict. Harlequin steals the clock which Pierrot has set down and leaves in its place a forged note, purporting to be from the Princess, appointing a rendezvous. In the meantime appear Columbine and Harlequin and the Princess, accompanied by the gallant Cavalier. Shadowed against the moon, the Cavalier and the Princess are observed in osculation, to the fury of Pierrot, who is mocked by Columbine and Harlequin. They then, saluting, draw the curtain.

Of all the adventures of Columbine, Harlequin and Pierrot, this can scarcely be considered the gayest or the most important. Its interest consists mostly in the opportunity it gives for various dances and comic, mocking by-play. The composer has written a score that is fluent and melodious and orchestrated it with color and brilliancy. But it is far from having originality or distinction. The music accompanying the actions is not particularly gay or vivid in its suggestiveness, but there are pleasing passages, especially the dances, those of the "Ladies of the Dream," a minuet, and the lively "forlana." The descriptive interlude is attractive.

The suite piece can be listened to with pleasure and no great exaction upon the attention. It doubtless fulfills its purpose of making an agreeable combination with other short pieces pieces to fill out an evening's entertainment. There were evidences that it met with approval.

Miss Rosina Galli as Pierrot and Mr. Bonfigli as Harlequin were the most pleasing figures in the comedy. Miss Florence Randolph was the Columbine. There was not much attempt made to dazzle with the beauty of the scenery, neither the representation of the room in Harlequin's house nor the formal garden of the Princess's palace, though they were sufficient. Mr. Papi conducted from memory, one respect, at least, in which he resembles Mr. Toscanini.

In "Cavalleria Rusticana," which came before the ballet, Mme. Destinn, Miss Perini, Mr. Gigli, the new Italian tenor; Mr. Chalmers and Mme Bérat appeared. In "L'Oracolo," afterwards, Mr. Scotti gave his extraordinary representation of the villainous Chinaman, Chim Fang, surrounded by the cast that has been heard in it before. Mr. Moranzoni conducted both these performances.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at its second evening concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday played a program of which the overshadowing number was Brahms's fourth symphony, and which contained also two new compositions by contemporary composers and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

Quite new to New York was Maurice Rand's orchestral suite, "Le Tombeau de Couperin." It is a transcription or a resetting for orchestra of four movements of a suite originally in six movements for the piano. This was composed during the war, and each movement is inscribed to the memory of a friend who was killed in it. There is nothing, however that is funereal or that could even be called degiac in the four movements heard last evening. The title is fanciful. Mr. Hale, in his program note, conjectures that it was meant to give the idea that the suite is in the ancient manner, of which Couperin was a distinguished exponent. Nobody, however, who has ever heard the music of Couperin would mistake Rand's manner for his.

These movements are quite characteristic of Ravel. The prelude is built up of a series of arabesques, light and fanciful, first for the oboe, then transferred to other instruments. But the oboe is allowed much rest in none of these movements. Its tone is heard again a good deal in the "Fortane," a delightfully prim specimen of the Italian dance that usually whirls more giddily than it does here, though this has a fascinating rhythm in six-eight time. The "Minuet" and the "Rigaudon" that follow have each a curious charm of their own, the "Rigaudon" a decorous gayety. The harmonization is characteristic of Ravel's acid sweetness in the less pronounced manner, stimulating and refreshing. The orchestra is used with much delicacy and grace of sound; the oboe gives it its characteristic color.

The other new composition was Ottorino Respighi's symphonic poem "The Fountains of Rome," which have been heard in New York three seasons ago. It is intended to represent four fountains in Rome, specified, and, more than the fountains, the sentiments and visions suggested by them; a pastoral landscape; a dance of varads and tritons; the passing of Neptune's chario and a train of sirens and tritons; finally, a sunset wood, birds twittering, leaves rustling.

The music is vivid and picturesque, rich in suggestiveness, the qualities that the composer sought. He has been much more considerate of his listeners' ears than some others of the modern Italians. He needs a very large instrumental force to express himself—a piano which is entirely unheard, the organ, but little more heard; a bell and other modern necessities.

The playing of Brahms's symphony had many excellent qualities, but there were some technical slips and some readings that seemed strange. But it gained much applause, as did the other numbers of the program.

A NEW BALLET AT THE OPERA.

It was decidedly a case of mixed pickles at the Metropolitan Opert House last night. Two short operas and a new ballet pleased a large audience by reason of their variety and novelty. The ballet is called "El Carillon Magico" (ten magic chimes) and is the work of Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, a formidable combination of Czerh and Italian. Pick is a well-known name in Austria and also in Triestc. There was a Mgr. Pick who was the Papal Protonotary of the late Pius X. We confess that the composer's name is new to us, though his music is strangely familiar, having been overheard in the music of other men. Presumably he wrote the book of the ballet, which is more original than the music. Best of all was the interpretation by such dancers as Rosina Galli, Bonfiglio, Rudolph, Rogge, Clover and the entire corps de ballet.

This novelty was presented by a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Emmy Destinn as Santuzza, and for the first time here, Benjamino Gigli as Turridu. He achieved a success because of his robust singing. After "The Magic Chimes," Leonis's exciting little play, with music, "L'Oracalo" was sung for the first time this season, with Florence Easton, Harrold and those two splendid actors, Scott and Didur, in their original "chink" roles. Moranzoni conducted both operas; Pap the ballet.

"The Magic Chimes" is described as a "Mimetic-symphonic comedy in a preamble and one act." The English version of the book is by Frederick H. Martens. The story is engaging and efficiently ingenius. The character step out of old Italian comedy. Columbine, Pierrot, Harlequin, the classic trio, together with the Princess of the Dream and the Gallan. Cavalier, Fuerre is the usual crowd of typical figures, masks and dancers. The posture of circumstances is as follows: In the Preamble we see an interior in Harlequin's house. It is fantastically decorated. The wily Harlequin who loves, but is not beloved by Columbine, poisons her mind with a story of Pierrot's infidelity, platonic to be sure, enough however to maek her unhappy. Pierrot signs for the ideal "Princess of Dreams." Harlequin proposes to make hay while the sun shines with this subterfuge, but the hour of the shephard is not at hand for him. Columbine repulses him, then escapes. Enter Pierrot with mandolin. Harlequin shows him a clock upon the pedestal of which is engraved this enigmatic stanza: "Swiftly when I chime is granted each wish of love expressed by you, the dream, the dream that holds your heart enchanted no fore a dream will then come true." The chimes are heard and as the curtain of the verandah part Columbine appears, her face hidden by a veil. This vision soon vanishes. As in a dream Pierrot meditates. Then he offers to buy the clock. Harlequin consents. Perrot rushes away. His orchestral interlude describes his flight toward the palace wherein dwells the Princess of Dreams. He imagines he sees her, this impossible. She of his ideal. He pursues her—in the composer's score; there it ends. We privately believe that he would be unhappy if he overtook her; she is probably like most dreams—women.

The garden of her palace. It is picturesque mid amorously inviting. The lady may be dreamy, yet she seems to possess a taste for the pleasing, material, solid things of our mundane existence. There is a dance of street urchins. The chimes sound their crystalline warning. . . Ah! the Princess' is nigh. Under the magic spell she comes to her lover. A minuet is danced by other dream-maidens. Pierrot seeks his love. Again she disappears. He is disconsolate till the cunning Harlequin suggests a serenade. It is approved of and Pierrot leaves. Columbine is convinced of her lover's faithlessness. Harlequin takes the magic-clock, replacing it by a letter containing a deceptive tryst with the Princess. Columbine dances a butterfly chase. The serenade comes off; pretty girls foot the Furlana, there is an intermezzo of the roses. Pierrot gets the false invitation and we are shown a delightful Dance of the Fireflies. Foolish Pierrot, who has grasped at an impossible dream, losses the reality and is undeceived at the end. What the fable? Not a difficult one to elucidate and every man may interpret it after his own fashion. The women know the secret in advance. They always do. Then, according to the stage directions, "only after the disappearance of these two characters—meaning Columbine and the befooled Harlequin—possibly with the last "cord" of the orchestra, should the regular drop-curtain be lowered." That misprint of "cord" for 'chord," is masterly; it is what Lewis Carroll calls a "portmanteau-word, and serves a double function.

Rosina Galli, whose "fine Italian hand" is felt throughout in the stage groupings, was the Pierrot, and the part gave her little chance to display her mimetic gifts, the stage of the Opera House is too vast for the portrayal of facial nuances. Not even Pilar-Morin, the best Pierrot we ever saw in New York, could have made anything of such an ungrateful role. It was Florence Rudolph who carried off the honors in the butterfly dance, and she had little enough to do. The ballet pleased the public last night because of the stage pictures by James Fox, the costumes and the graceful group-dances. The music needs no comment. It sounds like the kind you sometimes hear in a moving picture palace. Lots of motion, little music of moment. Stravinskis are not born every day. However, we liked the sound of the chimes. Papi conducted with almost symphonic earnestness.

Dec 6 1920

"Samson et Dalila" was given once more at the Metropolitan Opera House last night in the presence of an audience which crowded the theatre to its utmost capacity. The cause of the assembling of such a great throng was the presence of Mr. Caruso.

It has been said here before, and may with propriety be said again, that *Samson* is one of the best of the tenor's roles. He took it up with all sincerity and at his first appearance in the part made a deep impression. This has become deeper since Mr. Caruso, with repetitions, has elaborated the details of his singing and acting till he has made his impersonation rank as one of the most striking of the local operatic stage. It was quite up to its standard last evening.

Mme. Matzenauer's imposing *Dalila* was repeated to the evident pleasure of the audience. Mr. de Luca as the High Priest and Mr. Rothier as the old Hebrew were other outstanding figures. The chorus has much to do in this opera and does it well. The orchestra is heard to advantage and the ballet is favorably displayed. Albert Wolff conducted again.

MISS BACON'S RECITAL.

Miss Katherine Bacon, who made her first appearance here last month, gave her second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme again revealed her predilection for the extraordinary transcriptions of Feruccio Busoni, who was represented by his derangements of two choral preludes of Bach, written, of course, for the organ. Mr. Busoni's assaults upon Bach possess a strange fascination for many pianists.

Just why Miss Bacon wishes to perform them cannot be conjectured. She is not a pounder, but a pianist whose style is genuinely musical and who rejoices in delicate tonal tints. Her most ambitious essay yesterday was at Beethoven's C minor sonata, opus 111, which she played with intelligence and occasional flashes of poetic imagination.

She was not quite authoritative enough to proclaim the entire content of the composition, nor was her performance by any means devoid of technical slips. But it was the interpretation of a musical mind and it interested the auditors.

OTHER CONCERTS.

Philip Gordon, a pianist, who gave three recitals here last season, presented a conventional but difficult programme of piano music in Aeolian Hall last night. It included Beethoven's F minor sonata, "Appassionata" and Brahms's "Paganini" variations, two books. His performance was interesting. He played with his usual good technic and a tone not forced. Then, too, there was constant virility in all his work. His color scheme is limited, but his clarity and rhythm, as shown, for instance, in Tausig's arrangement of Bach's D minor organ toccata and fugue, were admirable.

Mme. Olga Samaroff was the soloist at the regular Friday concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday in Carnegie Hall. She played Schumann's piano concerto. Her performance was very artistic in finish, and if she failed to sound the deeper content of the work she nevertheless gave it poetical interpretation. The numbers for orchestra were the overture nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" suite.

GERALDINE FARRAR was the magnet that drew a brilliant audience to the morning musicale at the Biltmore yesterday. Not long ago an observing operagoer noticed that when Miss Farrar appears at the Metropolitan, the audience is composed largely of (as he named them) "Jerry Flappers." Yesterday morning these youthful admirers of the charming soprano were out in force, and their enthusiasm nullified the necessity of any professional claque.

Wearing a becoming Russian costume of gold cloth and sable, she sang Englished lieder by Schumann and Strauss; Slavic songs by Tschaikowsky and Gretchaninoff, and other numbers by Wolff and Dvorak. Her most ambitious selection was the "Batti, Batti" aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." To this and her other groups she added many extra numbers chiefly by American composers.

Ada Sassoli displayed her powers as a harp virtuosa in old airs by Bach, Scarlatti and unknown French composers, and in a group of modern Gallic tone pictures by Debussy, Perilhon and Busser. Lionel Storr, a basso, was heard in Italian, French and English selections.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, repeated the program of Thursday evening in another of the "Historical Cycle" concerts in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program presented the three Beethoven Symphonies, No. 1 in C, No. 7 in A and No. 5 in C minor in honor of the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth.

Dec 5 1920

By Orchestra From Boston

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition~~

Yesterday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra offered a program of contrasts: Mendelssohn's Octet in E flat for strings; Lalo's Concerto for violoncello and what was called a "symphonic suite" (why, we cannot even guess) made out of some of the music composed by Stravinsky for the ballet "Petrouchka." The ballet music was the most familiar of these compositions to the people who go to the opera, as well as to symphonic concerts, and what remarks upon it the occasion invited may as well as not be made at once. In its place—which means in the theater and as an accompaniment to pictures and action—this music is quite the most extraordinary composition with which we are familiar. Not in the region in which high imagination dwells, but in the abode of careless fancy, Stravinsky's music, illustrative of a story of poor Punchinello, is an amazing agency in coördinating sight and hearing or confounding them, making the eyes hear and the ears see. But as music pure and simple there is little of it which has the qualifications which fit it for the concert room. That little is summed up in his treatment of Russian folksong tunes or melodies based on those tunes. The rest is mere grotesquerie which may amuse; in fact, it does that, but must also bewilder all those who listen to it without having gone through the experience of witnessing the comically pathetic or pathetically comic pantomime in the theater. Again we suggest, with perfect seriousness, that when played in the concert room it ought always to be accompanied by moving pictures. Here is a matter for Mr. Eastman's consideration.

It served yesterday to display Mr. Monteux's appreciation of Stravinsky's score and the skill of the orchestra; both in an eminent degree. The performance was admirable, thrilling indeed. The vertiginous movement of the music written to delineate the confused bustle of a Russian multitude in enjoyment of a fair was almost dizzying. The device is one of Stravinsky's early inventions; we knew of nothing like it previous to the advent of his piece called "Firework." In a different manner the fine muscularity of the body of string instrument players which Mr. Monteux has enlisted was brought into notice by the performance of Mendelssohn's Octet. When a composition designed for intimate performance by a group of solo instruments is transferred to a large band the question whether or

not it has gained or lost in effectiveness always comes to the fore in the minds of experienced listeners. Yesterday the transformation seemed justified in the first movement, with its large lines of joy and jubilation of splendid color effects in the middle voices; but in the andante we missed the individual utterances which are native and essential to chamber compositions. After the many attacks by serried brass and strident dissonances, however, the music fell like a soothing balm into the ear.

The solo part of the violoncello concerto was played by M. Jean Bedetti, who joined the ranks of the Bostonians at the beginning of last season. He is an excellent artist, master of a suave and sonorous tone, richly endowed with technical skill, and he brought out much, if not all, of the contents of the composition.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Monteux presented a curious and unusual program yesterday at the afternoon concert of the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. It began with Mendelssohn's octet for strings, played by all the strings of the orchestra, including four double basses, which do not appear in the score originally, and ended with the music of Igor Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka." Between them Mr. Jean Bedetti, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, played Lalo's concerto for 'cello.

Mendelssohn's octet is hardly strong enough to bear transplanting in this fashion. And, furthermore, when such transplantation is attempted, it is more or less in the nature of a tour de force, and it must succeed as such. Now, it scarcely did so succeed. The performance had not all the delicacy, the finished precision of ensemble that it should have had. Mr. Monteux's strings have been greatly improved since the reorganization of the orchestra, both in quality of tone and in finish. It was natural that he should want to show what they could do; but he would have waited a while to advantage. The finer quality of tone was most in evidence; there is still something to do in the polishing of the ensemble.

And the octet itself seemed to have aged. The first movement now sounds the most vital; the andante seems singularly weak. The scherzo, which Mendelssohn thought enough of to introduce into one of his earlier symphonies in place of a minnet is not so engrossing as some of his other elf-like pieces. The octet is still a remarkable product for a boy of 16; but he did better as a boy of 17 with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture.

The "Petrouchka" ballet was a not wholly fortunate selection for an orchestral concert. The ballet itself upon the stage is a fascinating production, endless in its stores of wit and sarcasm, its musical characterization of the vast and whirling phantasmagoria, the fantastic and symbolical burlesque. It attracted much attention and much admiration at its performances here. But in such a thing as this the music is inseparably bound up with the action on the stage, with the characters, their appearances and the least details of their doings. Without them it is in large degree meaningless and pointless.

Stravinsky, to be sure, wrote "Petrouchka" with something more to say musically than he has had in his latest pieces. But even so, the music is quite unable to stand alone and must have been a mystery to those who had not seen the ballet. They could perhaps hear and enjoy the delicious imitation of the wheezy hand-organ, a mystery in clever instrumentation, in the first section; and the characteristic Russian dance tune in the last. The rest, to be appreciated, must be seen as well as heard.

Mr. Bedetti's playing of the concerto by Lalo was excellent in tone, in finished technique, in musicianly feeling. The concerto is not quite so exorbitant as some others in its demands on the player for merely technical display in awkward positions and ungainly passage work. What it did demand he met with full competence. But it is not deeply interesting as music.

'ZAZA' AND 'BOHEME' AGAIN.

Capacity Audiences Applaud Performances at the Metropolitan.

Three weeks of the Metropolitan's twenty-three were completed with capacity audiences yesterday for repetitions of both "Zaza" and "La Bohème." A matinee subscription house applauded Leoncavallo's theatric melodrama, with its hour of realism for Miss Farrar in Zaza's dressing room, its moments of tenderness in her later interview with the child, acted by little Ada Quintana. Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and others were again in the numerous cast, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The new tenor, Benjamin Gigli, headed last evening's singers in "La Bohème," and a new Musetta, Anna Roselle, made her début on this occasion, with others already familiar, including Mme. Alda, Messrs. Scotti, Didur and Martino, and Mr. Papi at the baton. Mr. Gigli's few performances here thus far had spread his fame as a valuable addition to the company, for the line of standees before the opera began encircled the theatre as on a Caruso night. Miss Roselle, too, in more modest fashion, made a favorable impression.

HAROLD BAUER PLAYS.

Planist's First Recital of the Season Packs Carnegie Hall.

Harold Bauer gave his first recital of the season at Aeolian Hall yesterday before a matinee audience that crowded even the ntage and rarely ued standing room, as if in recognition of what was virtually a twentieth anniversary of the admired pianist's first appearance in America. As further evidence of his hold on this public today, the house remained after two hours of music till Bauer added as encores the "Jeux d Eau" of Ravel and "Novelette," in E major by Schumann, both in the mood of the day, the two composers also heading two of the four groups on his program.

It was in his own arrangement of Bach's "Partita" for harpsichord, in B flat, that Mr. Bauer gave a new pleasure at the start; his transcriptions have been commented upon in these columns, the one played yesterday being the same that he had introduced while waiting for a delayed orchestra at a recent concert of the Friends of Music. He gave also Schumann's sonata, opus 11., in F sharp minor, and Chopin's prelude in the same key, which came after that in E major, and not before it as in the printed order. Ravel's "Le Gibet" recalled Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Debussy's "Interrupted Serenade" had to be repeated before the final "Mephisto Waltz" of Liszt.

Give Tschaikowsky-Wagner Program

The Philharmonic Society opened to a full house at Carnegie Hall last evening its popular-price series of four Saturday night concerts, which have replaced an equal number dropped in recent years from the regular Thursday subscription. A Tschaikowsky-Wagner program comprised Wagner's "Faust" overture and "Dreams," as well as excerpts from "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," "Mastersingers," "Tristan" and "Valkyrie," the two main groups being varied midway by Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Francesca da Rimini." Mr. Stransky and his men had to acknowledge many recalls, the long program necessarily barring encores.

Francis Day-Monti, Baritone, Heard

Francis Day-Monti, baritone, appeared for the first time in Aeolian Hall last evening, singing operatic pieces from "Pagliacci," "Masked Ball" and "Barber of Seville," and Italian songs by Brogi, Mascheroni and Tosti, the last to verse by d'Annunzio. There were solos also for Grace Niemann, harpist, and Nicola Thomas, a young woman violinist. Mr. Day-Monti was assisted at the piano by Giuseppe Bamboschek.

The operas yesterday were "Zaza" in the afternoon and "La Bohème" in the evening. For some reason not at all obvious, but probably the curiosity of the Italian element among the Metropolitan patrons to hear Signor Gigli, who has been favorably reported upon, the house was fairly besieged in the evening and crowded to the verge of suffocation.

Signor Gigli was the Rodolfo of the play. The music of the part fits his voice snugly, as it does any voice trained to the mock-heroics of Puccini's style, and he kept the audience in a continuous effervescence of glad enthusiasm. To every outburst the singer responded by promptly doffing his dramatic character and going to the footlights to bow his thanks to right, to left, to center, to boxes, balconies and gallery.

There were a few changes from the first performance of the opera this season in the disposition of characters, the principal ones being those indicated—Signor Gigli replaced Mr. Orville Harrold and Mr. Didur took the place of Signor Picco as Schunard. There was also a débutante, in the person of Anne Roselle, who enacted the rôle of Musetta. Miss, or Madame, Roselle—the name is a professional one—is a Hungarian of some experience in the theaters of her native land and also in more modest establishments in this country. She disclosed her experience in both song and action, and apparently made a better impression on the public than was warranted by Metropolitan standards, for she has ungraceful mannerisms of pose and gesture and her voice, flexible enough and well under control, has occasionally a shrillness of timbre not wooing to the ear. But it may be that she has routine, which will make her useful in Mr. Gatti's company.

Dec 4 1920

Michio Itow Dances at the Selwyn.

Michio Itow, the Japanese dancer, appeared at the Selwyn Theatre yesterday in a special matinee program, assisted by Sonia Serova and others, their interpretations including music of Chopin, Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninoff and Cyril Scott. Mr. Itow also gave the "Gollywogs' Cakewalk" of Debussy. Later in a fortnightly series, he has planned to present heroic legends of his native land in revivals of the Japanese "Noh Dance."

Music by Casella

Instrumental Combinations Are Fascinating—Other Concerts.

Walter Damrosch introduced a novelty at the Symphony Society's concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall in the form of a suite from the ballet music "Le Couvent Sur l'Eau" by Alfredo Casella, a young Italian composer of mostly modern French training, whose "Films" or "War Pictures" were applauded and hissed when produced by the Society two seasons ago.

The excerpts are entitled, "Rondo d' Enfants," "Pas Des Vieilles Dames," "Nocturne, Danse Finale." Unlike the noisy and barbaric "Films" these dances are melodious and quite fascinating. Their instrumental combinations are capricious yet clever. The gay "Dance of the Old Ladies," in which the trio is a transcription of the old French air "Amaryllis," attributed to Louis XIII, was repeated.

The soloist was Mischa Levitzki, who played Beethoven's youthful work, the seldom heard first piano concerto. His performance of the beautiful music was one of the most artistic pieces of piano art heard here in recent times. The symphony was Tschaikovsky's fifth, of which the orchestra gave a fine and effective delivery.

At Carnegie Hall, Fritz Kreisler gave his second violin recital. He played in his customary artistic style a programme, which included Franck's piano and violin sonata, Bach's G minor sonata for violin alone and Erich Korngold's suite from his music to "Much Ado About Nothing" for violin and piano. Carl Lamson was the pianist. The hall was crowded and many persons were unable to obtain admission.

In the Hippodrome in the evening, Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini appeared for the first time in a New York recital this season. Her selections were Verdi's Caro Nome," the famous air from David's "Perle de Bresil" and the "mad" scene from "Lucia." She generously added many encores. Her splendid voice was in admirable condition throughout its normal scale an her high top notes rang out clear and true. Her phrasing was sometimes broken, but her nauncew as charming.

The prima donna sang to the largest audience she has ever had in New York. With 1,000 persons on the stage there were in all 7,000 in the auditorium. Mme. Tetrazzini was asisted in her concert by Francisco Lougo, pianist; Max Gegnor 'cellist, and Henri Bove, flutist.

Kreisler Heard

If we were to content us with a mere record of the things which were incident to the second recital for this season given by Mr. Fritz Kreisler in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, we should soon be through with our writing. There would come first a note on the audience, a journalistic custom which is more honored in the breach than the observance as matters nowadays, when the size of the gathering at a concert is more often an evidence of the industry of a manager in enlisting folk from the highways and hyways of the city, than proof of the excellence or popularity of an artist or the taste of the impressed. But the note may be made because the audience was not of the ordinary sort and also because it strained the capacity of the vast room, including its stage.

Then would come the program, which was also out of the usual rut in which violin recitals move. There was first Cesar Franck's sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin. After that Bach's sonata in G minor for violin alone. Next a Romance by the concert-giver, Cartier's characteristic piece called "La Chassis," in which the jocund flourishes of the hunting horns are delightfully mimicked, and finally a novelty—four numbers from some incidental music to Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," composed for orchestra by Erich Wolfgang Korngold and arranged by the composer for violin and pianoforte. In all of this music, as well as the pieces in a supplementary concerdt which followed and which began with a transscription of Godowsky's "Wiendrisch," Mr. Kreisler had the eminently capable help of Mr. Carl Lamson.

It is necessary to say something about the transcribed dramatic music, but a tribute to Mr. Kreisler's playing is a primary duty. To the knowing it may be enough to say that he gave his hearers of the best that is in him, and that that best was never surpassed by him to our knowledge. We do not recall that he ever soared to serener and more transfigured heights than he did yesterday in the sonata by Franck or that he ever gave a lovelier illustration of that supreme element in beauty, repose, than he did in the Bach sonata. In that illustration lay enwrapped all that tonal purity, technical execution, finish and perfection of phrase can be made to express.

The music to Shakespeare's comedy left us puzzled in mind as to its appropriateness to the play except as to an number. Dogberry and the Watch appeared in a march which was an ingenious bit of musical grotesquerie; but as to what the composer meant by the music to "Maiden in Bridal Chamber" or "Masquerade Horn-Pipe" and even "Garden Scene," though there are scenes in a garden in the comedy, we cannot even contrive to guess. To the movement of the last piece a dancer might manage to dance a hornpipe but had it not been so denominated in the house bill we should not have dreamed of calling it by that name. To us the most interesting thing about the music was the evidence which it offered that its composer has put off his childish ways, or, to be exact, the ways which we were made to believe he had as a child.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold is a son of a writer who was a few years ago the musical critic of the Neue Freie Presse newspaper of Vienna. He was widely exploited some years ago as a prodigy in musical composition, and startled connoisseurs by his command of the most modern idioms of Richard Strauss and other revolutionaries. The music which Mr. Kreisler produced yesterday ambled along in the old-fashioned traces as decorously as the most violent reactionary could have desired. It was pretty but in no respect notable. Had Dr. Hanslick, the journalistic predecessor of the composer's father, lived to hear it he might have repeated the remark which he once made about another "wonder child," as a prodigy is called in Germany: "The wonder is gone; the child remains!"

By MAX SMITH.

THERE was tumultuous applause yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall for music by Casella. So much delight, indeed, did the second part of the Italian composer's suite from "Le Couvent sur l'eau" afford to Walter Damrosch's subscribers, who had the privilege of hearing the first performance in America of this work, that the conductor, turning his face amiably toward the audience, as is his wont when he himself is pleased, saw fit to repeat the movement.

Now, Casella is one of the most cacophonous of the modern extremists in tone-painting. His "Films," also produced by Mr. Damrosch at one of the Symphony Society's Sunday matinees, still cause a shudder in the memory.

When he wrote in 1912 and y913 his ballet, or "Comedie Choreographique," Casella, however, happened to be in a peculiarly amiable mood—so at least it seems. At any rate, the three excerpts heard yesterday, entitled respectively "Rode d'enfants," "Pas des vieilles dames" and "Nocturne et Danse Finale," are quite innocently delectable, which explains the temper of Mr. Damrosch's audeince.

The principal theme of the Children's dance, introduced by the woodwind alone, and forthwith supplemented by the strings, with a shimmering harp glissando and tambouring tinkle, is a perfectly respectacle melody clearly defined in its vivacious rhythmical design.

Quaintly humorous, too, is the opening theme of the old ladies' dance, voiced by the oboe, to be repeated by the violins in dry staceato tones accentuated by various tintinnabulations, including that of zylophone.

The trio of this movement brings a pretty quotation of the familiar old French air, "Amaryllis" with the silver of celesta and hary, pizzicato effects in the strings, and a humorous descending scale of the bassoon.

The Nocturne is decidedly Gallic—thoroughly Debussyan in its harmonic scheme. Muter strings and mnuted brass provide the atmosphere, which is preserved in the Finale, with its waltz-like lilt in six-eight time—not "rollicking" as the programme notes imply, but mysterious, rather, as if evoking a picture of spirits dancing in the moonlight.

With Toscha Seidel, violinist, as guest artist, and a number of metropolitan stars contributing to an excellent program, the Sunday concert at the Metropolitan Opera House drew the usual large and enthusiastic crowd last night.

Mr. Seidel, who is one of the substantial favorites of the concert stage, played the Mendelssohn concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, in his most brilliant and characteristic manner. Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano of the Metropolitan Company, sang "Ah, Forse Lui," from "Traviata," and several numbers in English. Mme. Jeanne Gordon, contralto, sang "Ah, Mon Fils" from "Le Propbete" and other numbers.

Giuseppe Danise, the new Italian baritone, was heard for the first time on the concert platform in "Largo al factotum," from the "Barber of Seville," an

7,000 HEAR TETRAZZINI.

Prima Donna Sings at Hippodrome—Opera Concert Changed.

Louisa Tetrazzini, who last season announced a "farewell" tour this year, reappeared at the Hippodrome last night before an audience of more than 7,000, said to be the greatest that ever greeted her in New York. The prima donna's reception fairly took her breath away as she started the "Caro Nome" air from "Rigoletto," with music in hand and more than usual care as to fireworks. Her voice warmed with gay little Italian encores, and an air from "Pearl of Brazil," which she followed with "Somewhere a oice Is Calling." In the final "Lucia" mad scene, she gave of her best, thrilling the vast hall with thrills, scales, "ecro" notes, "swell" tones and their vanishing counterparts, like skyrockets to the "ohs" and "ahs" of delighted hearers. Max Gegna, 'cellist, and J. Henri Bove, flute, assisted in solos and in a last encore waltz-song.

Jeanne Gordon and Giuseppe Danise were two "casualties" of the bill at the Metropolitan's concert last evening, the popular contralto giving place early to Marie Sundelius, who sang a soprano air from "Louise," while at the last moment the baritone yielded his program number from "The Barber" to Mario Laurenti. Evelyn Scotney alone of the singers appeared as announced, singing "Ah Fors E Lui" from "Traviata." Toscha Seidel, the guest of the evening, was heard in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, to which he added encores, and Hageman led the orchestra in the "Tannhauser" overture and "Blue Danube" walz.

Marguerite Potter, a young contralto looking oddly like Mabel Garrison, made a matinee début in recital at the Princess yesterday, assisted at the piano by John Warren Erb. Her songs ranged from an air of Orpheus from Peri's "Euridice" to modern French and American, including Sidney Homer's "Sheep and Lambs" and John Carpenter's "To One Unknown," sung in sympathetic style, with good voice and especially good diction.

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

An echo of the celebration of Beethoven's 150th birthday sounded in the concert of the New York Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the master's piano concerto in C major, called No. 1, but, as the biographers have found, really his second; the one in B flat, called the second, being really the first in order of composition.

Pianists do not generally find it worth while to play in public. Some of the more aged in yesterday's audience may have remembered it as one of the pieces in which the boy Josef Hofmann astonished the musical public of New York thirty-five years ago. It has not often been heard since; memories will be taxed considerably, in fact, to recall any performances since.

But Mr. Mischa Levitzki found it yesterday quite worth while to play and made it seem so. He played it quite in the right vein, not slighting it loftily, nor trying to make it something deeper than it is, but finding and expressing its charm and frank melodiousness with directness and simplicity, with beauty of tone, crisp clarity and rhythmic finesse. Mr. Levitzki is recovering from an injury to one of his fingers, but his injury was not apparent in his playing. He inserted an agreeable cadenza in the first movement, suitable to the general character of the concerto, except the glissando with which it closed, a device unknown to Beethoven. Mr. Levitzki's performance was highly appreciated, as it deserved to be.

There was a new composition on the program, three movements of a suite derived from the ballet, "Le Couvent sur l'Eau," by Alfred Casella. The name of the composer may have aroused forebodings in the minds of some familiar with his style of composition, which has become known here as one of the most "advanced." But forebodings, if there were any, were not justified by the facts. The movements are light, melodious, ingenious in harmony and only occasionally breaking into the modern effects of dissonance.

As to what the ballet is about, what the convent is and what the water upon which it is situated, no information is vouchsafed, nor is it really needed, for the three movements are frankly dances—the "Dance of the Children," the "Dance of the Old Ladies," a nocturne and "Final Dance." The "Children's Dance" is a jolly tune with some neat counterpoint; the "Dances of the Old Ladies," started primly by the oboe, slightly creaking in the joints, and then decorated by the celesta and glockenspiel, is said by one who should know to possess a certain rheumatic charm. This charm was sufficient to lead to its repetition. As its trio is introduced the old French air, "Amaryllis," attributed as Dr. Kinkeldey says in his notes, to Louis XIII., the harmonization being somewhat according to Casella.

Still more according to Casella is that of the nocturne, which leads into the "Final Dance," or dance finale, a waltz tune of no high aspiration. This performance was the first in America, according to the program although the ballet itself is some seven or eight years old.

The concert began with Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, of which a resonant and in most respects a well finished performance was given.

'Mefistofele' Sung

Boito's "Mefistofele" reached the Monday evening subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House when the fourth week of the season was ushered in last night. The cast was practically the same as at the previous performance of the work. It was promised before the season began that Jose Mardones would impersonate the archfiend as conceived by Goethe and transcribed by Boito, but the Spanish basso fell a victim to bronchitis and the first glories of the revival went to Adamo Didur, who was heard again.

Beniamino Gigli as *Faust* received much applause, which he deserved. This tenor has a fresh voice of fine quality and on the whole sings well. He can sing moderato, and thus gives much pleasure to those who do not regard volume as the summit of vocal achievement. He sings in a style generally simple and unaffected, devoting his attention to correctness of pitch, phrasing and diction. Thus he permits the music to exercise its own proper charm. He is a welcome addition to the company.

Mme. Alda's *Margherita* was much better than at the previous representation when she was suffering from fatigue. Miss Perini sang *Pantalis* and also *Martha*, replacing Mme. Howard in the second role. This was the only change. Mme. Easton's *Elena* was again one of the chief figures in the performance. The choruses were well sung and the dances will danced. M. Moranzoni conducted.

Another of the Bagby musical morning series began yesterday in the Waldorf-Astoria, where they have been fixtures of the society and musical season for many years. It was the two hundred and sixty-first concert in numerical order given by A. Morris Bagby, who established the musicales many years ago. Many well known men and women of society, though more women than men, were in the audience that filled all the seats and boxes. The subscription is the largest in several years, probably greater than any since before the war.

Miss Claudia Muzio and Giovanni Martinelli of the Metropolitan Opera and Toscha Seidel, violinist, were the soloists. At the piano were Richard Hageman, Harry Kaufman and Emilio A. Roxas, and at the organ David McK. Williams. Miss Muzio sang an aria from "Il Trovatore," a group of Italian songs and, with Mr. Martinelli, the duo from the final act of "Aida." Mr. Martinelli's numbers included an aria from "La Forza del Destino," songs of Tosti and A. Goring-Thomas and in English "Your Smile," by Ward Stephens. Mr. Seidel played several familiar numbers.

Francis Rogers,

There were two recitals at Aeolian Hall yesterday. In the afternoon Francis Rogers, barytone, made his annual appearance. Many of the songs on his program were familiar—Mozart's "Violet," Schubert's "Wanderer," Brahams's "Sapphic Ode" and "Eternal Love"—songs that are fortunately being restored to the repertoire of singers, and that the art of Mr. Rogers made thrice welcome yesterday. He is not an unduly emotional singer, but his voice has gained in mellowness and his style is infinitely polished. The songs by German composers were sung in English, but with an eloquence and a purity in enunciation that made the language for once a pleasure to hear. Mr. Rogers was fortunate, too, in singing excellent translations of the German text.

The program opened with a group of old songs. In two of these Paisiello's "Nel Cor pui non mi sento" and the old French chauson "L'Amour al moi," Mr. Rogers was particularly effectual. The closing group included songs by Monssorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Lie, Whelpley and others.

In the evening Sergei Radamsky, a young Russian tenor, sang for the first time in New York. He has a beautiful voice, lyric in quality and evenly developed, with plenty of tonal reserve, which he used effectively in passionate moments. His singing showed native ability and the evidence of careful training. As an interpreter he has intelligence and taste. His program ranged from Giordano's "Caro Mio Ben" in which Mr. Radawsky showed a fine appreciation of the melodic line, to Spanish and Russian folk songs. Mr. Radamsky's diction was good, his phtrasing finished. On the whole this young tenor gives promise of a bright future.

Dec 7 1920

Dec 8 1920

GRAINGER PLAYS GREIG.

When Percy Grainger meets a piano expect Grieg. The distinguished British pianist and composer entertained a large company yesterday in Carnegie Hall with excellent piano playing, no small part of which was bestowed upon music composed by the Norwegian. What Cyril Scott would have said about the performance can only be conjectured, but there is ground for suspicion that he would have declared that Grainger did more for Grieg than Grieg did for Grainger Yet this would hardly be a well balanced opinion, for Mr. Grainger's love for the music of Grieg is sincere, and he plays it with the fiath of an apostle. Music lovers well know the ballad in G minor, opus 24. Pianists have doted on it ere Mr. Grainger came over the western ocean. None ever played it with more charm than he did. There was much applause, after which he added Grieg's "Springtime," sacred to the pictures of Miss Theda Bara.

Mr. Grainger began with the Bach toccata and fugue in D minor in which he used (according to the programme) both Busoni and Tausig transcriptions. There must have been much Tausig and little Busoni, for the music sounded better than usual. Mr Grainger is one of the best of polyphonic players and his performance of this number was admirable.

There were other matters. New York city composers were heard. Daniel Gregory Mason contributed his "Cloud Pageant" and A. Walter Kramer his "When the Sun's Gone Down." Both were cordially applauded. H. Balfour Gardiner, Briton, was represented, and there was "Turkey in the Straw," set by David Guion of Texas. Turkey is good in straw or cranberry sauce, in Texas or New York. It is encouraging to see native talent devoting itself to the glorification of cowboy music. Why not give us also some artistic decoration of the spirit of the times, "Slow and Easy," or some other live topic? Verily the art goes gaily forward.

Trio Gives Concert

Ravel's pianoforte trio in A minor was the middle number in the program of a concert of chamber music given by the Elshuco Trio in Aeolian Hall last night. Before it came Beethoven's Trio in D, op. 70, No. 1 (with its ghostly slow movement), and after it Edward Schütt's Trio, also in A minor, whose character is expressed in its sub-title "Fairy Tales in the form of Waltzes." No doubt there were people in the audience to whom the light hearted waltz music came as a welcome relief to the strain imposed by the effort to enjoy the music by Ravel.

This Trio begins with a theme which is arresting not because of nor despite its strangely African flavor, but because, when first heard, it holds out an engaging promise. Whether or not that promise is redeemed in the transmutations and transformations through which it is made to pass in the three movements which follow the first is a question whose answer depends upon the attitude of the listener toward the latter-day methods of music makers. It is an agreeable occupation to note the unfolding of leaf and blossom from a fecund stem when the development seems to pursue the course of nature, when each exfoliation presents itself as a logical development of the parent germ and discovers to the sense a character and a beauty which may be felt as having been an inherent essence from the beginning.

Presented thus by a creative imagination, the proces sis not only beautiful in itself but begets new beauties in the material which it employs. When, however, we observed as most obvious the operation of ingenious effort, of reflection aiming at the production simply of new forms of expression regardless of logical sequence or spiritual need, and heedless of the genius of the agents of expression, we are backed in our intellectual desire and left barren of æsthetic pleasure. And it was thus that Ravel's Trio came to us. It was beautifully played by Messrs. Breeskin, Willeke and Giovni, as was all the music of the evening, but it did not bring an adequate sense of compensation for what we gave it.

H. E. K.

Percy Grainger Delights His Listeners Save in Certain Tribe Selections—Yvonne Dienne in Her Debut at Aeolian Hall

By MAX SMITH.

AUREOLED like his great Polish predecessor, Paderewski, that Australian composer and poet of the keyboard, Percy Grainger, gave a recital of piano music yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a large and demonstrative audience.

While he evidently delighted so many of his listeners, it must be confessed, however, that his programme, devoted in large part to music comparatively inconsequential, put the patience of more than a few to a severe test.

As is his wont, Grainger opened proceedings with a transcription of Bach—this time the Toccata and Fugue in D minor, for organ, with a blending of the versions by Tausig and Busoni. Next in order he presented for hearing Grieg's Ballade, opus 24, which is in the form of variations on an old Norwegian folk melody in G minor, supplementing this work—tiresome, forsooth, in these days—with the same composer's "Spring Time."

Then he played four compositions by American and English composers that took up much time and gave little satisfaction, save to the particular friends of each: Daniel Gregory Mason's well-written but unimaginative "Cloud Pageant," opus 9, No. 1; Walter Kramer's "Fragment" ("When the Sun's Gone Down"), couched in an idiom as trite as the subject, and two Gallicized, yet thoroughly innocuous pieces by H. Balfour Gardiner, of London, entitled respectively "Prelude" and "Humoresque."

Chopin's Barcarole, Albeniz's "El Albaicin," his own "Colonial Song," and David Guion's setting of the Cowboys' and Old Fiddler's Breakdown, "Turkey in the Straw," brought to a close an afternoon that might have been described as "Much Ado About Nothing," the more so because Mr. Grainger carried out his task with skill and charm. Had he been playing in a drawing room there could have been no cause for complaint.

Waiting for revelations of genius that were not forthcoming unfortunately prevented the writer from hearing Yvonne Dienne, who was making her local debut as a pianist contemporaneously at Aeolian Hall in anything but her last group. To judge from her interpretations of Albeniz's "Evocation," three of Granados's "Danses Espagnoles" and Camille Chevillard's "Theme and Variations," this young French woman has musical intelligence, taste and feeling; also a good technical equipment in spite of her tendency to smudge rapid passages.

But, to tell the truth, there are many pianists in New York fully equal to her, though unable to afford the expense of a public appearance.

Nancy Van Kirk Heard in Hour of Chinese Song.

By GRENA BENNETT

NEARLY 3,000 years ago Chang Wen Chang wrote verses on the river Hoang-Ho. Yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre Nancy Van Kirk intoned some of his pretty poems to musical settings. Miss Van Kirk designated her recital "an hour of Chinese song and legend." At the beginning of her programme she told of persons, places and practices of oriental antiquity. The thesis of her preamble was the ancient Chinese belief that "music is evidence of the harmony existing between heaven, earth and man."

Her appeal was not mental but visual as well. She might have been the daughter of a mandarin in her flame-colored satin coat embroidered in peacock silks, a skirt of amber, dainty flowered slippers and a jewelled head-dress ornamenting her blue black hair.

The programme was arranged in two groups. The first contained musical arrangements by Griffes and Bantock to poems dating all the way from 900 B. C. to others as recent as 1797 A. D. The original simple character of the Chinese melodies and the decided rhythms of the oriental tunes were remarkably well-preserved both in the Griffes and Bantock selections and in the ten Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes harmonized by Crist.

Miss Van Kirk sang with great charm. Her presentations were marked by sincerity and genuine feeling and understanding. Alberta Matthews deserves praise for her excellant accompaniments.

The audience was large, fashionable and most appreciative.

Dec 9 1920

By Richard Aldrich

The Detroit Orchestra.

The varied activities of the Society of the Friends of Music have reached as far as Detroit, and summoned thence the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with its conductor, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, to a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. Though this was an addition to an already superfluously large number of orchestral concerts provided in New York, the hall was filled with an audience keenly interested in the performance, that found occasion for much enthusiasm.

The program comprised nothing that

was new, even unfamiliar, to most music lovers, unless the concerts for piano in D minor by Mozart, in which Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the solo part, was unfamiliar. It comprised, besides this, the overture to Weber's "Oberon," Brahms's first symphony and Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan."

The orchestra is an excellent body of musicians, though its tone can hardly be said to be on the whole of the finest quality. The strings have a full body, but the tone is somewhat cold and lacking in transparency, and the brass choir tends toward roughness. The first players of the wood winds did some excellent work.

But the engrossing feature of the orchestra's playing was the evidence of the training given it by Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the general precision of its ensemble, the spirit and elasticity, the rhythmical quality, the intelligence and musicianship of his readings.

There was no new disclosure of beauty or significance in either the "Oberon" overture or Brahms's symphony; but both were played with freshness and vitality. In the first movement of the symphony there was, perhaps, something too much of the modifications of tempo that are already composed and entered in the score. In the last Mr. Gabrilowitsch put an emphasis perhaps unusual upon some of the dynamic effects. But Mr. Gabilowitsch on the whole has the precious gift of a real discrimination in dynamics. He knows that there is something—a good deal—between pianissimo and fortissimo, which sometimes seems in danger of being forgotten; and he makes valuable use of it. There was a full appreciation of the profoundly poetic and romantic spirit of the work, and an intelligence and right feeling in the control of the various choirs of the orchestra to show forth the deep and glowing beauty of Brahms's orchestration, which seemed more than ever the fitting and inevitable embodiment of the musical thought.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing of Mozart's concerto was of exquisite clarity, delicate warmth and intensity of expression; a true interpretation of Mozart's spirit. And the truth of it was emphasized by the beautiful accompaniment given by the orchestra under the direction of Victor Kolar, well remembered as an orchestral player and composer formerly of New York. The accompaniment and the solo had clearly been fitted to each other by a process of adjustment none too common.

At the close of the symphony a large wreath was presented to Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

George Fergusson's Recital.

George Fergusson, an American baritone, (though Scotch by birth,) for some years resident in Berlin, appeared in a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was announced as his first appearance since his return from Europe; he was interned in Germany during the war. Mr. Fergusson's program contained a group of old French and Italian airs, a group of modern French songs, a group of Russian songs sung in Russian—MMr. Fergusson's command of Russian being one of the results of his internment—and a group in English by English and American composers.

Mr. Fergusson's voice is evidently not what it may have been once in richness and beauty of quality. Nor is his command of vocal technique such as always to give the best results. One of its results is sometimes throatiness of quality and sometimes hardness of tone; nor does he evince an equal facility in coping with all the vowel sounds.

Nevertheless, much of what Mr. Fergusson did in his recital was absorbing interest, through his power of interpretation. He seeks incessantly intensity and truth of expression, significance of characterization. He thereby ranges through a wide gamut of emotion. There is the dramatist's touch in much that he does, there is facial expression and the subtle suggestion of a movement of the clasped hands, even of the fingers.

It may be said that he was not at his best in the old songs, especially in those that need instained and equable tone. But his dramatic expressiveness and artistic phrasing gave its value to the poignant monologue from Monteverde's "Orfeo," a powerful and haunting example of "nuove musiche" of the Florentine reformers of the first years of the seventeen century. Although frequently lacking in purely musical beauty his singing of the French songs gave pleasure. He had to repeat "La Colibri" by Chausson, and after the group added a charming folk song.

Mr. Fergusson did nothing better than the group of Russian songs, in which he showed sympathy and understanding. Most charming in its exposition of the plangent sentiment was his singing of Tschaikowsky's "No Words, My Beloved!" There was a savage power in his presentation of Gretchaninoff's "My Native Land." Four songs by Moussirgsky received very characteristic interpretations, especially the "Serenade" and the "Hopak" (better known than the rest), full of dramatic vividness. There was a large audience to hear Mr. Fergusson that showed high appreciation.

The double bill of "Pagliacci" and the Pick-Mangia-Galli "mimetic symphonic comedy," "Il Carillon Magico," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

"Pagliacci" was presented by the following cast: Mme. Destinn and Messrs. Caruso, De Luca, Bada and Laurenti. Mr. Denise, who was to have appeared last evening, is still too ill to sing, his place being filled by Mr. De Luca.

The ballet was danced by Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio and Jessie Roggie, Florence Rudolph and Florence Glover, Mr. Papi conducting.

Caruso Injured Singing Canio

Enrico Caruso met with an accident near the end of the first act in "Pagliacci," in which he was appearing as *Canio* for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

The great tenor, singing to a packed house of 4,000 persons, had just finished his famous big air when he turned and in an intense moment of action as he was going up the three steps leading into the tent at the rear of the stage severely wrenched the muscles of his side.

At the close of the act he was able to take but one curtain call. Mr. William J. Gerard of the executive staff came before the curtain, told what had happened and said Mr. Caruso would try and go through the second and final act of the opera.

A long intermission followed during which Dr. Sallerbens, one of the house physicians, treated the singer with hot applications, and Mr. Caruso was relieved to the extent of being able to sing his exacting part in the last act.

The other principals in the cast were Mme. Destinn as *Nedda* and Mr. De Luca as *Tonio*.

Following "Pagliacci" the new ballet "Il Carillon Magico" was given for the second time, with Miss Rosini Galli as *Pierrot*, Mr. Bonfiglio as *Harlequin* and Miss Rudolph as *Columbine*.

DETROIT ORCHESTRA WARMLY WELCOMED

Gabrilowiasch and Players Applauded at Carnegie Hall.

When the Society of the Friends of Music looked around for new worlds to conquer it perceived the Detroit Symphony Orchestra sitting on the shores of Lake St. Clair with Ossip Gabrilolitsch holding his baton with one hand and a piano with the other. Now Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the Friends of Music were old companions and so it did not take them long to come to an understanding, which resulted in the whole Detroit Symphony Orchestra, from its twenty-one violins to its ten double basses, and also the piano, and likewise Mr. Gabrilowitsch, descending upon New York and giving a concert last evening in Carnegie Hall.

The programme consisted of Weber's "Oberon" overture, the C minor symphony of Brahms, Mozart's D minor piano concerto and Richard Strauss's "Dan Juan." In the Mozart work Mr. Gabrilowitsch performed the piano part while Victor Kolar, assistant conductor, directed. But Mr. Gabrilowitsch's piano playing is no novelty and Mr. Kolar used to be Walter Damrosch's assistant. The heroes of last evening were Gabrilowitsch the conductor and his little army of musicians.

There is no need of detail. The Detroit Orchestra is good and was welcome. Its strings are solid, brilliant and muscular, its wood wind mellow and sonorous, its brass, particularly the horns, excellent in quality. The orchestra shows the results of good drill. It plays with precision, unanimity and balance, and with a fine, vigorous, broad style. It is not deficient in finish, but polish of the last item is not its specialty. Virility and a big grasp of the phrase are its prime characteristics.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch conducted the Brahms symphony with all the alterations of tempo developed by prima donna conductors, and with a splendidly dramatic conception. The symphony has been performed more exquisitely, but not more boldly. It stirred the audience and well it might. What a blessing to the art of music in this country is the founding and growth of such institutions as this Detroit Orchestra. It is an agency for the spread of the gospel of pure musical beauty, and the city of Detroit is to be congratulated on the possession of such an admirable organization directed by such an intelligent musician as Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Professing to pursue the purpose of promoting the cultivation of forms which do not enter into the ordinary musical activities of New York, the Society of the Friends of Music gave a concert by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, the conductor of the orchestra, is a very familiar figure as a pianist and a not entirely unfamiliar figure as a conductor.

The music played was the overture to "Oberon," Brahms's first Symphony, Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor and Richard Strauss's tone-poem "Don Juan." There being nothing in this scheme unknown to the lists which are being drawn on for the nearly two hundred symphony concerts which have been projected by local orchestras for the season and which are being teeled off at the rate of from five to ten a week, the only elements inviting curiosity or interest in last night's concert were the visiting band and its conductor's interpretation of well known works.

Bands Too Numerous

The extent to which the curiosity or interest was gratified is of larger concern to Detroit than to New York, of course, which fact, we suppose, must enter into the consideration of the recorder of the incident. A comparison of the orchestra with local organizations of its kind would not yield results flattering to the wonderful city of the Middle West, nor ought it to add to the complacency of the metropolis.

Orchestral musicians of the first class are not plentiful enough to supply all the bands which prosperous urban communities are supporting either from civic pride or love of art. Few of them are developed in this country, and the obstacles placed by trade unions to the importation of artist-musicians are many and great. The problem will not be solved until the study of instrumental music, now so general, is directed into channels which are little sought, if sought at all. As yet we have seen only feeble beginnings.

Out of the material which Mr. Gabrilowitsch has succeeded in gathering together he has, obviously by dint of patience and hard labor, formed a serviceable band—one that ought to contribute a vital factor to the sum of musical culture in Detroit.

Tribute to the Music

As yet it can bring no educational message to this city or Boston or Philadelphia. The enthusiastic plaudits which last night's performances received were no doubt stimulating and encouraging.

It was no doubt so intended by the audience. A tribute, too to the music; more to it, we hope, than to the readings of the scores or the technical performance of the band. We fancy that with more plastic material, with players of more finished skill and command of better tone-quality, finer results would have been attained in the symphony; that the voice of the mass, as well as the individual choirs, would have been more homogeneous, more euphonious. Sonority there was in plenty, but of sensuous beauty there was little.

In the conductor's reading of the overture there seemed an excess of striving for effects which when attained were abnormal.

To make every repetition of a phrase an echo of the original utterance is to rob it of its health and vigor—to emasculate it. But there was delicious art in Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance of the solo part of the pianoforte concerto—true musicianship in spirit and matter. Mr. Vitor Kolar conducted the orchestra in this number with an admirable hand.

Dec 10 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Florence Easton as Carmen.

Mme. Geraldine Farrar was obliged to give up her part in the opera of "Carmen," which was on the bill of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening on account of an attack of hoarseness. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, however, and this one brought an opportunity to Miss Florence Easton to sing the part of Carmen. tI was the first time she has sung it here, and her performance in it afforded great pleasure to those who heard it last night.

To those who have followed Miss Easton's work on the stage of the Metropolitan as well as on the concert stage, her success was hardly in the nature of a surprise. She has often and in various ways shown her high accomplishments as a singer and as an actress in the lyric drama. She has not only a beautiful voice and a finished vocal style, but dramatic intelligence and skill of a varied order. She sang the part last night without rehearsal and is said to have sung it but once before in French, oftener in German. But she showed entire familiarity with it, moved within it with freedom, both in song and action, wthout anxiety as to the outcome or undue dependence upon conductor or promoter. The excellence of her French diction as particularly noticeable. The impersonation was in no way tentative. That it gave pleasure was evident from the applause from all quarters of the house.

The other members of the cast have been heard in the more recent performances of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan. The only important change from the previous performance this season was in the part of Escamillo, taken by Mr. Rothier, instead of Mr. Whitehill.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

In its wide survey of musical art through its historical series of concerts the New York Symphony Society yesterday reached the romantic composers of the nineteenth century, to whom the program of its concert given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was devoted. The composers represented on it were Schubert, by his overture to "Rosamunde," his Unfinished Symphony and his songs, "Death and the Maiden" and "The Elking"; Weber, by his overture to "Oberon" and the great air from the same opera, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," and Mendelsohn by his "Italian" symphony.

The singer was Mme. Margarete Matzenauer. Her greatest success was made in the air from "Oberon." There are few singers who can master it as she did, by sheer weight and power of voice, by force and intensity of expression, by declamation and phrasing. It was a performance of no little impressiveness of an air that often gets the best of those rash enough to attempt it. Mme. Matzenauer did have some trouble with its highest notes, which are above the proper range of her voice; but she did what she could to get by them quickly and unscathed.

She also sang admirably the two songs by Schubert, to accompaniments transcribed from the piano for the orchestra; that of "Death and the Maiden" being for strings alone. No mention of the fact that these were transcriptions nor of the name of the transcriber was made on the program, though strict historical accuracy in a historical series would seem to have required it.

The English translation of "Death and the Maiden" used by Mme. Matzenauer is a singularly bold one; and unfortunately her English diction was so clear as to show mercilessly all its faults. Thus, "Honey Man" for "Knochenmann" and "I Am Not Wild" for "Ich bin nicht wild" are hardly fortunate. She also tampered a little with the text of "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," in which Planché's English verse is somewhat more successful than it is in some other parts of his libretto. But these things caused, apparently, little disturbance to the audience, which justly admired and vigorously applauded Mme. Matzenauer's fine singing and wonderfully rich and powerful voice.

The orchestral performance was likewise highly enjoyable in its blended euphonies, its clear and vigorous reproduction of the overtures and the symphonies.

Rose and Otillie Sutro.

The public playing of duets on two pianos, not one of the highest or most interesting forms of the art of music, is well represented in the current season; perhaps more amply than its relative importance requires. Another representation of it was given last evening in Aeolian Hall by the sisters Rose and Ottilie Sutro, who are well-known exponents of it and who have been heard here before.

Programs of such recitals are limited by the limits of the répertory. An enlargement of it was effected by the playing, for the first time here, of an unpublished "Norse Suite" by Max Bruch, which he wrote for the Sutro sisters and dedicated to them. Reinecke's variations on a sarabanle by Bach, Mozart's fuguc and his sonata in D major, and some pieces by Arensky and Duvernay, were supplemented by an arrangement of an "Allemande" by Couperin and of Wagner's "The Ride of the Valkyries," the latter by W. H. Humiston and also in manuscript.

The playing of the Misses Sutro is not the most interesting of its kind, not stirring to the emotions, but it is of unfailing accuracy and aboundan power, and it gave evident pleasure.

Schubert, Weber and Mendelssohn, the three arch-romanticists, were reached in the Symphony Society's historical series of symphonic concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The program contained as its illustrative elements the overture to "Rosamunde" and the symphonic torso in B minor by Schubert, Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony.

For variety, but within the historical frame, Mme. Matzenauer contributed two songs by Schubert—"Death and the Maiden" and "The Erlking," with their pianoforte accompaniments—transcribed for the orchestra, not to the betterment of their effect—and the great scene from Weber's fairy opera, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster."

The wonderful setting of Claudius's little lyric was marred by an unidiomatic English paraphrase, but the ballad and operatic scene were given by the singer with splendid power and dramatic effect. The walls of Carnegie Hall may still be ringing with the opulent glory of the first words of Planché's apostrophe to the sea. It was a good thing to have the air of the concert room purged of the sentimentalized version of the "Oberon" overture, with which it was burdened the night before by Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the Detroit Orchestra.

Mr. Damrosch may have been somewhat overhasty in his fundamental tempo, but he put virility into the music without exaggeration of nuance, except in the first repetition of the opening horn call, which he, too, seemed to conceive as an echo. It is not that but a reiteration of the call, which invites and receives a second response from the strings and then proceeds with its discourse.

There is neither textual nor poetical justification for playing the call pianissimo the second time. The effect is wholly ad captandum. H. E. K.

By James Gibbons Huneker

A SYMPHONY SOCIETY MATINEE.

As slender as a wand (a slender wand, of course), Margarete Matzenauer came upon the stage of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon attired in a gown that recalled the cerise-colored spherical object in a cocktail glass. She wore a fascinating though slightly immoral hat. She looked, and evidently felt, gorgeous. Far be it from us to hazard a theory concerning her comparative meagreness—she is still a good armful; it might be tactless; but we recall the palmy days of Victor Maurel, the original "Great Lover," when if he changed the shape of his collar a rumor spread that he had fallen in love. Again, quite a different lady from the previous one, Madame Matzenauer, who is in the Superwoman class with Mary Garden, may not be falling in love—again—for she is wedded to her art; but she has, nevertheless, changed her style of figure. It seems suspicious. She is no longer Margarete, but Marjorie. And at the opera this afternoon she is to be Kundry, and no doubt will be fifty pounds heavier. These lyric girls do keep us guessing—like the old maid in the fable.

But she wasn't Marjorie when she sang Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." Therein the noblest register of her glorious voice and the noblest quality of her art were perfectly mirrored. She positively shrilled when she uttered the phrase, "Give me your hand." A most expressive interpretation. The same cannot be said for her singing of the famous "Erlking." It was dramatically tempestuous, but the various voices were not sufficiently differentiated. Her voice too was rather shaky at the start. Yet it was a tour de force; as was the torrential delivery of "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster." The woman always plans her reading on such big lines that you almost forget that she has not the precise voice for this particular aria. It is for Rosa Raisa—if that extraordinary vocal apparatus had been dowered with the commanding musical intellect of a Matzenauer. But barring certain awkward places the great contralto compassed the length, breadth and thickness of the scene, usually a most thankless one. She did not sport that hat when she strolled the beach looking for oceans, sunrises, gallant rescuers and pirates. She was enthusiastically acclaimed.

Schubert Weber and Mendelssohn were the instrumental offerings of Conductor Walter Damrosch. The Oberon overture, heard Wednesday night under Gabrilowitsch and to be heard at the Opera to-morrow afternoon under Bodansky, was brilliantly played, although lacking poetic atmosphere. The oftener we hear other virtuosi of the baton, the more we realize what a big conductor is Arthur Bodansky. Schubert's Rosamunde overture, the Unfinished Symphony—so-called because it is the most finished of all Schubert's symphonic works—and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony comprised an engrossing programme. The Mendelssohn composition has "dated," it even sounds old fashioned on a mechanical pianoforte. The same music will be repeated this evening at Carnegie Hall.

THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS.

At the Philharmonic Society concert last night in Carnegie Hall Conductor Stransky led his men in music by Bach, Richard Strauss, Roussel and Tchaikovsky. Nothing new, save the Evocation by Roussel, a novelty at these concerts, yet born old and inconsequential. It is a fact indisputable that there is nothing more contagious among conductors than programmes. A week or two ago we heard the Brandenberg concerto of Bach followed by the stale old Abert arrangement of the C sharp minor piano prelude to a five voice fugue followed by a faked choral of the transcriber and the G minor organ fugue. God knows in all the mish mash of this polyphonic season where we heard it, but we certainly didn't care to hear it again so soon, and we may truthfully add, so indifferently played. And till "Eulenspiegel"? Wasn't that given last week and better than the faulty performance on this occasion? It was a bad night for musical instruments. The society did not distinguish itself, although it had a chance in "Francesca da Rimini," which closed the programme, but we fled after the Tooling of the Roussel number, so cannot make an affidavit for or against its quality. We wish that conductors would avoid catching the musical measles known as programmitis.

Italian symphony. The singer of the concert was Mme. Matzenauer, who was not in good voice and sang with much labor and little style. The orchestra discharged its congenial duties admirably.

In the same hall in the evening the Philharmonic Society performed a table d'hote programme. Bach had three numbers, the Brandenburg concerto in F, Max Reger's transcription of "O Man, Thy Grievous Sin Bemoan," and Abert's arrangement of a prelude, choral and fugue. Then by way of piquant contrast came Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," which was followed by Albert Roussel's "Les Dieux dans l'Ombre des Cavernes ("Evocations, No. 1"). The concert concluded with Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini."

The programme was ill-planned and threatened indigestion for the hearer. But a large audience was present and apparently had appetite for the feast. None of the compositions, except that of M. Roussel, was unfamiliar to Philharmonic patrons.

AMERICAN PIANIST'S DEBUT.

George Beach, a young American pianist who has played with success in London, gave his first recital here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. His programme included Beethoven's A flat sonata, opus 26; Busoni's "Berceuse" and Liszt's fantasy and fugue on the name of Bach. His performance proved him to be an artist of admirable accomplishments. In fact, he is one of the best of the new young pianists heard here this season. His technical ability was excellent. His tone and style, indeed, could easily have had more warmth, but all his playing had clarity, intelligence, taste and sometimes brilliance.

SYMPHONY-PHILHARMONIC.

There were only two orchestral concerts yesterday. Both had interest, but neither was of a kind to stir the community to unwonted demonstration. In the afternoon in Carnegie Hall Walter Damrosch and the musicians of the Symphony Society continued their journey through the chronology of orchestral music, otherwise denominated a historical cycle, and arrived at the era of the early romanticists.

Beethoven, who completed the classic and began the romantic period, had been disposed of in a single concert. Yesterday Schubert, Weber and Mendelssohn were passed into the record. The first named was represented by his complacent overture to "Rosa-

"Carmen" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, but there was a new representative of the wayward gypsy. Miss Geraldine Farrar had been attacked by hoarseness and her place had to be taken at short notice by Mme. Florence Easton. The change gave the audience an opportunity to enjoy a somewhat different version of the role. But of the difference nothing need be said. Mme. Easton achieved a distinct artistic success, and her excellence was immediately and cordially recognized by the audience.

Doubtless the most unexpected features of the impersonation were Mme. Easton's command of the music and the text, her confident and authoritative treatment of both, her easy and sure presentation of the most subtle shades of Bizet's melody, her mastery of the style. Her *Carmen* was musically admirable. Her French was admirable. Her conception of the role was admirable. In short she was a genuinely fine *Carmen* not vulgar or brutal, but wayward, passionate and full of changeful moods.

Leon Rothier was the *Escamillo*, sung the last time by Clarence Whitehill, and Mr. Martinelli the *Don Jose*. Mme. Sundelius sang *Micaela*. But all these have been heard before and they made no new revelations last night. The performance might have been somewhat dull had it not been for Mme. Easton's invigorating spirit. Albert Wolff conducted without great spirit.

George Beach in Piano Recital.

George Beach, who gave a matinee recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday after nine years abroad, showed himself the newer sort of artist, a man and musician first of all, and quite incidentally an interesting pianist, not afraid of noise, nor concerned with minutely calculated detail in the music he broadly outlined. His program, ranging from Bach's toccata and fugue in D to Liszt's fine frenzy of notes on the name "Bach," found most serious expression in Beethoven's sonata Op. 26, of a hero's funeral march; Chopin's "Raindrop" prelude, dripping molten steel, and a Debussy group, the "Cathedral," "West Wind" and others, introduced by Busoni's "Berceuse," that might have rocked Debussy's cradle. The veteran Busoni beat the cubists at their own game in kidnapping cacophonies to make an art-nouveau lullaby.

Dec 11 1920

Tosca in the Evening.

In the evening the opera was of a very different type. It was Puccini's "Tosca," with Miss Destinn in the name part. Beniamino Gigli was the *Cavaradossi* and Mr. Scotti, as usual, the incomparable *Scarpia*. There were changes in the minor roles, Milo Picco appearing as *Angelotti* and Paolo Ananian as the *Sacristan*. Mr. Morazoni conducted.

The performance was one of merit, if not of high distinction. Miss Destinn's voice was not in its best condition and its tones were of uneven beauty, some being hollow and unsteady, while others were smooth and silvery. Mr. Gigli's tones again gave pleasure by reason of their freshness and vibrancy, but his acting was merely a matter of form, and not very good form at that.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Matinee of "Parsifal," by members of the Metropolitan company.

The Cast.

(In English.)

Amfortas ..... Clarence Whitehill
Titurel ..... William Gustafson
Gurnemanz ..... Robert Blass
Parsifal ..... Johannes Sembach
Klingsor ..... Adamo Didur
Kundry ..... Margarete Matzenauer
A Voice ..... Jeanne Gordon
First Knight of the Grail ..... Angelo Bada
Second Knight of the Grail ..... Louis D'Angelo
First Esquire ..... Mary Ellis
Second Esquire ..... Frances Ingram
Third Esquire ..... Octave Dua
Fourt Esquire ..... Mario Laurenti

Solo Flower Maidens:
First Group—Marie Sundelius, Mary Ellis, Raymonde Delaunois
Second Group—Jeanne Gordon, Mary Mellish, Marie Tiffany
And a chorus of 24 other Flower Maidens, the Brotherhood of the Knights of the Grail, Esquires and Boys.
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

By James Gibbons Huneker

"PARSIFAL."

"Parsifal" was sung yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time this season before an audience that plainly showed the encroachment of the approaching holiday season. But it was an enthusiastic audience and had ample reasons, for the performance was excellent throughout. As Sembach was ill the title role was assumed by Orville Harrold. Robert Blass was the "Uncle" Gurnemanz. Naturally, Mr. Harrold did not seem an unfamiliar figure, nor, for that matter, was Mr. Blass. Mme. Matzenauer was again the Kundry and gave us in Act II. a more winning, womanly impersonation than at her first essay. The objectionable pagoda has been abolished and the scene of Parsifal's attempted undoing is now played at the side, as formerly, and with the usual couch. And much more effectively. The audience can see and hear better. Kundry was less the imperious Sultana and more the seductive houri. She sang with tenderness and ravishing charm. Her scream is that of a wounded wild beast. She dazzled with her blond loveliness, and poor Parsifal seemed a human refrigerator to be able to withstand this sirocco of passion and enticement.

Mr. Harrold does not look the ideal Parsifal. He is too virile a man for such a capon parts We wish, perhaps, from sheer perversity, the character would be sung once by a contralto—Josephine Jacoby, for example. In the spacious Elizabethan days girls were played by golden lads on the boards. Why not Parsiphallic Parsifal? But Harrold sang well, with intelligence, and his English diction was, like Clarence Whitehill's, of a superior order. With Matzenauer he had to respond to many curtain calls.

There is nothing of note to add, except that the stage was ably handled by Mr. Thewmann and in a logical manner. The new groupings are a great improvement. Whitehill was a superb Amfortas, and Didur a sinister Klingsor. The Urban settings are picturesque, especially Klingsor's castle. Marie Sundelius led the flower maidens through their serpentining chromatics. She wore, as did her lady friends, "pettibockers," which are a species of sacred pajamas. They quite filled the horizon of the magic garden. Miss Sundelius sang delightfully. Gustafson was Titurel. Artur Bodanzky was at his brilliant best. His orchestra was like a molten current of tone. It was a satisfactory interpretation from start to finish. The English version of Henry Edward Krehbiel was used; any other is inconceivable. There was more clarity in the enunciation of Matzenauer than last season, but others left much to be desired.

Owing to the indisposition of Ponselle the role of Rezin will be sung and acted by Florence Easton at the matinee of "Oberon" to-day. Other changes are Morgan Kingston replacing Sembach, and Jeanne Gordon and Edna Kellogg instead of Howard and Delaunois. It never rains but it pours.

The Philharmonic Concert.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon was devoted to Brahms and Tschaikovsky. Brahms was represented by his "Tragic" overture and his violin concerto, played by Alfred Megerlin, the concert master of the orchestra; Tschaikovsky by his "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, the andante cantabile from the string quartet, Op. 11, arranged for string orchestra and his "Marche Slave." There was the usual large matinée audience.

By Richard Aldrich

Parsifal.

The rigors and uncertainties of the New York climate, having already begun to make their inroads upon the singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company, continued their work yesterday by incapacitating Mr. Sembach from reappearing, as announced, in his old part of Parsifal in Wagner's "sacred stage festival play," which had its first performance this season yesterday afternoon. Orville Harrold took the part, in which he was first seen a year ago.

The performance was given in the English version of H. E. Krehbiel, as it was then. The most important change in the cast was that which assigned the part of Gurnemanz to Robert Blass, who in years gone by was a familiar figure in it. Another change was in the singer of the words of the disembodied Titurel, William Gustafson, one of the new members of the company, a young American.

The performance, which was under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky, was on a high level of excellence. Mr. Bodanzky takes some of the tempos faster than they have been taken in the past, to the advantage of the dramatic movement. The playing of the orchestra was excellent, though at times it seemed to lack in fullness of tonal body. There was perhaps somewhat more of the English text distinguishable than was the case at the first performance of the English version last year, and this is natural with the singers' increased familiarity with the text.

There was also something less of foreign accent heard. But Mr. Didur still prefaces his remarks from the tower of Klingsor's castle with the statement that "the time is comb"; nobody apparently having reminded him, in the course of a year, that "come" rhymes with "hum" and not with home." This is an isolated instance of a few defects in English pronunciation on the part of the foreign members of the east that might so easily be remedied.

The clearest enunciation of the text was heard from Mr. Whitehill, whose Amfortas is one of the noblest, most powerfully tragic impersonations of the part that have been seen here, and one of the most beautifully sung. Mme. Matzenauer's Kundry calls again for much admiration in its richness of voice and intelligence of action, though there are the passages that she has difficulty in reaching and that are, in so far, an obstacle to unalloyed enjoyment of her performance. She, too, is one of those who form the English words into the greatest clearness. Mr. Blass did not have full success in making Gurnemanz seem interesting, or in holding the attention to his long recital—fortunately less long than once it was—in the first act. There were at least times in which he, too, sang words that could be understood as English.

It must not be forgotten, however, in the matter of understanding the text, that it is dependent not entirely upon the singer but is much governed by the amount of orchestral tone by which his voice is supported or covered; and that that, in turn, is much governed by the methods of the conductor; and, in the final analysis, by the work of the composer.

The scenery of the present production does not commend itself in its landscape features wholly to those who remember the real charm of the scenery originally used for "Parsifal" here, though it did not submit to classification under the latest styles of art, scenic or other. But there has been one positive improvement; one that makes much difference to the effect of the scene of Kundry's temptation of Parsifal in the second act. The stout little pagoda in the middle of the garden, with only limited accommodations for two, has been abandoned. Kundry now appears reclining upon a flowery divan, that is pushed upon the stage from the wings by the magic of a magic garden, and the scene is carried through naturally and freely.

Grace Northrup in Song Recital.

Grace Northrup, soprano, gave a matinée recital of songs in four languages yesterday at Aeolian Hall, assisted at the piano by Richard Hageman, whose setting of a graceful poem, "Happiness," was encored, as was also "A Dream" from delightful "Songs of the Turkish Hills," by George Clutsam. Miss Northrup has before now been recognized as a singer of much charm and cultivated style; more ambitious numbers included airs of Handel and Carissimi, lyrics of Schubert and Brahms, and five by French composers, especially marked by admirable diction.

Lawrence Haynes, Tenor, Appears.

Lawrence Haynes, a young tenor of some experience on the stage, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening, accompanied by Malcolm Lang, in French songs of Faure, Duparc, Debussy and Huc, an air from "Sheherazade" and Greek folksongs arranged by Ravel, and a Russian group by Rachmaninoff. Mr. Haynes, while his voice is not of highest lyric quality, has natural ease and suavity that fitted well in such music, touched lightly with sentiment and gaiety.

Lawrence Haynes, New Tenor, Heard.

Lawrence Haynes, tenor, gave his first recital here last night in Aeolian Hall. His programme was not well planned for a display of a knowledge of different vocal styles. It contained only songs by modern French writers and a closing group of four songs by Rachmaninov. Mr. Haynes disclosed a voice of

light volume and little musical quality. His vocal schooling was limited, but his style in the French songs showed taste. Malcolm Lang played the accompaniments well.

Philharmonic Concert.

The Philharmonic Society gave a Brahms-Tschaikowsky programme at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The performance, in part at least, seemed to take on of the dark and gloomy weather outside. The orchestra played first in a rather dull manner the "Tragic" overture by Brahms. The same master's violin concerto followed, with the solo part played by the orchestra's concert master, Alfred Megerlin. His performance was one of small outlines. The Tschaikowsky numbers were the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy, repeated from the society's Thursday concert; the "Andante Cantabile" and "Marche Slave."

Dec 12 1920

By Richard Aldrich

Oberon.

The production of Weber's opera of "Oberon" entered yesterday, at the matinee performance, on its third season at the Metropolitan Opera House. It has proved popular for two seasons, and should retain again its popularity, the reasons for which are not difficult to find. Its libretto is more nearly a farrago of nonsense than is that of Mozart's "Magic Flute," and makes even less appeal to the adult intelligence and the adult imagination. In each case it is the music that has given vitality to the book.

The charm of Weber's music is what keeps "Oberon" on the stage and prompts various attempts to turn the libretto into something more practical for the stage, if not more sensible, than its originator, J. R. Planché, knew how to. Mr. Bodanzky has made such an attempt with skill, yet "Oberon" is still easily intelligible only to close students of the libretto, aided by notes explanatory, historical and mythological. The music, however, is wholly intelligible, from the overture, which lives such an active life in the concert halls (it had two performances in the three days next preceding yesterday's performance), to the falling of the curtain.

The auspices under which "Oberon" began its third season might be considered unfavorable, for the roll of invalids at the Metropolitan Opera House numbered yesterday four singers who were concerned in the cast of this opera and were originally announced for yesterday's performance. The places of Mmes. Ponselle, Howard and Delaunois, and Mr. Sembach had to be taken by Mmes. Easton, Gordon, Edna Kellogg and Morgan Kingston, respectively.

Yet let them not be called unfavorable auspices that resulted in casting Miss Easton for the part of Rezia and Miss Gordon for that of Fatima. They are two excellent singers who sang their music with much skill and intelligence. Miss Easton, indeed, gave a remarkably beautiful impersonation. In the great air "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," there was not all the weight of voice, all the breadth and massiveness that is necessary for the true performance of it, but Miss Easton sang it with admirable style, without apparent effort, without reaching desperately for the high notes, a performance that was limited inevitably only by the physical resources of the singer. So, too, Miss Gordon gave her music in admirable voice, except for a momentary confusion in the third act. Mr. Kingston was an excellent Huon, as he has been before—in fact, all the members of the cast had previously been heard in the opera.

A notable feature of the performance was the clearness of the English diction that characterized it generally. Here, at least, there begins to be some approximation to that "opera in English" that we read about and that many have dreamed about. So far as the present writer is concerned, there was more English heard and understood in yesterday's performance than in all the other "operas in English" for several seasons put together. Much might be said in apportioning the credit for this among the singers (who deserve most of it), the conductor, the composer, the librettist; perhaps the architect of the opera house might be included.

The opera has not fared very well in its scenic decoration. Some of the scenes are effective and artistic; others are tawdry; and there is an undue fondness for purple, mauve, magenta and solferino lighting that might advantageously be curbed. The massed crowds in picturesque Oriental garb are effective; the chorus does well what falls to its share.

Aurore La Croix, Pianist, Reappears

Aurore La Croix reappeared as pianist yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, playing a sonata of Galuppi, two movements of another, in C major, by Weber, and one from MacDowell's "Keltic," of which the program's indication, "With naïve tenderness," was well reflected in what proved the best moments of her performance. There was a new freedom for the player, less repression of mood, in some contrasted works of Schumann and Chopin, Liszt's "Eroica" study, a Strauss-Tausig waltz and Alkan's "Scherzo Diabolique," noisily deserving its name. Miss La Croix has developed a sense of dynamic values somewhat violent at times, needing yet subtler gradations, but none the less giving a variety and force hitherto unsuspected in her playing.

Young People's Symphony Concert.

The spirit of Beethoven was the Santa Claus of the considerably grown-up Young People's Symphony at its Christmastide concert yesterday, when a matinee audience that filled Carnegie Hall easily matched in its eager delight the week-end crowds in the toy shops. Walter Damrosch spoke of the great musician and conducted the orchestra in his music, a program more serious than in some former holiday seasons, as an observance of this week's 150th anniversary of Beethoven's birth. The performance included the "Egmont" overture, the entire Seventh symphony of dancing rhythms, a "Polonaise" of Old-World charm and the Turks' march from "The Ruins of Athens."

Dec 13 1920

The Harvard Glee Club.

While New York has been eliminating the music of Palestrina and his fellows, and the choral music of Bach and Brahms from public concerts, by eliminating the Musical Art Society, Harvard College has discovered it and has been making it popular through the agency of the Glee Club. That organization has seen a great light under the inspiration of Professor Archibald T. Davison of the Music Department of the college, and has turned from the traditional "college songs" to music of a very different sort.

What it has been doing in this direction was illustrated in the concert it gave yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The program comprised unaccompanied ecclesiastical music of the Roman school by Palestrina, Allegri and Lotti; a chorale by Bach; a setting of an Irish folk-song; a madrigal by Thomas Morley; three choruses from Rubinstein's "Biblical opera," "The Tower of Babel"; Coleridge Taylor's setting of "Drake's Drum"; an arrangement for male chorus by W. Frank Harling of Duparc's song "L'Invitation au Voyage," called in its new form "Dreamland"; four of the "Liebeslieder" by Brahms, and the chorus, "Hallelujah, Amen" from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus."

The program itself is remarkable enough for any college organization to undertake; still more remarkable was the beauty and finish of the performance, the understanding of the music, the evident assimilation of its spirit, that these young men and their admirable conductor showed from beginning to end. It was choral singing of a remarkably fine kind, not merely a praiseworthy attempt by a lot of college youths; it was an achievement worthy to stand by itself and of a distinction that puts the chorus among the best.

The singing was musically intelligent, and showed a discriminating feeling for style and for differences of style. The tone of the chorus is rich and full. In pianissimos there is a feeling of mystery. In passages of fortissimo the musical quality is excellent. The ensemble was highly finished. There were care and significance in the phrasing, and in the contrapuntal pieces the voice parts were clear in their blending. Unusual pains had evidently been taken with enunciation. The ancient ecclesiastical pieces were impressively sung. An effect of crescendo in Lotti's "Crucifixus" was subtly wrought. It was perhaps inevitable that the Latin should have been pronounced as it is in academic circles, including Harvard, rather than as it is pronounced in the Roman Catholic Church. There was in certain passages of this music a curious staccato effect called for by nothing in the text or the music, perhaps due to an excess of zeal in making the syllables clear.

The Irish folk song, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," was arranged for tenor solo, sung with the right simplicity of style by J. F. Lautner, with a humming accompaniment by the chorus. There was a fine vigor in the singing of Bach's chorale, spirit in Thomas Morley's madrigal "My Bonnie Lass;" picturesque vigor in Coleridge Taylor's setting of "Drake's Drum." Duparc's song "Invitation au Voyage," loses in its effect by transference to a chorus; nor is it strange that an accomplished master's handiwork should not sound best as he himself left it.

Brahms's "Liebeslieder," composed for mixed voices, undoubtedly lose something also by their transference to a male chorus. The performance of them was not so successful in all respects as most else on the program. There was something too much of that staccato effect above noted in places where all should be of the greatest smoothness.

There were immense vigor and spirit in Handel's chorus, and the dramatic touch, which is something more than vigor and spirit. It was heartily applauded, and indeed it was evident throughout the concert that the music and the performance deeply engaged the interest and the sympathies of the listeners.

The chorus, which numbered about sixty, was picked from the entire Glee Club of one hundred and thirty or so. This sort of thing has been going on at Harvard College since the Spring of 1919, where it has enlisted a degree of interest unexpected, at least by some, not only among those who sing, but also among a large proportion of the undergraduates who listen. It would be hard to overestimate the value of the movement as a factor in the work of the music department, and hence in contributing to the liberal culture which the Harvard authorities long ago recognized as inherent in music by establishing that department.

By MAX SMITH.

THE Philharmonic Society, Josef Stransky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall its "Beethoven Festival," in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the master's birth.

Apart from the particular significance that attached to the matinee—the first of a cycle of three concerts devoted to the same object—the special attraction was the first appearance here since the war of Arrigo Serato, who, it goes almost without saying, played the great D major concerto as part of a programme that embraced the "Coriolanus" overture and the Fifth Symphony.

Signor Serato is Italy's most distinguished violinist. More than that, he is one of the outstanding figures in his profession—not a virtuoso in the usual sense of the word, but like Kreisler, a musician whose technical prowess is subordinated to loftier aims.

He was obviously nervous yesterday, like a high-strung steed quivering with excitement after a long period of rest. And it was this nervousness, presumably, that affected occasionally the smoothness of his bowing and the absolute purity of his intonation. Yet how picayune these blemishes seemed when superimposed superficially on a reading of the concerto so big, so profound, so dramatic, so vital!

To judge from the rather cool reception accorded to Serato, there were persons in the audience who, listening alertly for every mechanical defect, failed to appreciate the grandeur of the violinist's achievement. To such persons, no doubt, a technically impeccable performance, say, by a Heifetz, would have been more acceptable. That, in itself, sufficiently describes the calibre of their intelligence.

What Serato accomplished yesterday was to communicate Beethoven's message to those capable of understanding it. His first thought, even in the difficult Joachim cadenzas—the first somewhat amplified—was to give eloquent expression to the musical idea by dint of melodic prasing and nuance, rhythmical account, dynamic modulation.

A superb interpretation was his first to last, sweeping in its plastic proportions, nobly expressive in its detail, unmarred by a single flaw of musicianship.

He was admirably supported by the orchestra under Stransky.

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guest being Arrigo Serato, lately returned from abroad, who was heard in the master's violin concerto. Mr. Serato played with an Italian's feeling for melodic line and with a tone of much power, if not of utmost sensuous beauty. Mr. Stransky conducted also the "Coriolanus" overture and the Fifth symphony.

At the Symphony Society's second concert in a popular series at the Lexington yesterday, Willem Willeke made his bow as leader of his fellow-players, while the solo performer was the young Hungarian violinist, Duci de Kerekjarto. For his first appearance with a local orchestra, the ardent youth had chosen Mendelssohn's concerto, which he gave with rare zest in more rapid passages, and somewhat gropingly in those parts calling for a mature style of elegance and repose. Christiane Eymael also appeared, singing the "Ocean" air from Weber's "Oberon."

Savel Zilberts, a Moscow musician, new to this country, conducted his own arrangements of traditional airs from the Jewish ritual yesterday afternoon at the Hippodrome, the solo parts chanted by Cantor Abraham Hyman, and the responses for choir by a professional chorus. Mrs. Amalia Zilberts was heard in an air from Tschaikovsky's "Pique Dame."

Viola Cole Audet, a pianist of Chicago, and former writer on music in Montreal, was a débutante in recital at the Princess Theatre yesterday. In her program were two "Sarabandes" of Brahms, said to have been "found during the war," an "Impression" by Grovlez of "Westminster Abbey" and Leonard Borwick's piano version of Debussy's "Faun."

Frederic Warren opened a second season of Sunday afternoon "ballad concerts," transferred this Winter to the Longacre Theatre, where yesterday's varied program included folk songs of Tuscany for Mildred Graham and George Reardan, others, Czecho-Slovak and Hungarian for Ruano Bogislav, and violin solos for a young Chicago artist, Amy Neill.

In the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House Verdi's "Requiem" was sung by Emmy Destinn, Jeanne Gordon, Mario Chamlee and Leon Rothier as soloists and the admirable Metropolitan chorus directed by Giulio Setti. It was exceptional[illegible] well done.

Saturday's Concerts.

Of Saturday's concerts mention should be made of the piano recital of Aurore La Croix, who played in Aeolian Hall. She had been heard here before. Her playing, while planned on a somewhat freer scale than heretofore, would be better with a bit more of repression and an injection of warmth.

Lydi Lipkowska, a Russian coloratura soprano, once a member of the Chicago Opera Company and heard here this fall with the San Carlo forces, gave a recital in the evening in Carnegie Hall. There is always a market for florid singing, and there was no doubt of Mme. Lipkowska's success so far as the audience was concerned. To the more judicious, however, there was much that was unsatisfactory in the soprano's artistic endeavors. Although a coloratura she was at her best in the simpler Russian songs, which were invested with feeling and sincere emotion.

F. H. W.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Peterson's Recital.

Miss May Peterson, who first appeared in New York a few years ago, after singing in the Opéra Comique, in Paris, and who has since been on the roster of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program was of singular interest and variety, devised by one who had investigated for herself the literature of song and found much there that is not hackneyed.

She began with one of Kurt Schindler's arrangements of an old Catalonian song, a French "Noel," arranged by Wekerlin; Caccini's "Amarilli" and the well-known soprano air from Bach's cantata, "The Contest Between Phoebus and Pan" followed, and a modern French group, a group of German songs, including two by Dirk Foch, and a group of English, American and Swedish, in which A. Walter Kramer and Albert Spalding were represented.

Miss Peterson's voice was not in quite so satisfactory condition as when it was last heard here. A marked tremolo had supervened yesterday and had its unfavorable effect on songs especially that require a sustained and equable tone, such as Caccini's "Amarilli," and in others; nor was the quality of the voice at all times of the freshness that gave it some of its distinctive charm.

But Miss Peterson sang with much grace and with felicitous and characteristic expression; especially the songs of the lighter and gayer kind as the French Noel and the air from Bach's cantata. Her French diction is excellent. Excellent accompaniments were given Miss Peterson by Stuart Ross.

Ernest Hutcheson's Recital.

There was matter to interest the lovers of the more deeply significant things in piano playing, as well as of the more superficial matters of virtuoso display in the piano recital given in Aeolian Hall last evening by Ernest Hutcheson. The finest moments of the recital were in his performance of Beethoven's great sonata in G minor, Op. 111, a performance of thrilling power and breadth in the majestice introduction and the fiery first movement, and of exquisit clarity and delicacy in the arietta, though perhaps he did not in this quite rise to the height of Beethoven's celestial communings. But the movement is rarely heard played with such technical perfection, especially in the famous "chaintrills" toward the end. The clean articulation of the first movement, the firm decision of the figures in the left hand gave a clear view of its structure.

Mr. Hutcheson began with four arrangements by Busoni of choral preludes by Bach; organ music which the arranger has carefully stripped of much of it sorgan character; and Mr. Hutcheson in the last one at least ("Rejoice, Dear Christians"), of what was left by his rapid tempo. Mr. Hutcheson did not neglect Liszt, represented by his "Spozalizio," a piece not without sincerity and charm even in its diffuseness, and his Ballade in B minor, tsill more diffuse, with less charm and much bombast. He closed with four arrangements of his own, those of a "Burlesque" and a "Caprice" by Domenico Scarlatti are extremely skillful in their brilliancy and their preservation, and, intensification of their essential spirit. But the necessity of a new or of any arrangement for the piano of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" is hard at this time to understand.

ARTURO TOSCANINI RETURNS

Conductor Brings Italian Orchestra of 98 for Tour of Country.

Arturo Toscanini, the world-famous conductor, who was at the Metropolitan Opera House until 1915 and is now conductor at La Scala Opera House, Milan, Italy, arrived here yesterday from Naples in the Presidente Wilson. He brought with him his Italian orchestra of ninety-eight musicians, with which he will tour the United States as far west as Kansas City. Under the management of Loudon Charlton, the orchestra will give fifty-four concerts in ten weeks, commencing Dec. 28 at the Metropolitan Opera House. Angelo Scandiani, the new administrative director of Scala Opera, arrived with the party, which was met at the pier by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Frances Alda, his wife.

Toscanini said that they had not come to make money, but to keep up friendly relations between Italy and the United States. The trip would cost $250,000. In addition to the three concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, the conductor said that an extra concert would be given at Carnegie Hall on Jan. 3 in aid of the Italian Welfare League.

Vasa Prihoda Plays Again.

Vasa Prihoda, a young Bohemian violinist lately arriving by way of Italy, gave his second recital yesterday in Carnegie Hall under no such handicap of over-praise in advance as had marked his début. Many who heard him on both occasions were agreeably surprised now by a more musicianly performance of more varied music, including two bits of human interest by Czechoslovak compatriots, a waltz of Dvorak and an old Bohemian song paraphrased by Friml. Of violin classics, there were Corelli's "La Folia" and others of Ernst, Paganini and Kreisler.

Mrs. De Roda Helmuth In Songs.

Mrs. De Roda Helmuth, a soprano who is said to have sung abroad and in private here, appeared at Carnegie Hall last night in a program of songs and airs for coloratura soprano, a difficult test for which she seemed as yet not fully prepared. Among her selections were Prock's "Theme and Variations," making technical demands beyond the powers of many professional singers, and Thomas's more dramatic "mad scene" from "Hamlet." Emil Polak assisted at the piano and as composer of several minor songs.

CARUSO, HIMSELF AGAIN;

Happiness reigned supreme in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Caruso was himself again after Saturday night's alarming happening in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. That was evident as soon as he sang his first phrase in the opening scene of "La Forza del Destino." The house was packed, jammed. The "standees" were wedged in like sardines. As soon as they saw Mr. Caruso appear at the moonlit window they burst into tremendous applause, which they speedily checked when they realized that the tenor had begun to sing.

Then they listened with all their ears, and at the first ringing high tone they applauded again. The whole house applauded. It was all right. The unique voice of the world (as Maurel called Tamagno's) was all right. What mattered the breaking of a puny little blood vessel? It spouted a great quantity of the tenor's precious gore, to be sure, but basta! One little bit of caustic and presto, all is bene.

Mr. Caruso sang the first act with plenty of voice. Once he slipped a handkerchief out of his sash and wiped his mouth. Twice he turned his back and coughed. But he has been turning his back and coughing for several seasons. All the faithful knew that. The high tones were there. What else mattered?

Seven curtain calls after the first scene betokened the delight of the audience. Miss Ponselle, who was singing *Lenora*, shook the tenor's hand vigorously. Caruso smiled happily and bowed often. He even cut one of the familiar Caruso capers just to show that his "Pagliacci" strain did not bother him either. In the dressing room he received some of the high dignitaries of the management with exuberance. Afterward Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who says little, murmured something which sounded like "ben trovato," shrugged his shoulders and relapsed into his customary sphinxlike demeanor.

Mr. Gatti-Casazzo's unruffled demeanor was based on confidence so great that he had not even directed Mr. Crimi, the only other tenor up in the role of *Don Alvarez*, to be in the house. He was also happy because Miss Ponselle and Mr. Mardones had recovered from recent illness and that the hospital list was gradually diminishing.

The progress of the performance was watched with interest by the large audience, which settled down to peaceful enjoyment when it became evident that nothing untoward was likely to happen. The opera went with spirit and there was plenty of applause.

AT BAGBY CONCERT

The second of the Bagby morning concerts yesterday attracted an audience that filled the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Miss Geraldine Farrar and Mr. Mario Chamlee of the Metropolitan; Miss Ada Sassoli, harp, and Mr. Joan Manen, violin. At the piano were Messrs. Richard Hageman, Isayah Seligman and Claude Gotthelf. Miss Farrar sang "Batti, Batti," from Mozart's "Don Geovanni," and songs by Schumann, Richard Strauss, Tschaikowsky, Wolff, Dvorak and Gretchaninoff. Mr. Chamlee's numbers included an aria from Puccini's "Tosca," "M'Appari" from "Marta" and some English and Italian songs. Miss Sassoli played solos composed by Bach, Scarlatti, Zabel and Pierne, and Mr. Manen compositions of Saint-Saens, Chopin, Wilhelmj, Schubert and Sarasate.

AMERICAN SOPRANO'S DEBUT.

Miss De Roda Helmuth, an American coloratura soprano, gave her first recital here last night at Carnegie Hall, with Emil Polak at the piano. Her varied list included operatic selections and songs by many different conposers, with two lyrics by Mr. Polak. The "mad" scene from "Hamlet" was down and so was Proch's show piece "Air and Variations." In songs by Cornelius and Strauss, sung in English, and in her florid work she disclosed a light, pretty, natural voice, which she used with very limited skill, but there were some taste and charm of feeling.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

Masterly pianoforte playing was heard in Aeolian Hall last night—not merely a display of virtuosity in the ordinary sense, but a fine musician's interpretation of fine music, some of it supremely great music, in which understanding, deep insight and affectionate devotion were paired with ample capacity to give it such convincing expression as carried it home to the consciousness and hearts of the hearers. The player was Ernest Hutcheson. His program was as far from the ordinary rut of recital programs as his playing was from the immature performances of the majority of young men and women who have recently obeyed the call not to make music, but to give public recitals.

Mr. Hutcheson began with four of Busoni's transcriptions of Bach's preludes for the organ on hymn-tunes of the German Reformed Church. Perhaps that description is a little vague, as at least one of the hymns has become the common possession of the Protestant Church in all lands. It was that known in English hymnals as "Sleepers, Wake, a Voice Is Calling." The three others were less familiar.

Mr. Hutcheson grouped them so as to produce a gratifying sense of contrast, and played them all so as to make the artistic purpose of the composer plain, bringing the fundamental melodies into prominence and twining the arabesques of ornamental polyphony around them to heighten their character. He reached a splendid altitude in a veritable tour de force in the final prelude on "Freut euch Ihr Christen" ("Rejoice, Dear Christians," as the program had it).

Then came Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 111, the climax of the evening's delights and a worthy contribution to this festival week. A musician's sonata it is, which discourses transfigured music rather than the charms of pianoforte tone. The work is inconceivable in any instrumental language other than that of the pianoforte, but there is no pianoforte composition so indifferent to the effects which have been cultivated by specifically pianoforte composers from the beginning.

Music, musical thought and its logical exposition and development for the ends of beautiful art, is its be-all and end-all, and in his proclamation, especially in the arietta, Beethoven becomes a seer, as truly transfigured, in the spirit, that is, as John was on Patmos. Mr. Hutcheson played the sonata so as to make his hearers realize that truth last night, and therefore he was a master musician, not a pianoforte virtuoso, although what he achieved from a technical point could have been achieved only by a superbly equipped virtuoso.

After the sonata he played Liszt's "Spozalizio" and ballad in B minor and transcriptions by himself of a burlesque in G minor and caprice in B flat by Scarlatti, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

Those who expected something unusual in the performance of "La Forza del Destino" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night were disappointed. Mr. Caruso sang as effectively as is his wont, neither striving to make an exhibition of heroics nor to play for sympathy by an exhibition of especial care. More than that, by a deprecatory gesture he checked a demonstration of applause which would have marred his entrance into the lyric play, and when the audience (as numerous as the house would hold, of course) paid a thrilling tribute at the end of the first act he refused to accept it as an expression designed for himself alone, but every time that he appeared before the curtain he brought Miss Ponselle and Mr. d'Angelo with him. After that the performance pursued its course as if the unfortunate incident of Saturday had not occurred. The representation was marked by the return to service of Miss Ponselle and Mr. Mardones, who were on the sick list last week.

There were naturally many inquiries at the opera house concerning Mr. Caruso's condition during the day. To all the answer was returned that the injury which the great singer had suffered was a trifling one (the bursting of a minute blood vessel at the root of the tongue) and that he would sing in the opera at night as announced.

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By James Gibbons Huneker

THE BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION.

This is Beethoven week, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, and, as might have been expected, the Beethoven Association spread itself royally at Aeolian Hall last night. It was the second subscription concert of the season. The Philharmonic Society Orchestra with Josef Stransky played the Prometheus overture and the Eighth Symphony, and George Meader pleased a large audience with his fervent singing of "An die ferne Geliebte." He possesses a vibrant tenor voice, of which, thanks to his method, he does not make the most of, else why the explosive phrasing, the ever recurring throatiness and the lack of a true linear legato? Hence the tonal monotony that invaded his interpretations. He has musical intelligence and temperament, and these qualities won his hearers. His accompanist, Conrad V. Bos, was admirable as ever.

The "piece de resistance" of the evening was a comparitive novelty, the triple concerts for piano, violin and violincello. It is numbered opus 56. Hardly Beethoven at his most inspired, but Beethoven! Old-fashioned passage-work, ungrateful spurts of virtuosity, not many pregnant themes—nevertheless, Beethoven! The solid formal architecture, th erather thick and ineffective scoring for the orchestra, the absolutely uninteresting transitional episodes, did not conceal the fact that there was enough music in the work to furnish forth a half dozen "grand" operas, so-called. The paws of the old lion show in the development section of the first Allegro, and the lovely cantilena of the Largo—played angelically by Hans Kindler, the cellist—were like an oasis in a sandy plain. The Polacca in rondo form had its merry moments, but not last night; that is, not merry for the artists engaged, Albert Spalding, Hans Kindler and Leopold Godowsky. Indeed, as Mr. Godowsky, once remarked on a certain historical occasion: It was a warm night for strings! Also for pianists. The pianist had to turn the pages of his partition and on the last page he caught a tartar and stubbed his crystalline toe. It is said that Mr. Kindler transposed his part an octave higher. Nothing sounded too well. Mr. Spalding said nothing, just sawed wood. The composition resolved itself into a trio with Brother Josef ambling along, seldom overtaking his friends. At the close the three artists solemnly shook hands with the genial conductor and as they filed into the artists room followed by polite applause one phrase fell from their lips—simultaneously.

It was—Never again! And we agree with them. Put the concerts away in its 18th Cenutry camphor chest till the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the mightiest of all composers: Ludwig Van Beethoven.

The second concert of the Beethoven Association in Aeolian Hall last evening assumed special significance from the fact that to-morrow will mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the composer's birth. A programme of extraordinary importance had been prepared. Once more the power of an organization of eminent artists banded to do for the honor of their art things impossible to accomplish on a commercial basis was demonstrated. The forces assembled comprised the Philharmonic Society, Josef Stransky, conductor; George Meader, tenor; Conrad Bos, accompanist; Leopold Godowsky, pianist; Albert Spalding, violinist, and Hans Kindler, cellist.

The music was all created by Beethoven. The programme is given as a matter of record:: "Pometheus" overture, the Philharmonic Society; song cycle, "An die ferne Geliebte," Mr. Meader, concerto for piano, violin and 'cello, opus 56, Messrs. Godowsky, Spalding and Kindler, accompanied by the orchestra, songs, "Wonne der Wehmuth," "Ich liebe dich" and "Adelaide," Mr. Meader, and the eighth symphony, of course played by the Philharmonic.

Critical comment need not concern itself here with the details which might command its consideration in an ordinary concert. Rather should it content itself with jubilation that such lofty plans as those of the Beethoven Association not only are carried out with devotion and beauty but also have aroused and hold the attention of the music loving public.

We read much about the atmosphere which surrounds a performance of "Parsifal," but at no recent performance within the memory of New Yorkers has there been a lovelier spirit of reverence and affection than that which were present last evening. The artists gave their best and achieved elevating results. The audience was at times apparently breathless in its absorption, and the applause was of the kind that betokens full and grateful hearts. It was indeed a notable tribute to the memory of the composer, whose works are familiar throughout the cilized world.

Nelson Illingworth in Songs.

Nelson Illingworth, basso, gave his second song recital yesterday in the Princess Theatre. His programme was again made up of German lyrics sung in English, and remarkably clear and intelligible English, too. Indeed one of the most significant items of Mr. Illingworth's art is his treatment of text so that the meaning of songs long unknown to the more casual of concert goers is made plain.

Among other things he presented Schubert's cycle known as "Swan Songs." The song cycle has been neglected of late, and audiences have lost the habit of listening to a series of lyrics given without interruption for the sake of preserving the connection of the composer's plan. Mr. Illingworth makes such things interesting to the most indolent listener by his peculiar art.

He is not a singer of fine technical accomplishments. His voice is hard and dry, his intonation is often faulty and he lacks many of the graces of the vocal artist. But his singular faculty of imparting intensity to everything he does and his deep appreciation of the poetic and musical content of a song are productive of an effect of uncommon eloquence. His audience apparently enjoyed his recital greatly.

Miss May Mukle's Recital.

Miss May Mukle, an English 'cellist who is well known here, gave "one hour of violoncello music," according to her programme's title, yesterday in Aeolian Hall. She played first a lovely mood picture by Dvorak called "Waldesruhe." This she followed with Valentini's interesting old suite in E major. Two numbers by English composers were then heard, a sonata in two movements for piano and 'cello by Frank Bridge and five short pieces by Purcell Warren, born 1895, and killed in action. In the sonata James Friskin was at the piano. Mr. Bridge, who is a viola player, has had several of his compositions produced here before. The sonata is written in a conventional style and contains beauty, though there also is monotony. It was admirably played and warmly applauded. The Warren pieces are called "An Absent One," "A Little Cradle Song," "Whims," "So Seems It in My Deep Regret" and "A Sunday Evening in Autumn." They are musical trifles, but quite charming. The last one in the set had to be repeated. Miss Mukle played with her customary fine tone, skill and feeling.

An interesting addition to the program was a sonata in two movements by Frank Bridge, the English composer; put down upon the program as played for the first time in America. It is a composition of appealing qualities. The composer is modern in his vein, yet not a seeker after ugliness; and his modernity is not as something put on, but an essential quality of his thought. The music is an individual expression; not, doubtless, of great power and eloquence, but truly felt and developed with skill in the expression of thought, with a feeling for beauty. In this Miss Winkle had the assistance of James Friskin, pianist.

More new music by a young Englishman, sacrificed in the war, was in the form of "Five Short Pieces," signed by Purcell Warren. They are mostly very short; they suggest words, rather than establish them; and they indicate

Maurice Baron, whose "Triumphal Overture" was considered second best in the recent prize contest in which Hugo Riesenfeld offered $500 for the best original American overture, will conduct the Rialto orchestra Sunday when the orchestra will play it for the first time in public, as the principal orchestral number of the week's program.

Ae 16 1920

Mischa Levitzki

By H. E. Krehbiel

A contribution well worth noting, to the current Beethoven celebrations, was made by Mr. Mischa Levitzki, who gave a pianoforte recital in Carnegie Hall last night at which he played the Thirty-two Variations on a Theme in C minor and three sonatas—the so-called "Waldstein" (Op. 53), "Hammerklavier" (Op. 101) and "Appasvimata" (Op. 57). These are popular designations for the works, and only the second has, or had, the sanction of the composer, to the extent that in a passing penchant for the use of German instead of terms in languages not native to him, he called the pianoforte "Hammerklavier."

Mr. Levitzki is a young musician of whom his friends and teachers in New York and many others are proud. His gifts and attainments are such as entitle him to the privilege of giving public performances. A stranger within our gates, wholly without knowledge of the player and intent only on seeking lofty artistic entertainment and pleasure, might find it at one of his concerts. If there was such an one in the audience last night he must have felt that the young artist had paid a worthy tribute to the memory of the composer whom the musical world is trying to honor at this time.

We do not think that the most generously disposed of Mr. Levitzki's friends will say that he has attained artistic maturity. He has marvelous technical skill, and the consciousness of that fact, we fear, has an influence upon his playing, to the detriment of more essential qualities. In the "Waldstein" sonota, at least, he was too highly effervescent. He skimmed the surface of its most significant movement—the first—and in seeking to be supremely scintillant in the final rondo he had no ammunition left for the concluding prestissimo, when, as Lenz remarked, Beethoven, having no other resource left, blew up a ship of the line as a climax. The effect is seldom reached, we know, and can only be if the player prepare for the stunning dénouement at the beginning of the rondo and does not strain in the least through too great eagerness throughout the development of the piece. However, as has been said, Mr. Levitzki is a delightful pianist; generous in his present offerings, more generous in his promise for the near future.

By James Gibbons Huneker

LEVITZKI PLAYS BEETHOVEN.

Mischa Levitzki played a Beethoven programme at his piano recital in Carnegie Hall last night. As Beethoven is a name to conjure with in New York, there was present a large and distinguished musical audience. The young virtuoso opened the evening with the C minor variations, the famous 32, which could easily have been 64 if the composer had so willed. They were played kaleidoscopically, not academically; myriad moods, full of color, sentiment and sometimes mere arabesques. The Waldstein sonata followed, but it has been worn threadbare and that Aurora-like opening no longer thrills. For a pianist of Levitzki's technical resources the piece had no terrors; the finale prestissimo revealed his fleet fingers. But he did not sound the depths of the adagio.

The later sonatas, opus 101, was a greater test, intellectual, emotional and technical, and hearing it we confess we were more convinced of his artistic growth than in the Waldstein. The Greater Beethoven is here, the matrix of modern music; Schumann is adumbrated, as is Chopin in the Hammer Klavier sonata. Levitzki showed keen analytical power in unravelling the seemingly tangled web. He had an excellent grasp on the work as a whole. His enunciation of the portentous fugure was eloquent, the plolyphony admirably clear. Musical intelligence dominated the reading throughout which, however, was that of a young athlete rather than of a profound scholar. We prefer Levitzki in Chopin and Schumann. But as this is Beethoven week he did no more than his duty in playing some of the masterworks of the supreme master.

When Beethoven Was an Ass

He said so himself. His great biographer, Thayer, relates that towards the end of his life the great composer heard a friend of his practicing his thirty-two Variations in C minor. After listening for some time he said, "Whose is that?" "Yours," was the answer. "Mine? That piece of folly mine?" was his retort. "Oh, Beethven, what an ass you were in those days!"

Of course, Beethoven had a perfect right to make an ass of himself. He did not live in America but in a monarchy, where people had *some* liberty. He was a young man when he wrote those interminably tiresome Variations. But because of the halo around his name, musicians (the best of them included) still play them and audiences dutifully applaud. Such hypocrisy does not prevail in any other art.

Mischa Levitzky had these Variations on his Beethoven programme in Carnegie Hall last night. Fortunately he had on the same programme also two sonatas which show the great master's genius at its best: The "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata." Mr. Levitzky played these and the opus 101 with full insight into their many beauties of melody and rhythm. The Russian Mischas are usually fiddlers. Levitzky, for a wonder, is a pianist—and a good one at that.

Charles Cooper in Piano Recital.

Charles Cooper, a pianist of highly sensitive quality, one of few so young who yet find in the pianoforte an expression of personality, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall before an audience that might have been larger but for distractions of the holidays. He played Schumann's "Symphonic Studies" with tense zeal and at least one comfortably human false note; little classics of Scarlatti, Gluck and Brahms, some Chopin and Debussy. Two piece sof particular interest were "The Fountain of Acqua Paola" and a "Scherzo," Op. 6, by the late Charles T. Griffes.

"Zaza" Sung at Metropolitan.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night the third performance of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" took place. Miss Farrar in her popular role of the vaudeville singer seemed not entirely to have recovered from the sudden attack of hoarseness, which prevented her at the eleventh hour from appearing in "Carmen" last Thursday, but in spite of this she was able to sing and act the name part with brilliant effect. The hold of the emotional lyric comedy on the public was shown by the large size of the audience. The other principals in the cast were the same as before this season. Mr. Martinelli as *Dufresne* repeated his well drawn characterization of the lover, and Mr. De Luca as *Cascart* was again praiseworthy. The vivid and ever changing colors of the orchestral score were treated with great skill by Mr. Moranzoni.

Dec 17 1920

The Philharmonic Society's turn to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Beethoven's birth fell upon the correct day and therefore last evening's concert was devoted to music by the famous son of Bonn. The numbers on the programme were the "Fidelio" overture, the concerto in G major for piano and orchestra and the "Eroica" symphony. The pianist was Harold Bauer. The overture, the fourth of the series composed by Beethoven for his opera, is not played as often as the "Leonore No. 3" and when performed as perfunctorily as it was last evening it would better not be heard at all.

The concerto was much better presented. This composition is the lovellest and tenderest of Beethoven's piano concertos. It is not without its moments of force and aggressiveness, but it is without the pomp and circumstance of the "Emperor." Mr. Bauer, who is an artist always, treated the music with consummate skill in tonal quality and in cantabile effects. His reading was in perfect accord with the spirit of the work. It had gentleness of mood, delicacy of method and variety of color. The cadenza used in the first movement alone seemed out of keeping with the feeling of the composition. It failed in precisely the quality which prevailed in the music of Beethoven, namely sentiment. The cadenza rather was sensational. And in certain passages of piano figuration it was not in the school of the composer.

But when Beethoven wrote his piano concertos and that for the violin and left the cadenzas (not in all instances, however) to the taste of the player, he threw an enormous responsibility upon his successors. He himself could improvise with amazing invention and readiness and his mind was so charged with the matter of his own concertos that when he made a cadenza it was to the matter as well as to the manner born. The later pianist who tried to fill in the gap in the score found himself vainly striving to wear the giant's robe. Nor did the violinists fare any better, for not even the familiar Auer cadenzas are likely to lead any one to believe that they were written by Beethoven. Mr. Bauer played his chosen cadenza admirably, but it could not be made to seem other than an intrusion.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS GERMAN SONGS

Dozen of 4,000 Quit Newark Concert—Others Applaud.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink sang four songs in German at a concert in the First Regiment Armory, Newark, Wednesday night, and was applauded after offering a defence of her action. Except for these four numbers, the programme was in English. It closed with "The Star Spangled Banner." About 4,000 attended.

As Mme. Schumann-Heink began singing the first song in German a man sitting near the front of the house rose with his wife and daughter. All were in evening dress. As they walked out, the man talked excitedly to his wife, and tapped heavily with his cane on the aisle. About a dozen others followed his example. The rest of the audience made no atempt to leave or cause a demonstration. At the end of the song Mme. Schumann-Heink stepped to the edge of the stage and said:

"Although I sing these songs in German, I am a good American. The war is over, and I see no reason why I should not sing them. During the war I sang many times to the boys in the camps, and think I was as patriotic as any one. But I think the time has come when we ought to lay our hostility aside and be at peace."

There was loud applause, and the singer continued the programme witnout further incident. It was learned that several persons had asked Joseph A. Fuerstman, who was managing the concert, whether the German numbers could not be omitted, but he said he could do nothing about it.

By Richard Aldrich

Eddy Brown's Violin Recital.

Eddy Brown at his recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon showed the best of his qualities as a violinist in a program comprising Vivaldi's concerto in A minor, Max Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy," the chaconne from Bach's D minor unaccompanied suite for violin and a group of smaller pieces containing two of Mr. Brown's own arrangements: Rimsky Korsakoff's "Hindoo Chant" and a rondino by Cramer; a minuet, once "the" minuet, by Padrewski, and Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins."

Among those qualities are to be remembered a sweet and caressing tone that can be both tender and powerful, a style often dashing and brilliant, a sincere and straightforward method of playing, such as he exemplified in Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy." In Vivaldi's concerto the accompaniment was given by a string quartet and organ, as arranged by Nachez.

Mr. Brown, though he be not among the most highly imaginative and deeply poetical performers on his instrument, holds his own well in the group of younger violinists of all nationalities that are now claiming so much attention in the concert rooms. He is an American and makes no appeal to a sentiment narrower than a love of art and predilection of the violin. Other things being equal, Americans do not habitually throng concert halls to encourage and stimulate their fellow countrymen in music with a patriotic enthusiasm.

But apparently there were many stirred yesterday by a love of music and predilection for the violin, for there was a large audience in Carnegie Hall in the afternoon eager to applaud, though not always judicious in the opportunities it took for doing so.

Mme. Nina Koshetz Heard in Folk Songs—One Unsung Before.

Mrs. Vincent Astor opened her house at 840 Fifth avenue for a lecture recital of the Schola Cantorum and the American debut of a distinguished Russian lieder singer, Mme. Nina Koshetz, formerly of the Moscow and Petrograd opera under the old regime.

Few artists who come to this country have their first hearing under such happy auspices. The picture gallery with its art treasures, was used. Mr. Kurt Schindler, conductor of the organization, made a brief address of welcome to the subscribers, and told of the great difficulty Mme. Koshetz had experienced in getting out of her native land to come to friends in this city.

The singer disclosed a dramatic soprano voice, and fine interpretative power was shown in the Russian folk songs that made up her programme and to which much was added by the accompaniments which were played by Mr. Schindler. The English versions of the songs, about fifteen in number, were printed on the programme, and they were made by Mr. Schindler, Messrs. Sigmund Spaeth, Cecil Cowdrey, George Harris, Jr., Harry G. Chapman and Deems Taylor. There were compositions by Glinka, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Metner, Stravinsky and Glazounoff. One manuscript song by Alexander Skryabin, sung for the first time in this country, was found among the posthumous papers of the composer. The programme included one song by Cesar Cui, "Ici Bas," which was sung in French. The artist stood on a platform placed at the south side of the gallery, and the surroundings were most artistic.

Alice Moncrieff, Contralto, Heard.

Alice Moncrieff gave a matinee at Aeolian Hall yesterday uncommonly rich in modest discovery of songs for contralto, the "ultra-violet" among voices, and, if it isn't forcing the metaphor, uncommonly matched in "self-toned" accompaniments played by Coenraad Bos. Without dramatic or wide vocal variety, the singer was content with a single Italian air, Caldara's "Mirti, Faggi"; a last Latin encore, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," and a brief French group, disclosing her finest, most sincere interpretation in Lalo's "L'Esclave." Two "novelties" of century-old Americans were Pelissier's "Dry Those Eyes" and the polyglot, pre-revolutionary Taylor's "L'Amour Interrege." The house redemanded "a Garden" of quaint stanzas from the Manx pastor, Brown, and the West Irish drone, "I Know My Love"; indeed, had the artist not declined to make it unanimous, all the later pieces might have been encored.

G. S. Madden, Baritone, Appears.

George S. Madden, baritone, appeared last evening at Aeolian Hall, singing ten American and ten foreign songs, all in English. Mr. Madden is one of many Americans, perhaps, whom the early example of the Henschels influenced to become song interpreters, but he is also one of few to centre his present efforts on proper English delivery. This he did last evening in Beethoven's fine air translated, "Nature's Adoration"; Milton's own words from Handel's "Samson," and Mozart's gossamer, "Violet." Unusual here were Valverde's "Red Carnation" and Augusta Holmes's "An Irish Noel." Mr. Madden's native airs included several by MacDowell and by his accompanist, C. G. Spross, with others of Cadman, Dunn, Scott, Brail, Treharne, and a "Requiem," with words and music by himself.

Caruso Again Sings Samson.

Caruso and Mme. Matzenauer sang the love scene of "Samson et Dalila" for the third time this season to a house sold out at the Metropolitan last evening, a performance of rare refinement and beauty on this occasion winning its deserved ovation in the second act. Earlier it appeared that the tenor was more cautious, owing to his recent throat trouble, but the dramatic epilogue of Samson's captivity and vengeance was carried through with a crescendo of power. M. Saint-Saëns's oratorio-opera has become in the hands of its present artists one of the chief ornaments of this theatre. Mr. Wolff again conducted the music and Messrs. Whitehill, Rothier and others sang and acted the Biblical drama.

Dec 18 1920

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Lucia	Mabel Garrison
Alisa	Minnie Egener
Edgardo	Beniamino Gigli
Lord Enrico Ashton	Giuseppe De Luca
Raimondo	Arturo Jose Mardones
Normanno	Angelo Bada
Conductor	Gennaro Papi.

By James Gibbons Huneker

"LUCIA" AT THE OPERA.

Of late years "Lucia di Lammermoor" has been associated in the Metropolitan mind with Saturday night popular performances. It is in good company here with "Il Trovatore," "Travlata" and "Cavalleria Rusticana;" nevertheless, few operas can so rouse any audience than a strong vocal presentation of "Lucia." This was demonstrated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House when Donizetti's masterpiece was sung for the first time this season. While the performance was far from great it was as a whole stirring. There such artists as Gigli, Luca and Murdones upheld the male tradition most valiantly; while Mabel Garrison was an excellent Lucia. This young soprano was suffering from a cold and a printed slip begged for the indulgence of the audience. But she sang well all things considered, in that small, penetratingly sweet voice of hers and only a tendency to sag in pitch occasionally, together with a slight huskiness in her upper tones, told the story of her vocal indisposition. She looked pretty and acted, as usual, amiably. We had to forego her insane cadenzas with her musical paramour, the flute, in the famous coloratura mad scene. Miss Garrison was recalled after each act.

The Edgardo—Oh, shades of Emma Bovary!—was Benjamino Gigli, with the bland smile, who swallowed the canary bird suite—and the resonant voice. This young chap knows his business. He is already a prime favorite with his audiences, especially when he vocally explodes or weeps, to which mannerisms he is addicted, we are sorry to say. His voice is pure gold, he manages it well when he so wills, and its lyric quality falls pleasantly upon the ear. All the more reason then for him to avoid whimpering—tears of the larynx—and not to abuse the stroke of the glottis. He can sing a straight legate and emit a chest high C, yet that trick of reinforcement, so unnecessary, mars the artistic effect of his work. When he is really in earnest, as in the finale of Act II. last night and lets himself go, the result is truly dramatic. He acted with fine, if not with finesse, and was the idol of the hearers. But that ingratiating smile—Nordica always wore her rictus—reminds us of the Cheshire Puss in "Alice in Wonderland." After the cat was vanished the smile remains. However, Benny will be a winner if he keeps up the present pace. There's plenty of good stuff in him, and when he discards his provincialisms a genuine artist may emerge.

De Luca and Mardones, sterling artists, and Angelo Bada, the Arturo, who sang his second act air with finish and, euphoniousness, contributed to the evening's pleasure. Minnie Egener proved a capable Alisa. Taltrinieri was the Novmanno.

Gennuro Pupi conducted with an enthusiasm some times foreign to his dolce for niente, and we noted with joy that the tone production of the prompter has improved. He can now prompt pianissimo.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening the programme comprised aplenty, to wit, an opera and a ballet. The opera was Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" and the ballet Pick-Mangiagalli's "Il Carillon Magico." The pathetic tale of the Scotch lassie who was married to the wrong man, murdered him on her wedding night and thereby appended a famous mad scene had not previously been told in the current season. To most old time operagoers the work consists of this mad scene and the sextet, but there are several other melodious numbers, for no dramatic agonies could tempt Donizetti to write anything but pretty tunes.

The performance was one of commendable quality. Beniamino Gigli was a good *Edgardo*. That is probably as much as could be said of any contemporaneous impersonator of the son of Ravenswood. There was once a truly great *Edgardo*, Italo Campanini by name, but who cares for ancient history? Mr. Gigli was manly and at times impassioned, and he sang the music not only with a fine, fresh tone but with no small understanding of its style. He again pleased his hearers and won additional laurels.

Miss Mabel Garrison as *Lucia* was not in her best voice. Her upper tones were sometimes shrill and sometimes unsteady, but she sang most of her music agreeably and in the sextet excellently. That she did not make a striking dramatic figure of *Lucia* is not remarkable. The role is one of mere vocal display. Mr. de Luca was an admirable *Ashton*. Mr. Mardones was the *Raimondo*, whose chief business is to act as preface to the mad scene, and Mr. Bada was the *Arturo*, the unhappy victim of a frenetic bride. Mr. Papi conducted.

"Eroica" Symphony Is Played.

The "Troica" symphony was the principal number of the Beethoven festival week's programme given by the National Symphony Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Bodanzky had evidently paid great attention to the composer's plan of the work in the essentials of poetic beauty and his reading was warmly received. The second number was Mozart's E flat concerto for two pianos, in which the soloists were Mme. Olge Samaroff and Heinrich Gebhard.

The performance of this seldom heard composition gave much novelty to the evening, and it was heard with apparently great interest. The final number was the "Leonore" overture No. 3. The audience filled the hall.

Miss Bacon's Last Recital.

Miss Katherine Bacon gave the third and last in a series of three piano recitals yesterday in Aeolian Hall. In difficult music by Bach, Franck, Chopin and Liszt her performance showed a sameness of style but a charming piano tone quality and musical taste. Some good finger work was done in an encore, Chopin's F minor etude, opus 25, No. 2, while one of the most pleasing pieces she played was another encore at the close, the prelude in G of Rachmaninoff.

Not an interpreter of greater breadth, she was delightfully successful in Debussy's "Reflets Dans L'Eau."

In the evening, in the same hall, Elie Robert Schmitz, known as a specialist in piano works of the modern French school, gave a programme, in part conventional, which comprised music by Bach, transcribed by Liszt, Scarlatti, Couperin, Chopin, Ravel, Debussy and a piece heard here for the first time by P. Le Flem, called "Avril." His playing had clarity with finish, and it interested hi hearers. In the music by Bach the G minor fantasy and fugue, there were a tone frequently hard, little classic style and remarkable technical ability.

Philharmonic Society Concert.

The Philharmonic Society continued its celebration of the sesquicentennial of Beethoven's birth yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of the "Pastoral" symphony, the concerto in E flat for piano and orchestra, and the "Leonore" overture, No. 3. The pianist was again Harold Bauer. The "Pastoral" symphony had apparently been prepared with care. At any rate, it was well played. Indeed, Mr. Stransky and his musicians have done nothing better this season.

The familiar music was heard with rapt attention by an unusually large audience. Its performance suggested to the assistant conductor, W. H. Humiston, who writes the programme notes, the pertinence of a plea for programme music. It will hardly need any defence while this symphony endures. The work contains all that makes programme music admirable, embodiment of moods, subtle suggestion, candid tone photography and frank imitation. Despite all the prodigious doing of the moderns the old thunderstorm remains a masterpiece, and yet its mechanical means are the same as those of Rossini's storm in the "William Tell" overture. But there was some difference between Beethoven and Rossini.

Mr. Bauer had put to his credit on Thursday evening as poetic performance of the G major concerto. Yesterday he was almost equally happy with the more imposing proclamations of the "Emperor." His playing received the abundant applause which it fairly earned.

Miss Cora Chase Arrives Home.

Miss Cora Chase, the first American lyric soprano to join the Metropolitan Opera forces, arrived yesterday by the Transatlantica Italiana liner Giuseppe Verdi, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mary Chase. It is her first visit to her native land in seven years and she selected the Giuseppe Verdi for the voyage because the liner is named for her favorite composer and because she made her debut abroad in Verdi's home town in September, 1919, singing the role of Gilda in "Rigoletto." A niece of the composer, Maria Carrara Verdi, applauded her and later invited her to the Verdi home, giving her a page from the opera "Traviata" in the handwriting of Verdi and with his autograph.

Miss Chase later sang at the Royal Opera House in Madrid and King Alfonso invited her to the royal box to meet his mother, the Queen being then in Eng-

A charming novelty, 140 years old, was offered to the listeners in the shape of Mozart's concerto for two pianos in E flat. It was played by Mme. Olgo Samaroff and Heinrich Gebhard. The music is of a fine and bracing quality; the composer has ingeniously used opportunities for varied antiphonal and intertwined effects by the two players, and has given an invigorating accompaniment to the orchestra. The two players presented a performance not so perfect in ensemble as some of the two-piano specialists have presented, but brilliant. They played an elaborate double cadenza in the first movement.

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TWO pianists were heard in recitals at Aeolian Hall yesterday. At the matinee event Katherine Bacon gave her third programme for the season, playing pieces by Bach, Franck, Chopin, Debussy and Liszt. In the evening E. Robert Schmitz, the French musician, was heard in his second performance this year.

MRS. ENRICO CARUSO was publicly proclaimed a poet yesterday morning. Her verses, "Gloria's Lullaby," dedicated to her little girl, set to charming melody by Buzzi-Peccia, was a feature of the programme given at the third Biltmore Musicale. Miss Anna Fitziu, radiantly beautiful in a jade-colored frock and large black picture hat, sang the selection with feeling and was warmly applauded.

The "Lullaby" was only one number in a programme of unusual attractiveness. Miss Fitziu, in splendid voice, sang Rachmaninoff's "Soldier's Bride," Grieg's "Dream," an Eighteenth Century romance by Hue, "L'Ane Blanc" by Hue, "Clavelitos" by Valverde, and extra numbers galore.

Giovanni Martinelli, a vocal hero even at that early hour, was heard in an aria from "Forza del Destino"; added "E Lucevan le Stelle," and with Miss Fitziu sang superbly in the duet from Act I. of "Tosca."

A pleasant surprise was the violin playing of Rudolph Boehco, a dignified and talented young musician, very like Zimbalist in appearance, pose and performance. His contributions were enthusiastically received, and consisted of an arrangement of a Chopin Nocturne, Wieniawski's Scherzo Tarantelle, Schubert's Ave Maria, Glinka-Auer's "The Lark," and Sarasate's Caprice Basque.

Dec 11 1920

By James Gibbons Huneker

END OF BEETHOVEN WEEK.

Yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall there was an excellent opportunity for the critically inclined to judge of the progress made toward the path of perfection by the National Symphony Orchestra. The difference between the performance on this occasion and the performances, say, a year ago, is too marked to pass unremarked. Conductor Artur Bodanzky is a master disciplinarian, as was shown in the first two movements of the Eroica symphony. His men now play with rhythmic elasticity, and the ardent temperament of their leader is often reflected by this orchestra. There are no loose ends nor ragged entrances. Naturally, the tonal quality of certain departments leaves much to be desired, but the ensemble is vital. There were weak spots in the brass yesterday and the strings did not sound the magic rustling of the scherzo. But the heroic element was unmistakable in the first allegro, and the Funeral March—on the death of that disappointed marionette of destiny, Napoleon Bonaparte—had in it something of the elemental. The third Leonore overture, which closed the programme, was a dramatic interpretation. Mr. Bodanzky has many reasons to feel satisfied with the results of his unwearying labors. He probably won't feel either pride or satisfaction, as he possesses the fanaticism of the perfectionist.

Perhaps to remind us that Mozart isn't Beethoven and two grand pianofortes do not an orchestra make, the concerto in E flat for two pianos and orchestra by Mozart was introduced between the Beethoven numbers. It was interesting to note the virile chords in the opening and how quickly Mozart deserts the Doric mood for favor and prettiness, while Beethoven in the symphony of the same key holds on to his idea and never leaves it till he has exhausted its possibilities. The concerto is entertaining and there is much florid writing for the keyboards. The piano parts were taken by Olga Samaroff (of Philadelphia) and Heinrich Gebhard (of Boston). Their ensemble work was admirable. But the general impression was that of tonal monotony, especially in the slow movement. Miss Samaroff was the more masculine, in her style, of the pair. She has power and a sharply developed rhythmic sense. We regret that she did not play a Beethoven concerto, say the third, in C minor. It would have been more in the key of the anniversary.

AN "AIDA" MATINEE.

There was a brilliant performance of "Aida" at the matinee yesterday in the Metropolitan Opera House. The regular cast, Destinn, Matzenauer, Martinelli, Danise and Martino participated. Miss Rudolph danced solo in the ballet, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. There was present a large and enthusiastic audience.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Magdeleine Brard's Recital.

Miss Magdeleine Brard, who played the piano here last season, was supposed then to be of such a tender age that her public appearance caused apprehension in the minds of some. Now she returns and plays again, as a matron, and gave her recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall.

Though there seemed less cause for apprehension yesterday, there was nothing as yet matronly about her playing. It is that of a young and ardent musician, almost an impatient one, with an unusually ample technical equipment in facility, strength, clearness, scintillating brilliancy. What she still lacks is the ripeness, the wisdom and the insight of a mature artist. As the mature artist is produced only by maturity, it may be hoped that Miss Brard will gain those estimable qualities in the fullness of time. At present her playing is interesting more for what it promises than for what it actually is.

In music that does not demand poetic vision and deep feeling she is at present most successful. Her performance of a "sonata" in E by Domenico Scarlatti, the Liszt of his time, who used the term sonata with a freedom that recked not of the severe definitions of a later period, was fascinating in its crisp volubility, its dynamic gradations. In three pieces by Chopin her performance was feverish rather than poetic. The B minor prelude can stand it, being of itself a little feverish; but not the C minor nocturne nor the A flat ballade.

She undertook also Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and pieces by Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Wormser—"Les Violons de M de Couty," new—and Liszt. The audience was large and interested.

Dec 20 1920

The Symphony Society of New York resumed its Sunday concerts at Aeolian Hall yesterday with a varied programme of German, French and Russian music.

It comprised Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, Schubert's B minor symphony, a symphonic interlude entitled "La Queste de Dieu," from D'Indy's opera "Legend of St. Christopher," played here for the first time and Tchaikovsky's violin concerto. Fritz Kreisler was the soloist.

D'Indy's "St. Christopher," which he created during the years 1907-1915, was first produced in its entirety at the Paris Opera last June and most favorably received. The interlude in the opera takes place between the two parts of the story of the giant's life which picture him before and after his conversion.

Before the excerpt was played Mr. Damrosch told the audience the subject of the opera, and played some themes on the piano. The music, admirably performed, made an impression and created a desire to hear it as a part of the whole opera.

Mr. Kreisler's reading of the concerto is familiar and yesterday it again was one of splendid artistic proportions.

Hoffman and Schwarz Arrive.

Joseph Hoffman, the violinist, and Joseph Schwarz, the Lettish barytone, arrived yesterday by the White Star liner Baltic for concert tours of the United States.

Schwarz was accompanied by his manager, Alexander L. Fischer of this city, who says he discovered the barytone, who is a linguist as well as singer, having complete command of seven languages. He will open his first season in America at Carnegie Hall on January 3.

He said it was [illegible] life to come to America and that he intended to become an American citizen and make his home here.

He is of striking personal appearance, 37 years old and 6 feet 1 inch in height and of splendid physical proportions. Born in Riga, Courland, as one of a rather large family, his early promise of becoming a singer secured for him a thorough musical training both in pianoforte and voice, but his youth was not without its difficulties and it was only after a stern personal struggle that he achieved his success.

Spanish Soprano Gives Recital.

Mme. Maria Grever, a Spanish soprano, who has sung here before, gave a recital yesterday at the Princess Theatre. In a programme, including a group of her own songs, with others in Spanish and French, she sang with a voice not well controlled, but with some idea of phrasing and good feeling.

SENORA MARIA GREVER, a Spanish dramatic soprano and a composer of songs, gave her third annual recital at the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon. Her programme made a feature of six original songs, each bearing an individual message in melody and dramatic significance. They proved Senora Grever's pleasant talent as a composer as well as an interesting artist in interpretation.

Her list, while broad in its appeal, contained only modern selections. These were songs by the Italians Bimboni and Tirindelli; French works by Paladilhe and Fontenailles; Spanish romances by Jorda, Mancinelli, Valverde and Ponce, and the new group by Senora Grever.

Prihoda in Opera Concert.

Vasa Prihoda, the violinist, played Tschaikowsky's concerto to an "opera concert" audience at the Metropolitan last evening, assisted by the orchestra under Giuseppe Bamoschek. There were airs from "Martha" for Mario Chamlee, from "Pearl of Brazil" for Mabel Garrison and from "The Prophet" for Joanne Gordon. Mr. Prihoda added a Bach air and pieces by Paganini, and Miss Garrison and Mr. Chamlee also gave a duet from "Lucia."

Mr. Rachmaninoff's Recital.

There never was a less sensational or forth-putting pianist than Mr. Rachmaninoff. His appearances are infrequent, his programs conservative, his playing reticent to a degree. Yet the lovers of piano playing throng to hear him, as they did yesterday afternoon, filling Carnegie Hall to the last seat and last inch of standing room. They applauded discretely and discriminatingly, by no means excitedly or even demonstratively; but stayed till the end and made him give encore upon encore after he had finished with the program. It is a curious and unexpected fascination that he exerts.

He began with it at once in his performance of Mozart's A major sonata, the one with the "Turkish" finale, in which his playing was in the true Mozart spirit, exquisite in outline and in the leading of the melodic curve, pellucid in tone, delicately colored and rhythmed. It had great charm. He even had the courage to put five of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" on the program and justified it by his playing of them. Mendelssohn no longer seemed sentimental and saccharine under his hands, but simple, sunlit, heartfelt. And to the five he added one more, the "Spinning Song," so-called.

His playing of Chopin arouses more question. In the G minor "Ballade" and in the "Barcarole" there seemed a lack of the deepest poetical feeling, of warmth and of large utterance. Mr. Rachmaninoff's tone seemed to lack something in color. His very restrained pedaling dams the flooding of his tone with rich harmonics. Yet nothing could be more exquisite than the clear and finely chiseled outlines of these pieces, as though they were viewed through the wrong end of an opera glass. And there would frequently come into the reading passages of entrancing tenderness. Of such quality was his playing of the G flat waltz throughout and the waltz that he added to the list as an encore.

He gave a group of his own pieces: two "Etudes Tableaux," Opus 39, played for the first time; the Barcarolle, Opus 10. The "Etudes Tableaux" are marked, respectively, "Marziale" and "Alla Marzia Funebre";

and both are music of the individual fibre that runs through so much of his music: original, but not extravagant, in harmonic quality; interesting, yet hardly on a first hearing deeply appealing. The "Barcarole," with its novel and ingenious figuration, an earlier composition, gave much pleasure.

Mr. Rachmaninoff ended his program with Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," a piece which exists both for the piano alone and for the piano with orchestral accompaniment. It is, in the solo version especially, of transcendent difficulty, and Mr. Rachmaninoff's performance of it was a remarkable technical achievement, of an accuracy and precision that were an unceasing marvel. Yet it was a musician's performance rather than a virtuoso's, and it almost seemed as if Mr. Rachmaninoff studied to conceal the brilliancy with which he might have dazzled his listeners and stirred them to audible emotions.

His long series of encores after the program included a piece of Tschaikovsky's, but mostly pieces of his own, ending inevitably in the key of C sharp minor.

BETSY STONE BARTON, SONGBIRD OF '80S, DIES

Noted Concert Singer Was 68 Years Old.

Betsy Stone Barton, one of the three Stone sisters of Worcester, Mass., who back in the 80's sang their way into the hearts and homes of Great Britain and America, died Saturday in the French Hospital after a two days' illness. Death was due to pneumonia. Mrs. Barton was 68 years old.

Of the three sisters Agnes and Betsy gained wide fame as concert singers here and in Europe. The third sister, Marie Stone (MacDonald) became one of the original stars of the famous Bostonians. It was back in the early 80's that Betsy Stone was reaping wide renown as a concert singer. She had, like her sisters, studied under Madame Marchesi in Paris. Betsy Stone began her career touring the British Isles in concert with Edward Lloyd, then the most celebrated tenor in England. She charmed great crowds singing the simple American songs of Stephen Foster, and later she sang in the opera at Covent Garden.

About 1884 she returned to America and started on a tour that was to become famous and never to be forgotten by that generation. The tour was made with Pat Gilmore's Band. Betsy Stone was the soprano soloist, and, in the often expressed opinion of the great bandmaster, she sang more beautifully than any concert artist of her day. She married Joseph Barton of Worcester while at the height of her career.

Of the three sisters Mrs. MacDonald alone survives. Mrs. Barton lived with her surviving sister at 79 Hamilton place, Manhattan, where the funeral services will be held privately to-day.

The concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was one of the most enjoyable of the Sunday series to be given there this season. "Standing room only" has been the order of things at the Metropolitan since the opening performance, and last night there appeared to be even less standing room than on former concert occasions.

With Vasa Prihoda, the young Czecho-Slovak violinist as visiting artist, the bill presented the Metropolitan stars Mabel Garrison, soprano; Jeanne Gordon, contralto, and Mario Chamlee, tenor, as soloists, with Giuseppe Bamboschek directing the Metropolitan orchestra.

Prihoda, who is constantly adding to the list of admirers already won in this country, played the Tschaikowsky concerto in D major with orchestra and a group selected from Bach and Paganini. He appeared in even better form than at his two Carnegie Hall recitals and the audience showed its appreciation in applause that almost set the roof aquake.

Miss Garrison sang the aria "Charmant Oiseau" from "Perle de Bresil" in her usual brilliant manner; Miss Gordon gave the aria "Ah, mon fils," from "Le Prophete," and Mr. Chamlee sang "M'appari" from Martha. Miss Garrison and Mr. Chamlee also did the first act duet from "Lucia di Lammermoor." The orchestra opened the interesting program with the overture "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini, and closed it with the "Rakoczy March" by Berlioz.

Dec 21 1920

Miss Teal, Pianist, Plays.

Miss Elsie Teal, pianist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon before a small audience. Miss Teal kindly omitted Beethoven sonatas, possibly considering the fact that Beethoven has had a hard time of late. She did play his rondo, opus 129, but her programme in general was light, varied and pleasing rather than absorbing.

Miss Teal showed herself to be a pianist of some capability. Her tone in particular was good and had considerable variety, while her touch was commendable. Her playing was not always clear or incisive and in such pieces as Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" it lacked certainty and the easy command of color essential to success.

"Faust" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The resources of the present company were demonstrated by the changes in the cast. Mr. Harrold instead of Mr. Martinelli sang *Faust;* Mr. Rothier instead of Mr. Whitehill *Mephistopheles* and Mr. Danise instead of Mr. Lauronti *Valentin.*

Mr. Danise was prevented by illness from appearing earlier as the soldier brother of *Marguerite.* He was heard with pleasure last evening. This barytone has justified the expectations which he raised by his debut as *Amon Asro.* He is not an over exact musician and his sense of rhythm is not highly developed, but his voice is fresh, vibrant and of excellent quality. He sings with discretion in the use of power, has some taste in nuance, and a style which lends itself readily to the expression of sentiment, if not of tragic emotion. In the present state of public taste his defects will pass unnoticed, while his voice and pretty use of his tones will carry him over many bridges.

The other members of the cast did those things which they have done before, and in the same way, which was always pleasing to the public. Miss Farrar, who always now is the representative of the erring *Marguerite,* was again warmly applauded. Mr. Rothier and Mr. Harrold shared in the honors of the evening.

Morning Concert.

Albert Morris Bagby's third musical morning of the season, held yesterday in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, brought out another large audience. The artists were Mme. Frances Alda and Mario Chamlee of the Metropolitan Opera, and Gutia Casini, 'cellist. At the piano were Richard Hageman, Frank La Forge and Vito Carnevali. Owing to hoarseness Beniamino Gigli of the opera, who had been announced, was unable to sing and his place was taken by Mr. Chamlee, who amiably appeared at a very short notice. Mme. Aida sang an aria from "Mefistofele," the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," with 'cello obligato by Mr. Casini, a group of English songs, and with Mr. Chamlee the duo from "Madama Butterfly." In addition to songs in English and Italian, Mr. Chamlee sang the "Flower Song" from "Carmen." Mr. Casini's numbers included compositions by Schumann, Platti, Chopin and Sarasate.

John Finnegan's Recital.

John Finnegan, tenor soloist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, gave his first song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. He sang with much taste and an emotional feeling well contained. He has a good voice, though his use of it failed to bring always the best results. It sometimes lost its volume and color.

Mr. Finnegan was less successful in these respects in such songs as Brahms's "Faithful Love," where he also failed to fully find the dramatic spirit of the music, than he was in airs by Handel, including "Where'er You Walk." He sang this music with much good tone style, well adjusted phrasing and diction.

There was a large audience yesterday at A. Morris Bagby's "Musical Morning" held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The artists were Frances Alda, Beniamino Gigli and Gutia Casini. A few of those pres-

"FAUST" IS REPEATED.

Miss Farrar Again as Marguerite and Harrold in Title Role.

Gounod's "Faust" opened the sixth week of the season at the Metropolitan last evening, Miss Farrar reappearing as Marguerite, while all three leading men were new to the current cast. These were Mr. Harrold, whose Faust has traits of distinction already recognized here; Mr. Rothier, a Frenchman to the manner born, and Mr. Danise, the Italian baritone, who was unable to appear at the opera's previous hearing. Mmes. Berat, Delaunois and others sang and Mr. Wolff conducted.

It was again of interest to compare Mr. Urban's fine pictures, from the "Faust" revival last year, with the more recent restoration by Mr. Anisfeld of many parallel scenes in Boito's "Mefistofele."

Dec 22 1920

Flonzaley Quartet Perform Remarkable Concerto for Si

The concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening was of an unusual type. The soloist was the Flonzaley Quartet. At any rate, this distinguished organization occupied the front of the stage an dperformed the individual parts of a composition called a concerto for string quartet and orchestra. The writer of this remarkable work was Emanuel Moor, whose creations intrigue musicians and astonish laymen.

There were some fathers named Bach and Handel who used to write concerti, grossi or otherwise, for orchestras and solo instruments, and doubtless Mr. Moor conceived tho brilliant idea of bringing their form down to date. He fashioned a piece in which the quartet figured as the concertina did in tho works of the fathers and the orchestra as the ripieno. Ho alternated orchestral tutti with passages for the quartet as a whole, or others in which its separate instruments sang solos.

The composition was well made and it had some pages of real beauty. The best of these was heard toward the close of the slow movement. But for the most part there were prodigious labor and mouselike results. This was the case particularly with the first movement, and also, though in less degree, with the scherzo. The instrumentation of the composition was generally good. But not a shadow of a doubt is there that its effect with the audience was largely due to its admirable performance. This indeed was an artistic achievement of high order, in which the members of the Flonzaley Quartet and Mr. Stokowsky and his men had equal shares.

The concerta was preceded by Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which occupied less time and had considerably more to say, and was followed by Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." The audience was of the brilliant and representative kind now familiar at Philadelphia Orchestra concerts.

Mount Holyoke College Choir.

The Mount Holyoke College choir came to town yesterday and gave a concert of Christmas music in Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. A hundred bright young women, or rather girls, clad in black gowns and white surplices, made a pretty picture on the stage, and their fresh, youthful and immature voices were heard with pleasure There were organ solos by William Church Hammond and songs about Christmas ranging all the way from imitations of the style of the twelfth century and real Orlando Lasso down to Pietro Yon of this city.

The choir showed the results of careful training by its director, Miss Julia Bangs Dickinson, who conducted. The phrasing, shading and enunciation were generally good. The quality of tone, owing to the immaturity already mentioned, was juvenile and there were a few uncertainties in the intonation. The solo contralto sang well. The practice of such music as that heard yesterday is surely beneficial for the young women, who should acquire taste for the best in choral composition as well as knowledge of what is excellent in its performance.

Mme. Schnitzer's Piano Recital.

Mme. Germaine Schnitzer gave her first and only piano recital in New York this season last night in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was of rather odd variety. It ranged from Bach to Beethoven and Dirk Foch, back to Mozart, and then through Chopin, Ole Olsen and Liszt. It contained two comparatively novel numbers—Beethoven's "Fury Over a Lost Groschen" rondo and the other, a sonata, heard for the first time here, by Dirk Foch, who conducted an orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall last season.

"Tristan and Isolde," sung at the Academy of Music last evening in Brooklyn, afforded Florence Easton the chance to appear as Isolde. Another successful interpretation may be added to her already long list of metropolitan roles. She acted with much intelligence and her fine diction made much of the part intelligible to the audience. M. Bodonzky at times let his orchestra play too loud. F. H. W.

By Richard Aldrich

The Mount Holyoke Choir.

It was a pleasant thing after hearing the Harvard Glee Club cope with choral music of the highest kind to hear the Mount Holyoke College choir sing yesterday music, if not quite of the same flight, at least of the finer quality of beauty. The concert was in Aeolian Hall, for the benefit of the Mount Holyoke College Endowment Fund, and the hall was filled completely with alumnae and friends of the college. It encourages a hope that institutions of higher learning will some time generally realize that music is an efficient agency for liberal culture.

It was called a Christmas carol concert, and the program was made up chiefly of carols, for the most part arrangements of folksongs of this nature. Among them was an "Adoramus te" of Orlando di Lasso and a "Jesu Redemptor" by Pietro Yon which were not quite at home in this classification. They began with songs of a distinctly archaic nature of the twelfth to the fifteenth century, besides arrangements by Gevaert and others of French tunes, the German "Stille Nacht" and others from Russia and Catalonia.

The choir, which was vested, numbered about 100 and was conducted by Julia Bangs Dickinson in a manner that showed musical understanding and evidently the power of communicating enthusiasm for the matter. The quality of tone is not of the finest; it seemed to be a tone produced in large part by young voices not yet wholly formed and matured. There were passages when the blending of these voices made a pleasing and homogeneous effect, but there was not always complete finish of ensemble. Perhaps it is considering too curiously to consider so in regard to these young girls, who are learning much that will be invaluable for their culture in thus getting a knowledge and love of such music at first hand, and an intelligent understanding of it.

Professor Edward Bliss Reed of Yale University made a brief introductory speech, referring especially to the oldest carols, which came first on the program. There were numbers for the organ appropriate to the occasion played by William Churchill Hammond with somewhat too great fondness for solo stops, especially those of a tremulous character.

TETRAZZINI GETS MEDAL.

Red Cross Honors Singer for Aid to Walter Reed Hospital.

Luisa Tetrazzini yesterday received a medal from the American Red Cross, District of Columbia Branch, in recognition of her interest in the maimed service men at the Walter Reed Hospital there. When the singer was in Washington a fire that broke out at midday burned four wards of the hospital, with a loss of life and property. Tetrazzini took her own concert company that evening and sang in the hospital hall to divert the minds of the wounded and shell-shocked men.

Secretary Daniels has formally thanked Mme. Tetrazzini for singing in the navy's recent wireless telephone experiment here in New York. According to official reports her voice was heard 800 miles away, at Louisville, Ky., as compared with Signor Marconi's subsequent test abroad, which carried 500 miles, from London to Geneva.

Dec 23 1920

Caruso Indisposed a

"La Boheme" Sung at Lumbago, but Expects to

The jinx of the lyric drama is still working. Enrico Caruso did not sing in "L'Elisir d'Amore" last evening. In fact, no one did, for the Metropolitan Opera House does not give this particular Donizetti opera without him, and the announcement that he was suddenly indisposed went with a further proclamation that the opera would be "La Boheme," with Mme. Alda as *Mimi,* Mr. Gigli as *Rodolfo,* Miss Anne Roselle as *Musetta,* Mr. Scotti as *Marcello* and Milo Picco as *Schaunard.*

Mr. Caruso broke a blood vessel in his throat a week ago last Saturday evening while singing *Nemorino* in "L'Elisir d'Amore." Yesterday he had a severe attack of lumbago, but was determined to go on with his performance in the evening. Preparations were at once made to change the opera and new programmes were printed. But it was not until 4:30 P. M. that the decision to change was finally made.

At that hour Mr. Gatti-Casazza, impresario of the Metropolitan, visited Mr. Caruso and found him willing to undertake an appearance in the evening. But the impresario quickly saw that this might be a hazardous proceeding, and the tenor was firmly told that his duty was to get well and not take any thought about last evening.

Two weeks ago last evening, while singing *Canio* in "Pagliacci," Mr. Caruso, as he thought, wrenched his side while staggering down the steps of the clowns' theatre at the end of the first scene. The house physician was summoned and hot applications were used to relieve the pain and relax the muscles. Yesterday, however, it was believed that what Mr. Caruso had two weeks ago was a first touch of lumbago, for his physician found that this was the cause of his suffering in the morning.

The weather, of course, had to shoulder some of the blame for the indisposition of the singer. The trouble was declared to be temporary and in no way serious. Unless the irrepressible jinx resolves to work overtime Mr. Caruso will appear as *Eleazur* in "La Julve" to-morrow evening.

Jacques Pintel's Recital.

Jacques Pintel, a pianist born in Odessa of French parents, who played here early this season, gave a second recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. His programme included Schumann's fantasy, five preludes and a waltz by himself and two pieces by Leschetizky. Mr. Pintel played with seriousness, much good

piano tone and technical ability. In such music as Franck's prelude, choral and fugue, his style, unfortunately, lacks clearness and authority.

Two-Piano Concert.

Miss Ella Dahl Rich and Miss Agnes Hope Pillsbury gave a concert of music for two pianos in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. They played a concerto by Handel and a number of other pieces, not all of which were written for two pianos. They showed considerable dash and brilliancy, but also some roughness and uncertainty in technic and style.

Mme. Easton as Isolda.

Mme. Florence Easton sang *Isolda* to Johannes Sembach's *Tristan* in the English production of the Wagnerian opera by the Metropolitan company at the Academy of Music last night. She sang it unusually well, and many times the audience evidenced its approval of her efforts by repeated applause. Sembach's *Tristan* also was unusually well done and he, too, frequently was made aware of the general approval with which his performance was received.

EVENING WIRELESS CONCERTS.

Radio amateurs within 1,000 miles of New York are invited to tune up their apparatus and listen in on a series of evening "wireless concerts" announced yesterday by the De Forest Radio Laboratories of this city. A wave length of 1,400 meters will be necessary to receive this concert, the preliminary trials of which for the last three weeks, it is said, have given excellent results. The sending station for the new musical wireless is 21G.

Dec 24, 1920

HERALD,

"Don Carlos," a forgotten opera by Giuseppe Verdi, was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with the customary trappings of scenery, costume and ballit. The work had not been heard here within the memory of most living opera goers. It has survived in certain parts of Europe, but its existence has been of the hand to mouth type. It was first performed on March 11, 1867, at the Grand Opera, Paris, for which it was composed. It was received with some favor, but was not entirely to the satisfaction of Verdi, who rewrote some portions of the score in 1883.

Without doubt this revival will he the occaslon of maany learned essays, and history will be retold in misroscopic detail. Since the opera going public of the present day in New York appears to be entirely devoid of curiosity about the origin and nature of art works and interested only in mediocre singers and their mediocre doings, no more space will be wasted here in grave considerations than the occasion imperatively demands.

The libretto of "Don Carlos" was made by Mery and Du Locle from the drama by Schiller, a production of the poet's immature mind, showing some progress over his early and preposterous "Robbers," but no constituting one of the props of his fame, which rests chiefly on "Wallenstein" and "William Tell."

The story has all the faults of the historical play, political wirepulling, court intrigue, shadowy yet distracting references to foreign complications and the stilted manners and utterance of stage royalties. It is not without the warring of human passions essential to a tragic drame, but it is lamentably artificial, after the manner of the romantic tragedies of the Schiller period.

Don Carlos in Love.

The agony arises from the fact that after *Don Carlos*, heir to the Spanish throne, has fallen in love with the French princess, *Elizabeth* of Valios (a good old operatic dynasty), her father decides to wed her to his father, which puts the young man in a most unhappy position, that of loving his step-mother and dishonoring his august parent.

Don Carlos would like to fly to Flanders to help the people of that country throw off the yoke of an oppressor, but his father will not let him go. The opera is occupied with the successful struggles of the unhappy lovers to behave themselves and the suspicions of the strutting old King, who sees infidelity in every one, and even causes *Roderigo*, his best friend, to be shot. The dea ex machina of the plot is the *Princess Emboli*, who loves *Don Carlos* in vain, and thirsts for revenge on some one, she does not much care who it is.

It is a melancholy tale, without any moments of relief. It begins in misery and ends in ghost walking. Its action is carried on through two long scenes in semi-darkness, in sombre woodland and funereal church. Not till the third scene is reached are the green lights turned off. Even the injection of a ballet, inconsequential in every detail, enlivened chiefly by the graceful art of Miss Rosina Galli and uplifted by the presence of lissome young women garbed as oysters on the half shell, does not disguise the moods of darkling jealousy and flaming hate which constitute the emotional scheme of the work. Only the oysterettes seem happy.

The music creates mere astonishment. Many ponderous commentaries on it have been written. We have been gravely informed that it belongs to Verdi's transition period, that which gave us also "Un Ballo in Maschera," and that its pages contain many foreshadowings of that later and more glorious style which broke unexpectedly upon the world in the vivid pages of "Aida."

Prophetic Phrases Indistinct.

One must have an eager desire and a vivacious imagination to discover the prophetic phrases. The historical facts ought to suggest better conclusions. After "La Traviata," the last truly great work in Verdi's early manner, the composer for years was engaged in resolute effort, based upon plans formed intellectualy and wanting wholly the spark of inspiration.

He wished to break into the charmed circle of Paris. He wrote "Les Vepres Siciliennes," produced in the French capital on June 13, 1855. It was a failure. Then he returned to the Italian stage and wrote "Simon Boccanegra," produced in Venice in 1857, a work which had a good prologue and one good scene. Then came "Un Ballo" and "La Forza del Destino," preceding "Don Carlos," which was again an attack on the French citadel.

The style of the Parisian grand opera of the time had been set by Rossini, who in his "William Tell" had made a desperate attempt to reconcile the Italian floridities of his musical architecture with the heavy lines and solid pediments of Spontini and Cherubini. The whole of this singular artistic ragout was distasteful to the Verdian palate. He tried to digest it, but without good result. The music of "Don Carlos" is strained and unnatural. The giant in the robe of the ordinary mortal is muscle bound. Worse than that, when Verdi in 1883 rewrote the score he introduced a new element into the amalgam, a faint trace of the influence of Wagner.

Indisputably the struggles of Verdi in these various experiments ended in the ultimate liberation of his spirit in the splendid utterances of "Aida." He returned to the pure Italian manner with a broader outlook and a finer vision and gave us a masterpiece which lives because it is triumphantly individual. But with that we need not now concern ourselves. The music of "Don Carlos" is our present affair and may be easily dismissed.

Ponderous Recitative.

There is altogether too much ponderous recitative. There are too many numbers in which dramatic expression is entirely wanting, while the voices labor through music which is not only uninteresting in itself but also in some cases nearly unsingable. It is both tuneless and unvocal, and that, too, despite the fact that it is by Verdi. The opening scene of act 3 brings us the first real flash of the true Verdi of "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore." It is a trio for the *Princess Emboli, Don Carlos* and *Roderigo*, well sung by Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Martinelli and Mr. De Luca.

It is not till the first scene of the fourth act that we arrive at the famous air, "O don fatale," the one fragment of this opera that has emerged from the opera house to the repertoire of the concert singer. And it is not a particularly fine air. It shines chiefly by comparison with the remainder of this heavy score. Those who care to consider operatic music critically should concentrate their attention upon that which seeks to embody the emotions of the dramatic scene in the great square before the church.

This music will not stand before close scrutiny. It is machine made from beginning to end. Verdi had to write it, but he certainly did not do so with enthusiasm. There is feeling in the air of *Roderigo* in the second act and the air of the *King* in the fourth act, "Dormiro sol nel manto regal" possesses a communicative melancholy. But beyond these items one can find little for congratulation. The hearer will probably agree with the French critic, who declared that the opera was "d'un ennui mortel et n' offre au public que dans impressions penibles et desagreeables."

Feast for the Eye.

Gennaro Papi, who conducted the performances, lost no opportunity to deepen the general gloom. Doubtless if his baton had carried less lead in its point there might have been more vivacity in certain episodes, but the score could not be transformed into a masterpiece. It went heavily last night—it would be heavy even if it moved with more celerity.

According to the custom of the Metropolitan Opera House there was excellent scenery. Costumes, too, were admirably designed, except perhaps the first of Mme. Matzenauer, but in general the clothes were good to look at. When bored by the opera one may feast his eyes. The ballet i sa valuable help in this matter. The performance was commendable, not distinguished, hut not to be dismissed with ohloquy.

The honors of the evening went to Mr. De Luca, who looked like a Spanish courtier, comported himself with dignity, sang with judgment and died like a gallant gentleman. Of the other members of the cast something more may be said aftera second performance. For the present it can be noted that Miss Ponselle was neither queenly nor tear compelling, neither most musical nor most melancholy; that Mr. Martinelli probably sang more high notes than he ever sang before in a single role, and that Mme. Matzenauer, as the *Princess*, bewailed her fatal gift of beauty in the fourth act without having suffered too much from it in any previous one. Miss Ellen Dalossy made her debut as the page and produced substantial reasons for her appearance.

Miss Galli, according to her habit, danced admirably, so admirably that the candid observer must have regretted that Verdi had not seen her before he composed the leaden-footed music to which the dancer had to fit her steps. But despite the music the ballet was the one cheerful episode in an evening of woe.

bons -Huneker

"DON CARLOS."

"Don Carlos," grand opera by Verdi in four acts, was sung for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The work was last heard here at the old Academy of Music in 1877 under the direction of Max Maretzek; therefore, it is a novelty for this generation. It was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, March 11, 1867, during the period of the Universal Exposition, when the empire was literally dancing on the edge of a political volcano. The libretto, founded on the tragedy of the same name by Schiller, is by Mery and Camille du Locle, who wrote the prose story for "Aida." In the original production the role of Rodrigo was assumed and sung by Faure, the famous French baritone, but even his participation did not save the opera, which is inchoate as to plot and the score of unequal merit, though interesting to the student of Verdi's stylistic development. On the heels of "Don Carlos" trod "Aida," and for that reason we ought to be grateful to Manager Gatti-Casazza for his production. Otherwise it can, this huge, lumbering machine, only enjoy here, as abroad, a success of curiosity. For the sake of the record we append the cast:

Elisabetta	Miss Ponselle
Eboli	Mme. Matzenauer
Tebaldo	Miss Delossy
Voce del Cielo	Miss Sundelius
Don Carlos	Mr. Martinelli
Marquis de Posa	Mr. De Luca
Philip II.	Mr. Didur.
A Monk	Mr. Gustafson
Lerma	Mr. Bada

The opera was conducted by Maestro Gennaro Papi, the chorus drilled by Signor Settig, and the ballet arranged by the indefatigable Rosina Galli. The scenic sets are from the hand of Joseph Urban, as are the costumes made by Mme. Castel Bert.

The Schiller play is too old-fashioned and melodramatic for modern taste, but give it with a strong cast and the power and pathos of the plot, the vivid characterization and the spouting "tirades" stand the fire of the footlights with brilliant results. It should be remembered that Schiller, notwithstanding his patriotism, was primarily a cosmopolitan. One idea possessed him from the cradle to the grave—Liberty. It is the leading motive of "William Tell," as it is of "The Robbers" and "Don Carlos." Thanks to the bungling libretto, this liberty theme is buried under the bubbling bosh of the romantic love episodes. In the play the friendship of Don Carlos, the son and heir of Philip II. of Spain, with Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa, plays an important part; in fact, Rodrigo is the true protagonist, not the rather weak and sickly sentimentalist that is the hero. But the liberty and brother love resolve themselves into a duo, stirring enough, between the two men, in Act II., "Libertà! Libertà!"

One spice of novelty may be found in the story. The hero has fallen in love with his stepmother; to be sure, the pair had plighted their troth in France, in the forest of Fontainebleau, upon which scene the curtain rises. Now, in Blackstone's Commentaries, beloved of all reasonable law students, there is an injunction to the effect that a man may not marry his grandmother, seemingly a needless warning, though you never can tell. In one of Poe's fantastic tales a young man narrowly escapes leading his grandmother to the altar. But a stepmother? Is there any objection in common English law to a man making love to his stepmother, even if he can't marry his sister-in-law? Certainly the temptation to do so is not always overwhelming. Elisabetta of Valois loves Don Carlos, but for reasons of state is compelled to marry his father. She is resigned. Her lover rebels. Her love is chaste, though she appears to sizzle operatically; his passion takes refuge in tearful lyrics.

Princess Eboli loves Don Carlos. She betrays the Queen to the King. Carlos, who had already outraged the august feelings of his father by demanding mercy for thrice-oppressed Flanders, is judged guilty of incest and sent to a gloomy dungeon. The Marquis of Posa visits him, and as he is suspected of sedition toward church and state the Inquisition has him murdered as he talks to his friend. This assassination is without dramatic meaning, because in the libretto the preparation of the event is summarily treated. Most of the characters are operatic lay figures, especially the women.

After much fumbling and the futile attempts of the alleged guilty ones to explain, Don Carlos is whisked away in the awful arms of his royal ancestor, the ghost of Charles V. The Queen collapses, the King makes impotent motions. In the Schiller play Carlos is snatched by the inquisition—that first aid to desperate dramatists. Verdi, who set so many bad librettos, succumbed to this stodgy mess. Yet the enormous melodic vitality of the Italian coped with the unrealities of the tale, and, in more than one instance, successfully. There is the celebrated "Don Fatala," beloved war horse of contraltos and mezza-sopranos, in which the Princess Eboli-Margarete Matzenhuen laments her gift of fatal beauty and not, as is often fancied, Don Carlos. As it does not lie well within the range of Mme. Matzenhuen's voice, it was not altogether effective last night. But how dramatically she sung it. There are several duos, one trio and some solos that are dramatically intense, but the style is not homogeneous throughout. Verdi wabbles from the sublime to the trivial, though the dramatic accent is never absent.

There are echoes of his earlier music, premonitions of his later manner; "Otello" is hinted at in the orchestration. You hear "Les Huguenots," and strangely enough in the first song of Princess Eboli, charmingly delivered by Matzenhuen. "In the Lovely Garden" "Carmen" is anticipated; possibly the source was Spanish, therefore common to Verdi and Bizet. The Marquis of Posa is well characterized and admirably realized by De Luca, while Didur made a superb part out of the gloomy, bigoted and jealous monarch, Philip II. His costume is a copy of the Titian at the Prado. Both these artists, Didur and De Luca, played with splendid results. Martinelli was the hero and sang with unusual spontaneity, though overweighted by his costume. He is singing and acting with fire this season.

Rose Ponselle, upon whose big shoulders rested ugly robes, also the principal music of the score, sang with power and a lovely, floating tone. Disappointing as she often is, you feel that the future is hers if she so wills it. She is in sad need of competent coaching. The native richness of her vocal and dramatic endowments—for there is plenty of temperament, latent as yet—ought to bear wonderful fruit sometime. A Caruso in petticoats? Who knows what she may achieve with labor dightfully directed (we repeat, rightfully). She displayed emotional draught on this occasion, and with a role not nearly so "grateful" as Leonora in "La Forza del Destino"—ofter all, her top-notch artistic achievement. But, as we said two seasons ago, this young woman has an arduous tramp before she attains the peak of the operatic Parnassus. We hope she will succeed. In the interim she should reduce her too, too solid flesh.

Matzenauer disfigured her majestic presence with an impossible wig at the rehearsal, but was raven black last night, to her great improvement.

The court of Philip II. lacked distinction, with the exception of Maria Savage who mimed the Countess of Aremberg, exiled by the angry King for allowing the Queen to remain alone with Carlos. This lady, an accomplished actress as to poses and pantomime, was the exponent in the scene who looked and acted like an aristocrat. The chorus sang well, there were chanting monks who reminded the cowardly fanatical King that all vanity ended in dust. The chief monk was ably impersonated by Gustafson. A new-comer, a Hungarian, Miss Delossy, proved a welcome surprise, vocally and personally. She has an agreeable voice and is an intelligent actress. The voice from Heaven was the voice of Marie Sundelius, therefore heavenly. The auto-da-fe missed fire, though we saw the smoke. Mr. Urban, to our way of thinking has been happy in some of his new scenic sets. The Cloister is atmospheric, with its dim, religious lighting and mysterious loggia, and in the landscape that is in Part II. of the same act he secures a picturesque ensemble not unlike one of Segantini's canvases depicting the Engadine. The scale of greens and blues and browns are harmonious. To Mr. Papi goes the credit of an adequate performance. He has made cuts, he might make more; at least half an hour would not be missed. The official timekeeper of the establishment Mr. Tom [illegible] and [illegible] Alla[illegible]

...ful, impressed us that the dress rehearsal consumed three hours and thirty-six minutes. Too long, say we for a composition that lacks a salient profile. However, it was received with enthusiasm of a large audience. Last but not least, Rosina Galli, with the agile Bonfiglio, danced the Ballet of the Pearls, the music to which reveals little originally; but the convolutions and scene are gorgeous. "Don Carlos" as a transitional type in Verdi's artistic evolution is well worth seeing and hearing.

LEVITZKI-JACOBSEN RECITAL

Pianist and Violinist Play in Aid of McGill Scholarship.

There was fitting occasion for the holiday spirit in a joint recital by Mischa Levitzki and Sascha Jacobsen last evening at Carnegie Hall, the first of three by these and other artists to endow a Margaret McGill scholarship promoted by alumni of the Institute of Musical Art. Harold Bauer, Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals will play for the same cause on St. Valentine's Day, and a final recital in mid-March will be by Hulda Lashanska and Frank La Forge.

Miss McGill was the institute's late assistant secretary; she had been a pupil in singing, graduating in 1910 and earning a teacher's diploma in 1914. Young men and women graduates and students assisted as ushers last night, including eleven soldiers in uniform, sent to the bandmasters' school from regiments as remote as Columbus, Ohio; Omaha, Neb., and El Paso, Texas.

Mr. Jacobsen and Mr. Levitzki were heard in sonatas for violin and pianoforte, that of Brahms in D minor, Op. 108, and the A-major of Franc¼. The violinist also gave pieces by Rachmaninoff, Franko, Godowsky, Grasse and Kreisler, assisted at the piano by Emanuel Balaban, whose name was missed in the program. Mr. Levitzki added five of Chopin, including the "Butterfly" etude.

Dec 26 1920

NATIONAL SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Bodanzky Gives "The Sirens"—Moiseewitsch, Solo Pianist.

The National Symphony Orchestra gave a matinee program in Carnegie Hall yesterday, to be repeated there this evening, with Conductor Bodanzky, now in his closing week of service, and a solo pianist, Benno Moiseiwitsch. The Russian artist was heard in the concerto No. 2, in C minor, by his countryman, Rachmaninoff. It is a work in which the composer himself has no rival as performer; music of broad power, perhaps unequalled since Tschaikowsky, yet to which Mr. Moiseiwitsch brought qualities of insight and delicate sympathy. He was much applauded.

Mr. Bodanzky, who yields the baton to Willem Mengelberg after next Sunday, marked the last but one of his programs with the national men by bringing forward Gliere's symphonic poem, "The Sirens," a descriptive narrative of graphic sort, free of modern harmonic vagueness and filled rather with opulent orchestral color in the Wagnerian full-blooded style. The concert began with Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" overture, as retouched by Wagner's band, and closed with Wagner's own prelude to "The Master Singers."

HOLIDAY THRONGS AT OPERA

"Mefistofele" and "Aida" Sung, With Two Newcomers in Casts.

"Mefistofele" and "Aïda" to packed houses made another double opera event at the Metropolitan yesterday, following the previous day's paired "Butterfly" and "La Juive," and leaving tomorrow's "Bluebird" and "Pagliacci" to complete the most crowded triple holiday series in the history of this house. Boito's "Mefistofele" had a new protagonist, the Spanish basso, Mardones: if his acting fell short of the diabolical spirit of Dr. Faust's evil genius, his singing was a fresh delight, at moments magnificent. Gigli and Aida reappeared as the lovers ... Francesca ... made a favorable impression in the brief scene of Helen of Troy. As before, Moranzoni conducted.

Carolina Lazzari was another newcomer in Verdi's "Aïda" last night, singing well as the Egyptian princess. With her were Destinn, Kingston, De Luca, Martino and Ananian, under Bamboschek's direction. The evening audience especially taxed the capacity of the theatre.

Young Russian Violinist Heard.

Mishel Piastro, the young Russian pianist, played to a large audience in Carnegie Hall last evening, the second musical assemblage of the day in that place, where the oldest inhabitant could not recall any previous year when any concerts were held on Christmas Day. Mr. Piastro had the help of Josef Adler in a sonata in G major by Grieg, and the concerto in D by Paganini, both offering proof of his maturing gifts as interpreter and still more of his command of vital, gripping tone. He added lesser pieces, including a "Valse Macabre" of Godowsky and "A Prayer," by Henry Hadley.

GERMAN OPERA SUNG AT THE METROPOLITAN

'Hansel and Gretel' Given by Capable Cast.

Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein yesterday afternoon opened a short season of German opera at the Manhattan Opera House, which her late husband built and made the scene of fine achievement in grand opera in various languages. The opera selected for the opening was Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," familiar here from its performances years ago at the Metropolitan.

Miss Marie Mattfeld as *Hansel* and Miss Marie Schiller as *Gretel* portrayed their characters with marked ability, and were well supported by John Boscen as *Peter*, the broommaker, and Miss Martha Schramm as *Gertrud*, his wife.

"Where the Lark Sings" will open Monday for a run of four days. This is the latest operetta by Lehar.

Dec 27 1920

Bully Bottom wished to play all the parts in the play, but *Quince* would not let him. David Bispham accomplished the feat, however, yesterday afternoon at the matinee of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall, for he read the text of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," neatly curtailed to the dimensions of a concert. The orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, played Mendelssohn's music. Mrs. Rachel Morton Harris, soprano; Miss Charlotte Peege, contralto, and a small choir from the Oratorio Society sang the vocal numbers.

Mr. Bispham evidently pleased the audience, but there could be no question that he succeeded better with the broad humor of the clowns than with the more elusive poetry of the bewitched lovers. The music was given in full, so that the audience had an opportunity to recognize the dainty skill of Mendelssohn in treating such little episodes as the entrances and exits of *Puck*, the movements of the lovers and the fairies.

There has been a gentle revival of Mendelssohn's art lately. Sergei Rachmaninov at his recent recital played some of the songs without words and one or two other pianists have rediscovered them. The symphonies have been resurrected and the "Fingal's Cave" overture is promised. Mendelssohn ought not to be neglected. He has suffered from overuse, to be sure, chiefly caused by the extravagant admiration of the British, and he has been thrust into the background because of this. But the revival is timely.

Not a great genius, Mendelssohn was a composer of delightful music and occasionally, as in parts of the "Elijah," rose to proud heights. His music is always graceful and his orchestral works are gems of instrumentation. The famous old overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," written when he was seventeen, remains one of the most splendid monuments of juvenile precocity, and within its field the hackneyed wedding march never has been surpassed.

The concert of yesterday afternoon was most interesting. Mr. Damrosch deserves credit for presenting the music with attention to details and a sufficient delivery of the text to make clear the artistic purposes of the composer.

STARS AID BIG BROTHERS.

Sunday Night Bills at Hippodrome, Metropolitan and Garden.

Fritz Kreisler and Frances Alda were among the stars of the Catholic Big Brothers' benefit at the Hippodrome last night, Mr. Kreisler playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chant Indoue" and his own "Caprice Viennois" and "La Gitana," while Mme. Alda sang English songs and an air from "Tosca" with 'cello, played by Gutia Casini. Mischa Levitzki gave Rachmaninoff's piano prelude in G minor and a waltz by Stojowski and Rafael Diaz, an air from "Romeo and Juliet." Norman Trevor was master of ceremonies. Archbishop Hayes occupied a box near the stage, and though the audience did not fill the big house, the receipts were swelled by gifts to about $12,000.

Efrem Zimbalist appeared as guest at last evening's Metropolitan concert, playing a concerto by Hubay with the orchestra under Hageman and lesser pieces, including his own "Russian Dance." Nicola Zerola, the former Manhattan tenor, now with the elder house, sang the popular air from "Pagliacci" and the "Celeste Aïda," and there were others from "La Gioconda" for Frances Peralta, from "The Prophet" for Flora Perini, and from a Spanish opera by Gomez for Mardones.

Edla Soller, a woman conductor, who once appeared in the Central Park concerts three years ago, directed a band with many soloists last evening at Madison Square Garden. Miss Soller led Rossini's overture to "William Tell" and a fantasy on Swedish airs by her father, W. Soller, while as solo flute she was heard in a melody by Gluck. Millo Picco of the Metropolitan sang airs from "The Masked Ball" and "Barber of Seville," and others were Serge Radamsky, Berta Rivierre and Franz Kaltenborn.

2,000 ALIENS HEAR CONCERT

Congressman Siegel Also Talks of Crippled Service on Ellis Island.

The program at the afternoon concert on Ellis Island yesterday for the detained aliens and officials was arranged by Miss Alma Simpson, soprano. Others taking part were Vasa Prihoda, Bohemian violinist; Rita Dane, contralto; Ruth O. Denishawn and Martha Sleeper, dancers, and Keith's Boys' Band of sixty pieces. More than 2,000 immigrants, with officials and visitors, formed an appreciative audience.

With Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, as soloist, the National Symphony Orchestra, directed by Artur Bodanzky, repeated its program of Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall last evening, bringing out the splendid audience that always follows this organization of players.

The featured number was the playing of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 in C Minor by Mr. Moiseiwitsch with orchestral accompaniment, which was done with the fine artistry displayed by the soloist on the occasion of his former appearances. The program, which opened with the Gluck overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," also presented the symphonic poem, "The Sirens," Op. 33, by Gliere, and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

Spanish Tenor Pleases at Recital.

Hipolito Lazaro, a Spanish tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who was heard in his first song recital here early this season, gave a concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday, in which he had the assistance of Miss Mercedes Padrosa, a Spanish pianist; Hector Cabral, Peruvian violinist, and Max Ter, accompanist.

Mr. Lazaro seemed to have a cold, but he was, nevertheless, able to arouse great enthusiasm by his beautiful voice and impassioned style in operatic airs and Spanish songs. One song, Penella's "Espagnolita," was interrupted by the applause while being sung, and at the close of a group of Spanish songs a man in the audience who was evidently an ardent compatriotic admirer of the singer went down the middle aisle to the stage upon which Mr. Lazaro stood taking applause and in Spanish pronounced a eulogy on the singer's art, to which Mr. Lazaro replied with a short speech.

Of the solo work of Mr. Lazaro's two assistants there is little to be said. Miss Padrosa, who was unknown here, showed taste in her selections and a fleet technic with scant powers of interpretation. The violinist played Raff's seldom heard and long drawn out "Sonata Chromatic." His work had seriousness, but his style and intonation were defective.

Lazaro Sings "Eili, Eili."

Hipolito Lazaro, the Spanish opera tenor, appeared at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon in a concert with two assisting artists, Hector Cabral, a violinist of Peru, and Mercedes Padrosa, pianist, from Spain. Mr. Lazaro was heard in airs from "Aida" and "Manon," in Spanish and other songs, and in the Hebrew lament, "Eili, Eili," variously said to be an old folk-melody or the original composition of a Jewish musician of New York, but given yesterday with an accompaniment arranged by Schindler, played by Max Terr. Miss Padrosa gave piano pieces by Albeniz, Granadoes and Laregla, and Mr. Cabral a sonata by Raff and a rondo by Kreisler.

A symphony band of sixty musicians under the leadership of a woman, formed one of the attractions of the Madison Square Garden concert last evening and an excellent band it proved to be, notably contributing to the pleasing program arranged by Julius Hopp.

The soloists were Leah Leaska, dramatic soprano; Berta Reviere, mezzo-soprano; Sergei Radamsky, Russian lyric tenor; Millo Picco, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Franz Kaltenborn, violinist. Miss Soller, who directed the band, also played the Gluck "Melodie" as a flute solo. There is always something of unusual interest in a woman director, but Miss Soller's work was artistic enough to merit the applause of the big audience, aside from the phase of its novelty.

Miss Reviere, who achieved much success at her recital in Aeolian Hall last year, sang the aria, "Vissi d'arte," from "Tosca," "Chanson Triste," by Duparc, and "Realm of Dreams," by A. Paganucci. Mr. Picco gave the familiar "Largo al factotum" from "Barber of Seville," Mr. Radamsky sang three Spanish songs by Osma, the aria from "Elisir d'Amore," and a Russian folk song; Mr. Kaltenborn played the Vieuxtemps "Fantasie Caprice," and Miss Leaska was heard in the aria, "Ritorna Vincitor," from "Aida," and the "Cry of Rachel," by Salter. The band se...

By Henry T. Finck

No Caruso This Week

When Caruso sang in "La Juive" last Friday evening it was noticed that he put his hand on his chest now and then as if he were suffering some pain. It is now known that he is "suffering from an attack of pleurisy of a painful though not serious character. This will necessitate his being confined to his room for a period." This announcement is signed by five physicians: Drs. Lambert, Evans, Stella, Murray, and Horowitz.

The great tenor's illness has made necessary the following changes in the Metropolitan's repertory: Gino Crim will sing Canio at to-night's performance of "Pagliacci." "L'Amore dei tre Re" and "Il Carillon Magico" will be given next Saturday afternoon instead of "Le Prophète." The former will be sung by Easton, Gigli, Amato, Mardones. Mme. Matzenauer will singe the rôle of Kundry in next Friday afternoon's performance of "Parsifal."

The performance of "La Juive" referred to was made notable by the appearance in the title rôle of Florence Easton, who sang and acted it with the supreme artistry now to be expected of her in almost everything she does. In the afternoon Geraldine Farrar had deeply moved an overflowing special audience with her wonderful portrayal of the unhappy heroine of "Madama Butterfly." In "Aïda" on Saturday night Carolina Lazzari made a hit as Amneris, with the admirable Destinn in the title rôle.

Benno Moiseiwitsch made a sensation in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon by his superbly rhythmic and temperamental performance of the second Rachmaninoff concerto. No one, surely, but the composer himself could make so much of that interesting work. Mr. Bodanzky conducted, among other things, Glière's "The Sirens," a glowing Russian tone poem, which his men played glowingly. They also played well the "Meistersinger" overture. The tempi were rather hurried, the duration of the piece being ten minutes instead of the official twelve. In the same hall in the evening Mishel Piastro and Josef Adler gave an interesting performance of Grieg's lovely G major sonata.

Dec 28 1920

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Blue Bird," matinee performance by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. (In French.)

The Cast.

Tyltyl ....Raymonde Delaunois
Mytyl ....Mary Ellis
Mummy Tyl....................Florence Easton
Daddy Tyl....................Paolo Ananian
Granny Tyl....................Louise Berat
Gaffer Tyl....................Leon Rothier
The Maternal Love............Florence Easton
The Joy of Understanding......Gladys Axman
Light ....Flora Perini
Father Time....................Leon Rothier
Bread ....Millo Picco
The Little Girl....................Edna Kellogg
The Little Lovers,
Minnie Egener, Elvira Leveroni
The Joy of Being Just......Margaret Farnam
The Joy of Seeing What Is Beautiful,
Cecil Arden
The Fairy....................Jeanne Gordon
The Night....................Frances Ingram
The Cat....................Marie Sundelius
The Dog....................Thomas Chalmers
Neighbour Berlingot............Jeanne Gordon
Happiness ....Mary Mellish
A Child....................Alice Miriam
Milk ....Marie Tiffany
Water ....Sue Harvard
Sugar ....Octave Dua
Fire ....Angelo Bada
Conductor ....Albert Wolff

If a certain distinguished literary man long gone could have returned and attended the matinee at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon he would have exclaimed again, "Even the little children here speak French," for French was prattled by babes and little older ones through all the corridors. What was the occasion of this outbreak? Merely the season's first performance of Albert Wolff's opera "The Blue Bird."

Grown folk do not seem to have taken with eagerness to this lyric play, but the children dote on it. They just crave more information about babes in the wood and here it is, neatly done up by Mr. Masterlinck, so that they cannot possibly understand what it is all about, and it does not matter. Any one can guess that Mr. Chalmers is trying to be a dog and Mme. Sundelius a cat and that the two small people with squeaky voices are the children and that Miss Gordon is a fairy and Miss Perini is a kind of one and that Mr. Bada is a three alarm fire.

As for Miss Farnam, she was the *Joy of Being Just*, but it didn't tell just what. And Miss Arden was the *Joy of Seeing What Is Beautiful*, and every one knew what that was. But why wasn't she the joy of being it? And why was *Mummy Tyl* so much bigger than *Daddy Tyl?* And why did they all speak so many different kinds of French? There were so many questions to ask and so much to see that if it hadn't been

for the music it would have been a perfectly heavenly afternoon.

In the evening a lot of serious, unimaginative grown people filled the opera house. Most of them left French at home and spoke very plain English, especially those who were disappointed because they could not hear Mr. Caruso trumpeting the volcanic woes of *Canio*, but had to listen instead to Mr. Crimi. They also heard Miss Destinn as little *Nedda* and Mr. Amato as the stupid but wicked *Tonio*.

When the "comedia" was "finita" the new ballet, "Il Carillon Magico" was performed, with Miss Rosina Galli as the poor *Pierrot*, who was so imposed upon by every one. The melancholy story of the ballet did not mar the pleasure obtained from the handsome stage pictures and the pretty dances.

Oratorio Sings "The Messiah."

The first concert of the Oratorio Society took place at Carnegie Hall last night when, according to the organization's custom, now observed for the ninety-fifth time at Christmastide, Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," was sung. An audience, deeply interested, filled the auditorium. The imposing performance of the music, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch, was given by the 50 singers, who form the chorus, the full orchestra of the SymphonySociety and as the four soloists, Mme. Frieda Hempel, soprano; Miss Mabel Beddoe, contralto; Judson House, tenor, and Royal Dadmun, bass.

The singing of the many familiar recitatives by the different soloists was done with devotion, the choruses were delivered with authoritative understanding and finish, while the hearing of the great score as a whole was dramatically effective.

MANHATTAN OPERA COMPANY—"Wo Die Lerche Singt," an operetta in three acts, by A. M. Willner and Heinz Reichert; music by Franz Lehar.

The Cast.

Torok, Pal	Kurt Gordon
Margit	Martha Gantzberg
Sandor Zapolja	Max Bratt
Baron Arpad Feremzy	Christian Rub
Vilma Garamy	Eva Leoni
Bodrogy Pista	Oscar Hofmann
Borsa	Maude Burk
Kovacs Lajos	Julius Bayer
Janos	Alex Greenau
Reasoe	Louis Richling

By RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK.

With an audience predisposed to give a favorable welcome to the latest Lehar opera to come to America, "Wo die Lerche Singt" ("Where the Lark Sings.") was presented at the Manhattan Opera House last evening as Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein's opening bill in her season of four weeks of light opera.

The story, which deals with Hungarian life, is set to the delightful style of music we have come to identify wit hthe author of "The Merry Widow," although in this case he has dipped his pen in heavier ink which shades more closely upon grand opera than most of his work.

"Wo die Lerche Singt" was first produced in Vienna at the theatre Unter Wien on March 27, 1918, where it proved a tremendous success. Mr. Lehar himself conducted the score on this occasion and Max Bratt, who last night sang the part of the painter, Sandor Zapolja, was a member of the original company, having sung in the opera seventy times during its Vienna run.

Ernest Knoch, who conducted "Lohengrin" during the engagement of the San Carlo Company, directed the score. Eva Leoni, an opera singer in the cast, made a most favorable impression with her voice, which is of pleasing quality and her ability to really act.

GALLI-CURCI TO WED AGAIN.

Diva to Marry Homer Samuels, Pianist, Named in Husband's Suit.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, grand opera star of Chicago, announced today her coming marriage to Homer Samuels, her accompanist, and the man whom her husband, Marquis Luigi C. Curci, sought unsuccessfully to involve in her divorce suit a year ago.

"Yes, I am to marry Mr. Samuels," the diva said, laughing. The date has not yet been set, but it will be soon. And I am very happy."

Mme. Galli-Curci, who won fame among the artists of the Chicago Opera Company in 1916, was born in Milan, Italy, in 1889. She obtained her first citizenship papers here last January.

It was said tonight that the marriage would likely take place quietly at St. Paul or Minneapolis on Jan. 16. As Mr. Samuels is an American citizen, the singer would become one without completing for naturalization begun last January shortly after obtaining her divorce.

The pianist was mentioned by the diva's former husband in his cross complaint after she had charged Curci with non-support and infidelity and had named various women from New York to Oklahoma as corespondents.

Guido Agosti, Pianist, Makes Debut.

Guido Agosti, an Italian pianist of talent, lately arrived by way of South America, gave his first recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He was heard with cordial interest in the Bach-Busoni toccata in C, pieces by Debussy, Rachmaninoff and Chopin, and arrangements by Godowsky and Liszt.

Oscar Nicastro, 'cellist, and Martha Baird, pianist, appeared last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Nicastro being assisted by Stuart Ross in a sonata of Bach and arrangements by himself from Granados and Paganini. Miss Baird gave Dutch folk melodies arranged by Josef Hoffmann, a "Christmas Night" by Liapounow, Dett's "Juba Dance," and an "Island Spell" and "The Scarlet Ceremonies" by John Ireland.

By MAX SMITH.

A YOUTHFUL Italian, barely twenty years old, with olive skin and black, curly hair, sprang a surprise yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall by playing the piano in a way that easily put him in the front rank among the younger generation of his profession.

The newcomer, who on this occasion made his first public appearance in America, was Guido Agosti, graduate of the Conservatory of Bologna—a mere boy in appearance, but as serious in his demeanor and as deeply engrossed in his work as if he had passed the middle of his life.

Though there were evidences of Agosti's lack of maturity, especially in his treatment of three Chopin numbers, in which, as in other selections, he observed all the musical proprieties with an almost touching fidelity, he disclosed qualities that might well be studied to advantage by many a virtuoso of established standing.

Agosti has a very remarkable series of color. His touch is the touch of one whose aesthetic impulses are carried spontaneously to the softly padded tips of pliant fingers. And how those fingers sing, how expressively, how eloquently even in the most delicate pianissimo!

His technique is excellent—clean, crisp, fluent.

It is always held subservient to purely musical motives.

The Bach-Busoni Toccata in C major Agosti gave in a manner little short of masterful. Under his hands the sonorities of the piano, held impeccably within their rhythmical frame, seemed to rise above their natural restrictions, assuming the varied tone-tints of an organ.

Agosi's programme included the Corelli-Godowski "Pastorale"; Debussy's "Clair de Lune"; Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor; Albeniz's "Fete-Dieu a Seville"; the Paganini-Liszt Etude No. 5, and Liszt's "Carnaval de Pest." As one of his supplementary contributions at the end he gave the Liszt transcription of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

Dec 29 1920

Toscanini Leads

Audience Gives Famous C

Brilliant Results Wit

Arturo Toscanini and an orchestra bearing the honorable title of La Scala appeared last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House in the first of a serie of concerts. The programme was on of heroic proportions. It consisted of a concerto in A minor for strings by Vivaldi, arranged by Sam Franko; Beethoven's fifth symphony, Debussy's "Iberia," Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and the preludo and love death from "Tristan und Isolde."

Mr. Toscanini's fame in this city rests chiefly on his skill as an operatic conductor, but he is not unknown as a director of symphonic compositions. A remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony under his direction at the Metropolitan Opera House on Arll 13, 1918, lingers i nthe minds of music lovers. It was repeated a week later, Mr. Toscanini made his final appearance as an opera conductor at the Metropolitan on April 14, 1915, directing Mascagni's "Iris." This was in the next to the last week of the season. In the closing week illness prevented him from conducting. He did not return to this country in the following season and last evening made his first appearance before a New York audience.

None of the music performed was unfamiliar to local concert goers, though most of it must have been to that considerable part of the audience composed of Mr. Tocanini's countrymen, who had assembled to bestow upon him their customary patriotic acclamations. Discussion of the matter of the concert may be set aside as immaterial. What concerns us is only the manner.

Orchestra a Good One.

That Mr. Toscanini, knowing the conditions in the musical world of the United States would come across the western ocean with an incompetent orchestra was, of course, out of the question. But it was hardly to be expected that he would be able to carry away from Italy its best orchestral material. The organization heard last evening was a good one, but not one of special distinction.

The quality of the strings could not be exactly judged in the Metropolitan Opera House, which is a notorious slayer of string vibrancy. In Carnegie Hall it will surely sound better. Last evening it was chiefly excellent in pianissimo. Indeed, Mr. Toscanini's orchestra possesses a pianissimo which reaches a mere whisper of sound, and from that its dynamic scale ranges to a full blooded fortissimo, which also was not completely revealod in last evening's audience chamber.

The wood wind is good ,except the bassoons, which are very heavy in tone. None of the woods rise above the ordinary level. The oboe is distinctly Italian, and our ears are French trained. The brasses are acceptable, the horns being of more than common merit. The tympanist is a performer of the first order. In precision of attack and release the orchestra has acquired a fine measure of certainty and its unanimity is commendable. The nuancing is all well planned and the phrasing, of course, that of the Toscanini mind. There was a want of balance last evening in the piano passages, but it is probable that this was not noticeable in all parts of the house. In some places the balance doubtless seemed correct. It is a tricky auditorium.

Demonstration for Conductor.

The true significance of last evening's concert was to be found in its demonstration of Mr. Toscanini's superlative abilities as a conductor. His material was only ordinary; his results were brilliant. There need be no description of the playing of each number. The conductor's knowledge of styles was clearly shown. His sympathy with various types of music, his familiar enthusism, his vivid imagination, his keen muscal perceptions and his great skill as a drill master all revealed themselves in the playing of his orchestra.

Mr. Toscanini ought to be caught and imprisoned, if he cannot be kept here any other way. He should never have been permitted to escape, even to serve his country so patriotically through the war. Now that he is here he should be held. There is always room in this country for such a consummate artist.

By Richard Aldrich

Artnro Toscanani Conducts.

There was a tumult of welcome last evening for Arturo Toscanini when he appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time since he left it at the close of the operatic season of 1914-15. The welcome was given in applause and cheers by an audience that filled the Opera House to its utmost capacity behind the railings as well as in every seat on floor and galleries and in the boxes. It was an audience not only of a popular character, but also one largely of music lovers, including many distinguished musicians. And in one of the boxes, decorated with the Italian and American flags, was a party that included the Italian Ambassador.

All this demonstration of enthusiasm was occasioned by the first performance of the Italian orchestra that Mr. Toscanani has brought over with him for a series of concerts through the country.

Mr. Toscanini, after all his years in the Metropolitan Opera House, was hardly known in New York as a symphonic conductor. There are memories, vivid with many, no doubt, of one concert that he conducted in the opera house in April, 1913, and repeated a few days later, made notable by his reading of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. There was desire to hear him again, and the next season a series of concerts was planned that he was to conduct; but he fell ill and the project had to be given up. The present undertaking is no doubt largely prompted and will be supported by the same desire; the promoters of it would like to believe that international comradeship will add something to the significance of the affair.

Much has been said about the quality o fthe orchestra, called from the whole of musicsl Italy. But the quality of the orchestra did not add much to the distinction of the occasion. It is a large body, but it was not notable for fullness, richness nor body of tone, as it sounded last evening. It is true that the Metropolitan Opera House does not yield the best aconstical results to orchestras playing on its stage, even when the stage is built out over the orchestra pit, as it was for this concert. But other orchestras in the same position have sounded better than this one last evening. The strings seemed to lack not only brilliancy but amptitude and solidity. Nor were there unusual excellences at once apparent in most of the word, wind and brass, though there were passages in which they did themselves credit.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

Instead of a symphony, Mr. Bodanzky put on the program of the National Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday what weighed quite as much as a symphony, took as much time and in parts sounded louder than most symphonies—Strauss's symphonic poem, "Ein Heldenleben." The orchestra also played the overture to Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute." Fritz Kreisler was the soloist and played Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

He played it as a piece of music for which he entertained regard, nay, love, which he intended to make sound with all the beauty, all the quality, all the expressiveness that he could find in it; not perfunctorily, as one wearied with many repetitions, and still less disdainfully, as one who looked down upon it, being the product merely of a Mendelssohn. He did not need even Sir George Grove's "less than twenty words," which the program notes quoted, to explain "with exquisite neatness why Mendelssohn's music is—what it is." He played the concerto almost as if he had not read the program note, without a sneer. Perhaps he thought of the difficulty he and his fellows have so long experienced in finding better concertos to take its place in the repertory; of how many hopeful aspirants for that place have withered and died and been cast out. At all events, it was a performance of beautiful warmth and sincerity that made of the music all there is in it. The accompaniment, however, was not quite so conscientious; it was not very finished and in the first movement lagged incessantly a little behind Mr. Krelsler's rapid tempo.

It is some time since Strauss's tone poem has been heard here, and perhaps it never had a performance so perfectly clear and well articulated, so sonorous, so variously colored, showing so plainly its innumerable strands. It seemed bewildering twenty years ago when it was played here for the first time; probably it was, in the performance that Emil Paur conducted with the Philharmonic Society at that time. Performances have improved since then—of such things, at least; and insight into Strauss, his methods and his products has also been improved by fsmiliarity. With the help of Mr. Gilman's admirable program notes nobody need have remained in ignorance of what Strauss intended to portray in this piece. It was a wonderfully effective as well as a wonderfully clear performance. The musical quality of the work as well as its anecdotic power was swept into the listener's consciousness.

But was there also swept into the consciousness of any an uneasy feeling that this music, though now only just of age, is already betraying traces of age? Mr. Gilman in his notes justly calls Mr. Huneker "azygous" for his early reactions to Strauss. Were any azygous enough yesterday to ask themselves, "does this now sound old-fashioned"? Was there any lurking suspicion that it is more a marvellously skillful, dexterous, ingenious, unfaltering rearrangement of ideas and material already at hand than a new creation?

Mozart's overture was brilliantly played at a great speed, with insistent accentuation.

Woman's Press Club Recital.

A benefit entertainment was given at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Women's Press Club, the proceeds to be devoted to maintaining a scholarship for student journalists at Columbia and to create a provident fund for the assistance of aged or needy members of the organization.

The program included many prominent artists aud was eujoyed by a good-sized audiences. Among the artists who appeared were Evelyn Scotney, lyric soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company; Grace Bradley, contralto, Metropolitan Opera Company; Rafaelo Diaz, leading tenor, Metropolitau Opera Company; Elia Palma, baritone, grand opera; Oliver Denton, concert pianist.

Virginia Mauret gave an interesting program of dances at Carnegie Hall last night, with Erno Rappe conducting the orchestra. Michel Fokine, of Russian ballet fame, whose name is well knewn in the choral world, assisted Miss Mauret in the choreography. Miss Mauret made her American debut auspiciously, interpretiug the music with real ability and charm.

Ernesto Berumen Heard In Aeolian Hall Recital

Ernesto Berumen gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The program included a chaconne by Handel, a minuet by Haydn, Gluck-Freidmann's "Ballet of the Happy Spirits," Brahms's Rhapsody in E flat; "Nenia," by Sgambati; Granados's "Allegro de Concert," Faure's Berceuse, arranged by Cortot; a Theme and Variations by Chevillard Palmgren's "A Night in May"; Donhanyi's Rhapsody, and Lizst's "O, Quand je Dors," transcribed by Adolf Brune, and the "Mephisto Waltz."

Mr. Berumen's performance was generally good. He played with great vigor and spirit, sometimes placing undue emphasis on fortissimo passages in the bass, but often considerble lightness and delicacy were noticeable, with a technical skill well shown in the Lizst waltz.

Dec 30 1920

Wagners "Tristan and Isolda" was given for the third time at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening.

Mr. Sembach was again the *Tristan*. He sang the part to oblige the management, despite the fact that shortly before the performance he had developed a cold. He delivered his music with evident difficulty, but as a few short cuts were made in the long last act, he was able to carry his part through to the end, and with much credit to himself.

Mme. Matzenauer as *Isolda* repeated her fine presentation of the role. Miss Gordon was the *Brangaene*, Rafaelo Diaz sang the sailor's music in place of Mr. Bada and Mr. Whitehill was the *Kurvenal*. An audience which filled the auditorium followed the performance with [illegible]

intense interest. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Mme. Van der Veer's Recital.

Mme. Nevada Van der Veer, mezzo-contralto, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This artist is well known as an oratorio singer. Last season she was heard in her first recital here given by herself. The programme included ancient Christmas carols, modern French and Russian songs and a song heard for the first time, entitled "Dreaming Time," by Strickland, which is dedicated to Mme. Van der Veer. The songs were all evidently much enjoyed by the large audience. In her delivery of them the singer used her fine voice with skill, her diction, especially in English, was good and her phrasing excellent. A number especially effective was Schubert's "The Omnipotence," which was sung with piano and organ accompaniment.

"Beggar's Opera" Given.

"The Beggar's Opera," John Gay's famous work, which dates back nearly a century, had its American premiere at the Greenwich Village Theatre last night, having been produced by Arthur Hopkins. It had previously had a long run at Hammersmith, near London, with Arnold Bennett and Nigel Playfair as the presiding geniuses.

The noted English novelist, in fact, together with Playfair, had steeped himself in the work to the extent of tuning up some of its scenes with modern instances. Frederic Austin provided additional music, and the London cast were brought here under the watchful eye of Mr. Playfair. They included Arthur Wynn, Charles Magrath, Percy Heming, Alfred Heather and Miss Lena Maitland.

Dec 31 1920

Walter Damrosch sat in a Carnegie Hall box yesterday afternoon and heard the orchestra of the Symphony Society of New York as it sounds to people in the auditorium. And yet it was not precisely the same thing, because Albert Coates of London, a guest-conductor, directed the concert. The historical cycle had to be speeded up so that Mr. Coates could present a programme of English music before its time and hasten back to Britain to attend to his duties in Cockaigne.

The music which Mr. Coates selected as representative of his country consisted of a suite for strings from operas of Henry Purcell, arranged by the conductor, Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" variations and Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony." The last work was performed for the first time in this country. The speculative philosopher might pause to ponder the problem of which should be accorded the position of importance, the visiting conductor or the arriving symphony. If one could be certain that either had arrived to stay it would be easy to determine the order of precedence.

Mr. Williams, who was born in 1872 and studied under Parry, Stanford, Max Bruch and Maurice Ravel, has shown a penchant for music of places. He has written "A Sea Symphony," three "Norfolk Rhapsodies," "Harnham Down" and "Boldrewood." Later than any of these is his symphonic impression of London life. Four movements in the conventional order (slow second and scherzo third) are used to embody mood pictures of the streets, their life and the underlying spirit of all.

Big Ben tolls, of course. The Thames rolls its sombre current along just as it did in the days of Rogue Riderhood and will a thousand years hence. The Strand rattles and roars and cachinates with busy existence. Turn off a moment into the quiet Adelphi. We must have a contrasting passage. Back to the Strand with riot and roar to finish the movement.

Bloomsbury, melancholy, shabby, with an old fiddler playing before a "pub," gives us an elegiac second movement. The Surrey side, of a Saturday night, makes a devil-may-care scherzo. London as seen by the man down and out is the last movement, but there is a short epilogue that hints at the great soul of the metropolis underneath.

Mr. Williams's symphony is well made, has character and is music. The composer is no lyric Dickens nor even a Laurence Hutton, but his symphony deserved a hearing and may have another. It was splendidly played, and for this achievement the praise must go principally to Mr. Coates. The orchestra was a certainty; the conductor an unknown quantity. In the symphony, as in the Elgar work, he showed conclusively that he understood his duties.

Mr. Coates has a fine sense of orchestral values and a strong feeling for rhythm. Phrasing and dynamics means much to him. He likes a full blooded fortissimo. He got one yesterday that burst a kettle drum and caused a considerable break in Sid Edward Elgar's fourteen points. Best of all, Mr. Coates has artistic perspective.

His readings showed sensitive appreciation of proportions and a nice adjustment of balance and expressive details. There was no excessive elaboration, but what needed to be heard was heard. The climaxes were skilfully developed and the reading of the symphony in particular showed not only a genuine affection for the work, but a considerable measure of imagination. It will be interesting to hear Mr. Coates's readings of most familiar compositions.

Let it be added that the orchestra played superbly. The men evidently liked the conductor and spared no pains to give him exactly what he wished. Altogether it was an interesting concert, in spite of the fact that all the music was made in much abused England. Rubinstein once wrote: "The composers of the reflective national style must rest satisfied with the acknowledgment (often adoration) of their own country, which is not to be underrated, as it probably has also its high worth and great satisfaction."

New Griffes Group in Concert.

The Griffes Group, a new organization, composed of Miss Edna Thomas, mezzo soprano; Miss Olga Steeb, pianist, and Sascha Jacobinoff, violinist, gave a concert yesterday in Aeolian Hall.

The three artists are all Americans, known in the concert field, and they are now banded together as the Griffes Group to perpetuate the music and ideals of the gifted young American composer, Charles T. Griffes, who died last spring. At each of their concerts one or more of Griffes's works will be heard.

In the list yesterday was a scherzo for piano. The ensemble selections included Bizet's "Agnes Dei" and a "Slumber Song" by MacDowell. In such work there was much artistic feeling, though the voice often over balanced in power the parts of the players. The singer's solos included some Creole songs and the violinist's Kramer's "Old English Dance." The concert was given for the Griffes Fellowship at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, N. H.

Gives Costume Recital.

"Miss Bobby" Besler, soprano, gave a costume recital of songs "for young and grownup children" yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre. In a pleasing and varied list, including negro songs, she showed real talent for interpretation rather than vocal gifts. Miss Adele Beattys was a charming accompanist at the piano.

MISS FARRAR AND GIGLI SING 'TOSCA'

Their Success Gives Opera New Lease of Life.

"Tosca" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast comprised Miss Farrar as *Tosca*, Mr. Gigli as *Cavaradossi* and Mr. Scotti as *Scarpia*. The conductor was Roberto Moranzoni.

The Thursday evening subscribers heard the popular Puccini work for the first time this season, but they were not with the company of a numerous assembly of people who had not subscribed. There is a long standing tradition that Miss Farrar is most attractive to the public when she sings in "Madama Butterfly," but with the capable assistance of the new found Mr. Gigli and of the time honored Mr. Scotti, she has given "Tosca" a new lease of life.

the Bagby Musicale

The artists who appeared yesterday were Mme. Frieda Hempel, Benno Moiseiwitch and Jose Mardones.

Maurice Dambois, 'cellist, composer and pianist, appeared on a "mixed" program in Aeolian Hall last evening. The event, announced as Mr. Dambois's "only New York recital," was as far from a recital as the North Pole is from the South, the duo-art piano occupying several important positions on the bill.

The Duo-art piano also decided to display its artistic temperament and "act up" just when it was supposed to reproduce a solo played by Rudolph Ganz, with accompaniment by Mr. Dambois. In fact, it refused to play this number at all and another mechanical tune was substituted.

Those who heard Mr. Dambois in his 'cello work were left eagerly anxious for more, which is a high compliment to his ability. His own composition "Bagatelle," was one of the enjoyable numbers of the program.

Dec 30 Jan 31 1920

By James Gibbons Huneker

Walter Damrosch is deserving of the gratitude of the musical public for his happy idea in introducing to us Albert Coates, well known in London and Petrograd as a conductor, though a stranger here until yesterday afternoon, when he made his initial bow at Carnegie Hall, where he led the New York Symphony Orchestra in such brilliant style that there is not much fear as to his future welcome. He appeared in the role of a "guest conductor," and only repeated in this city his European successes.

He has a virile personality. He has British brawn as well as brains. He has baton technique. He is a thoroughly trained musician, with a decided preference for modern composers. Hailing from Russia, born there of English parents, he has had a complete cosmopolitan training. He was conductor for a period at the Imperial Opera, Petrograd. That he is versatile there is no doubt. A handsome, soldierly looking man of thirty-eight, his beat is compelling, his movements more forceful than graceful, in a word, not a prima donna conductor. He loves a healthy fortissimo and can manage a whispering. A normal man of the temperament sanguine, he drove his forces to an unequivocal triumph. He made the biggest sort of a "hit" with a large and critical audience, and the much harried conductor had to bow and bow and bow, wiping his perspiring brow all the while. He had put in a ton of coal, or the muscular equivalent thereof, not to mention the enormous liberation of nervous energy. With all his physique of an athlete, he is of the temperamental type, and that means naked nerves.

But his fairy godmother forgot to endow him with a poetic soul. He is not a subtle interpreter, yet by the same token we are spared mawkish sentimentalism, the languishing Lydian move. To be sure, his programme did not demand the display of much poetry. But as we have heard him in opera and concert in London, we need not revise our first impressions. Yet we doubt if he ever had such a dynamic instrument to play upon as the New York Symphony, our prize orchestra in quality. And let it be said that he made the most of his opportunity. The band rose to the occasion, and has not played with such richness of tone, elan, or with such a response to the conductor's intentions for many a moon, and if this sounds like a slur on the generosity of the official conductor, Mr. Damrosch, whose artistic labors have brought the organization to its present state of perfection, we hasten to add that, after the manner of many other things in life, a new broom sweeps clean. Twenty years of Coates might result in the usual tepid or routine performances. He is a young man now in the full tide of his career, and it is easy to be brilliant at forty, though not so easy at sixty.

The programme was refreshing in its novelty and English from stem to stern. Purcell, a suite for strings, capitally arranged by Coates from the dramatic works of England's greatest musical genius, began the afternoon, and followed the "London Symphony" by Vaughan Williams, with the sterling "Enigma" variations by Sir Edward Elgar, as an intermezzo. The symphony is a serious contribution to national literature. When Anton Rubinstein declared, probably in a moment of pique, that only 2 per cent. of the British nation was musical, he could not have anticipated the power and pathos, the science and individuality of the Williams work. It is a series of impressionistic pictures of London life, from the gay, rude Cockney outings, to the oppressive stillness of mean streets, waterside taverns and the muted mystery of nocturnal London a London more modern and sinister than Dickens's a London rather in the key of Burke's "Limehouse Nights." An old musician stands in front of a "pub," in the [illegible] of a November night in some immemorial year. Rene Pol[illegible] rich viola has never seemed so eloquent as in the solo of the [illegible] wretch. The scherzo has the London tang, the finale, the Hunger March, is [illegible] more atmospheric in 1920 than in 1914, the year of the symphony's birth. The best element in the score was the frankly native coloring, flowing tunes and a jig—"The Beggar's Opera" quality. When the composer leans on Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Wagner or Richard Strauss, his music becomes pale. He is an intellectual, also an emotional, musician. A pessimistic poet but a man of volition and artistic resource. The symphony was much applauded. It is not difficult to follow, its many moods are so sincere and cunningly framed by the orchestration. Few contemporary English composers can rival it in imagination, certainly Elgar, perhaps only Fritz Delius from Yorkshire. Mr. Coates conducted the composition most lovingly, though he admires the percussion instruments.

The Elgar Variations are no longer enigmatic, even if we may not recognize the portraits. But we do recognize the Brahms influence, which like a shadow envelops the splendidly made music, even the Brahms of transcendental Paganini variations. The virtuosity of Mr. Damrosch's orchestra was superb. Altogether an enjoyable afternoon. The same programme, with the vital Albert Coates, will be presented this evening in the same hall. Do not miss it, and if you were among the audience yesterday you won't. You will merely go again.

By Richard Aldrich

Mr. Albert Coates Conducts.

At the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Albert Coates, the English "guest" conductor, who is to direct several concerts of the orchestra, made his first appearance in this country. He comes with the reputation of one of the ablest of the English conductors, who has made his name by the work he has done with the London Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Society, as well as in the direction of opera at Covent Garden.

He is a young man of imposing figure, who has other things to think of on the conductor's stand than plastic grace of motion or statuesque pose. He disclosed immediately authority, innate musical instinct, a feeling for style and for the finer graces of musical beauty as expressed in orchestral performance. He is an interpreter and he possesses the mastery of orchestral technique that enables him to achieve interpretation. He was greeted at his appearance with a demonstration permitting no doubt that he was a welcome guest.

Mr. Coates most appropriately made his first program entirely of British music. It comprised a suite for string orchestra arranged by himself for movements out of various dramatic works of Henry Purcell, Elgar's "Enigma" variations and the "London" symphony by R. Vaughan Williams. Only Elgar's variations were known to this public, and the performance of them was therefore the most immediate touchstone of Mr. Coates's ability as a conductor. It may be said truly that, though they have often been heard in New York, it is difficult to remember a performance that made them sound so beautiful, so warm and glowing; one that so persistently pursued and illumined the melodic line, what Wagner meant by the "melos"; that made the music "sing so variously and so expressively, or that set forth so luminously the contrasts and combinations of its orchestral colors. No wonder that this performance made a deep impression and roused the audience to an enthusiasm that seemed almost to perplex Mr. Coates.

The name of Purcell is so much more familiar than his music to this public that the suite was listened to with curiosity as well as interest. There was no statement of what the pieces were that are assembled in it; but they are obviously such as filled important places in operas of the seventeenth century or they are pieces of incidental music such as Purcell wrote for many plays. They are five in number, and it is possible now to disengage from their archaic characteristics a strongly individual quality which is triumphantly summed up in the brief but very splendid largo movement that forms the coda of the last allegro and the climax of the whole suite.

Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony had never been attempted before in this country, somewhat strangely, for it has made an impression in England. Nor is much more of his music known here than his setting of the verses "On Wenlock Edge." The symphony is inspired by London, by its varied and vulgar life, gay, picturesque, amusing, squalid, pathetic, fierce; with an undercurrent, a groundswell of tragedy, by the impression of different places and quarters, and the introduction and the epilogue emerges from and return to Father Thames, flowing calm and silent.

Mr. Coates has interpreted the symphony in an elaborate geographical and sociological analysis to which he has subjected it; and yet the music speaks eloquently for itself. The sad and even tragic note Mr. Williams writes in a musical idiom of his own, an individual utterance, free and drastic in harmonic quality, a little severe, lightened by such things as the jigging episode of the first movement, by hints of the syncopation supposed to be dearer to America than to London, by the rowdy element unmistakable in the Scherzo, characterized so strongly by its "ostinato" figure.

In the Lento movement there is remarkable power of summoning and characterizing the mood, maintaining the atmosphere. These two, the Lento and the Scherzo, seemed the strongest movements of the symphony. In the last movement Mr. Williams has sought to deal with the crueller aspects of London. There is a "Hunger March" of those whom the great city grinds and crushes; a commonplace theme in itself, and in its development; but is commonplace necessary for the depiction of common things?

The symphony is not, on the whole, pleasing; it is hardly beautiful, but it is arresting and deeply felt, music of no common quality. It is not always perhaps, scored with the greatest skill, but there are many passages, including the imitative ones—the concertina, the old musician's fiddling tune, the Coster girls' dance—that are singularly successful. The symphony is, for one thing, too long. It would gain in power and in point by shortening. Mr. Williams has revised it once; he would do well to lay the blue pencil upon it again.

GRIFFES GROUP APPEARS.

Edna Thomas, Assisted by Violinist and Pianist, Delights in Songs.

The Griffes Group, under which name three young artists paid their tribute to the memory of an American composer, made a start of interest and promise at yesterday's Aeolian Hall matinee in the self-appointed task of singing and playing music of predominantly native

flavor, " and always at least one number of Charles T. Griffes." This " one " work yesterday was a " Scherzo " for piano, which Olga Steeb gave, while Sascha Ja[illegible]binoff added an " Old English Danc[illegible] for violin by Walter Kramer, a New Yorker.

Both the [illegible]olinist and pianist assisted Edna [illegible]omas, mezzo-soprano, in a charming per[illegible]ance of MacDowell's " Slumber Son[illegible]," C. M. Loeffler's " Dansons la G[illegible]e " and four Creole and negro folk-so[illegible]s from Miss Thomas's native Louisia[illegible]. It is rare to hear a lovelier natural vo[illegible]e in all the implications of sympathe[illegible] tone-color than this young singer displa[illegible]d; her plantation songs should be h[illegible]d again—indeed, they were yesterda[illegible] all being sung twice over before t[illegible] matinee house would let the program p[illegible]eed.

Jan 2

THE OPERA

By Richard Aldrich

L'Amore dei Tre Re.

For the first time this season Montemezzi's opera of " L'Amore dei Tre Re " was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon; an opera that has kept its place in the repertory in the six seasons since its first production, notwithstanding the loss of some of the artists who contribued much to make its first success, notably Mr. Toscanini, Miss Bori and Mr. Ferrari-Fontana. The work itself shows much vitality, even though it is not a landmark of originality in the substance. But it is the product of a man with real ideas, a man who was fired by the poignancy of his subject and who worked with a deep feeling for beauty and for dramatic expression in music.

Thereby he was enabled to clothe Sem Benelli's poetically imaginative poem with music of surging passion and intensity that raises it to a higher power of expression. " L'Amore dei Tre Re " is an opera in which the book and the music stand on an equal artistic plane, and it may be said that both poet and musician were fortunate in this collaboration.

The performance yesterday was singularly fine; it was one of the high lights in the season now one-third finished—of a quality that carried the memory back to the performances of six years ago. To Mr. Moranzoni were due the energy and dramatic life that pulsed through it and the realization of the splendid orchestral eloquence that lies in the score. The energy sometimes became a little excessive and put severe demands upon the singers, as in the scene on the terrace in the second act and at certain other points. But the composer has put temptation in the way of the conductor who, dealing with "L'Amore dei Tre Re," finds himself tortured by the spirit of the piece.

Miss Easton and Mr. Gigli both appeared for the first time as Fiora and Avito respectively, and both made a profound impression and severally achieved some of the finest results they have put to their credit at the Metropolitan Opera House. They carry much of the burden of the opera on their shoulders.

Miss Easton gave a deeply touching impersonation of the heroine, one that showed penetration to the bottom of the motives and the passions that sway her and that come so pathetically into conflict in the great scene of the second act. And her singing of the music was of a beauty of a thrilling power, of a dramatic significance that, it can truly be said, have never been heard here in this part before.

It was a notable achievement; one that will not only add substantially to Miss Easton's fine reputation, but will also be of inestimably service to Montemezzi's opera.

Mr Gigli's Avito was a capital and convincing portrayal; in its essential dramatic qualities, and likewise in its vocalism; better in them than in its appearance; for Mr. Gigli was not in all respects a figure to win the utmost sympathy. His voice and his singing were both such as deserve commendation and only narrowly escaped deserving in a very high degree. The voice is true to the tenor quality and is sympathetic nor does Mr. Gigli habitually force it.

Mr. Amato was heard in his old part of Archibaldo, one that he invests with knightly tenderness. In voice he was better than he has been in some recent times, especially when he was not required to call upon his upper tones. The Manfredo of Mr. Mardones at several crucial points showed the touch of tragic power.

After the opera there was a performance of " Il Carillon Magico," most useful of ballets.

Jan 3 1920

Albert Coates directed again at the concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The numbers on the programme were the first symphony of Brahms, Tschaikowsky's B flat piano concerto and Scriabine's "Poeme de l'Extase." The pianist was the distinguished Russian composer Sergei Rachmaninov. The audience was in certain respects noteworthy, since it contained almost every conductor, pianist, violinist and manager of importance in New York.

Mr. Coates had his own reading of the Brahms symphony, but it was one which could not have aroused pointed antagonism in the breast of any except those who long ago accepted Buelow as the law and the gospel. Mr. Coates began the reprise of the first movement at a very rapid tempo, but a subsequent slackening of the pace disclosed an artistic purpose. He also had the third movement played unusually fast and here there was more room for question. In fact the movement did not sound well.

But the other three, and particularly the last, were admirably done. Mr. Coates showed a fine feeling for the character of Brahms's polyphony. He gave full, but not too much value, to the inner voices and he laid stress on certain harmonic transitions which are sometimes treated lightly. The reading of the symphony as a whole was warm, even enthusiastic, yet clear and symmetrical in plan. It published eloquently the content of this mighty work. Did not Buelow call it the tenth symphony? No; it is the first, the first of a new era in symphonic composition, the gateway to a new world of expression, a creation, almost a revelation, and a precious gift of immortal genius.

It was evident that Mr. Coates cherished a deep affection for the art of Scriabine. His interpretation of the "Poeme de L'Extase" aroused doubts as to whether we ever before had heard aright the thought of this idealistic and intangible music. One may say without hesitation that it would not have been written if "Tristan und Isolde" had not been written first. But that is true of so much later music. Scriabine learned methods of expression from Wagner, but he adapted them to his own needs. This poem is assuredly characteristic. And it is music of the modern type, blazing with color effects, reeking with impressionism, but poetic in mood and style. Mr. Coates conducted it superbly and the orchestra played it magnificently.

Less need be said about the performance of the concerto, which is an old and well beloved friend. Mr. Rachmaninov showed a fine feeling for the music of his famous countryman. His technic was not always impeccable, but he played like an artist of wide sympathies and sincere emotion. The accompaniment was good. Mr. Coates evidently knew the concerto well and directed with confidence and authority. The entire concert was intensely interesting and without doubt when Mr. Coates returns to London he will carry with him memories of a notable afternoon.

Spanish Violinist Pleases.

The Spanish violinist, Joan Manen, who gave his first recital here earlier in the season, appeared as the soloist at the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday. Pablo Casals, the Spanish 'cellist, was to have been the solist, but his arrival from Spain has been delayed. Mr. Manen played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnol." His performance had a lovely, pure tone, sympathetic feeling and rhythmic beauty to commend it. In style there were elegance and finish rather than great brilliancy. The scherzo and andante were given with rare grace and delicacy. The number was warmly received. Mr. Stransky and the orchestra gave fine performances of Dvorak's "New World" symphony and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The list closed with Berlioz's "Hungarian" march.

A benefit performance in the interest of the Babies' Hospital of the City of New York was given last evening by the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, Artur Bodanzky conducting, and Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The audience was one of the most brilliant seen this season at a Sunday concert at Carnegie, being composed chiefly of Manhattan's social leaders, who are also interested in this worthy charity.

Of Mr. Kreisler's playing and Mr. Bodanzky's leadership and splendid organization of musicians there is little left to be said. That Kreisler played, or that Bodanzky directed, is sufficient assurance of the merit of any program. The opening orchestral number chosen for the occasion was the Mozart overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," the violin feature being the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy concerto in E minor, op. 64. The closing number was the tone-poem, "A Hero's Life," op. 40, by Richard Strauss.

This was the last of the National Symphony concerts which Mr. Bodanzky will conduct this Winter before yielding his baton to William Mengelberg as guest conductor for three months.

By MAX SMITH.

OUR three great orchestras were in the musical arena yesterday—the Philharmonic Society contemporaneously in the afternoon with Walter Damrosch's musicians, over whom Albert Coates for the third time brandished his Anglo-Slavic baton; the National Symphony at night under the direction, for the last time this season, of Artur Bodanzky.

As the persuasions of Mr. Coates were supplemented by those of his semi-compatriot, Sergei Rachmaninoff, it goes almost without saying that Aeolian Hall could not accommodate the crowd that sought to gain entrance. It was difficult for those who had procured tickets to force their way through the throng of disappointed men and women that lingered in the lobby.

And what a hullabaloo of excitement at the end of an inordinately long programme that closed with deafening sonorities of Scriabine's "Poeme de l'Extase!" To judge from the noise you would have supposed—had you not been present to listen with discrimination—that the achievements of the afternoon had been superlative, whereas in truth they were very far from that, the more so because Rachmaninoff, great pianist though he is, was decidedly not at his best in Tschaikowsky's B minor concerto.

The most disappointing feautre of the afternoon was the treatment accorded to Brahm's Symphony No. 1 in C minor, which opened the proceedings. Indeed, it is difficult to recall any occasion on which the Symphony Society, and excellent body of musicians, considered individually and collectively, played in a manner so untidily as it did yesterday under the ponderously vehement leadership of Mr. Coates.

It is unpleasant to say these things, especially since Mr. Coates is a "guest" in this country. But after all we owo more respect to Brahms than to any of his "interpreters." And I hope I shall never have to hear his music again crushed into the ground in this way under hob-nailed heels of the invader.

Of Mr. Coats's conception of the work it is unnecessary to speak in detail. His tempo considered as a whole were not objectionable, though he took the allegretto unusually fast and began the andante too slowly (a mistake he himself soon realized, whipping up the pace), though he over-emphasized some of his modifications of movement.

But it must be set on record that he did not succeed in making his men play well. Not a single pianissimo did I hear and rarely even a piano, the dynamic scale in general ranging in general from a mezzo-forte to a fortissimo. All of the rapid passages, whether eighth notes, sixteenths or thirty-seconds, were smudged by the head strings. The attack often was inaccurate, the rhythm wobbly. And many details of expression, specifically given in the score, never came to a hearing, while others not sanctioned by Brahms were brought conspicuously into the foreground.

Perhaps Rachmaninoff had heard the symphony. Be that as it may, he played the concerto as if he were anxious to finish an unpleasant task, hurrying his tempi vertiginously at times. Undaunted, Mr. Coates tried to keep the orchestral accompaniment well in the foreground. And there were some serious disturbances in the ensemble.

The English conductor made his principal hit with the Scriabine music, but by main force, rather than by delicacy of detail, clarity and precision. The "Poem of Ecstacy" seemed like a nightmare of frightfully excruciating nervous tension.

By Richard Aldrich

Albert Coates's Last Appearance.

Another enthusiastic greeting awaited Mr. Albert Coates's appearance before the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It was his third concert with the orchestra, but the first that he played to the Sunday subscribers, who were evidently prepared to accept the favorable verdict of the other set in Carnegie Hall and raised their expectations correspondingly high.

It was clear that those expectations met with no disappointment. There seemed to be an electric charge in the atmosphere of the hall, and both Mr. Coates and the orchestra were wrought up to a high pitch of exultation and enthusiasm. It made itself manifest in the performance, which was of splendid cloquence throughout.

The program comprised Brahms's first symphony and Scriabin's "Poeme d'Ecstase" for the orchestra and Tschaikovsky's first piano concerto, played by Mr. Rachmaninoff.

Few orchestral pieces are more familiar than Brahms's symphony, but it took on something of a new splendor in Mr. Coates's Interpretation. It was a real interpretation of Brahms, a sincere attempt to fathom and set forth the composer's meaning without the intrusion of the conductor's personality, without an attempt to produce new effects, to bring out meanings hitherto undiscovered. But it was a performance that undertook to squeeze the last drop of meaning out of every phrase, a rich and full-throated interpretation drenched in the sumptuously rich and glowing tones of the orchestra, in which the conductor plainly rejoiced and which made Brahms's instrumentation, once the fashion to condemn, seem more than ever the true and inevitable expression of his musical ideas.

Once more, as in the previous concerts, the orchestra was made to sing variously and expressively and the melodic line was as golden thread unbroken. In the matter of tempo Mr. Coates took a freedom in broadening and dwelling upon significant phrases and figures that was sometimes unaccustomed to his listeners; but that justified itself by the issue. It was a performance that deeply impressed the audience, which was roused by it to much enthusiasm.

It is not long since Scriabin's " Poème d'Ecstase " was heard here from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Coates is a fervent believer in the work and in its composer, as he has attested in an extended note of appreciation printed in the program; and in which he explains the cosmical significance the composer attached to it, and especially the " lane of light " that is supposed to appear in it. Mr. Coates's fervent belief was further attested by the tremendous zeal and devotion of his interpretation of the composition; than which nothing more, we are fain to believe, could be done in its glorification.

But with every willingness to follow Mr. Coates and Scriabin, there could not be found in the music any loftier significance than before. This taotemp at sublimity is as the attempt of a man to raise himself by his boot straps, because the composer had so little to say in [illegible] music, so few medical ideas to express. It is mostly based on one very brief parase of chromatic anticipations and suspensions reiterated at intolerable length, and with intolerable emphasis and insistence on chords of the Nth degree.

All the composer's resources of orchestral ingenuities and refinements are lavished on the music; and the piece is long enough to exhaust every one he had. And the total outcome of it all seems little more than the pursuit and tortuous involution of some small shred from the Bacchanale of the Paris version of " Tannhäuser." As was saoid in this columne ooncerning Mr. Monteux's performance, the composition bears evdeont signs of aging since its first productoink here. If it ever seemed difficult or abstruse, oit no longer seems so. Yesterday it offered enough to admire in the proselytoing zeal and persuasiveness of Mr. Cotoates's performance; there was not much more.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing of the concerto was masterly; technically fully equal to its exacting demands and brilliant as far as they went, but not beyond, to the exploiting of brilliancy for its own sake; making no effort to enhance the lush extravagance of its sentiment, but setting forth all there is of it. The extraordinary favor that Mr. Rachmaninoff has gained with the New York public—extraordinary because he has gained it with so much personal reticence andd so scrupulous an observance of the highest artistic standards—was signified by the warmth of his reception; and the pleasure gained from his playing by numerous enthusiastic recalls.

There was long protracted applause for Mr. Coates at the end and a large wreath was handed up to him. It was his last appearance in New York at this time; and he will return to England tomorrow for his engagements in London. In the three concerts that he has conducted here he has made an indubitable impression as a conductor of unusual power. Many will hope that they will not be his last.

Another Hippodrome concert which gave unusual pleasure to the audience in attendance there last evening was the joint program presented by Mishel Piastro, violinist, and Alfred Mirovitch, piano virtuoso, both of whom have but lately established themselves among the newcomers of their profession here.

Almost at the last moment, Piastro was called upon to take the place of Jan Kubelik, who had been broadly advertised to appear, but was prevented from doing so on account of illness. The change resulted in the return of some money at the box office, but did not prevent those in attendance from having an evening of delightful pleasure. Piastro admirably fitted into the position Kubelik was to have occupied, and—this is a secret—these two have appeared on the same program before and furthermore are fellow countrymen.

Hippodrome Sunday night habitues are always greedy, and last evening the applause was long and spontaneous, both artists being liberal and gracious in their responses to encores. Piastro played with his usual bigness, brilliancy and vibrancy of tone, preserving a quiet assurance and repose at all times.

The favorable impression created by Mirovitch on the occasion of his metropolitan debut in Carnegie Hall in October was redoubled and strengthened by the beauty of his touch and the tonal pictures drawn by pliant fingers. The Mirovitch method might well be studied by budding virtuosi to their everlasting advantage.

His first number, the Haendel-Stradel

gan concerto in G minor, was delivered ith a fine observance of changing oods and a dynamic crashing of chords hile in the Chopin Sonata in B flat inor, the epitome of delicacy in tonal hading was developed. A Schubert-iszt and Liszt group completed the irovitch numbers.

Piastro played suite in A minor by inding and works of Tschaikowsky, rahms, Paganini and Wilmawsko.

MADAME PERALTA

Emmy Lestinn, being the last member f the Metropolitan Opera Company to oin the list of indisposed, her place was aken at the Sunday Metropolitan con-ert last evening by Mme. Frances Peralta, who sang the role of Santuzza in he concert arrangement of "Cavalleria usticana." While her voice has not btained the rounded richness of the estinn tones, she read the score with een understanding and in a thoroughly atisfactory manner.

Among the artists who gave delight to he large audience with arias from various operas were: Rosa Ponselle, Marion Telva, Morgan Kingston, Jose Mardones, Beniamo Gigli, Flora Perini and Giuseppe Danise.

Guiseppe Bamboschek conducted the orchestra.

Jan 1 1921

Philharmonic Plays Mahler

Conductors come and conductors o, but the Philharmonic goes on forever. At any rate, it has gone on ever since 1841. The concert given last Friday afternoon was its 1458th, f the seventy-ninth season. And the best thing about it is that while there have been times when this orchestra layed to partly empty benches, today it nearly always has capacity udiences—a remarkable fact in view f the avalanche of concerts by home and visiting orchestras which is overwhelming New York this winter.

The reasons for this are known to all: the excellence of the orchestra, the magnetic qualities of its conductor, Josef Stransky, and his unequalled programmes, which cover every kind of music—the sensational, the cerebral, and, particularly, the emotional. Under Josef Stransky the Philharmonic subscriptions have doubled; they now exceed $100,000, a gain of $20,000 over last year. Fritz Kreisler's career tells the same story as the Philharmonic under Stransky; it proves that it pays to give people what they want to hear: emotional music; and as heart music happens to be the best there is, there are reasons for congratulations all round.

Stransky's Friday programme did not give him much chance to show the emotionalism which has made him so great a drawing card for the Philharmonic, except in its last piece, the "Tannhäuser" overture. Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" is placid, melodious, and unexciting, and Henry Hadley's long-drawn-out and mediocre "Culprit Fay" was of course conducted by the composer.

The feature of the afternoon was Mahler's first symphony. Mahler himself led this work when he was conductor of the New York Philharmonic. It did not start a Mahler cult; nor is a Mahler cult likely to follow this new hearing of it under Stransky. Mahler wrote to him in 1898 that he had shown "the most penetrating and complete understanding" of his symphony, so we may consider Stransky's reading of it authoritative. It certainly had a fine vitality and one could not but admire some of the details. But the work as a whole is spoiled by the asinine and suicidal German custom of developmental padding, padding, and more padding, so as to make the darned thing last the regulation hour.

There is no programme to this symphony, but Mr. Humiston recalls that Mahler once gave a title to the scherzo: "The animals of the forest bury the hunter." A fine subject for a cartoon in *Life*, but rather hard to turn into music.

Jan 3 1921

Coates Conducts Again

What with his operatic and concert engagements in London, Albert Coates, the English-Russian or Russian-English conductor, had time for only a flying visit to New York. He returns by steamer on Tuesday, after conducting three concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra within less than a week. His visit has been like a whirlwind, stirring up things considerably and making the splendid orchestra placed at his disposal do its durndest.

His final concert, yesterday afternoon, began with Brahms's first symphony. One wonders why conductors specially favor that work. With it Stokowsky and Galbrilowitsch introduced the Philadelphia and Detroit Orchestras in New York, and now Coates has placed it at the head of his first non-British programme. It is not a work which displays an orchestra's brilliance or richness of coloring to best advantage. Perhaps the reason for the predilection is that it enables a conductor to display considerable individuality of interpretation.

Certainly the "readings" of this score vary widely. Mr. Coates's is half way between that of the time-beaters, who want nothing but the notes as printed, and those who try to make the symphony—especially in the last movement—sound as if Wagner or Tchaikovsky had composed it. More than other conductors, he applied, in the first movement, Wagner's principle of suiting the tempo to the momentary message of the music, with the aid of retards. His reading of the andante was conventional, while the allegretto, taken faster than is customary, fell rather flat. It was in the superb finale that he made his finest effects, which aroused the audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Yet it must be said that Gabrilowitsch, with his Detroit Orchestra made this brass episode and its Beethovenish sequel more thrilling than the English conductor did with the New York Symphony.

It is to be regretted that, with the exception of this fourth movement and the first movement of the Tchaikovsky concerto (of which, with Rachmaninoff at the piano, a splendidly virile performance was given), Mr. Coates did not give New Yorkers a chance to hear him in emotional music. All the works on his British programme were cerebral—well written but unemotional—and the same is true of the greater part of Brahms's first. And for his final piece he had Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," which is as coldly intellectual as Henry James's later prose, but without that novelist's genius. The best performance of such music in the world—and Mr. Coates's may have been that—cannot disguise that patent fact. Noise and musico-theosophic subtlety will never take the place of melody and inspiration. There is more music and genius in Foster's "Old Folks at Home" than in a dozen of these "Poems of Ecstasy."

During his stay in Russia Mr. Coates summered and wintered with Scriabin. The composer told him his secrets, revealed his personality, disclosed his aims and ambitions. In an interesting note in the program the conductor says of the Russian composer:

"His great aim in life, both in his music and in everything else that he did, was to give people a wider, a higher vision, or, as he himself put it, 'to carry people with him up to the heights' (he said it entirely without conceit). He believed that, the human race having become degenerate, it was the duty of each generation so to live and, above all, so to work that the next generation should be a better and a higher one. He believed profoundly that some day a wonderful new generation of human beings would be born into the world, that a great regeneration of mankind would come to pass. He considered it the bounden duty of every one, each in his own way and according to his gifts, to work toward this goal of a regeneration of mankind, and he believed in all sincerity and in all humility that it was his own duty as a musician and a composer not only to influence the minds of his listeners, but so to uplift them and carry them away that they should forget for the time the small, everyday things of life, and, like his human being in the 'Poem of Ecstasy,' stand for a space on the mountain tops bathed in the shining splendor of things eternal.

"To those who know Russia well Scriabin was a true son of his country, that land of extraordinary contrasts, of twilight and vivid color, of Eastern mysticism and Western cleverness, luxurious culture, of fervent religious feeling and intense love of beauty."

Loved by Three Kings

Loved by three kings, and by the whole audience, too, was Florence Easton when she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoon for the first time as Fiora in Montemezzi's impassioned opera, "L'Amore dei tre Re." To be sure, the conduct of the old king, Archibaldo, reminded one of "'Twas all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?" In fact, it was much worse than that; he strangles her when he suspects her of not being faithful to his son. It is one of the most exciting and harrowing scenes in all operatic literature, and Mr. Mardones, who sang the old King's part far better than Mr. Didur has sung it in recent years, almost equalled him in his fierce portrayal of the part, making a fine picture of savage despair as he carried her lifeless body hanging limply from his shoulders.

Mr. Amato appeared again in his old part of Manfredo, being in good vocal form, and Mr. Gigli's splendid singing of the lover's (Avito's) part would have been the sensation of the afternoon had not Mme. Easton's Fiora been even more thrilling. Montemezzi certainy knows how to write for the voice, and these two consummate artists made the most of their parts. Lucrezia Bori, the alluring Spanish prima donna, made this opera famous. Caruso has appeared in it, too; yet Saturday's performance of it was more impassioned and enjoyable than any of its predecessors.

Mme. Easton's voice, while quite as beautiful in quality as Bori's, is more intense, emotional, and dramatic. She had at her command all the pathos called for by this tragic part, while her personal beauty and queenly bearing enhanced the charm of her heart-felt vocal outpourings. A great artist, a second Nordica, is Florence Easton. Seldom has the press been so united in its exalted praise of a singer. As Rezzia in "Oberon," as Kundry, as Isolde (in Brooklyn), as Carmen, as Aida, Julve, as Helen in "Mefistofele," and now as Fiora, she has enchanted her admirers this season. It is to be hoped she will be heard at the Metropolitan also as Isolde; and why not revive Liszt's Saint Elizabeth, which was her first sensational success?

Montemezzi's opera itself reminds one of another opera of which W. J. Henderson wrote that "under cover of darkness the composer stole the love duet from 'Tristan and Isolde.'" Montemezzi was certainly drunk with Wagner's intoxicating music when he wrote this score; yet when the opera is sung as it was on this occasion and played orchestrally in the impassioned style Mr. Moranzoni had at his command, it seems original; and it certainly is highly dramatic.

Verdi's "Don Carlos" revealed its hitherto unknown values to the Monday subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The performance was observed with considerable interest, but without any evidences of enthusiastic approbation. The listners doubtless failed to discover any of those remarkable foreshadowing of Verdi's later style upon which some of his biographers expended so much learned comment. Only to the close student of the score do these disclose themselves, but not in a measure to justify extravagant laundation.

The more sceptical commentator will be likely to suspect that the discoveries of the biographers were made after "Aida" had been produced and with the rather unprofitable hope of accounting for the peculiar dullness and heaviness of this score. Of the Metropolitan Opera House production enough has already been said to show that a sincere effort has been made to present the work effectively.

The cast was that heard at the first performance. Miss Ponselle as *Elizabetta*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Princess Eboli*, Mr. Martinelli as *Don Carlos* and Mr. de Luca as *Roderigo*, were the chief singers. A special word of praise is due Mr. Didur for his admirable makeup and costume as *Philip II*. He looks like one of the old portraits of the Spanish King.

Jan 5 1921

By Richard Aldrich

Mr. Toscanini Conducts Again.

Mr. Toscanini and his orchestra moved from the Metropolitan Opera House last evening o Carnegie Hall, a more suitable place for orchestral concerts. The benefit of the change and the advantage of the new surroundings were immediately apparent in the performance—a concert for the benefit of the Italian Welfare League, at which the hall was filled.

The acoustics of Carnegie Hall gave the tone of the orchestra a far better chance than it had had at Mr. Toscanini's first concert in the opera house last week. The improvement was especially noticeable in the strings, which had a warmer and fuller quality; to a less degree in some of the other choirs. The subtlities of Mr. Toscanini's nuances, the balancings of tone, the subordinations and elucidations of inner voices, the madulations of dynamics, the phrasing, the rhythm and a hundred things, which the orchestra interprets with such marvellous fidelity in finish and refinement, were correspondingly more appreciable and more enjoyable.

The program was delightful; and especially delightful were the three archaic pieces of the sixteenth century with which it began. The firstwas a "Gagliarda," by Vincenzo Galilei, father of a more celebrated son; the others a "Villanella" and a "Passo Mezzo e Mascharada," by authors unknown but obviously Italian. These had been scored for modern orchestra by Ottorino Respighi, whose name has recently appeared on orchestral programs and will again, cleverly and appropriately. They were originally for the lute, and in their modern dress are obviously something very different from the form in which they were composed.

The pieces are of contrasting character; after the robust vivacity of the "Gagharda" came the tender pastoral plaintiveness of the "Villanella," more archaic in style, and the gayety of the "Passo Mezzo." Nothing could surpass the exquisite performance of these pieces of such searching simplicity, in taste and finish, in crispness of rhythm and perfection of phrase. It had the quality of chamber music raised to a higher power.

Joseph Schwartz's Song Recital.

Joseph Schwartz, who made his first appearance in New York at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, is a Russian baritone who has had experience in Russia and also in some of the continental capitals. He was greeted by a large audience composed in great measure of his compatriots. His program reflected his operatic activities by comprising well-known operatic selections: "Eri Tu," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "D Provenza" from his "La Traviata," "Promesse de mon avenir" from Massenebi's "Le Roi de Lahore" and "Zara piccola zingara" from Leoncavallo's "Zara." These were preceded by a fine air by Handel, with 'cello obbligato, from one of the Italian cantatas for single voice and orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Schwartz has a baritone voice of really fine and somewhat light quality, well equalized througbout its range, which is rather high, and in its higher tones verging almost upon a tenor timbre. His technique is finished, his phrasing artistic and his management of breath such as to enable him to achieve excellent results in this particular. His singing was controlled by an obviously musical feeling. He sang the air by Handel with breadth and dignity; there was significant expression in his delivery of the two operatic airs.

His second group was of Russian songs by Rachmaninoff, Goetchaninoff and Tschaikowsky, which he sang, of course, in Russian interestingly and with abundant characterization. There was also a group by Liszt and Grieg. The violoncello obligato was commendably played by LajosShuk; so were the piano accompaniments by Coenraad Bos.

GRAINGER AND LAZARO HEAD BAGBY CONCERT

Mme. Kurz Sings Haendel's Aria, 'Sweet Bird.'

A. Morris Bagby began another series of musical mornings yesterday in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The programme was furnished by Mme. Selma Kurz, Hipolito Lazaro, tenor, and Percy Grainger, pianist. Richard Hageman was the accompanist. Mme. Kurz sang, with flute obligato by G. R. Possell, Haendel's aria, "Sweet Bird"; also "My Darling Was so Fair," by Taubert, and a Chopin "Nocturne." Another aria was "Ah Non Giunge," from Bellini's "La Sonambula." Mr. Lazaro sang arias from "L'Africana" and "La Favorita" and some Spanish songs. Mr. Grainger's numbers included some of his own settings of Irish melodies, also compositions by Chopin and Liszt.

Yolanda Mero, Pianist, Plays Again.

Yolanda Mero, pianist, gave another matinee yesterday in Aeolian Hall before an audience not large but intelligently alert to hear unusual bits from favorite composers. Among these were Beethoven's sonata in D, Op. 10; four of Schumann's "Fantasy Pieces," Chopin's larghetto from the F-minor concerto and his "Bolero," with the G-major prelude for encore, and Liszt's "Funerailles" andFourth Rhapsody, followed on recall by the Sixth Rhapsody and "Liebestraum." Miss Mero's tone was harsh in fortissimo passages, but delightfully contrasted in Liszt's D-flat study, for example, played "mezza voce" like a nocturne.

Josef Fuchs In Violin Recital.

Josef Fuchs, heard here in November, gave a second violin recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted by Harry Kaufman at the piano in Handel's sonata in E-major and Saint Saens's concerto No. 3 in B-minor. He also played his own arranggement of a "Caprice" by Kreutzer, with other little pieces by Dirk Foch, Rubin Goldmark and Samuel Gardner, as well as a rondo by Ernst on the "Papageno" air from Mozart's "Magic Flute."

By Richard Aldrich

The Beethoven Association.

One of the inevitable results of the plans of the Beethoven Association and the manner in which they are carried out in great variety in the season's programs, and indced in each individual program. Last night's concert of the association in Aeolian Hall showed such variety. The program began with Schubert's B flat trio—for the association has found that the time has come to go outside the Beethoven catalogue for its programs — delightfully played by Messrs. Hugo Kortschak, Ernest Hutcheson and William Willeke.

In this, as in Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin in F, which later be played with Efram Zimbalist, also in a performance of great freshness and vigor, Mr. Hutcheson showed himself to be a skillful, sympathetic and judicious ensemble player, although he has rarely appeared in New York before in this capacity. More is the pity, for such players are not common. A third ensemble piece was Beethoven's quartet

in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, in which the players were Messrs. Zimbalist, Kartschak, Svecenski and Willeke.

Miss Eva Gauthier sang several of Beethoven's songs, with artistic appreciation of their spirit and sentiment and with a voice of fine and expressive soprano quality. The songs were "The Cottage Maid," one of the series of Welsh songs that the master arranged with piano accompaniments and ritornelles for the publications of George Thomson, the Edinburgh amateur; "T'Intendo," "Mit einem gemalten Band," in English, and "Délices des Larmes," a French version of the song called in the original tongue, "Trocknet nicht."

Miss Gauthier also sang, in French, what was set down on the program simply as "Beethoven, 'Der Erlkönig.'" Now, Beethoven never wrote, or never completed, a setting of Goethe's poem. He projected one and, after his manner, made preliminary sketches for the song that went so far as to give the voice part for the whole of it. For the piano accompaniment he left only the barest hints.

This state of affairs has tempted more than one musician to try his hand at completing Beethoven's work and writing a piano accompaniment that perhaps the master himself might have written. What Miss Ganthier sang was the version made by Reinhold Becker, a well-known German song composer. Probably he did as well as anybody could in the premises; but the song seems tame after Schubert's, though it is not without characteristic and delineative traits in the voice part, some of which almost anticipate what Schubert did (though Schubert could have had no knowledge of what Beethoven did). Miss Ganthier sang the song in a way to bring out all its significance. Of course the tendency is hardly resistible, either by the arranger or the singer, to turn the song into something resembling Schubert's.

Mme. d'Alvarez's Recital.

Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez's second recital, given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, displayed her dark and heavy contralto voice in old airs by Gluck, Handel and Durante, a group of songs in English, another in French and another in Spanish. The old airs are particularly unsuited to her vocal style, which lacks the finish, the equable poise and repose that they demand. Her dramatic intensity is more in place in modern songs, which she sings with vehemence and incessant dramatic expressiveness, sometimes out of proportion with what is to be expressed.

Mme. d'Alvarez's voice is an unusual one in several respects; in its power, its true contralto quality, its possibilities of dramatic expression; but such voices often suffer from the monotony of their color, and hers does. Her temperament is a strongly dramatic one that leads her always to the search for effects and to the neglect of many of the finer graces of the art which are indispensable to good singing. One of her faults yesterday was a not infrequent lapse from the pitch. Mme. d'Alvarez's singing at its best is imposing and often makes a deep impression upon her listeners. This was evidently the case yesterday afternoon.

LISZT'S RHAPSODY CHEERED

Philadelphia Orchestra Wins Plaudits at Carnegie Hall Concert.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave the fifth of its eight evening concerts in Carnegie Hall last evening, playing to a house sold out before the season began, while many persons were turned away. For the first time in its visits a double event was arranged, and non-subscribers are to have their only opportunity to heard these popular guests this afternoon, when Gulomar Novaes appears in Mendelssohn's G minor pianoforte concerto and Stokowski conducts Rimsky-Korsakoff's "cheherazade" and Wagner's overture to "Rienzi." Last evening's program, for the orchestra and its leader alone, comprised Beethovens "Pastoral" symphony, Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," and Liszts second "Hungarian Rhapsody."

Musical meteorology of the sort this virtuoso band put to its credit in the "Pastorals" gentle thunder storm won a rising recall miday in the proceedings. Murmured "bravos" bore witness to the Frenchman's iridescent "Clouds" and the less smothered gorgeousness of his companion nocturne, "Festivals." this last of timely interest in that Debussy "did it first" three years before Charpentier echoed that moving festival in "Louise." A climax of sonority such as the week of thirteen orchestral concerts had not previously shown was Liszt's rhapsody, recalling Thomas and Seidl; its orchestration, which was Raff's, gave the Philadelphians their most brilliant moment, and Stokowski's baton was yet upraised when the audience burst into the final measure with shouting acclaim.

By James Gibbons Huneker

AN OPEN AIR CONCERT.

Leopold Stokowski offered his audence at Carnegie Hall last night a programme that was truly of the open air: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, two Nocturnes by Debussy and the prodigious clatter of Liszt's Second Rhapsody. For the present generation the moods of Debussy more sympathetic than the sweet ramblings of Beethoven's work of the eighteenth century in its leisurely strolling through the woods, and, no doubt, close to nature in its simplicity, directness, even naivete. But, like Shelley, the "Clouds" of the French poet go to the soul, subtle, sophisticated and elliptical as is this piece. There is pure ecstacy in it, the external world disappears from the consciousness of the musical visionary; withal, music as crystalline, clear as Mozart's. With the festical tones "Fetes" we return to the Spain of joyous realistics, yet rather the Spain of Fortuny than of Goya. Again there is indirect method of suggestion instead of statement. But a jewelled canvas this, like a Fortuny nocturne.

The Philadelphia Orchestra played with finesse those numbers. The Rhapsody with its swirling Carnanalia we missed, but we were compensated by the Pastoral which was as placid as the Quaker City is supposed to be—and isn't. It was a tender, an introspective reading, this of Stokowski's and the storm never really got further than Hoboken. Storm music is a problem in orchestral music. We like Liszt's "Las Prelude" because of the tornado in the middle-section, yet when you compare it with other thunder storms. The one in Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" is difficult to surpass. These with Beethoven's are classics. Richard Strauss can make more surprising music in his Alpine Symphony, but has it the characteristics of the Pastoral? It was a curious commentary on the polished performance of the band that not an umbrella was unfurled in the audience.

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experiences, the following review of a concert of the Philadelphia orchestra conducted by Mr. Stokowski is of peculiar interest. It was published in the New York Herald of Jan. 5. In this review we recognize the fine Italian hand of Mr. William J. Henderson, a critic, who for many years has been known here and in Europe as eminently capable, learned, receptive, fair-minded, fearless. He has not hesitated to comment adversely on symphony concerts given by the various orchestras of New York, and on concerts of the visiting Boston Symphony Orchestra, when the performance in any case deserved adverse criticism.

"Nature studies occupied a considerable part of the Philadelphia orchestra's peaceful entertainment in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program began with Beethoven's 'Pastoral' symphony. Mr Stokowski conceived the work in a reflective mood. He lingered meditatively over his various movements, especially the scene by the brook. Of course, in January a brook might freeze over which would account for the fact that it did not flow freely. It was a very torpid brook indeed. But one could peer into its limpid depths with ease. Nothing was concealed and nothing was overexposed.

"Then there was a thunder storm. Every one knows that in these days of prodigious orchestral machinery Beethoven's thunder storm should seem to be distant, a mere mutter of a threat behind the hills. And yet when the music is well played it assumes its proper proportion in the scheme, and the thunder storm, if not exactly a black squall, is at least a considerable atmospheric disturbance.

"Mr. Stokowski toyed gently with the lightning. He apparently did not wish to affright the ladies. The episode was filed out to the fraction of a hair, as Mr. Kipling remarked of Stevenson's English. And when it was over the peasants gave thanks most cheerfully, and yet continently, sober and decorous in their joy, as became people with a healthy self-respect.

"After the 'Pastoral' symphony came Debussy's 'Clouds,' diaphanous, stratified, floating in sheer ribbons of iridescent harmonies across the western sky, whence the zephyrs had fanned away the last vestiges of the nimbi. This was a very transparent and delicate set of clouds, and Mr. Stokowski soared among them sweetly transfigured, a beneficent conjuror with his slender magic wand.

"After 'Nuages,' of course, followed 'Fetes,' and there was a sound of whole tone revelry by night. A fete by Debussy is no vulgar celebration, but something aristocratic and emotionally polite, almost intangible. But it is deeply charged with atmosphere, bathed in color, shifting tints and elusive shadows. One cannot help loving such music. Why should one?

"The concert closed with fireworks, in other words, the good old second rhapsody of Liszt, which Theodore Thomas used to give us with such elan in the brave days of old. But he was no virtuoso conductor. We do all these things better now. However, the rhapsody permitted the orchestra to show its own virtuosity. The word is equal to the thing."

Jan 6 1921

"Carmen" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before an audience that occupied all the available space. Miss Geraldine Farrar was once more the representative of the gypsy. The popular American soprano was in a vivacious mood and introduced into her impersonation a great variety of byplay, some of which was apposite and some opposite. She also took as many liberties with the music as she chose, altering many phrases to suit her voice and some apparently to gratify mere whim. But the audience was not troubled by any sense of responsibility and rewarded all her doings with abundant applause.

Mr. Mardones essayed the role of *Escamillo*, which was certainly not intended for a bass. But since he sang the torreador song very loudly and looked a gallant figure in bull ring costume, he had much favor. Mr. Rothier as *Zuniga*, was the one real French opera singer in the cast. Mr. Martinelli was again the *Don Jose* and Mme. Sundellus the *Micaela*. Mr. Wolff conducted.

Mme. Frieda Hempel's Recital.

Mme. Frieda Hempel gave her annual song recital last night at Carnegie Hall. Mme Hempel is one of the few operatic artists of first rank who fills equally well the position of a recital singer. As the public loved to hear her sing when she was a star at the Metropolitan, so do her admirers flock to hear her in concert today. She was warmly acclaimed again last evening, when she sang with a quality of voice usually beautiful and a correct style a programme of classic and modern gems of song.

Some of the notable numbers were an arioso from Handel's "Cantata con Stromenti" with organ and piano accompaniment, Schubert's beautiful air, "The Shepherd on the Rock," with flute accompaniment, and the air "Non Mi Dir," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The singer's voice was not entirely clear in the first two airs, but otherwise they were sung with rare taste and finish.

A group of German songs by Schubert, Schumann and Wolf, given in German, were beautifully sung. Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume" was repeated, and after the group an old English "Vesper Hymn" was added as an encore. Conraad Bos furnished excellent piano accompaniments.

Symphony Violinist's Recital.

Gustav Tinlot, concert master of the Symphony Society, gave a concert of violin music yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His opening number was the Chausson Concerto, which was played in its original form with piano and string quartet. In this performance Mr. Tinlot had the aid of Arthur Lichstein, first violin; Edwin Bachman, second; Rene Pollain, viola; Paul Kefer, cello, and E. Robert Schmitz, piano.

The concerto is an interesting work, concentrated in thought and sincere in feeling. Its methods are somewhat elusive, and certainly the first movement is not for the masses. But it is music with character and value. It was especially interesting yesterday in its original form. The piano part proved to be particularly effective, and in its delivery the fine art of Mr. Schmitz was admirably displayed. The solo part of the work does not stand out in such prominence as to make it strongly individual. It is rather an important part of a highly organized ensemble. Mr. Tinlot showed artistic self-sacrifice in giving himself so ardently to the composition.

Other numbers on the programme were Lalo's "Concerto Russe," a largo from one of Bach's unaccompanied sonatas, and some shorter pieces. The audience was of fair size and was evidently well pleased.

By Richard Aldrich

Mme. Frieda Hempel's Recital.

Mme. Frieda Hempel's song recital in Carnegie Hall last night was a refreshment to lovers of fine singing, an agreeable reminder that fine singing still exists; and there were many in the hall to be refreshed. It was her first appearance in a recital of her own in New York this season, though she impersonated Jenny Lind at the replica of the Swedish Nightingale's first New York concert, which was given in Carnegie Hall last October; she also sang in the Christmastide "Messiah" of the Oratorio Society.

She was in beautiful voice; in fact, her voice has rarely sounded more beautiful in its rounded smoothness, its beautiful color, its equality throughout its range. Nor has she sung with a more delightful art and perfect command of the higher vocal technique. The breadth and repose of the arioso from a cantata with orchestral accompaniment—represent on this occasion by the piano and organ—by Handel, were admirably conveyed in her singing. It was followed by Schubert's song with flute obligato, "The Shepherd on the Rock," in which there is a touch of the Tyrolean folk song, and by a group of four Lieder. In Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrad" she put much of the tragic intensity of the song; and in his "An die Laute," Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume" and Wolf's "Er Ist's" there was abundant characterization of the diverse moods, expressed in beautiful tones, exquisite vocalization and excellent German diction. After these as an encore she sang an old English "Vesper Hymn."

The finest achievement of Mme. Hempel in this concert was her singing of the recitative and aria, "Non mir dir," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Here was the true Mozart style in as near perfection as it is now to be heard; a limpid and translucent delivery of the melody in the most equable tones, in an untroubled legato, in artistic and well-considered phrasing; and, in the few measures at the end, in finished coloratura. It may have aroused rueful memories in some of her listeners of the days when the whole of "Don Giovanni" could be heard in New York because there were singers who could sing it and a public that enjoyed it. After this Mme. Hempel gave another encore. Mozart's song "Schlafe, mein Prinzchen."

She presented a group of modern songs, one of Granville Bantock's orientalizations, "in the Harem"; Farley's "The Night Wind," which she had to repeat, and in which the chromatic scale suggesting the voice of the wind is not often to be heard so sung. There were two of Lieurance's American Indian transcripts, both with flute obligato, "O'er the Indian Cradle" and "Indian Spring Bird," though in the latter the only Indian element is the few notes of the flute at the beginning and end. In these the spirit was conveyed by the simplicity and directness of her delivery.

Her closing group comprised English, Dutch, French, German and Norwegian folksongs, the last being the "Kom Kyra," or herdsman's song, that she sang at the Jenny Lind concert, and that was first introduced here and in Europe by that artist.

Jan 7 1921

The historical cycle of the Symphony Society, interrupted or rather thrown out of its peaceful course by the incursion of Al[illegible]tes, the visiting conductor from Britain, resumed its progress yesterday in Carnegie Hall. The afternoon's consideration was devoted to the French masters, Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Cesar Franck. The first was represented by two movements from the "Harold in Italy" symphony, with Rene Pollain and his faithful viola in the role of the wandering Childe.

Then followed the C minor symphony of Saint-Saens, with organ and piano obbligati. Pietro Yon was the organist and Harold Bauer effaced himself by fitting the piano part into the ensemble precisely as the composer meant it to be, but as it very rarely is. Mr. Bauer's modesty had its just reward when he figured as a genuine piano soloist in the Cesar Franck symphonic variations, which were also the best music on the programme.

The orchestra played admirably. There was a beautiful transparency in its delivery of the Berlioz movements, but no degree of finish in the performance can make this symphony sound important in these days. Its face is very pale; its back is bent; its locks turn white. Byron's poem is not read much by the ardent youth of this land, spurning not song and the choral dance (see Horace), but there are some ancients who recall passages of an eloquence, a creative imagination, far beyond anything left us by the French musician.

Possibly the Saint-Saens symphony will in a few years sound as empty as that of Berlioz. It is a cruel world. Old age creeps over everything. Perhaps there will come a time when even "Aida" will sound ancient. Meanwhile, we must not forget that in a historical cycle the dead have to be remembered. And with M. Pollain at the viola even the English Harold in the French Italy becomes worth while.

Boston Symphony Concert.

The January concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began in Carnegie Hall last evening. The second will take place to-morrow afternoon. The thermometer fell considerably yesterday and not even the second stimulant in the shape of Byronic music administered in the evening (there had been one in the afternoon) served to keep some people from feeling the chill. M. Pierre Monteux, conductor of the wise men of the East, began his entertainment with the "Manfred" symphony of Tschaikowsky. The work was vigorously played and there were some moments of finish in the performance. Also there were some of false intonation. But the audience seemed to like it.

Tschaikowsky was a great master, but if his fame had to rest on the "Manfred" symphony no one would ever cry "Beware the Muscovite." It is an exceedingly ponderous, dull and empty work, in which the only good ideas are those which sound like echoes of Rimsky-Korsakov. However, it seemed last evening to be a fitting prelude to the descriptive symphony from Vincent d'Indy's opera, "Le Legende de St. Christophe," called "La Queste de Dieu."

This music probably would be much more interesting in its place in the opera. Only such tid-bits as the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana" or the "Thais" meditation, which, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case, can be transferred successfully to the concert

room. D'Indy's intermezzo should be heard between the acts by those who do not feel obliged to go out.

It sounded last evening as if it meant something, but there was no key to the composer's purpose, and as sheer music it presented too many changes of front to be clear and satisfying. The orchestra played it very well. There was also a work of Arnold Bax, "In the Fairy Hills," a symphonic poem which will have to be heard earlier in the evening in order to receive proper consideration. The long concert came to an end with Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" overture.

Song Recitals of Yesterday.

Two song recitals took place yesterday afternoon. At Aeolian Hall Royal Dadmun, barytone, was heard by a large audience in airs from Handel and Mendelssohn and a varied list of songs. Since he first appeared here in a joint recital in 1914, this singer has continued to advance in his art. His voice, rather of a bass range, he used generally well yesterday and he showed much authority of style. Frank Bibb played good accompaniments.

At the Princess Theatre Miss Daisy Krey, a contralto of Manhattan, sang old airs, including Handel's "O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings," and classic and modern songs. She disclosed a good natural voice, not perfectly equalized in range a fair amount of vocal skill, feeling and a good knowledge of prosing with clear diction. Bruno Huhn was at the piano.

Last night Gervase Elwes, an English tenor, who appeared here some years ago in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" gave a song recital in Aeolian. His programme, of choice selection, included Bach's aria "Dearest Saviour, Whom I Long For," songs by modern English composers with Vaughan Williams's "Linden Lea" and "The Roadside Fire" and a group of French lyrics. His second group consisted of six songs of Brahms, a composer in whom he is said to specialize. They were sung in German, and included the "Magelone Lied" and "Auf dem Kirchhofe." In these the singer showed a rare taste, polished diction and a fine musical feeling. With a voice lacking much in quality, his intelligence went far to compensate. Theodore Flint was at the piano.

"Oberon" Is Sung Again.

Weber's delightful opera, "Oberon," was heard again at the Metropolitan last evening where Artur Bodanzky conducted the score through its musical mazes and Rosa Ponselle and Morgan Kingston carried the leading roles.

Others in the cast were Mmes. Gordon, Sundelius, Delaunois and Ogden and Messrs. Diaz, Dua, Martino, Ananian, Schlegen, Reschiglian, Laurenti and Del Grande.

A FRENCH MUSIC MATINEE.

There must have been an Albert Fontes "hangover," of course, a musical one, at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The Symphony Society Orchestra played brilliantly, and, if you please, under the baton of Walter Damrosch. There were elasticity, rhythmic vivacity and rich sonorousness that all made the audience think of the virile English conductor who has just sailed homeward. Mr. Damrosch literally outdid himself and every one left the hall happy. The programme, following the prescribed order of the Historical Cycle, was devoted to three French composers: Berlioz, Saint-Saens, Cesar Franck. A goodly combination.

The Berlioz selection was from the symphony "Harold in Italy," two excerpts: Harlod in the mountains, and the Pilgrim processional. The viola solo was admirably interpreted by Rene Pollain, and his luscious-toned instrument has never resounded with more melancholy pathos; yet, it may be confessed that the symphony has begun to date. The bombast and hollowness and theatrical insincerity of the composer are all present, witnesses to his lack of invention and essential unoriginality. A painter, yes, but a profound musical temperament we doubt. He has been compared with two other blazing Romantics of his period: Victor Hugo and Eugene Delacroix; both poet and painter were magnificent rhetoricans; nevertheless, they were supreme masters of their mediums. Berlioz is the father of the modern orchestra; that is an indubitable fact, though he failed in the more significant elements of composition. Obsessed by Byron and programme-music, he missed the very goal which his successor, Franz Liszt, reached. Berlioz is in reality a spiritual brother of the half-mad Belgian, Antoine Wiertz, whose gallery may be visited in Brussels. Wiertz attempted a colossal task of rivalling Peter Paul Rubens and ended in sheer melodrama as did Hector Berlioz.

But the Frenchman's music is the delight of virtuoso conductors. It always sounds better than it is, because it largely consists of glittering externals. It went very well on this occasion and the artistic performance of Mr. Pollain was warmly applauded. The C minor symphony of the eclectic Saint-Saëns enlisted the services of Pietro Yon, organist, and Harold Bauer—not in the mountains but on the keyboard. Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra covered themselves with glory. It was splendid ensemble work.

The afternoon closed with Franck's symphony variations for piano and orchestra. Harlod Bauer played the piano part in a superlatively finished manner. He has been heard here before in this composition, with its blending of the elegaic, the romantic and the melodious. He was heartily hailed. The variations were first heard in this city, and at this hall, about 1900, with Raoul Pugno, pianist, and Theodore Thomas and his orchestra participating. It is an ingratiating work and deservedly a favorite of pianists. The same programme will be repeated this evening.

Gervase Elwes, English Tenor

England is a peculiar country. The greatest of living tenors, Enrico Caruso, has not appeared on the London stage since 1907, the operatic management being unwilling to accede to his terms. Perhaps, if he were an oratorio tenor, like the distinguinshed Gervase Elwes, who gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last night, they would be willing to pay what he asks; for England is, and has been ever since the days of Handel, a country where oratorio ranks much higher and is far more popular than opera. It is therefore a great distinction to be a leading oratorio singer such as Mr. Elwes is. In Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" alone he has appeared over a hundred times. Some of these appearances were in this country, in 1909, and he also sang with the New York Oratorio Society in Bach's St. Matthew Passion the same year. He had four sons fighting during the war, and fortunately they all came back safe and sound. His wife is a daughter of the Earl of Bangor and she is with him on his American tour, which may be prolonged to spring, the time of music festivals. In England no festival is considered quite complete without Mr. Elwes. It may be added that he studied in Paris with Bouhy, who for a time was a professor at the National Conservatory in New York.

When he began his recital last night his voice was husky and quite lacking in sonority. But as he warmed up to his task the clouds drifted away and more and more, as he found himself, he complied with the expectations embodied in the phrase *noblesse oblige*. The greatest charm about his singing is his whole-souled way of entering into the spirit of each song, even when it doesn't seem to merit such devotion. His phrasing is delightfully artistic and his diction equally intelligible in English, German, and French. His final group consisted of six French songs, while the start was made with an air by Bach: "Dearest Saviour, Whom I Long For," which was followed by six of the best of Brahms's songs; in these he gave reason for his fame as a Brahms singer. He sang them, of course, in German. For, while his four sons fought the Germans, they didn't fight the German language or German music.

In one way last night's recital was a record. Never before, in an experience of forty years, have I known a singer to do a group of fifteen songs without resting. The songs were all English, the older ones pleasing, the modern ones mostly mediocre or worse. It was not a happy thought to give so many of these in one dose. Perhaps Mr. Elwes thought so himself; he showed an amusing indifference to applause as he turned his back after each song to hunt on the piano lid for the one he had to sing next.

"In the Faery Hills"

Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is industrious in bringing musical novelties to New York, and at the Bostonians' third concert of the season, in Carnegie Hall last night, he scored again over his local competitors by giving the first performance here of an exquisitely beautiful and masterfully orchestrated, symphonic poem, a novel Gaelic fantasy, entitled "In the Faery Hills," by Arnold E. Trevor Bax. Arnold Bax is an English composer (at least he was born in London, in 1883), and at an early age he came under the influence of the Neo-Celtic movement in literature and art and took an absorbing interest in everything touched by the glamour of Ireland in ancient days. This symphonic poem was written when he was twenty-six years old, in 1909, and had its first performance in London in 1910. It is a work of such instant appeal to lovers of orchestral music and of such unmistakable poetry and power that the wonder is that it took ten years to reach New York, and then had to be brought by a visiting conductor.

Mr. Bax has vouchsafed so much of a programme as to say that his music attempts to suggest the note of the Hidden People in the hills of Ireland after twilight. "The composer has endeavored also to shadow forth the atmosphere of mystery and almost of terror with which the Irish people regard their faery compatriots. The middle section was to some extent suggested by a passage in Mr Yeats's 'Wanderings of Oisin,' in which a human bard having strayed among the host of the Sidhe (wind) is asked by them to sing a song for their pleasure. But when he sings a song of human joy the faeries declare it the saddest song that was ever sung and throw the harp away in sorrow and anger while the harper is swept away into their revel."

The music—mystic, wistful, ghostly, weird, yet at the same time eminently sane, vigorous, strong and coherent, with now and then a snatch of typical Irish melody boldly sung above its rushing winds of ethereal sound—has the impress of new and individual beauty, of sincerity and of power; and is of a curiously paradoxical character in that it is equally wistful and robust, a rare combination of qualities. It was superbly played by the Boston men and was received with prolonged plaudits of favor and delight by the large audience. G. W. H.

Jan 8 1921

By James Gibbons Huneker

FRIEDMAN A VIRILE PIANIST.

The next time Ignaz Friedman elects to play here it will be before a crowded house. His reception by coldly critical cognoscenti yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall bordered on the tumultuous. We left him hemmed in by insatiable "encore fiends," and yet he had slipped into town unheralded by press agents, which proves that New York recognizes talent at first blush. He is a Pole in the prime of life, a graduate of the famous racing stable at Vienna of the late Leschetizki. His technique bears its familiar hallmarks. But Mr. Friedman has also listened much to Rosenthal and de Pachmann, the two ends of the pianistic rainbow. Internal evidences were not missing in the Chopin numbers and the Brahms-Paganini Variations. As a matter of history he made the biggest pianistic "bit" this season.

There are reasons. We spoke of his mechanism. It is remarkable. He has not only finger agility, the wrists of a cyclops, but, best of all, a beautiful singing touch, a tone that ranges at will from a thunderous fortissimo to a most enchanting murmur, though he too often abuses his fondness for dynamic contrasts. He boasts a penetratingly musical temperament. His personality is unobtrusive—he actually looks like the average business man. No fuss, no feathers, no fluff, no long locks, no posing. A healthy piano talent finely developed allied to an analytical intelligence; perhaps too intellectual at times, for in all the hurly-burly of his orchestral effects the pedant shows his profile. This robs his efforts of spontaneity, but, as we say, it is only intermittent.

We first heard Mr. Friedman the year before the war, either in Berlin or Vienna. His style has broadened since then. He was a Chopin specialist. He played more poetically than he did yesterday. There was little twilight dreaming in his Chopin, all the more surprising because he is essentially a Chopinist. No doubt he chose the last line of resistance and took his hearers by storm. He dazzled rather than wooed. Virility ruled his interpretations. The manly Chopin proudly stamped the keyboard in the heroic Polonaise. High lights, no shadows and the octaves feathery in weight and orchestral in the climax. It was exciting, and the tempo had the stately polonaise movement. Then as an encore the Butterfly etude fluttered by at breathless gait. The C major study in opus 10 was another miraculous staccato effect, with interlocking passages not in the score. We still prefer de Pachmann's double note study in opus 25. Friedman delivered its measures at a breakneck tempo, also with a variant of his own, but it was an etude, not a poem. Joseffy and de Pachmann made of it a flight to Parnassus. The C sharp minor valse was of extreme finesse.

May we suggest to this Polish artist that his emendations and final cadences to the various Chopin pieces are not in good taste? They should be omitted. Even the Schumann Carneval was retouched, several tiny details, but they grated on the ears of purists. Such surety we seldom encounter in the Paganini number of the Carneval; nevertheless, the profound poesy was not felt. The Chopin A flat Ballade was big, though it did not appeal because of his tenderness. In the Brahms-Paganini opus this virtuoso recalled the colossal Rosenthal, especially in the glissando variation. We can pay him no higher compliment. A delightful surprise was an encore, Mendelssohn's seldom heard scherzo in E minor, which went as trippingly as a fairy's wedding. It might have been a supplementary study to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Friedman did amazing things with this delicate water color.

The afternoon opened with Beethoven's lyric sonata in E minor, opus 90, but the pianist was nervous; only in the E major rondo did his lovely tone assert itself. Altogether the debut here of Ignaz Friedman was successful. We should like to hear him in a Chopin recital. There may be a poet concealed in his make-up. Yesterday he was the virile Friedman.

Ignaz Friedman, a Polish pianist, who has excited interest in Europe and South America, made his local debut in a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He played Beethoven's E minor sonata, opus 90, a group of Chopin, including the A flat ballade and the polonaise in the same key, Schumann's "Carnival" and the Brahms variations on a Paganini theme. He was heard by a large audience and applauded cordially.

Mr. Friedman is a pianist of prodigious power in so far as tonal range and digital agility are concerned. His fortissimo is stunning and he possesses a pianissimo separated from it by an infinite series of degrees. He can play amazingly fast, as was shown in his delivery of Chopin's "Butterfly" etude, given as an encore number. No butterfly could possibly fly so swiftly.

This pianist cares little about the witcheries of tone color. He employs dynamics by preference and an astonishing variety of speeds. His reading of the Beethoven sonata was the best feature of his recital, since it contained the most considerable amount of lyric playing and the greatest regard for sentiment. The Chopin numbers were marred sometimes by overwhelming force and again by eccentricities of rhythm.

In short, Mr. Friedman belongs to a class of pianists not at all unknown to the public here, the class which seeks its triumphs in astonishing effects of power and swiftness and in originality of method. Mr. Friedman is said to have bestowed some of his musical scholarship on editing the works of masters. He edited some of them in the presence of yesterday's audience.

For his performance of Schumann's "Carnival" there is nothing commendatory to be said. The poetic and fanciful nature of the composition did not seem to appeal to him in the least. He appeared to be interested chiefly in the opportunities it afforded for a display of the characteristics of his own singular style. But, as already noted, he was much applauded. The loudest applause was for the loudest playing.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDA" SUNG.

Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Sembach in Title Roles.

"Tristan and Isolda" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast was the same as heretofore, except in the substitution of Mr. Gustafson for Mr. Blass as *King Mark*. Mme. Matzenauer as *Isolda*, Miss Gordon as *Brangaene*, Mr. Sembach as *Tristan* and Mr. Whitehill as *Kurvenal* were the other principals. The conductor was Artur Bodanzky.

By Richard Aldrich

Ignaz Friedman's Piano Recital.

Ignaz Friedman, a Polish pianist and composer of high reputation in Europe, appeared yesterday in Aeolian Hall in a piano recital. He played a program consisting of Beethoven's sonata in E minor, Op. 90, a group of pieces by Chopin, including the A flat ballade, the A flat polonaise, a mazurka, a valse, two études and a nocturne; Schumann's "Carneval" and Brahms's variations on a theme by Paganini; an exacting list, that only a pianist of the highest powers could successfully interpret.

Mr. Friedman disclosed at once and all through the afternoon technical powers of the most unusual sort, an extraordinary brilliancy and speed, a command of the mechanism of piano playing that accomplished the most exacting technical tasks without apparent effort, and without attempt at turning this mastery into a means of personal display.

There was something overpowering and imposing in his playing, especially in passages requiring strength and power. Mr. Friedman possesses and employs without stint an almost startling physical prowess. His fortissimo is of crashing weight and makes the instrument shiver. It is rough in quality and goes, in fact, often beyond the limit of beauty in musical tone. In

pianissimo he often produces a tone of beauty and charm; but scarcely of much color or depth. It is a tone of little gradation or variety, either in dynamics or in tint. It seemed, indeed, as if Mr. Friedman had made not much exploration of the field of dynamics lying between fortissimo and pianissimo. This is a large field, and the absence of its effects in his playing leaves considerable lacunae.

Mr. Friedman did not disclose himself yesterday as an interpreter of remarkable power. His playing of Beethoven's sonata was vigorous, strongly rhythmed, exemplary in its exposition of the formal outlines of the music; but there was little poetry or emotional power in it; little of the "feeling and expression" that the composer anxiously prescribed for the first movement, and not too much of the "cantabile" that he wanted in the second, a movement that openly allures its performer to tenderness and sentiment.

Mr. Friedman is said to have special renown as a player of Chopin. There was much that was brilliant in his playing of Chopin's music, dazzling, scintillant; but it was more notable thus than for warmth, passion, "morbidezza," poetic insight. There was clearness in most of the pieces and a delicate and subtle enunciation of inner voices. The two études were masterpieces of technical precision, especially the tints in the one in G sharp minor. The A flat ballade was played in a dominating mood; its outline was somewhat marred by the sudden and abrupt contrast of dynamics that prevailed in it. So, too, in the doctrine, the middle section was stirred almost to distortion by the violence of the effects introduced into it. The polonaise was played with overwhelming energy. There was much applause, and Mr. Friedman responded to it by playing the étude in G flat very fast.

It was obvious by the time he reached Schumann's "Carneval" in the program that Mr. Friedman's disposition as a pianist would put emphasis on some of the more incidental qualities of this music, rather than on those that make it really what it is; its many-sided fancy, its wealth of imagination, its poetry and romantic ardor; and so it turned out. These pieces took on a bravura aspect; difficulties were conquered with hardly the turn of the hand or the twist of the wrist; the fast ones were played very fast, indeed; the loud ones uncommonly loud. It was exciting; but much had escaped and eluded player and listeners.

But there was much applause, and it was evident that Mr. Friedman had made a deep impression.

Another of the Winter series of morning concerts at the Hotel Biltmore was held yesterday with the capacity attendance which has been in order so far this season.

The artists who contributed toward making the entertainment one of the most enjoyable of the series were Caroline Lazzari, contralto; Guiomar Novaes, pianist, and Charles Hackett, tenor. Miss Novaes opened the program with a Chopin group, followed by Miss Lazzari's singing of the Goring-Thomas aria, "Oh My Heart Is Weary." Mr. Hackett sang the popular "Care Salve" and several arias and short songs. A group by Miss Lazzari, which won much applause, included "Lungi dal caro bene," by Secchi; "The Cunning Little Thing," by Hageman; "L'heure Exquise," by Polodowski, and "Song of the Open," by LaForge.

Marion Armstrong, a young Scotch-Canadian soprano, gave her first New York recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Although a newcomer in the concert field, she has frequently sung at local clubs, and is at present holding a prominent choir position in Orange, N. J.

Miss Armstrong's program was an interesting and well-chosen one which opened with a group of Italian songs, the familiar "Caro mio Ben," by Giordani, being a happy choice in which to display the sweetness of her voice. In the French group "Pleurezmes yenx," by Massenet, was sung with charming effect, and Mary Turner Salter's "Her Love Song" was much applauded. After hearing Miss Armstrong sing her group of Auld Scotch Songs, of which there were six, one could not doubt her ancestry nor her ability to sing, not only Scotch, but any song which she chose to present.

Songs by Miss Armstrong Heard.

Miss Marion Armstrong, soprano, with Coenraad Bos at the piano, gave her first song recital here in Aeolian Hall last evening. In a good programme, including Italian airs, French, American and Scotch songs, her delivery disclosed a voice of good lyric quality and admirable musical feeling, but an insecure technic and an unfinished style. Her apearance in recital was somewhat premature. Her natural gifts are worthy of further development.

Jan 6 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of its New York visit in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The fourth symphony of Schumann was the chief number of the program, which included also the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Charles Tomlinson Griffes's symphonic poem, "The Pleasure Dame of Kubla Khan," Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero" and Alfredo Casella's orchestration of Balakireff's brilliant piano piece, "Islamey."

In Schumann's symphony neither orchestra nor conductor was very satisfactory. The performance was distinctly a commonplace one; it seemed perfunctory. Now this symphony, however much its orchestration may be criticised, is not commonplace music, nor is it perfunctory in spirit; and it is indispensable that it should not be played so. The romantic glow in it is still warm and there is a fault somewhere when a performance so signally fails to recapture that spirit as did the performance yesterday afternoon. It centred, no doubt, in a lack of sympathy or a lack of comprehension. Nor could it be said that the performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture was a brilliant one.

There was far more of the spirit of the music in Griffes's symphonic poem, "The Pleasure Dame of Kubla Khan." This piece was first played here last season, while the composer was still alive; and he had the pleasure of knowing of its very favorable reception in New York and in other cities. Mr. Monteux did an excellent thing in repeating the composition in his concerts this year. One of the grievances of the American composer—though Mr. Griffes is not known to have audibly voiced grievances—is that his music is played once and then shelved, even when it is found deserving.

This symphonic poem is well worth keeping in the orchestral repertory. It is filled with imagination, with picturesque and poetical imagery, and these are expressed in a manner essentially musical in ideas and development, so that the interest and value of the piece are musical beyond and outside of the picturesque and graphic suggestion that is set in motion by Coleridge's verses. Once again Mr. Griffes's composition gave a deep pleasure.

There was a new piece on the program. Francesco Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero"—the title is paraphrased as "Impressions from Nature"—was played for the first time in New York. It consists of three sections called, respectively, "The Blackcap," "The Woodpecker," "The Owl." It is not to be supposed that the composer was greatly preoccupied with the calls or notes of these three birds. He has endeavored to recall "the musical impression that he himself one day felt in listening to the confidences of the woods peopled with birds." The music is evocative of woods. There are native wood notes, more or less wild. The first is a "Waldweben" of a sort; the peck of the woodpecker is indeed heard in the rapid movement of the second; and the suggestion of the owl in the third, in which the music is carried through in the mood of the nocturne, is that of a gentle bird. The composer is less concerned with giving form and shape to his music, which has charm and a varied harmonic beauty, than in developing atmosphere and effect. These were pleasingly in evidence, but the composition did not assert itself as of great importance.

The Boston Orchestra, under Pierre Monteux, did not give as inspired a performance of Schumann's fourth symphony as Nikisch did when he made his memorable début in Boston. It was heard to better advantage in a repetition of Griffes's interesting symphonic poem "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan" and still more in a novelty by Francesco Malipiero, the Italian futurist—"Impressioni dal Yero." It is a series of impressions of nature entitled "The Blackcap," "The Woodpecker," and "The Owl," realistic in mood and characteristically orchestrated with less deliberate intention to bruise the ears with dissonances than appears in other works by this peculiar Italian.

The Philharmonic on Saturday evening was the climax of the concert season so far. Beethoven's great piece of programme music, the "Pastoral" symphony, had such a stirring performance that the orchestra had to rise to share the applause with the conductor. That was the beginning of the feast. The symphony was followed by a thrilling performance of Liszt's "Mazeppa," such as Josef Stransky alone can achieve, and then came the glorious Immolation Scene from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," with Mme. Matzenauer as Brünnhilde. She sustained her part superbly, and the orchestra revelled, as did the audience, in the voluptuous tonal splendor of this final scene, in which nearly all of the ninety leading motives of the four Nibelung operas are interwoven with a polyphonic skill that makes every other master except Bach seem a tyro in tonal architecture. One wondered, however, why Stransky omitted the Nibelung tubas which the Philharmonic has just imported. They are more needed in this glowing finale than in any other part of the tetralogy. The Philharmonic boasts more double basses—ten of them—than any other orchestra, but the Immolation Scene needs also the specially constructed tubas for the pillars of sound to produce the most overwhelming effects known in the realm of music.

"Butterfly" and "Meflstofele" Sung.

"Madame Butterfly" and "Meflstofele" filled the Metropolitan twice over yesterday afternoon and night, the matinee presenting Miss Farrar in the Japanese role, with Messrs. Scotti and Crimi as the Americans. Mr. Moranzoni conducted Puccini's opera, as he also did that of Boito in the evening, when Mmes. Alda and Peralta, Messrs. Gigli and Mardones reappeared for the annual benefit of the local Italian hospital.

CONCERTS OF A DAY.

Symphony for Young, New York Trio and Marie M. du Carp.

Walter Damrosch spoke and the New York Symphony men played under his direction yesterday to the growing audience, now in its fourth year, of the so-called symphony concerts for children, a youthful host that assembled joyfully an hour before noon in Aeolian Hall. The music included Thomas's overture to his opera, "Mignon"; single movements from two symphonies, Raff's "Lenore" and Beethoven's Eighth; a serenade of Saint-Saëns for violin, 'cello and piano, and Wagner's fire music from "The Valkyrie."

The members of the New York Trio, in which Clarence Adler, pianist, is associated with Scipione Guidi and Cornelius Van Vliet, first violin and 'cello of the National Symphony, gave their second program of chamber music last evening in Aeolian Hall. The three players were heard in Brahms's trio in C minor, Opus 101, and that of Saint-Saëns in F, Opus 18, while Messrs. Van Vliet and Adler gave also the 'cello sonata, Opus 19, of Rachmaninoff. There was an audience of the rare musical quality, marked by silent attention and cordial mood.

Marie Magdeleine du Carp, who only last year had appeared here as a "prodigy," gave a matinee pianoforte recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday on her return as a young married woman and serious artist. Her playing has delicacy and much charm; not yet the discipline or reserve of riper years, but an approach to these desirable qualities, as in Beethoven's sonata, Opus 110, and Schumann's "Fantasie." She gave lesser pieces by Debussy, Albeniz, Rosenthal, Balakirev and Liszt.

Jan 10 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

The symphony by Ernest Chausson announced for the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was postponed. A slip in the program announced that it was held back by Mr. Damrosch for further rehearsal. He had played it before in previous seasons; it is a work that aroused interest and a desire to hear it again. In its place was played the two movements of Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," that figured in the Carnegie Hall programs of the orchestra last week.

It must be said that the elder Frenchman's composition has in this day and generation less that can give pleasure than that of the younger. René Pollain, the first viola of the orchestra, played the viola obbligato that runs through both movements, as he did last week, and with much beauty of tone and artistic appreciation.

The soloist was Albert Spalding, who played Beethoven's violin concerto with warmth and sincerity of feeling, with insight into the higher beauty and significance of the music and mastery of the technical problems. Mr. Spalding's performance aroused great enthusiasm and he was recalled again and again.

The program contained also the symphonic poem, "Juventus," by Victor de Sabata, played last week in Carnegie Hall by Mr. Toscanini and his Italian orchestra. It was read by Mr. Damrosch with tremendous spirit and vehemence—it lends itself easily to such treatment and even demands it. The orchestration is somewhat violent for Aeolian Hall and would no doubt have, as it had in Mr. Toscanini's performance, an ampler effect in a larger hall.

The music is easily intelligible on a first hearing, the two chief themes being of a marked melodic physiognomy. But it seems quite as difficult on a rehearing to attribute a high originality to the piece, or to avoid the realization of the composer's close following in the footsteps and the pathway of Richard Strauss.

Werrenrath at Carnegie Hall—Opera Stars In Ensemble.

Reinald Werrenrath returned yesterday to Carnegie Hall in a matinee recital of baritone songs, many of the lighter sort, evidently popular with this American artist's admirers. His old English pieces were perhaps elaborated for the purposes of a large hall, one particularly, "Over the Hills and Far Away," being far from the simple version used in "The Beggar's Opera." Handel's recitative from "Julius Caesar" was oddly paired with an air from "Scipio." Mr. Werrenrath's own amended translations gave poetic illumination to lyrics of Brahms, Sinding and Hugo Wolf. He sang also Clay's "Sands o' Dee," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," Whiting's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and Damrosch's "Danny Deever."

Ponselle, Jeanne Gordon, Sundelius, Kingston, Amato, Pothier and Didur were among eleven stars with the Metropolitan orchestra and chorus last evening in an "opera concert" of unusual proportions. Giuseppe Bamboschek conducted the forces in single numbers or entire "scenes" from "The Prophet," "Boris Godunoff," "Oberon," "Faust" and "Aida." There was a large audience.

Ethel Newcomb played piano pieces of Chopin, Rubinstein and Johann Strauss at the second of Frederic Warren's ballad concerts yesterday in the Longacre Theatre. Mrs. Olga Warren was unable to appear, others who did assist being Fred Patton, heard in Loewe's "Edward" and Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea," and Frances Sonin, in airs from the Russian and Chinese.

Gladice Morisson, soprano, gave a début recital at the Pricess yesterday, assisted by Lina Coen at the piano. The singer displayed more temperament than voice in French airs by Marguerite Canal, Rhene-Baton, Fevrier and others. She added Greek folksongs, also in French, adapted by Ravel, and a Russian group in English.

Chausson's B flat symphony was to have been the first number on the programme of the Symphony Society concert in Acolian Hall yesterday afternoon, but owing to the impossibility of preparing it in time it was postponed till January 23. In its stead Mr. Damrosch permitted his audience to enjoy the mild pleasures of Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture and the two movements of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, with Rene Pollain at the viola, heard on Thursday afternoon.

The final number on the list was the novelty of the concert. This was Victor de Sabata's symphonic poem, "Juventus." It is a recent work of the talented young son of Italia irridente, 29 years old. It was first heard in Milan on May 25, 1919. It is programme music without reservation, equipped with various characteristic themes to stand for youth's aspirations, love, wooing, grief over the loss of loved ones, disappointments, struggles and conquest.

The music makes a stronger appeal through its broader delineation of moods and through its vigor, its boldness, its sweeping assurance of method. The young composer writes with confidence and with excellent results. The composition has force and brilliancy and it employs the orchestra with admirable skill. Italy is making noteworthy progress in the field of orchestral music. Her sons are not now abandoning themselves wholly to the seductions of the theatre. It is a happy departure, for the land of song has too long lagged behind the march of artistic progress outside the theatre. The new work was well performed yesterday and received with applause.

The soloist of the concert was Albert Spalding, who was heard in Beethoven's violin concerto. The American violinist played the work with dignity and sincerity, and in the slow movement he reached a high level of beauty and expression. He was recalled many times.

Mme. Kurz Makes Debut.

Mme. Selma Kurz, a colorature soprano of the Viannese Opera House, made her American debut with the National Symphony Orchestra at the Hippodrome last night. She was heard by a large audience which included many of the prominent singers of the city. She sang airs from Mozart's "La Nozze di Figaro" and Verdi's "La Traviata," Handel's "Sweet Bird" w r with flute obligato, and the "Primavera" waltz of Johann Strauss. Verdi's "Caro Nome" air was given as an encore. Mme. Kurz's singing seemed to give genuine pleasure. Her delivery was of uneven merit. She was apparently very nervous and this injured her legato in the Mozart music. On the other hand, much of her work had admirable taste and good style.

Selma Kurz in America

Selma Kurz, the eminent Viennese colorature soprano, has at last come to America. Last night she made her first appearance here at the Hippodrome, singing to a large audience, which included many persons prominent in the musical world, particularly the operatic branch of it. She was tremendously applauded, both when she came forward and after she had given samples of her vocal art. Having had years of operatic experience and being a great favorite at home, she must be used to applause, yet there was such a demonstrative welcome for her that it seemed at first to upset her nerves. At any rate she did not sing her first number well at all. Her voice seemed so small that in the vast spaces of the Hippodrome it was quite lost; nor was her intonation faultless throughout the "Deh, vieni, nontardar" from Mozart's "Figaro."

Far better was her singing of Handel's "Sweet Bird," with a cadenza written for this singer by Saint-

Saëns. Her voice became larger and revealed its velvety quality and rare flexibility; but it was not till she reached the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," which she added as an encoré, that her art was revealed at its very best. Her high staccati were like little bursting tone rockets and her trill, held on to for dear life and with dynamic gradations, brought down the house. It is an excellent trill, far better than Galli-Curci's and almost equal to Melba's. She also sang an air from "Traviata" and Johann Strauss's "Primavera" waltz. The accompaniments were provided by the National Symphony Orchestra under Paul Eisler, who also conducted some orchestral numbers.

The second of the Frederick Warren ballad concerts took place in the Longacre Theatre yesterday afternoon where an interesting program arranged by Mr. Warren was given.

Fred Patton, bass, whose fine diction is always a treat, sang two groups of short songs. Ethel Newcomb, pianist, contributed to the instrumental portion of the entertainment, and Frances Sonin did some clever costume songs of Russian and Chinese origin.

The surprise of the afternoon was sprung by Mabel Corlew, dramatic soprano, who filled the place of Madame Olga Warren, who was unable to appear because of a heavy cold. Miss Corlew, who was heard in recital last February in Aeolian Hall, has an unforgettable voice of wide range and beautiful quality. Not only can she sing, but she is possessed of considerable magneticism and beauty.

There are too few singers of Miss Corlew's caliber to be heard in concert and recital, and her singing of "The Swan," by Grieg, and Heuchel's "Night Hymn" were things of beauty and joy.

The Frederick Warren Sunday concerts are rapidly growing in popularity, as the programs are always above the average and worth while.

jan 11 1921

By Richard Aldrich

Daisy Kennedy's Violin Recital.

Miss Daisy Kennedy gave a second violin recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program was interesting as containing Brahms's sonata movement in C minor, a scherzo. It was his contribution to a sonata for piano and violin jointly produced by Schumann, Albert Dietrich and Brahms in 1853, as a greeting to Joseph Joachim, a gift of welcome on the occasion of the violinist's visit to Disseldorf, where Schumann was then living as conductor.

Each of the three wrote one movement, Dietrich the first movement, Schumann an intermezzo and finale and Brahms, then a youth of 20, this scherzo. It is, in fact, his first piece of ensemble music, a form in which he was destined to make his first great reputation. The sonata remained in Joachim's possession, and some year's after Brahms's death, in 1906, he authorized the publication of his movement. The two by Schumann he was unwilling to publish as unworthy of the master's genius, and showing too plainly the inroads of the mental disease that very soon was to rob him of his reason and end his life. As for Dietrich's movement, it seems to have dropped into oblivion with the creator.

The movement is marked by great energy and rhythmic vitality, by originality, by qualities unmistakably Brahms's, even though of his very early days. It was interesting to hear, and Miss Kennedy played it with much force and intensity. She did not wholly equal her first recital in the quality of her performance in the rest of her program, which included Beethoven's Romance in G, a transcription of Schumann's "The Fountain" (originally for piano duet): The Chaconne from Bach's D minor solo suite, Bach's "Scottish Fantasy" and a group of shorter pieces. Miss Kennedy's striving for tone resulted times in crudeness and rudeness; nor was her intonation so accurate as it was in her previous appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch Play.

In their series of sonata recitals Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch presented last evening in Aeolian Hall a program comprising Brahms's sonata for piano and violin in G, Op. 78, Ildebrando Pizzetti's in A and Mozart's in E flat. Pizzetti's sonata was registered in the program as receiving its first performance in New York. The composer is one of the advanced contemporary men of Italy. His name is not much known here, but Mr. Toscanini is said to have something of his for performance in New York.

This sonata has attracted a good deal of attention at recent performances in London. One newspaper writer announces that a good many people think it has "added a page to the history of the sonata." It was not easy to see this from the impression it made last evening. It is in three movements, the first marked "tempestoso"; the second "prayer of the innocents"; the third "vivo e fresco." In the first movement the composer seemed to have embarked upon a project to make music out of material of very limited musical value or significance. It is a way that the most advanced composers have; and the proper answer to the complaint is that the complainants do not hear and appreciate as music what comes to them in a new form and in a new spirit.

It is very possible, also, that this movement, as well as the last one, was not played with the energy and power the composer would have had. Mr. and Mrs. Bloch both employ a delicate and rather reticent style; and Mrs. Bloch especially does not apply a "tempestoso" method. The second movement has a certain plangent charm, disclosed through themes of a more tangible and sustained sort. In the last, one of the most significant themes has the character of a jolly folk song.

But all of the movements seem to show a very fragmentary method of work; it is difficult to find a sustained power in the sonata on a first hearing. Several hearings may be needed to show the page that has been added to the history of the sonata.

MARIE SUNDELIUS AS NEDDA.

Sings Role in "Pagliacci" for First Time—"L'Oracolo" and "Blue Bird"

"L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci" in a special matinée and "The Blue Bird" in its first subscription night this season drew two audiences to the Metropolitan yesterday. Marie Sundelius was new as Nedda in Leoncavallo's popular work, with Crimi as hero and De Luca singing the prologue. Scotti and Didur, with Peralta, Telva, Chamlee, and d'Angelo, sang Leoni's grim tragedy of the Chinese of San Francisco, in which city Mr. Scotti's own company had given this little opera last Fall.

Albert Wolff conducted his setting of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" last evening with most of the recent holiday matinée cast, including Delaunois and Ellis as the children, and in other rôles Easton, Perini, Gordon, Berat, Chalmers, and Rothier.

Mr. and Mrs. Bloch's Concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch gave the second of two violin and piano recitals last night in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised three sonatas for piano and violin—Brahms's in G, opus 78; Ildebrando Pizzetti's in A and Mozart's in E flat. The Pizetti composition was heard for the first time here. Its composer is one of the young modern Italian school and he lives in Italy.

He has written a string quartet and the La Scala Orchestra at one of its coming concerts here will play one of his works. His sonata has disonance and much melody. The first movement is dramatic in character, the second, "Prayer of the Inocents" and the third, a "Folks Festival in the Open," lack something in free expression of ideas and they could be condensed in substance. As a whole, however, the work has much interest. It was generally well played, though there might have been more force and contrast of color in the ensemble.

Miss Mabel Garrison of the Metropolitan Opera, Joseph Schwarz, barytone, and Jacques Thibaud, violin, were the artists at the Bagby musicale in the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday. Richard Hageman and George Siemonn were at the piano. Miss Garrison sang "Una Voce Poco Fa" from "Il Barbieri di Sivigiia," and with Mr. Schwarz the duo from the third act of "Rigoletto." She sang also a group of songs, including the seventeenth century air "Tambourin," "Vous Dansez Marquise" of Lemaire-Pasternack and "When I Was Seventeen," an old Swedish song that was in the repertoire of Jenny Lind. Mr. Schwarz sang with organ accompaniment by David McK. Williams and Lajos Shuk at the 'cello Haendel's "Arisoso" and "Largo." He also sang Rachmaninoff's "In the Silence of the Night," "Don Juan's Serenade," by Tschaikowsky, and "Quand Tu Dors" of Liszt. Mr. Thibaud played compositions by Haendel, Saint-Saens, Guiraud and some of his own arrangements of airs by Wieniawski and Granadas.

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jan 12 1921

Mengelberg Leads

Conductor From Holland Command of Orchestral Fo

At the National Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Willam Mengelberg of Amsterdam made his first appearance as conductor of the organization. Artur Bodanzky, who assembled the orchestra and trained it up to the last previous concert, is obliged to concentrate all his attention upon his duties at the Metropolitan Opera House. Hence the importation of Mr. Mengelberg, who for the next two months will direct the musical activities of this body of instrumental performers.

While the new conductor is perhaps a stranger to the estimable ladies and gentlemen who support the National Symphony Orchestra, he is not unknown to those whose profession commands them to follow the records of the musical world. When it occurred some years ago to the conscript fathers of the Philharmonic Society to bring star conductors from Europe Mr. Mangelberg was one of their selections. He visited us in 1905 and conducted the concerts of November 10 and 11.

He already was known at that time as a specialist in the art of Richard Strauss, approved by the composer himself and applauded by the Dutch public. Also at that time he made no disturbance in the local atmosphere. He was accepted as a conductor who thoroughly understood the technics of orchestral conducting, and who therefore was persona grata to orchestral musicians.

Since that period of his artistic career Mr. Mengelberg has made progress. His fame has grown too large to be confined by the dikes of his country, and, like its cigars and its cheeses, has spread through Europe. The Dutch have always betrayed a pardonable pride in their cigars and in Mr. Mengelberg. They have not imposed any duty on smokes. As one Hollander said to the reviewer in the custom house at Rosendaal, "You may bring all the cigars you wish into Holland. We can sell you better ones for less money."

They do not, of course, offer conductors for less money than we pay for them at home, but in a similar confident spirit they challenge comparisons. None need be made. Mr. Mengelberg came, was heard and was received with generous approbation. His programme naturally included some Strauss, not "Ein Heldenleben," which he interpreted for us fifteen years ago, but "Don Juan." This was prefaced by the "Oberon" overture and followed by the "Fantastic Symphony" of Hector Berlioz. In spite of the stage fright of the first horn the overture went very well, almost as well indeed as it has lately been going at the performances of the opera in the Metropolitan.

The Strauss music published Mr. Mengelberg's qualities more eloquently. It is necessary still to make some allowances because of the imperfect ensemble of the orchestra. The conductor was compelled to deal with a somewhat unresponsive instrument. But he showed that he possessed excellent judgment of balance and phrasing. The tonal quality of the orchestra had not sounded better, possibly not quite so well, at any previous concert. Not only was it richer, more aristocratic, but it had more transparency, more smoothness, more fluent character. But there were too many technical slips and too many moments of roughness.

The attacks and releases were, however, generally good, but we must not forget that upon these matters Mr. Bodanzky spent anxious months. Mr. Mengelberg, however, showed very plainly that he knew what he wanted and naturally he got it. He is not what this public regards as a romantic conductor. People who enjoy orchestral concerts with their eyes will doubtless find him somewhat disappointing. He is short, sturdy and prosaic in appearance and his physical demonstrations are not planned with a view to ravishing the eyes of spectators, but are clearly meant for his musicians. He wastes no effort on silly pantomime designed to delude an audience into believing him to be a "wizard of the baton." He is an honest, businesslike conductor and his direction of the Strauss tone poem showed him to be an interpreter of intelligence and authority.

The Berlioz composition was also well done, but why was it done at all? This empty, pretentious, soporific volume of melodic platitudes was long ago consigned to the tender care of sleep, except by conductors who insist on playing at unoffending music lovers who do not wish to hear it and who leave the hall in droves before it is over. Let us hope that Mr. Mengelberg's fancies will not frequently linger over such slumbrous charms.

By James Gibbons Huneker

A GREAT CONDUCTOR.

Willem Mengelberg is a great conductor. He demonstrated this fact yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall when he directed the National Symphony Orchestra. Almost any other man would have thrown up his task in the face of such playing. We expected the fiery Hollander to ejaculate a formidable "Gotfordom"—which is good Amsterdamese—and flee the rostrum. No wonder Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun" was omitted from a poorly arranged programme. Mr. Mengleberg is reputed to have exclaimed at rehearsal: "I didn't come to New York to practise five-finger exercises with an orchestra." True or not, this anecdote illustrates the difficulties that beset a visiting musician who is not acquainted with the subtle webs woven by the Musical Union.

Mr. Mengelberg has just cause for complaint, as has his distinguished predecessor, Mr. Bodanzky. Unfortunately it reflects on Mr. Bodanzky, this careless, slovenly playing, and he is no more responsible than Mr. Mengelberg. It reminded us of the naughty child that always cuts up didoes when company comes. Just because every one was on the qui vive to hear what a famous man would do, certain members of the orchestra made fiasco at the most inopportune moments, the first time on the third note in the "Oberon" overture, the next time in the Strauss number. There was one annoying ending which was so ragged that it recalled a Philharmonic fermata. Now, false notes occur in the best regulated orchestras. But an artist of Mengelberg's calibre ought not to be subjected to such contingencies.

He is among the great living conductors. He is an apostle of the moderns, Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler in particular. His Amsterdam orchestra is one of the finest in Europe. The Strauss festival in London some fifteen years ago was an international musical event; like the Mahler festival in Amsterdam last spring, it heaped laurels on the auburn locks of the Holland conductor. He deserved a better fate in this city. He deserved the Symphony Society Orchestra, but Mr. Damrosch has had Albert Coates, and that is glory enough for one season. This is not the first visit to New York of Mr. Mengelberg; in 1905 (?) he conducted two concerts of the Philharmonic Society. He is now guest-conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, and we wish him better luck to-morrow afternoon at his second concert. The jinx that have been pestering that poor dear Camerado Caruso evidently paid a visit to Carnegie Hall yesterday. Perhaps the incredible number of conductors in the building hoodooed the event. Superstitious sailors fear parsons on board—they signify squally weather. Likewise, many conductors may spoil the musical broth.

The Oberon overture was a concert reading, not an operatic. The slow episodes were truly slow; the fast, faster than usual. There were rhetorical pauses. There was enormous elasticity. It was a normal, solid, satisfying musical interpretation, though not so romantic as Artur Bodanzky's. Perhaps because of his unfamiliarity with the slippery ice over which he was skating, Mr. Mengelberg did not let himself go in the "Don Juan" of Strauss, which composition is Strauss at his top-notch. We have listened to more highly colored interpretations under his baton in London, Amsterdam and Scheveningen. Nevertheless, the native fire of the man flamed through every phrase and there was a foundational splendor in the climaxes that proved the mettle of this remarkable musician.

His selection of the Fantastic symphony of Berlioz was ill-advised. There are two composers that New York will not abide: Berlioz and Mahler. The extravagant romantic, the amateur who manufactured unmusic, and the cerebral Austrian who never had an original idea to express and demanded a chorus of 1,000 and a huge instrumental apparatus to express his essential musical shortcomings. The intolerable emptiness of Berlioz, especially the three first movements, drove a third, if not more, of the large audience out of the hall. They left, not because they were unmusical, but the reverse.

This "music", is suitable for the films. The "March to the Scaffold" and the "Witches' Sabbath" is veritable movie humbuggery. And it was the most brilliantly played of the programme. Therein the conductor showed his rhythmic power. But he can't make Berlioz visible. Felix Weingartner attempted the task and he also failed. Mahler is another snag. To-morrow we are promised the insipid first symphony, which Mr. Stransky resurrected a short time ago. He, too, failed. So did Mahler himself. Let us hope Mengelberg is the magician of the new dispensation. We are to hear Mahler's fourth symphony. Let us pray. However, Willem Mengelberg can't complain of the reception accorded him at his matinee. He was saluted with such applause on his appearance that it must have made him nervous. A minute after he had waved his baton the jinx perched over the brass choir, and the rest was not silence.

By Richard Aldrich

William Mengelberg as Conductor.

William Mengelberg, a well-known Dutch conductor of Amsterdam, made his first appearance at the head of the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. He is to conduct thirty concerts of the orchestra between now and the middle of March, giving Mr. Bodanzky relief from his double duties at Carnegie Hall and the opera. Mr. Mengelberg does not come to New York as a stranger. Fifteen years ago, when the Philharmonic Society was without a permanent conductor, it invited a series of "great" conductors to direct its concerts, of whom Mr. Mengelberg was one. He came all the way from Amsterdam then to conduct a pair of

concerts—they had them then in pairs—and made a favorable impression a that time.

Now, as then, he was found straight forward and direct, without suggestio of the sensational in his methods or h interpretation. It may be assumed th he has gained in maturity of conceptio as well as in mastery of orchestral tec nique, but it was not of much use look to the performance yesterday or his performances for some time to con for a complete exposition of his quali as a conductor. A conductor does n step up to the desk and with a f waves of his baton, in a few rehearsal make a strange orchestra over into instrument of his own, on which he c play and produce such results as wishes and formulates in his own mir And especially he does not do it with orchestra so new—we shall not say so raw—as this one, and with the limitations on the length and number of rehearsals that the union has so unwisely and inartistically ordained.

It may also be said that Mr. Mergelberg's first program was not such a one as to disclose his highest qualities as a conductor, even if the orchestra had played it better than it did. There were the overture to Weber's "Oberon"; Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" was originally to be played also, but was omitted, as a printed slip in the house bill announced, because of the unusual length of the program, and would be played at a later concert.

There were few extremes in the playing of the "Oberon" overture, less of the dragging of the slow tempo than some modern conductors indulge in. There were a good many technical slips which did not improve the general effect, and which must have been discouraging to the new conductor. The performance of the "Don Juan" was brilliant, with an abundance of that bravura spirit that it needs; with clearness in the exposition of the thematic structure and in the contrast of the woods.

And as for Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" the vil temptation lies near to say that it matters little whether it was played well or ill; and that the best of playing could never make it sound even tolerable again. Music so barren, so arid, seldom gains access to concert programs. New York has known this symphony for fifty-four years and has not been without opportunity to gain full acquaintance with any hidden beauties or recondite significance it might contain. There are none; and a performance so conscientious, so devoted, so intelligent as that which Mr. Mengelberg gave only makes it clearer that there are none.

Like so much else of Berlioz, the interest of this symphony is almost wholly extra-musical. It is bound up with a cardinal episode in his life, one that he himself has adorned with some highly romantic fiction in the guise of autobiography. It is one of his earliest capital compositions, and deserves an important place in the history of program music and the evolution of the modern orchestra. It is not without its significance in a study of the Berlioz psychology. It is good for many things, but not to listen to.

Mr. Mengelberg was given a hearty welcome when he made his first appearance on the stage; and there was much applause in the proper places all through the concert.

Mr. Toscanini's Orchestral Concert.

The second subscription concert of Mr. Toscanini's orchestra from La Scala in Milan was given last evening in the Metropolitan Opera House, and, as at the first one, the house was filled full and there was demonstration of enthusiastic applause, and even bravos for Brahms, or for Mr. Toscanini's playing of Brahms.

The program began with his second symphony; the one whose selection would seem naturally to commend itself to an Italian conductor. It was a curiously and at times strangely alluring Italianate performance of the work. The orchestra returned to its Opera House tone, in quality and body, after having been heard to its better advantage in Carnegie Hall; and this is one of the facts that must be reckoned with in considering the performance.

Besides a somewhat deliberate opening tempo, there were to be noted all through the symphong that translucent clarity in the exposition of all the voices, that perfect finish of the ensemble and in the turning and the moulding of each phrase, that flexibility of tempo that were to be noted in the previous concerts. Whatever the reading of the symphony may have been, it was quite evident that it was an exact reproduction of Mr. Toscanini's idea of it; that it was played just as he wanted it. Certain portions seemed unsubstantial, lacking in weight, as in the adagio. The feeling of the whole was essentially lyric, and of course, in a way, that is the true character of the symphony. There were certain phases that you will perhaps never hear played with such a golden concentration of musical beauty. There were others that needed a more rugged statement. On the whole, for all its beauties, the reading of the symphony seemed rather small, short-breathed and over-detailed. But it called forth bravos from M. Toscanini's trusty supporters, and applause from the more soberly musical.

There followed a "Notturno" and a "Rondo Fantastico" by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, composer of "Il Carillon Magico," the ballet now current at the Metropolitan Opera House. The "Notturno" is devised almost in the manner of chamber music, with a constant recurrence of solo passages for many of the orchestra instruments, with delicate color contrasts. The "Rondo" is a much more elaborate piece of a strongly marked rococo effect for a highly trained virtuoso orchestra such as this.

Albert Roussel's tone poem "Le Festin de l'Ariagnée," heard here some six or seven years ago, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, is arranged from a pantomine ballet. As a suite, without the picturesque illustration of the action on the stage, it seems long and not always musically self-sufficing.

Mr. Toscanini repeate dwhat Mr. Mengelberg had played in the afternoon, Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan." There were here, a gain, great finish and clarity in the orchestral playing rhythmic tension, concentrated and burning passion; and something lacking in the mere weight and power of the thing. It had beauty and power, however, which were recognized. Mr. Toscanini ended his program with the overture to Verdi's opera of "I Vepri Siciliani," lest we forget what and whence this orchestra is.

Toscanini's Orchestra Heard.

The second concert in the regular series of La Scala Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conductor, took place last evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme comprised the second symphony of Brahms, a nocturne and fantastic rondo by Pick-Mangiagalli, "Le Festin de l'Araignee," by Albert Roussell; Strfauss's "Don Juan" and the overture to Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." The audience was not quite as large as that at the first concert, but it was of the same character. There were a few representatives of the musical culture of New York and a large number of hearers to whom an orchestral concert was obviously a curiosity and the fame of Mr. Toscanini the attraction.

The performance of the Brahms symphony was the most important matter in the conecrt. A distinguished British writer, Mr. Hadow, said: "Among the many types of character which are developed by the pursuit of an artistic profession, two stand out salient and extreme—the artist militant and the artist contemplative.' No one will question the militancy of Mr. Toscanini art, no one the contemplative profundity of Brahms. The two could not mix. It was to be expected that they would.

The score of the D major symphony was a sealed volume to the militant Italian till he reached the last movement, when his pent up energies burst their shackles and he thundred the rushing figuration in a truly temperamental style. But the other three movements were, to put it plainly, deadly dull. There was finish in the technical presentation of them, much better playing indeed, in the third movement than this too liberally praised orchestra had done here before; but there was no adequate publication of the poetic reflections of Brahms.

Mr. Toscanini sought by superfine polish and by laborious search after a vocal cantilena to disclose the beauties of the music; but they were merely suggested. The strength of the deep feeling which is so foreign in its character to the sensual emotion of the Italian soul was not for Mr. Toscanini to grasp. It was a well rehearsed performance, excellent in many respects, but it was not Brahms. The audience received it as a revelation, which to most of the hearers it probably was.

New Contralto Makes Debut.

Three musical entertainments, not in the orchestral field, took place yesterday. In Aeolian Hall in the afternoon Miss Frieda Klink, mezzo contralto, gave her first recital here. This artist, who is from the middle west, has received her training in this country. Seldom has a new singer the good fortune to make such a favorable impression at a debut as did she yesterday. She disposed a beautiful voice, fine vocal skill, taste, intelligence and musical feeling.

At the Princess Theatre Paul Reimers, tenor, with Maurice Eisner at the piano, gave a well chosen programme of songs, including Poldowiski's "Colombine" and Massager's "La Maison Grise," both of which were repeated. Clear ennunciation, a knowledge of phrasing and delicate sentiment, were the features of his work, which interested a large audience. In the evening at Aeolian Hall the New York Chamber Music Society, with Carolyn Beebe, director and pianist, gave a second concert and and audience of excellent size attended. The members of the society played, with their admirable skill in ensemble, a well selected list of musical works for different combinations of instruments. It comprised Rohr's "Nonetto" in F, opus. 31, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and strings; Brahms's A minor trio, opus. 114, for piano, clarinet and cello, and Stevens Taylor's suite, "Through the Looking Glass," written by the composer for the entire force of the society.

Paul Reimers, a tenor long familiar to this public, reappeared at the Princess yesterday afternoon in an "intimate song recital," accompanied by Maurice Eisner. Mr. Reimers sang airs in Italian, Spanish, French and German, including two of Richard Strauss, as well as old English and Scotch pieces, and John Mokrejs's "Southern Lullaby."

BANKS GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Biggest Audience in Its History Enjoys a Diversified Program.

The New York Banks Glee Club, opening a forty-second season before what was said to be the largest audience in its history, was heard last evening at Carnegie Hall in favorite part-songs of other days, conducted by Bruno Huhn and assisted by Grace Northrup, soprano, and William Roberts, bass, as well as by Elsie Hilger, 'cello.

The club showed high artistic purpose in classic pieces from Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn" to an old Netherl. "Prayer of Thansgiving," while of current interest were the late Horatio Parker's "Awake," Victor Harris's "To Diane," Palmgren's "Finnish Lullaby," newly arranged by Kurt Schindler, and Cecil Forsyth's "Tinker Tailor." Miss Hilger gave instrumental solos by Tschaikovsky, Tartini and Popper, and Miss Northrup sang the air of Nedda from "Pagliacci."

Jan 15 1921

By H. T. Finck

Kurt Schindler's Mistake

It isn't pleasant to go up or downtown in a jammed elevated or subway car, but we all have to do it, even if we are among the millionaires, for automobiles cannot travel fast enough in the congested streets. There is no need, however, of establishing the same crowded conditions in a concert hall. Last night the part of Carnegie Hall behind the seats was one surging mass of struggling men and women, all of whom would have been in time to take their seats if it had not pleased Kurt Schindler to ignore (without warning) the universal rule of beginning a concert ten minutes later than the advertised hour. The result was that in the turmoil and noise it was impossible to enjoy the first and probably best part of the programme, consisting of choral numbers from the operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff. There were four of them, and, to add insult to injury, Mr. Schindler had them all sung before he allowed one-third of his audience to sit down and hear the music. These numbers were not connected in any way, and there was no reason whatever for not seating the audience after the first or the second. If Mr. Schindler thinks there is anything artistic about such an attitude he is mistaken; it was simply foolishness and a lack of courtesy to the audience.

Mr. Schindler has a passionate propensity toward making everlasting programmes. It was this that led him to his precipitate beginning, his impolite and impolitic treatment of the audience. Last night's concert of the Schola Cantorum may have lasted till midnight for all we know. One of its numbers was Rachmaninoff's "All Night Vigil," six numbers of which were sung, and admirably sung by the Schindler choir, reinforced by a boy choir of twenty-five voices from St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church (John Philip Foley, choir master). In his programme notes Mr. Schindler swears that compared to the full grown maturity of Rachmaninoff's work the older settings by Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff "seem like children's work, beautiful though they be." There is certainly much that is interesting in this music. The climax comes in the second number, "Glory be to God", in which there is a splendid outburst of polyphonic sonority.

Mr. Schindler has reason to congratulate himself on the success of his choir, in this *a capella* music in preserving the pitch without instrumental support. Nina Koschetz, who is said to be famous in Russia, sang a group of songs by Rachmaninoff which did not entrance except in a "Vocalise" without words, which was effective. Her voice is not of remarkable beauty. She also sang songs by Metner, Stravinsky, and Moussorgsky, and there was a final group of folk songs and dances.

"Don Carlos" a Success

With the aid of Caruso, Mr. Gatti-Casazza succeeded a few years ago in restoring to favor Verdi's long neglected "La Forza del Destino." He has now accomplished a greater feat still in making a success of Verdi's "Don Carlos," never before heard at the Metropolitan and considered hopeless by other managers. Last night it had its third hearing before a huge and enthusiastic audience. This opera was the predecessor of Verdi's masterwork, "Aida," which will be sung tonight. Why not have a Verdi cycle?

The first subscription concert of the Schola Cantorum took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme was devoted wholly to Russian music. Kurt Schindler, the director of the organization, has made a special study of Russian music and had been at great pains to make a collection of short numbers of varying interest and character. The first group comprised four choruses from operas of Rimsky-Korsakov, all saturated with Russianism in meody and feeling, and very well sung.

A hint of one of the most interesting of Russian religious observances was given by the singing of six anthems from Rachmaninov's music for the "All Night Vigil." These anthems proved particularly interesting by reason of their masterly part writing, their opposition of groups of voices, and their extraordinary polyphonic developments. They are gems in that great treasury of peculiarly individual and beautiful church music which the great religion of the north has accumulated.

There was also a group of Russian folk songs, including some choral dances. Variety was further added to the programme by the singing of solos by Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano. She was heard in a group of six lyrics by Rachmaninov, in another group by Metner, Shavinsky and Moussorgsky, and in some incidental solos in the folk music group. Mme. Koshetz is a singer of great experience and showed serself to be in complete sympathy with the music entrusted to her. It must be admitted, however, that her voice did not seem always to be quite fresh. The audience was large and generaus.

Texas Pianist Makes Debut.

Harold Morris, a young Texan pianist who took highest honors at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, gave his first recital here yesterday before a large audience in Aeolian Hall. His name is not unknown here as his "Poem for Orchestra" was played recently by the New York Philharmonic as it had been before by several orchestras through the country. His numerous other compositions include a sonata for piano. Yesterday he gave an admirable programme including Brahms's F minor sonata as the principal number. Griffes's "The White Peacock" and "The Night Winds" and works by Chopin. His playing made a favorable impression. He did not show that he is a brilliant technician nor a deeply emotionel interpreter; but he showed intelligence and he was thoroughly in earnest in his effacement of himself and in his sympathy with the different composers whose music he delivered.

"Don Carlos" at the Opera House.

Verdi's "Don Carlos" had its third performance of this season last night at the Metropolitan Opera. The cast was the same as for the previous performances, including Mr. Didur, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. de Luca, Miss Ponselle and Mme. Matzenauer.

By Richard Aldrich

The Schola Cantorum.

The Schola Cantorum entered upon its twelfth season under Mr. Kurt Schindler's direction last evening, with its concert in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Schindler's tireless energy in seeking unfamiliar fields of choral music led him this time to Russia, and the concert was devoted to songs and chorusses of Russian composers and also settings of Russian folksongs. In the solo songs Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano, was heard.

Mr. Schindler's tireless energy is matched by his unquenchable enthusiasm, which sometimes has led him into giving in his programs far too much, and too much of the same kind. That was in some degree the case last night. The program began with a series of four choral numbers from three of Rimsky Korsakoff's operas; there were six songs by Rachmaninoff, followed by six anthems by the same composer, sung for the first time in America, from the "all night vigil,' a service preceding the great holidays. Songs by Metner, Stravinsky and Moussorgsky followed, and a group of Russian folksongs and dances for chorus.

Rimsky Korsakoff's choruses have undergone much modification at Mr. Schindler's hands—the addition of male voices (representing the orchestra) to female choruses, and the insertion of variations being noted. They are charming choruses and were effective enough in Mr. Schindler's way to suggest a desire to hear them in Rimsky Korsakoff's, with an orchestra.

The chorus sang these and the other numbers with an excellent finish and precision not always or wholly familiar in its previous concerts. The quality of the voices is good, though not of the greatest brilliancy and warmth, and the female voices outshine the male, which have hardly the weight needed for the balance. The singing of the chorus, however, indicated an improvement that could not be other than gratifying to its friends.

For the six anthems by Rachmaninoff Mr. Schindler could not find praise enough in his program note. They are indeed noble and dignified pieces of sacred music of the highest type; and they were sung in a style wholly suited to them. But six in such a concert were too many, and they pallcd before the last was finished. In these Mr. Schindler had the assistance of Dr. John Philip Foley's boy choir from St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, and of Judson House, tenor, in several solos.

Mme. Koshetz, who made her first New York appearance on this occasion, is an opera singer as well as a singer of songs, of note in Russia. Her voice seems to tend somewhat toward the mezzo quality and range. It is hardly notable for richness, color or beauty; its upper tones are among its least agreeable ones. Nor is the vocal technique

always of high finish. But there is a dramatic quality in the voice that responds closely to Mme. Koshetz's strongly dramatic temperament. In this respect she produces some remarkable effects.

Some of Mr. Rachmaninoff's songs were sung for the first time in this country and gave pleasure by their poetical expressiveness. A singularly beautiful effect was that of the "vocalise" song by Mme. Koshetz without words—an attempt to treat the human voice instrumentally, and yet with due consideration for the nature of the instrument. A "Pastoral" by Stravinsky practically an experiment in the same direction. Mme. Koshetz sang three songs by Moussorgsky in a very realistic manner; doubtless the manner the composer intended for them; it gives a certain non-musical effect and induces speculation as to how much the music really adds to the declamation of the verses. Mme. Koshetz was much applauded for her singing and was many times recalled. So was Mr. Schindler.

It was announced that after the concert a collection would be taken up for the European Relief Fund.

HAROLD MORRIS HEARD.

Pianist Gives Excellent Program at Aeolian Hall.

Harold Morris, who is known as an author of numerous musical works, made his New York debut as a pianist in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, offering a program which embraced selections from Rameua-Godowsky, Gluck, Bach-Busoni, Brahms, Chopin, Charles T. Griffes and Cyril Scott. Mr. Morris, who is American born and American schooled, is a graduate of the Texas University, also the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, has played many times in New York at social and private affairs and his composition, "Poem for Orchestra," has been heard with various symphony orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Cincinnati Orchestras. His clear, direct manner of handling the keyboard, his poetic coloring and big climaxes mark him as distinct among the season's new concert pianists.

The heavy and intricate "Toccata and Fugue" by Bach-Busoni, as well as the Brahms sonata in F minor, won for him the approval of a large mid-week audience.

Willem Mengelberg conducted his second programme yesterday afternoon with the National Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. He began his entertainment with the first symphony of Gustave Mahler, which Mr. Stransky had directed in the same place on the last day of 1920. Of course it was merely a coincidence that two conductors selected the same composition to be given within two weeks. It is always a coincidence. Conductors are never guilty of intentional rivalry in their interpretations.

But why go to so much trouble over Mahler's first symphony? To be sure, it is not so great a bore as some of his later and more ponderous efforts. It is tiresome just because it is childish. It suggests to the hearer a metaphysician trying to be sportive. The composer wrestles with folk themes, throws them and rolls them on the polyphonic mat and looks for applause. But when all is finished the verdict might be summed up in a slight transposition of certain famous words of Beethoven, "Mehr Mahlerel als Ausdruck der Empfindung," which cannot be translated.

Mr. Mengelberg believes in Mahler. He has long labored to convince music lovers in Amsterdam that they ought to share his faith. Naturally he makes some movement in the same direction here, especially since symphonic material possessing the attraction of unfamiliarity is not plentiful. Mr. Mengelberg may not have known that Mr. Mahler hailed Mr. Stransky as the one man who understood his music. But let that pass.

Mr. Mengelberg's reading of the first symphony was most sympathetic. It had been as carefully rehearsed as the union of musicians would permit it to be, and it was generally well played. But all the finesse of the anxiously analyzed presentation accomplished nothing but a more complete exposure of the bald spots. The performance deepened the conviction that in time Mr. Mengelberg will improve the playing of the orchestra. To raise it to the first rank there will have to be some sweeping changes in the organization, and probably no one knows that better than the new conductor.

Another violinist from Russia was introduced at this concert. His name is Alexander Schmuller, who made his American debut. He was heard in the Tschaikowsky concerto, which all violinists know is formidably difficult. Few moments of the work had passed before all well informed listeners realized that Mr. Schmuller must have selected it because it was hard, for it quickly became clear that this was a violin virtuoso of the "brilliant" type. His technic is his chief capital. He plays with a good, if not great tone, with generally accurate intonation, with a masterly command of intricacies, with an elastic bow, with a swiftness and certainly altogether exhilarating. In the pages asking for poetic expression Mr. Schmuller attained a moderate degree of sentiment. His playing has glittering surface, but no great depth. Of course he was heartily applauded, and there were even flowers waiting to be carried up by the gentle ushers. The concert was brought to an end with Liszt's "Les Preludes," a choice which may have meant a challenge to "the greatest Liszt conductor that ever lived."

Matzenauer in Stransky Songs.

The 1,463d concert of the Philharmonic Society was attended by a large audience in Carnegie Hall last evening. The soloist of the evening was Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan. She sang first three songs by Josef Stransky, conductor of the Philharmonic, namely, "Thy Fragrant Hair," "To Solitude" and "Hymnus." Of these the first and third were new. All were received by the audience with much applause. Mme. Matzenauer's second contribution was "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," which taxes the upper tones of her voice severely.

The orchestra numbers were the F major symphony of Brahms, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's overture "Carnival." There are two ways of playing the first movement of the third symphony of Brahms, either very vigorously, even rudely, or in a feeble, emasculated fashion in which all force is sacrificed to polish. It is a rare thing to find a conductor steering a middle course, but Berlioz remarked long ago that it required much time to discover musical Mediterraneans and great skill to navigate them. Mr. Stransky adopted the vigorous method last evening and adhered to it throughout the symphony. The results were of the kind much admired by the public just now, but they did not give perfect joy to Brahms devotees.

Recital by Edward Morris.

Edward Morris, who gave a piano recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall, varied his programme by giving as an opening group four selections from Schubert, including the Impromptu, opus 142, and following it by his principal number, another work by the same master, which was the seldom heard but beautiful A major sonata, opus 120. All the Schubert music was on the whole extremely well played, except Liszt's transcription of the "Erlking," where there were slips in notes and not enough dramatic power. Among some pieces by present day composers two very effective ones—George Boyle's "Spring Breeze" and Dirk Foch's "The Blacksmith"—were brilliantly given and had to be repeated.

By Richard Aldrich

Mr. Mengelberg Conducts Again.

For his second program into the National Symphony Orchestra Mr. Mengelberg played Mahler's First Symphony, and — quite unnecessarily, for with Tschalkonsky's violin concerto, the concert was considerably too long—Liszt's symphonic poem, "Leo Preludes."

If the matter of necessity comes up, it might also be questioned why Mahler's Symphony had to be played at all. Mr. Stansky got ahead of the visiting conductor in recalling this work to the memories of New York about two weeks ago. New York had heard it played by the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of the composer himself, ten years or so ago. It never made a deep impression here.

Mr. Mangelberg conducted it with great ardor and with a determination, successfully achieved, to throw the strongest possible light upon every aspect of it, to make every effort stand out in the highest relief, and to cause every phrase and every section speak with all the eloquence that could be attributed to them. The result was one of the most excellent performances that the orchestra has achieved; excellent in most of the qualities of orchestral playing.

It did much for the symphony, but it could not carry conviction of its musical value. The greater brilliancy, stress and vehemence the more skillfully conceived and executed reading than that recently heard here only made more evident the rather moderate musical value and intrest of the work.

Notwithstanding its great length—something over an hour—this symphony is considerably easier to listen to and to enjoy than most of Mahler's later attempts of the same kind, and there is less of commonplace and less of the eclectic hospitality to other men's ideas than in them. The orchestra made a considerably better showing on this occasion than it did in Mr. Mengelberg's first concert.

Alexander Schmuller, a Russian violinist, was the soloist, making his first appearance in this country. He played Tschaikowsky's concerto very capably with a broad, penetrating tone, abundant dexterity and plenty of the brisk sentiment that belongs to it, and with some of the tempos rather broader than they are sometimes taken, not to the detriment of the effect. In passages of the more intricate sort his tone was apt to be neglected and to lose in quality, but the performance on the whole was one that deserved most of the liberal applause given it.

The Philharmonic Society.

The excellent idea occurred to Mr. Stransky to play at last night's concert of the Philharmonic Society Brahms's third symphony in F; an idea that seems to have shown great originality, since most other conductors in and out of New York are putting such stress on the first, second and fourth symphonies of the same master. And yet the third symphony is quite as well worth a hearing as the others. Mr. Stransky conducted the performance zealously and energetically.

Unfortunately, its qualities were not equal to the zeal and energy that he put into it; and the result came rather lamely forth. There was a singular muddiness and indecision in the inner voices of the orchestra throughout the performance, and especially in the first movement. Such performances are an education in Brahms in the wrong direction.

Three of Mr. Stransky's songs with orchestral accompaniment were sung by Mme. Matzenauer — "Thy Fragrant Flower," the verses by Hartleben, translated by H. E. Krehbiel; "To Solitude," verses by Sigmund Spaeth, and "Hymnus," verses by W. E. Henley; though it should be said that Henley's verses have been rather cavalierly treated by the composer and emerge in the song quite differently from their reading in print. Of these songs the first and last were entered on the program as new, and performed from manuscript.

None of the three seems to show so much originality and musical significance as the songs of the same kind by Mr. Stransky sung by Mme. Matzenauer some seasons ago. "To Solitude" is composed with a complicated orchestral accompaniment, elaborately polyphonic in its structure; it was the one that pleased the audience most. Mme. Matzenauer sang them all with rich sonorous voice, though not with the clearest enunciation of the English text. She sang also "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" from Weber's "Oberon," in which she has before been heard in concert.

The orchestral numbers included also Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Dvorak's overture, "Carnival."

EDWARD MORRIS PLEASES.

American Pianist Gives a Home-coming Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Edward Morris, pioneer of last year's "American invasion" in London, where he earned golden opinions of Ernest Newman and others, if not the gold of current exchange, gave a home-coming recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He is a player of transparent truth, gifted with sensitive touch, a "sixth sense," indeed, for the hidden melody in things most familiar, such as two Schubert groups, Chopin's "Winter Wind" and A flat study, and even a closing Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube." Among modern descriptive pieces, a musical audience redemanded both George Boyle's "Spring Breeze" and Dirk Foch's cubist "Blacksmith."

It was in the earlier Schubert sonata, Op. 120, in A major, that Mr. Morris gave rare pleasure, restoring to the melodious work something analogous to perfume in a flower. He prefaced it with Schubert's "Impromptu," Op. 142, and two "Musical Moments," as well as his "Erl King" transcribed by Liszt.

CLAUDIA MUZIO SINGS AIDA.

Warmly Welcomed in Her First Role This Season at Metropolitan.

Claudia Muzio, cordially welcomed on her return to the Metropolitan last evening, made her first appearance of the season in the name part of "Aida," Verdi's opera was sung for the fourth time, others in the cast being the Misses Gordon and Harvard, Messrs. Crimi, Danise, Mardones and Gustafson, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

A matinee "Aida" is now announced for Thursday, Jan. 27, when the singers will be Muzio, Matzenauer, Crimi, Danise and Rothier. Tomorrow evening, a special "Tosca" will be sung by Easton, Chamlee and Scotti at the Brooklyn Academy, in lieu of the performance of "Elisir d'Amore" on Dec. 11 last, which was interrupted by the illness of Caruso.

Elizabeth Gibbs, a mezzo-contralto, well known in oratorio and concert work, gave an exceptionally pleasing recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her program was well adapted to the rich quality of a voice full of somber appeal and dramatic possibilities.

In the first group of songs, "Secrecy," by Hugo Wolf, and "A Maid's Song," by Grieg, were most enjoyable, while a group of four French songs showed a fine appreciation of the sentiment expressed.

Among the composers represented were Rachmaninoff, Dargomijsky, Foote, Manney, Carpenter and Rantock.

Richard Hageman, with whom Miss Gibbs has studied, accompanied.

By MAX SMITH.

WILLEM MENGELBERG failed to show his hand last Tuesday. He was a victim of circumstances.

Yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall in another, and altogether too long programme, he not only revealed his hand, but his fist.

No other conductor in recent years, save Toscanini, who is in a class by himself, has achieved such notable results as Mr. Mengelberg achieved on this occasion in Mahler's First Symphony and in Liszt's "Les Preludes."

And no other orchestra, whether better or not man for man, has played in the same period as well as the National Symphony did under the persuasive and compelling guidance of the little Hollander.

It now remains to be seen whether the public will stand by a musician of Mengelberg's calibre, a musician whose coming ought to be hailed with hosannas.

For once let us all get together and show that we can appreciate what is really good instead of wasting a lot of breath over mediocrities.

How, indeed, can we hope to hold the great men in this country unless we give them actual support, support that flows through the box office?

Or do we prefer to have the blood in our veins run cold and sluggish?

The National Symphony Orchestra (and let them beware lest the people of Boston, sick unto death of existing conditions, outstrip them) should bring over next season not only Willem Mengelberg, but Arturo Toscanini and, if possible, Arthur Nikisch, too.

Then let us see whether there would be a shortage of subscribers!

Jan 15 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Le Coq d'Or," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

The Princess	Mabel Garrison, Rosina Galli
The King	Didur, Adolf Bohm
Amelia	Kathleen Howard, Florence Rudolph
The Astrologer	Raphael Diaz, Giuseppe Bonfiglio
The Prince	Pietro Audisio, Agnini
The General	Vincenzo Reschiglian, Ottokar Bartik
The Golden Cock	Marie Sundelius

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Le Coq d'Or" proved themselves able to draw many people through rainy streets to the Metropolitan last evening. In the Mascagni opera Miss Rosa Ponselle sang *Santuzza* for the first time here. Her essay at the part was one of the most praiseworthy achievements of her still brief operatic career. There was a truer dramatic ring in her tones than there has been in any of the elder operas. Of course there is a reason and it is not difficult to find. In the music of Verdi, Weber and Halevy a soprano must exhibit vocal resource, of which Miss Ponselle has little, while in the violent art of Mascagni refinements are lost and rude vigor counts for much. But Miss Ponselle must be credited with sincerity in her impersonation.

The other members of the cast were those already heard this season. Miss Flora Perini as *Lola*, Mr. Gigli as *Turiddu* and Mr. Chalmers as *Alfio* wert the principals. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rimsky-Korsakov's pantomime ballet opera, as it is in the current version, was given for the first time this season. The cast of singers included Miss Mabel Garrison as the *Princess*, Mr. Didur as the *King* and Mme. Kathleen Howard as *Amelfa*. The dancers or pantomimists for the corresponding parts were Miss Rosina Galli, Adolph Bohn and Miss Florence Rudolph. Mme. Sundelius intoned the various warnings of the golden bird.

"Le Coq d'Or" is one of the works which appeal strongly to the music lover. The delightful melody of the score coupled with the great ingenuity displayed in the use of delineative themes are sources of constant interest, while the aptness with which all the music fits the action should be patent to the most casual observer. The work is excellently performed at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Danish Soprano's Recital.

Miss Birgit Engell, a Danish soprano who made her American debut in a recital at Carnegie Hall on November 22, gave her second recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme began with airs by Handel, after which she sang songs by John Alden Carpenter, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Walter Kramer, Percy Grainger and Grieg. A second hearing of this singer served to confirm the impression made earlier in the season.

Miss Engell did not sing technically as well yesterday as she did in November. She lost the pitch more frequently and her tones seemed to be produced at times with difficulty. The upper tones again suffered from occasional pinching, while again the lower register of her exceptionally good voice proved to be of unusual beauty and value in expression.

Miss Engell's singing was interesting, as it was before, by reason of the strong

dramatic feeling which was revealed by it. She is an interpreter whose emotional eloquence is of more than ordinary excellence, while she possesses superior skill in the coloring of tone, an asset which she uses with influence and almost always with artistic judgment. Her treatment of text was also praiseworthy. The auditor at one of Miss Engell's recitals will undoubtedly find technical defects, but he will listen with absorption to renderings which have clear and often affecting significance. Conrad Bos played most sympathetic accompaniments yesterday.

Philharmonic Concert.

Josef Stransky appeared again yesterday as composer and conductor at the Philharmonic's concert in Carnegie Hall, when as the soloist Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan repeated from the society's Thursday concert his three songs. All three were again warmly received. Mme. Mazenauer sang them with excellent skill. The singer was heard later as *Brynhild* in the immolation scene from Wagner's "The Dusk of the Gods." Some of the music lies too high for her voice, but she sang it much better than she did at a Philharmonic concert last Saturday. The symphony, Schumann's first, received a performance which was hardly as joyous as it should have been. The orchestra also played Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun."

Birgit Engell's Recital.

Birgit Engell, a Danish lyric soprano, gave her second recital in New York yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Her voice has excellent qualities, beauty of tone and cultivation: it is used with skill and taste and is an instrument well under her command in the interpretation of a wide variety of styles. Miss Engell showed in her singing that she is a real interpreter of feeling, taste and artistic insight. Her singing of the recitative and air from Handel's "Hercules," "My Father, Ah, Methinks I See," was the accomplishment of a difficult task with success. The long and sustained phrases were sung with equable tone and excellent declamation. The air, "As When the Dove," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," called for a lighter and more rapid style, in which she also succeeded.

Miss Engell's singing of songs disclosed ability to enter into the mood and to reproduce it in her singing. There were four engrossing songs by John Alden Carpenter, original in design and in harmony, on her program, which she sang charmingly, "Les Silhouettes," "To a Young Gentleman," a Chinese fantasy, in which she quite caught the quaint exotic flavor; "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes," of delicate tenderness, and "Serenade." These and the airs by Handel she sang in English that, though it showed some foreign accent, was clear and well enunciated.

Two songs by Mendelssohn and three by Schubert she sang in German; those by Schubert with an especial charm; neither the "Wieganbrid" nor the "Seligkeit" is among the better known. Her last group was of songs by Kramer, Grainger and Grieg. Mr. Bos played her accompaniments in his excellent way.

Yvonne de Treville

Of French and American parentage and born in Texas, Yvonne de Treville made American singing famous at the Brussels Opera House; also in Sweden and Russia. For years she was the leading colorature soprano of the Brussels Opera. She is still in her prime, and the way she sang in Aeolian Hall last night, a charming and remarkably effective florid song, "Villanelle," by Eva del Acqua, explained her foreign popularity. Clear as a bell was her voice and there was the spontaneity of utterance and the vocal flexibility which are essential to real *bel canto*. She began boldly with American songs by Will Marion Cooke, Loomis, and MacDowell, Warford and Gena Branscombe. There was a Polish group, including Paderewski's charming "Lune Froide" and other numbers that greatly pleased the audience, which insisted on encore after encore. Miss de Treville's style is essentially French—graceful and piquant; and this, combined with her lovely voice, makes her art sure of its appeal to the public.

'TRUMPETER OF SAKKINGEN.'

Mrs. Hammerstein Gives a Good Production of Nessler's Operetta.

Nessler's "Trumpeter of Sakkingen" was sung at the Manhattan last night. It's German students' and troopers' chorus conducted by Otto Wick, with Oscar Hofman in the title part and Mary Schiller as his highborn Gretchen, here called Marie. Salvatore Sollo, Harriet Behnee, Max Schwarz and Louis Richling were the titled folk of the Rhineland, and Stage Manager Kurt Gordon acted the trumpeter's soldier comrade, with whom the Heidelberg youth went a-courting and fighting in the Thirty Years' War.

Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, from her box, witnessed with a large audience the best staged production yet given by the modest company that is occupying a month's interval before the Chicago star's arrival. In an interview yesterday Mrs. Hammerstein said that "unjust demands" of stage-hands for overtime pay were making opera impossible and that, unless these demands ceased, she was prepared "to turn the Manhattan into a soap factory."

The Chicagoans, however, will soon take over the theatre for six weeks, followed by a return of Pavlowa. So the famous house of Oscar Hammerstein will remain a temple of music at least until Spring.

"Le Coq d'Or" was preceded by a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," sung by Mmes. Ponselle, Perini and Mattfeld and Messrs. Gigli and Chalmers, Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

Jan 16 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's issue

For thirteen years Charpentier's "Louise," so far as New York is concerned, has been monopolized by the opera company in one or another of its metamorphoses which Oscar Hammerstein called into being at the Manhattan Opera House. Mary Garden, Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, Charles Dalmores and Charles Gilibert fixed the types for its principal characters and fixed them so firmly that they will remain in the popular fancy until another generation shall succeed to the present, if the opera shall happily live so long. During all this period there has been an insistent demand that the work be incorporated into the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House, where Mr. Gatti has now placed it, disclosing it publicly for the first time yesterday afternoon. There can be no question that a great many operagoers consider it an admirable work; some, perhaps, believe it to be a great work. We do not think there is a single element in its composition entitling it to such a distinction; but there is enough ingenuity and charm in its book and music to entitle it to be seen and heard long and often enough to betray its hollowness and insincerity. As yet there is alluring glitter upon its surface, even though the tinsel be apparent to every discerning eye.

Its Scenic Effects

Mr. Gatti and his forces have shown a keen appreciation of the superficial sheen of the opera and made an heroic effort to discover all that bears a resemblance to fine metal in the play and its musical integument. They have made much of the picture of Paris, viewed from the heights of Montmartre, so much, indeed, that it would be ungracious to ask for more. They have called for the best that scene painters, costumers and choreographers could do to throw a glamour over the incident in which all the rays of the play are brought to a focus—the festival at which the muse of Montmartre is crowned.

This scene is the germ from which the opera was developed and was conceived a dozen years before it. Its dramatic significance is slight, but it provides the high light without which the drama would have been in danger of seeming commonplace and prosaic, since M. Charpentier lacked the power to imbue his story with the pathos and passion which a finer and more fecund genius might have poured into it. Remove the roystering fête, the first scene of the second act, with its exposition of the night life of the wretched denizens of the city, scavengers, charwomen, rag-pickers, set against the symbolism embodied in the character called Le Noctambule, and eliminate the scene in the dressmaker's shop—all negligible factors in the drama—and there would be little left of "Louise." Yet in that little, comprised in two brief acts, the first and last, there lies all that is strong, vital and homogeneous in the play.

The External Elements

Real strength and vitality are not present to the same extent in the music of these acts, however, and so a manager may be said to be wise who lays as much stress as possible upon the external elements. Mr. Gatti and Mr. Wolff have done this—indeed, they have slightly overdone it, we are inclined to think. When Mr. Campanini brought "Louise" forward for Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, in January, 1908, he omitted the scene in which the nocturnal wanderer who proclaims himself to be the Pleasure of Paris, the Soul of the City, comes into contact with the misery of the poor wretches on Montmartre, and also, we think, shortened the duet which brings the third act to a close. Mr. Gatti has preserved the integrity of the opera. Le Noctambule appeals to the imagination, and we should not like to part with him; but we could easily spare more than one-half of the rhapsodic chatter of Julien and Louise after the latter has sung "Depuis le Jour."

Yesterday the performance lasted over three hours and a half. This seemed much too long to persons not inclined to believe that Paris, its pleasures and passions, lights, lures and licentiousness, its gayety and glamour are fit subjects for glorification in the Wagnerian manner and with more than Wagnerian verbosity.

Wagner Merely Suggested

To us it has always seemed as if Wagner might have hymned even the sublimated love of Tristram and Yseult in a simpler way than his "wrought riddles made of night and day" and his preachment about Nirvana. But Wagner was proclaiming the passion of persons lifted high above the plane of ordinary lovers and at least sent a lava stream of melody pouring through his love-duet.

Charpentier's effort to copy his manner suggests a pygmy playing with Jove's thunderbolts. He has nothing to hurl them at, even if he had the strength to wield them, and in his hands they become mere *brutum fulmen*.

For the staging of "Louise" and the dramatic movement in the scenes which are spectacular there can, or should, be nothing but enthusiastic praise. We do not recall that, so far as the material allowed, Mr. Gatti's people have ever displayed finer imagination and exercised better judgment and taste than in the Montmartre incidents which ought not be, but are, the heart of the opera.

The play calls for an unconscionable number of performers, but Mr. Gatti found it possible effectively to enlist them all. Inevitably, of course, the titular rôle fell to the lot of Miss Farrar. Inevitably, also, that was bound to happen which did happen: the lady robbed the character of the element essential to the winning of sympathy with it by much sophistication in dress and action.

We should like to avoid all comparisons, but that between her conception of the sewing girl who is seduced by the artist and the life of the city and Miss Garden's would not stay out of mind. That the humble life of her home and the trials created by an ill-natured mother were irksome to her nature, fired by a passion which was new, strange and overwhelming, Miss Garden disclosed in her every posture and act of the opening scenes. She was petulant, but her love for her father was obvious, and the simple nature of a girl brought up in a humble environment was evident in everything she did.

Farrar a Pretty Picture

The Louise of Miss Farrar from the moment of her entrance indicated that the lure of the city was not a new experience. And honest sewing girls' wages would not have dressed her as she was dressed—at least not in Paris in the year 1900. Though there was no automobile in her attic room, we fancy she found one downstairs waiting for her whenever she went to work without the chaperonage of her mother. She made a pretty picture, of course, and there was something like warmth in her love protestations in front of the humble home on the heights and a ruddier glow when she gave way to the ecstasy which maddened her father and broke his heart at last. But she made no tragic portrait.

Dramatic portraiture was scant indeed in all of the impersonations except that of the mother offered by Mme. Bérat. But Mme. Bérat's performance was familiar and has long been deservedly admired. The character of Julien is scantily and unconvincingly drawn by the author, but scarcely so colorlessly as by Mr. Harrold, who has not yet penetrated its exterior and is as yet wholly at a loss as to how to give the semblance of a filling to its poetically hollow inside.

Mr. Whitehill bodied forth the humanliness of the father excellently in song, but seemed experimental in dramatic gesture and was alternately too continent or excessive. Of the minor characters the best assumption was that of Miss Ellis as the gamin of the first scene and the dressmaker's errand girl in the second of Act II. Mr. Octave Dua was originally cast for the noctambulist and the master of the revels in the Montmartre fête, but was replaced by Mr. Diaz, who showed himself thoroughly capable. Much intelligent devotion to the music was displayed by Mr. Wolff and it met its reward in the work of the orchestra and the vocal ensemble.

The opera was received with large and generous enthusiasm. No doubt it has come for a considerable stay.

By James Gibbons Huneker

SOME AMERICANS ON MONTMARTRE.

"Louise," which its librettist-composer aptly calls a musical romance, was sung at the matinee yesterday in the Metropolitan Opera House. This was the first time in years and the first time with Geraldine Farrar in the name part, Director Mary Garden having been her predecessor. The opera on this occasion was conducted by Mr. Wolff and was smooth, and the production amazingly fine; perhaps too smooth, for as a whole the performance lacked Gallic accent and dramatic relief—in a word, the intangible something known as atmosphere. This, however, was not because of the chorus, the decoration or the orchestra, but because of the principals. Several Americans in the cast climbed Montmartre, and when they reached the top they were still Americans.

There isn't the slightest doubt that Miss Farrar will present us with a more finished portrait of the girl who threw her bonnet over the windmill. Her Louise is a cloudy conception. She is certainly not French; to be sure, the arch, vivacious grisette is a literary and theatrical convention for which Henri Murger and Laurence Sterne are responsible. The Latin Quartier is a fiction and the Bohemia of Montmartre an elaborate hoax for the benefit of American tourists (usually oversexed, mature married men who are churchly and social pillars at home). Nevertheless, Louise was a Paris product, full of joy of life and romantic to the teeth. But she was also a rebel, an arch rebel. Miss Farrar shows us the sentimental side of the foolish girl; the other element is suppressed. Until the very end we believe that such a soft heart would never have rebelled. That Miss Farrar will develop the role we are sure. It was of intermittent interest yesterday, vocally inadequate though dramatically effective in the climax.

But the transitional episodes were ineffective and the modulation to the final outburst was missing. She was tender and touching in the scene with her father, and the escape was all the more surprising. It left us in the air. The duo in Act III. with Orville Harrold missed fire; neither singer had force enough to compass a crescendo, and Mr. Wolff conducted as if "The Dusk of the Gods" was the score. Evidently those rockets that punctured the evening sky of Paris must have been Boches lured to their death by the Wagnerian sound of Charpentier's music. Throughout the idiom is Wagner's, and when it isn't it's trivial. The composer is not original, nor is his book. That sewing-room is lifted from "Les Soeurs Vatand," a novel by Huysmans, even to the music of the alley and the tenor solo. It may be admitted that Charpentier has handled the episode most happily. "Louise" is truly picturesque.

Orville Harrold was more like a middle-aged satyr in pursuit of a pretty midinette than an ebullient student. He made up like Albert Wolff, and when the pair took a curtain call they seemed brothers—or brothers-in-law. The vocal part taxed Mr. Harrold's pleasant voice. He was excellent in the purely lyric passages, but seemed breathless in the big moments. And more than Miss Farrar he suggested the American abroad. Clarence Whitehill made a sterling father, even if he did look like George Bernard Shaw in corduroys. His singing in the last scene was affecting. Yet we cannot truthfully aver that he was Parisian, and "Louisa" is the most Parisian of operas. For that reason Mlle. Rioton, who originated Louise, is nearer the skin of the character than Farrar. And she resisted, as we well remember, the temptation to overdress, which handsome Gerry did not. As a matter of record, the most Gallic artiste on the stage was La Mere Benat, and after her Mary Ellis, who in two roles was astonishingly lifelike—the Gavroche of Parisian gutters and the saucy child of the atelier.

Manager Gatti-Casazza mounted the piece magnificently. The chorus was the chief attraction, thanks to Setti's training and the capital mimicry of minor characters. Octave Dua was ill and Rafaelo Diaz proved welcome in two roles. The others call for no detailed mention except to say that the ensemble was excellent, the stage admirably managed. Nevertheless, it was an American, not a French, interpretation and was enormously applauded. "Louise" is bound to become an attractive feature in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Jan 17 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The Friends of Music.

The Friends of Music moved again for their concert yesterday afternoon, this time to Aeolian Hall, where they enlisted the assistance of M. Bodanzky and a section of the National Orchestra. The newly organized chorus of the Friends of Music also took part, making on this occasion its first appearance.

The program contained some unfamiliar music, both new and old. The old comprised Spohr's overture to his wholly forgotten opera of "Jessonda" and Brahms's short cantata of "Naenie," a setting of Schiller's hexameters, lamenting the perishability of beauty. The new comprised Ferruccio Busoni's concertino for clarinet and small orchestra, and G. Francesco Malipiero's "Grottesco" for small orchestra. Both the new pieces were heard here for the first time.

Busoni's concertino is an unpretending

piece, pleasing in some of its aspects, notably in the sympathy the composer has displayed for the tone and technique of the instrument. Busoni, like some other distinguished pianists, is anxious to shine as a composer and to gain thereby a more durable fame than fate allots to any interpreting artist, however gifted. But, also like some other distinguished pianists, he has failed to convince the world of the superiority of his creative gifts; whereat he is said to sorrow.

It may be feared that this concertino, which was excellently played by Mr. Chiaffarelli, first clarinettist of the orchestra, will not go far toward convincing the world. It seems to lack distinction in its substance; but at least it shows few of the ostentatious extravagances of the modern method.

So much cannot be said for Malipiero's "Grottesco." He seems to have sought for all the extravagant methods to be discovered for being grotesque; and he has been singularly successful. The piece makes little impression as music; and of course the composer has not attempted to have it do so. The various more or less strange combinations of sound that he has evolved are not always pleasant; some may find them "interesting." It is doubtful if they are important.

Mr. Bodanzky, after he had finished it, turned to the audience and said that, on account of its novelty, in justice to the composer, he would play it again; which he did. This justice was not tempered by mercy for the audience. It may be said, however, that there is nothing really difficult of comprehension in this music; nor need it be assumed that because it was not liked it was not understood.

The overture to Spohr's old opera undoubtedly sounds old fashioned, yet is pleasing in its old fashion. The crown and climax of the concert came in Brahms's noble setting of Schiller's stately verses — music of profound beauty, deeply felt and glowingly written, both for chorus and orchestra. The new chorus of about 50 won well deserved admiration. Its training by Mr. Townsend has advanced far in the few months of its existence, and its singing yesterday, which showed some beautiful effects in dynamics and in timbre, promises well for the future. It is going to be a main reliance of the Friends of Music.

Cantors Sing for Hospital.

Seventy men of the Cantors' Association of America, led by Leon Kramer and S. Zilbertz, assisted their famous tenor, Josef Rosenblatt, yesterday afternoon at the Hippodrome in a concert for the benefit of King Solomon Hospital. Three sisters, Elsie, Greta and Marie Hilger, making their bow as the Bohemian Trio, were heard in a theme and variations of Tchaikovsky, while Mr. Rosenblatt gave ritual airs and improvisations, adding an air from "Carmen."

Toscanini Conducts Again.

Arturo Toscanini and the Scala Orchestra gave another extra concert last evening at the Hippodrome, a benefit under distinguished auspices for the Society for Prevention of Tuberculosis. The Italian conductor presented Dvorak's popular symphony "From the New World" and a tone poem, "Juventus," by his countryman, De Sabatta, lately produced here by Damrosch. There were operatic pieces from "Barber of Seville," "Parsifal" and "Damnation of Faust."

Philharmonic Plays Wagner.

The Philharmonic's second all-Wagner matinee filled Carnegie Hall to overflowing yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Stransky presented the composer's "Faust" overture and varied excerpts from six music dramas. The large audience applauded most the "Valkyrie" fire music and preludes to "Master Singers" and "Tannhauser." A two-hour program added selections from "Lohengrin," "Tristan" and "Parsifal."

Brahms's 'Nanie' Serves to Purge Minds of Listeners of the 'Perilous Stuff'

By H. E. Krehbiel

At its third subscription concert, given in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, the Society of the Friends of Music returned to the mission, which it steadily professes but frequently forgets, and gave a hearing to music of a kind to which ordinary concert organizations, from indisposition or inability, give no heed. Under Mr. Bodanzky's direction it brought forward two new compositions, revived an overture which long ago fell into undeserved desuetude and, with the help of a choir which had been trained for the purpose by Mr. Stephen Townsend, of Boston, performed Brahms's "Nänie"—a noble and exquisitely beautiful setting of Schiller's meditation on the brevity of life and the inevitableness of death. This composition, following upon the heels of an orchestral fantastic by Maliepiero, entitled "Grotesco," provided some needed lustral water which purged and purified the minds of the listeners of the perilous stuff poured into it by the Italian revolutionary.

Repetition Seems Unmerited

Properly approached, the "Grotesco" is innocuous enough; but, taking his cue from the appearance of a score or two of persons plainly bent on making a demonstration in favor of modernism, futurism, impressionism, cubism (or whatever one chooses to call it), Mr. Bodanzky announced that "in justice to the composer" he would play it again, and did so.

Why a second hearing should have been thought necessary was not obvious to the discriminating hearers, nor did the composition benefit by the repetition. On the contrary, the applause after the second performance was neither as loud nor as long as after the first. The composition is a perfectly frank experiment in musical caricature, which aims by a series of variations on a theme (which in our mind called up an amusing memory of "The Arkansas Traveler" to be playfully grotesque.

The devices employed by the composer are many—augumentation and diminution of the theme, singular flights of modality, weird harmonization and instrumentation, eccentric rhythms, unexpectedly startling dynamic changes and many more. Instrumental voices are forced into unaccustomed registers, the pianoforte rumbles in its depths after a tumbling glissando, the xylophone injects its macabre sounds, the deep-toned gong spreads a sombre quivering funereal pall over the conclusion of the piece which had begun with dwarfish glee to the cachinnative effect of fiddle bow sticks beaten against the strings, the muted trumpet ever and anon injects an uncanny phrase into the mass of sound and so on, and so on until the composer's bag of tonal tricks is exhausted.

Music for a Grotesque Dance

It is all extremely ingenious and clever and the music would make a capital accompaniment to a grotesque dance of witches, warlocks, ghouls and goblins, but played without such a spectacle after the diversion of ear and fancy is ever one is inclined to ask: Cui bono?

As for originality there was less of it in the piece than in the concertino for clarinet and orchestra (the other novelty) by Busoni, which was poorly played, indeed, by Mr. Chiafarelli and the band, but which would probably have made no deeper impression had it been better done. As it was, it was partly sacrificed, we fear, for the sake of the bit of grotesquerie. As for the overture, Spohr's "Jessonda," it was mercilessly murdered.

It was Schiller's love for classic literature and a desire to bind the German language in tribute to the contours of Greek hexameter verse which led him to write the beautiful threnody to which he gave the title "Nänie." It was Brahms's wish to pour out a musical libation to the manes of an artist who had been dear to him that led him to compose music for the exquisite lamentation. The artist-friend of the composer was Anselm Feuerbach, and the score of the cantata, if we may call it that, bears dedication to the dead painter's mother. In Schiller's poem there is an echo of a Greek art form of such vast antiquity that it may have been borrowed by the people of Hellas from the more ancient Egyptians.

Herodotus, listening in Egypt to the *Maneros*—the lament of Isis on the death of Osiris—recognized in it the melody of the Greek hymn on the death of Linos, mythical son of Apollo and music-master of Orpheus and Herakles.

So popular was this ancient lamentation that the name of the musician became a generic term to describe all threnodies on death. As fully as Schiller did, Brahms entered into the antique spirit, and the performance being excellent and almost wholly worthy of poet and composer, the audience was privileged to leave the concert room feeling spiritually refreshed and uplifted.

Albert Coates to Share Directorship Of N. Y. Symphony

An announcement of the engagement of Albert Coates to be associate conductor of the Symphony Society of New York has been sent to the directors of the society by Mr. Flagler. Mr. Coates, it will be recalled, came to New York a few weeks ago and conducted two concerts on December 30 and January 2. Mr. Flagler's official communication was couched as follows:

"To the Directors of the Symphony Society of New York:

"In accordance with the desire of Mr. Walter Damrosch, expressed to me frequently during the past year, that there should be associated with him another conductor of high artistic rank with whom he could share his constantly expanding work, I am pleased to announce the engagement of Mr. Albert Coates, the eminent conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, of the Royal London Philharmonic Society and of the Royal Opera Covent Garden, to fill the post of associate conductor for the season of 1921-'22.

"Last spring, before Mr. Damrosch sailed, I suggested to him that in furtherance of his wish to share the conductorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra, he make use of the opportunity offered by his European tour to look the field over for an associate who would not only impart novelty to the American season, but who would maintain the musicianly traditions of the Symphony Society.

"With this end in view, his choice fell upon Albert Coates, who had recently returned to London after a long service in the cause of music at Petrograd and to whom an invitation to visit us as guest conductor for a short period this season was extended. Mr. Damrosch's selection has been more than justified by the enthusiastic recognition of Mr. Coates's ability by both press and public and I am glad to avail myself of the option on his services for a period of ten weeks of next season which he gave to Mr. Damrosch last summer before our orchestra left England.

"HARRY HARKNESS FLAGLER,
"President."

Miss Kellogg in Recital

Soprano Includes Four Operatic Arias in Program

Miss Lucile Kellogg, soprano, gave her first recital in New York at the Times Square Theater yesterday afternoon. It is said that she intends to go to Italy in the spring to prepare for her debut in grand opera. No doubt it was with her future in mind that she included four operatic arias in her program, "Vissi d'Arte, from "Tosca"; Elsa's Dream, from "Lohengrin"; "Voi lo sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "L'Insana parola," from "Aida."

Miss Kellogg's voice is a dramatic soprano of wide range and agreeable quality. She was visibly nervous at the beginning of her recital, but displayed possibilities of future accomplishment in her chosen field of music, the operatic stage.

Jan 18 1921

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was sung for the second time this season. The ensemble in general went more smoothly than at the opera's first hearing. The sparkle, gaity and melodious charm of the score were brought out with more finesse. Mme. Alda, singing the title role, found herself again in one of her best parts, artistically. She had capable associates in Mr. Martinelli as the *Chevalier des Grieux* and Mr. Scotti as *Lescaut* Mr. Malatesta was the *Geronte* The brilliant audience seemed to take much pleasure in the performance. Mr. Papi conducted.

Schumann Club Concert.

The Schumann Club, a women's choir of seventy voices, directed by Percy Rector Stephens, gave the first concert of its eighth season last night in Aeolian Hall. The programme contained much interesting variety and was divided into five groups of lyrics transcribed for the chorus by Deems Taylor, namely, old Italian and mediæval, German, French, folksongs, and English, including John Bruce's "Whistle, My Lad," and Harold Smith's "The Page's Road Song." The musical settings showed Mr. Taylor's skillful hand in arrangement and the choir sang them with an encemble notable for good tone, phrasing and nuance. Charles Hart was the accompanist.

English Pianist Makes Debut.

Maurice Reeve, an English pianist, was heard for the first time here in a recital in Acolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He played a prelude and fugue by Bach, Beethoven's sonata "Appassionate," Chopin's G minor ballade, C sharp minor scherzo and six etudes, and pieces by Debussy, Albeniz, de Falla and Moszkowski. Mr. Reeve proved to be a pianist of merit, if not of distinction. He showed a good command of the keyboard, intelligence and taste. There was no important artistic message in his playing.

Ambitious Young Singers Entertain Audience at Biltmore.

The chorus members of "Erminie" at the Park Theatre gave a special concert in a room at the Hotel Biltmore last night to a group of invited guests. The recital consisted of the entire programme of the famous operetta in which Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper are now starring.

The concert, probably the first ever given in unison by such an organization, was brought about by the ambition of most of the young men and women in the chorus to arrive some day at a position where they could give concerts individually. Only about 15 per cent. of the chorus is professional, the remainder being singing students and choir singers ambitious to get on in their profession. None of the principals had any part in the entertainment.

By Richard Aldrich

Issay Mitnitzky's Violin Recital.

One more Russian violinist was added last evening to the long New York roster of such when Issay Mitnitzky made his first appearance here in Carnegie Hall. He is a player without pretense or attempt at self-exploitation, whereby he from the first predisposed his listeners in his favor. He produces a large tone of good quality, and showed himself to be well equipped in technique, except for the bad habit of "sliding" to which he is somewhat addicted. He played largely, but not wholly, in tune; his double stopping was sometimes especially at fault.

His program began with Vitali's "Ciaconna," which he presented in a wholly straightforward manner, hewing close to the line of the text and finding little opportunity for imagination or poetical suggestion; and yet because a work belongs to the pre-classical period such qualities are not necessarily foreign to it. He fortunately put more animation and grace into his performance of Mozart's D-minor sonata; yet here, too, he seemed to have but a dim idea of style, of the essential quality that shines through Mozart's music. No fault certainly could be found with the sincerity and earnestness with which he approached it; but they did not guide him quite aright.

He played, further, Leclair's "Sarabande" and "Tambourin," Wilhelmj's transcription of a nocturne by Chopin, Paganini's "Nel cor piu non mi sento" and smaller pieces. The audience greeted and applauded him with a Slavic loyalty.

WAGNER SEES MARY GARDEN

His Appointment as Her Assistant in Chicago Opera Unsettled.

Charles L. Wagner returned yesterday from a hasty visit to Chicago, where he consulted with Mary Garden, newly appointed opera director, as to her tour of fifty concerts originally booked by him this season. Mr. Wagner said his appointment as assistant to Miss Garden in the business management of the Chicago Opera was still unsettled. The company's opening performances in New York next week, he added, would be as already announced. He had spent less than a day in Chicago and hurried back to preside at a meeting of the National Musical Managers' Association at the Hotel Pennsylvania last night.

Schumann Club in Old Songs.

The Schumann Club, a chorus directed for the eighth season now by Percy Rector Stephens, gave an evening of songs chosen by the conductor and arranged for women's voices by Deems Taylor before a large audience in Aeolian Hall last night. An ambitious departure was the singing of early and medieval Italian music, including a fourteenth century Latin hymn, "Concordi Laetitia," with others by Caccini and Bononcini, and Durante's "Danza." There were also old and modern French airs, Belgian and Armenian folksongs, an English "May Day Carol" and present-day compositions by Hatton, Cecil Forsyth and Harold Smith.

Maurice Reeve in Piano Recital.

Maurice Reeve, once a child pianist in England and now a mature artist, who also fought and was wounded with the British forces in France, gave a matinee recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday before fewer hearers than his merit deserved. He brought no novelties by English composers, preferring to introduce himself in classic, Bach's B flat prelude and fugue, the "Appassionata" sonata of Beethoven and a Chopin group. In conclusion he gave, however, modern pieces by Debussy and others, for which acknowledgment was made to a society receiving the royalties under international copyright. Mr. Reeve should be heard again and in music by his countrymen, too little known here.

at Bagby Concert

Another of the Bagby Musical Mornings was held yesterday in the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Margarete Matzenauer and Benjamino Gigli of the Metropolitan Opera and Ignaz Friedman, pianist. Mme. Matzenauer sang an aria from "Samson et Dalila," songs of Brahms, Schumann and Schubert and the "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolda."

Mr. Gigli sang "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana," songs of Buzzi-Peccia and Cardillon, also an old Neapolitan song. The new Metropolitan tenor was warmly received after the singing of the aria, but following the group of songs he had an ovation. The audience insisted upon encores until the singer had exhausted all the music he had brought with him. One of his encores included the final aria for the tenor in the last act of "Tosca." As the audience called for more, Mr. Gigli repeated one of his previous songs.

Mr. Friedman's numbers included compositions of Hummel, Chopin and Liszt, as well as some of his own works. Richard Hageman and Vito Carnevali were the accompanists.

The record is hopelessly confused, so it cannot be stated with accuracy whether Mitnitzky, who gave a recital in Carnegie Hall last night, was the fifteenth or twentieth Russian violinist who came to seek a fortune in the United States this season, nor does it matter. He does not differ

materially from the majority of his predecessors in his qualifications and it is perhaps unessential that he does not call himself Sascha, Mischa, Jascha or Soscha, but leaves his first name to speculation.

He is also older, apparently, and more seasoned than the majority of his recent predecessors, though he does not yet seem to have developed a style which might be characterized as having distinction. To judge by the first number on his program, Vitali's Ciaconna, he conceives that a dry, unyielding and angular manner is essential to the old Italian classics, and that they allow of much sliding about on the fingerboard; which is deplorable.

His Mozart concerto (that in D) was better in conception than in execution, for while it was evident that he aimed at grace it was also obvious that he did not attain that desirable quality.

But the fact will soon have to be confessed by reviewers that they have heard so much fairly good violin playing of late that only an extraordinary genius, a much greater one than this season has produced, will meet with their entire approbation.

BORI TO SING AGAIN.

Spanish Star Due on Imperator to Rejoin Metropolitan.

Lucrezia Bori, the Spanish soprano, is arriving on the Imperator from Europe today to rejoin the Metropolitan Opera Company, with which she last appeared five years ago. Many operagoers as well as her stage associates prepared to welcome her, and a gala occasion is promised when she reappears in the course of the next fortnight among Mr. Gatti-Casazza's stars, with whom she made her debut in 1912. She became a favorite artist, creating leading roles in "Amore dei Tre Re," "Amore Medico," "L'Oracolo" and "Iris," and was to have had her great chance in "Madam Butterfly."

Miss Bori sang four years at the Metropolitan, and while abroad in the Summer of 1916 underwent a slight operation to relieve an obstruction of the vocal cords. Sailing for this country, she suffered from seasickness, which impaired the process of healing after the operation. She retired to Europe, unable to sing, but set herself courageously to regain her voice. This, according to reports of here recent appearances at Monte Carlo and Italy, she has successfully done. Her recovery has been pointed out as a bright omen for the return to opera of this y[illegible] other most distinguished in[illegible]

Jan 19 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The Flonzaley Quartet.

The Flonzaley Quartet conceives a part of its duty toward its public consist in bringing forward new compositions in the field of chamber music. At its second concert given last evening in Aeolian Hall it put on its program a piece unfamiliar to New York, "Sérénade Dramatique," by Joseph Jongen. The composer is a Belgian, not much of whose music is known here. A 'cello concerto by him was played some years ago by Jean Gérardy.

His serenade is in a single movement, not too seriously conceived, but skillfully executed, with the earmarks of the serenade plainly to be found in the pizzicato of the other three instruments, while the first violin plays a quaintly devised melody. In this the others gradually join, all merging then into a four-part song. The writing for the instruments is expertly managed, and the effect, if not luxurious in beauty, is engaging. The work is not an important addition to modern chamber music, but it was quite worth doing, and was received cordially by the audience.

The program began with Brahms's quartet in C minor, Op. 51, No. 1, and ended with Beethoven's quartet in F, the first of the Rassoumoffsky set, Op. 59. Both are among the supreme products of chamber music, and the latter, at least, one of the best known. Brahms's work shares with it the fundamentals on which immortality is based, and the performance set forth its nobility and passion, its fervent feeling for beauty, its supreme perfection in form. The Flonzaley players have not played with a riper and richer beauty of tone, a finer balance of the four instruments, a more exquisite finish of ensemble than they did last evening.

Poldowski's Recital.

For a number of years givers of song recitals have put on their programs songs attributed to "Poldowski." It has not been a secret that Poldowski is the pen-name of the daughter of Henri Wieniawski, the famous violinist, now Lady Dean Paul, and a resident of England. Being in America, Poldowski—so her program called her—gave a recital of her own songs and piano pieces in the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon. The house was completely filled with an interested and distinguished audience.

She had the assistance of Margaret Husten Carrington, soprano, and Murray Davey, bass, neither of whom is well known to New York audiences, but both of whom showed unusual powers of interpretation. She herself played her piano pieces with remarkable charm and skill, as well as the accompaniments of the songs; playing not in the traditional manner of a composer, but as an accomplished artist, technically well equipped and musical to her finger tips.

This music of Poldowski's shows, undoubtedly, the influence of the modern French school; an influence that is in the air and not to be escaped by any whose sympathies lie in that direction, as hers plainly do. Yet there is a strong individuality that runs through it and there is no sense of imitation. There is an unusual power of expression, of the interpretation of the spirit of the verses, of the establishment of a mood. Many of the songs are settings of verses by Paul Verlaine, whose pungent subtleties, delicate suggestions of scene, glimpses of passion and of irony, are mirrored in Poldowski's music with much skill and sympathy.

They owed much to the performance they received yesterday. Mrs. Carrington and Mr. Davey sang them with a clear insight into their spirit. Mr. Davey's singing was notably dramatic in style. His voice is powerful, though not sensuously beautiful in quality, and his delivery artistic in phrasing and expression. Both singers displayed excellent enunciation of the French text. The composer's playing of the accompaniments was exceedingly skillful, and was an important factor in the effect. She contributed four piano pieces to the program, picturesque in their suggestiveness and color and of imaginative power.

ARTHUR SHATTUCK PLAYS.

Pianist Displays Matured Talents After Two Years' Absence.

Arthur Shattuck, whose memorable service to musicians in the war means a welcome wherever he now appears, returned after two years' absence yesterday to give a matinee recital at Aeolian Hall. Artistically, Mr. Shattuck is reaping a reward unlooked for in his earlier career, which was that of the rich amateur; he has matured as a virtuoso, graceful and self-contained at the piano, and he promises as a musician to win yet the serene Parnassian heights. Such praise was justified by his playing yesterday of classic Palestrina's "Ricercari," a Bach-d'Albert toccata, Bach-Busoni chorale, and after transitional Schubert pieces, the "Serious Variations" of Mendelssohn. Of moderns, Palmgren's "Bird Song" and de Severac's "Old Music Box" were both encored, while Mr. Shattuck gave with greatest zest Debussy's "Reflets" and Liszt's "Concert Etude."

RACHMANINOFF APPLAUDED.

Big Audience Hears Russian Pianist's Characteristic Recital.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played to a great audience at Carnegie Hall last evening, his first recital other than a matinee again showing the Russian giant's commanding position before the musical public of New York. His chiseled accents, seemingly enchanted piano phrases, emerging like Rodin figures from rude rock, reached a high point in Beethoven's little sonata Op. 90, played with a strong man's reverent tenderness. Schumann's "Papillons" were indeed butterflies, gorgeous as Brazil's, while rare applause of the sort that hung on every last echoing note grew vocal when Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song" encore, not so much played as conducted, rather, in orchestral fashion, brought a responsive cheer.

The pianist's most characteristic work was perhaps in a Chopin group, from the waltz in F, with one blessedly human false note, to the C-minor "Polonaise," made alive with a new Poland's aspiration, and calling for two encores more. In lighter mood, he gave Debussy's "Children's Corner," ending in the "Gollywogs' Cake Walk," and finally the inevitable Rachmaninoff preludes, already world classics, of which he chose the G-major and B-flat major, while a waiting house begged for the C-sharp minor favorite last of all.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.~~

Mr. Rachmaninoff played the pianoforte for quite two hours in Carnegie Hall last night to the delight as well as edification of an audience much above the average in knowledge and taste. This was indicated not only by its appearance, but by the discrimination which marked its signs of approval.

Beauty was spread over all the music, but every exquisite touch of originality in the player's interpretation of the pieces which composed his program seemed to find quick recognition, and though the applause was insistent enough to make him add four pieces to his list before he reached his final group it was never bestowed upon technical frippery or empty display of skill.

There was no chance for that, indeed, for there was nothing of the kind in the performance. Though the evidences of virtuosoship were everywhere and prodigally present, Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing was that of a fine musician, making music for music's sake, not that of a technician seeking to captivate, dazzle and amaze his listeners. The result was a triumph of the splendid sanity of the man and artist, with mind, emotions and muscles beautifully coördinated and employed in a promulgation of an evangel of refreshing and uplifting loveliness.

His playing was strong in its grace and graceful in its strength, suggestive in its way of the action of a lion in motion.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's program was attractive in the variety and beauty of its numbers. Bach's Chaconne, in Busoni's transcription; Schumann's "Papillons," Beethoven's sonata in E minor (Op. 90), Chopin's waltz in F, nocturne in F sharp minor and polonaise in C minor (he added two more waltzes and a mazurka), Debussy's "Children's Corner" and two of his own preludes (in G and B flat).

The profound imagination of Bach, the airy, fanciful poetry of Schumann and Chopin, the lofty sentiment of Beethoven, the ingenious and charming playfulness and drollery of Debussy and his own fine moods all found ravishing expression.

Jan 20 1921

Miss Menges, Violi[illegible]

Has Made Progress Since [illegible] Plays With Poise

Miss Isolde Menges, an English violinist, brought here in 1916 by Miss Maud Allen, the dancer, and not heard in the course of the last two seasons, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The most important number on the list was the D major sonata of Handel. She played also an unaccompanied prelude and fugue by Bach and several shorter pieces, including two of Mr. Kreisler's arrangements.

Miss Menges has made progress in her art. When she first played here she exhibited more temperament than discretion. Her art then was aggressive, bold and unfinished. Yesterday she demonstrated that she had begun to acquire self-control and to play with finish where roughness formerly would have been found. Her tone had beauty, though not great sonority, and her intonation was generally good. Her bowing retained its former dash and elasticity but her style showed an approach toward smoothness and poise which it formerly lacked.

Isolde Menges, Violinist, Heard.

Isolde Menges, an English violinist of picturesque personality, was cordially greeted by a matinee audience yesterday in Aeolian Hall, where she had appeared in other seasons. She plays with force and fire, with almost 'cello quality on the lower strings, while higher passages become too often shrill and harsh. In spite of good phrasing of her music, she was less happy in sustained works of Handel and Bach than in modern pieces, such as Debussy's "La Plus Que Lente" and arrangements by Kreisler. One of these, from a "Rigaudon" of Francoeur, she played with splendid velocity, and the house would have liked to hear twice over Tod Boyd's double-stopped "Samoan Lullaby."

"Tosca" Sung for the Fifth Time.

"Tosca" was sung for the fifth time this season at the Metropolitan last evening, with Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti in their familiar rôles and Mr. Gigli as Sardou's Roman patriot hero. Mr. Moranzoni conducted and there was a large house.

Jan 19 1921

By James Gibbons Huneker

FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Flonzaleys, as we rather irreverently describe the four artists, Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Louis Bailly and Iwan d'Archambeau, associated to make the world less drab, gave their second string concert of the season at Aeolian Hall last night. The programme presented two works by two giants, Beethoven and Brahms, with an agreeable interlude in the shape of a Serenade Dramatique, opus 61, by Joseph Jongen. The evening began with the noble C minor quartet of Johannes Brahms, a composition of his ripest period, though the symphonic master words were not completed. The elevation of thought, profound feeling and, what Ehlert described as "secondite moods," notably in the insinuating third movement and the element of rugged power not missing, were all disclosed in the interpretation; by the finely articulated phrasing, by the rhythmic ebb and flow of the interior voices, and by the generally plastic performance of Mr. Belli and his colleagues. Nor was the drastic intellectuality of the opening allegro shirked. Brahms is truly a musical architect. These four movements are each affiliated and cognate; the quartet is a vital, a logical organism, and it is beautiful music. The Romanza is the composer at his most tender and intimate.

The Serenade proved an entremet in this banquet of tone. It is another flight to Iberia where the lilting rhythms and pizzicati please the palate, not unlike an overripe melon. The concert appropriately closed with Beethoven's F major Quartet, op. 59, No. 1. An interesting evening.

Jan 17 1921

An excellent program which drew thousands of music lovers to the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon was given under the auspices of Josef Rosenblatt, assisted by the Cantors' Association of America, and the "Bohemian Trio," composed of the Hilger Sisters, as a featured number.

The Cantor Chorus, of more than fifty "picked" voices, sang Mr. Rosenblatt's composition, "Halelujah," accompanied by the big Hippodrome organ. The composer himself acted as soloist, leading the well-harmonized male voices in clear tenor tones.

The Misses Hilger, Marie, violinist; Elsie, 'cellist, and Greta at the piano, gave a number of selections from Haydn and Tschaikowsky.

Among the numbers sung by the chorus were Psalm 115, by Nowakovsky; "Omnom Keu," by Schor, and several numbers by Mr. Rosenblatt.

Leon Kramer and S. Zilbert conducted the singers, with Irving Geller at the organ and Stuart Ross as pianist. The proceeds of the concert will go to the maintenance of the King Solomon Hospital.

Ida Geer Weller, mezzo-contralto, was heard as featured soloist last evening at an entertainment given by the Euterpean Club of Columbia University in the Greenwich Village Theatre.

Miss Weller's voice of beautiful, rich quality was never heard to more advantage than in the selections she chose for this occasion. Particularly in "Care Selve," by Handel, with its sustained tones and lovely legato, and "Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree," by Spross (a request number), was her artistry brought into high light. Among her songs were the Cherubini "Ave Maria; "La Nuit," by Cahn; "L'heure de Pourpre," by Holmes, and "Un Doux Lien," by Delbruck.

The concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was of the same excellent caliber that has marked these regular Sunday affairs since the opening of the present season.

Jacques Thibaud, whose exceptional violin playing places him high on the list of virtuosi, was the visiting artist, with Mabel Garrison, Jose Mardones and Millo Picco as soloists, accompanied by the Metropolitan orchestra under the direction of Giuseppe Bamboschek.

The opening overture from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was followed by the aria "O casto fior" from "Le Roi de Lahore," sung by Mr. Picco. Mr. Thibaud played the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, and a group selected from Vieuxtemps, Dvorak-Kreisler, Rode and Granados-Thibaud. Miss Garrison's solo from "The Barber of Seville" called for "The Last Rose of Summer" in response to much applause, and Mr. Mardones delighted the audience with "Piff Paff" from "The Huguenots." The orchestral numbers comprised the Massenet Suite "Les Errinyes" and "Marche Slav," by Tschaikowsky.

Jan 21 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Cleopatra's Night" (in English), by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Followed by repetition of "Le Coq D'Or."

The Cast.

Cleopatra ..... Frances Alda
Melamoun ..... Morgan Kingston
Maridon ..... Jeanne Gordon
Iras ..... Marie Tiffany
The Eunuch ..... Pietro Audisio
Chief Officer ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian

Incidental dances by Rosina Galli, premiere danseuse; Florence Rudolph, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

By Richard Aldrich

"Cleopatria's Night" and "Le Coq d'Or."

Henry Hadley's opera of "Cleopatra's Night" isn ne of the few American operas produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company that have had the good fortune of continuing i nthe repertory for a second season. It entered last night upon its second season when it was given in conjunction with Rimsky Korsakoff's fantasy "Le Coq d'Or." The audience was large and manifested a considerable, though not an uncontrollable, pleasure in the performance.

"Cleopatra's Night" was recognized at its first production a year ago, as one of the best of the ten American

operas that have been given at the Opera House under the present management. It is perhaps not the most original, but the most skillfully made, the most "viable"; and skillful construction and "viability" are essential for the life of any operatic work. The libretto, written in English by Alice Leal Pollock, is an arrangement for the stage of Gauthier's tale, "Une Nuit de Cleopatre," and possesses the important quality of practicability on the stage. But it has few other excellences. It is far from presenting the gorgeous descriptive power, the high flight of imagination, the faculty of reproducing sensuous impressions, that belong to the original. And as for its literary quality, it stands far below the remarkable English translation by Lefcadio Hearn, an artist in prose who had the right to lay hands upon Gauthier's work.

The outlines of the opera are slender, but vivid, and present some notably strong dramatic situations. Mr. Hadley has taken advantage of them. He writes with a feeling for dramatic movement, expression and contrast, and for the emotional current impelled and directed by the dramatic movement. The music, however, cannot be said to show strong originality or powerful individuality. However effective it is there is the impression of something made by skill, experience and judgment rather than from a creative impulse. Of the burning passion, the rapturous intoxication, the luxurious sensuousness of the time and place and the character of the Egyptian queen there is not much in the music.

Nor is the music free from echoes of contemporaries and predecessors in the musical world. The voice of Strauss, the language of some of the modern Frenchmen, and others not so modern, and an undertone of Wagner are not to be escaped. The writing for orchestra is skillful and resourceful and shows an appreciation of dramatic effect in instrumentation. The orchestra does not overwhelm the singers, and it is possible for them to sing and be heard, and even, what is rarer, be understood.

Mme. Alda was the Cleopatra as she was last season. It cannot be counted among the best of her impersonations. There is little to suggest the fascination, the regal passion, the impossing personality of the Egyptian queen that have come down through the ages. She sang well, especially when the music lies in the upper ranges of her voice. Mr. Kingston appeared as Meiamoun, as he did in some of the performances last season; he sang the music with sonorous power; but he too created little illusion as the impassioned lover from the desert.

M. Papi conducted and did it from memory. In the performance of "Le Coq v Or" that followed, the same singers were heard in the cast as at the last performance, except that Mme. Bérat took the place of Mme. Kathleen Howard in the music of Amelfa. Mr. Bamboschek conducted.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

The concert of the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was devoted to compositions of Beethoven, whose music has flowered so luxuriously in orchestral programs this season, the 150th since his birth. The overture to "Egmont" and the Seventh Symphony were the orchestral numbers. Mischa Levitzki was the soloist and played Beethoven's C minor piano concerto.

The orchestra showed the results of the continuous and painstaking work that Mr. Mengelberg has evidently devoted to it, building on the foundation so carefully laid out and prepared by Mr. Bodanzky. The tone of the whole orchestra has been improved to some extent, mellowed and refined. There has evidently been a laborious adjustment and blending of the several choirs.

The playing showed finish and careful preparation; the unfortunate hornplayers fell again, on certain occasions, a prey to nervousiness. Mr. Mengelbeng's reading of the symphony was a sound and sane one; a deeply musical one, in which no effects were sought other than those that have long been recognized as belonging to the score. The tempus seemed right—unless the trio of the pdesto movement seemed a little too much "meno presto." The performance was a publication of Beethoven's ideas at once eloquent and sincere.

Mr. Levitzki played the concerto with great beauty of tone, crispness of rhythm and articulation and a true insign into the style of the work. It is far from being a "pupil's" concerto, and it is obvious that the composer in writing it was well freed from the leading strings of Mozart and Hayn. It is wholly characteristic of a period in Beethoven's career in which he was already thoroughly Beethoven. There are profound beauties in it, and especially in the slow movement, of which Mr. Levitzki's playing gave a full revelation. An admirable feature of the performance was the refined and finished orchestral accompaniment, such an accompaniment as is not always supplied to concertos of any sort in New York.

By James Gibbons Huneker

MENGELBERG VS. BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven was the guest of William Mengelberg yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The seventh symphony, according to Richard Wagner, the "Apotheosis of the Dance," was the chief offering of the programme, which also included the Egmont overture—instead of the first symphony previously announced, and the third piano concerto in C minor, the solo part played by Mischa Levitzki. Among the many young heroes of the contemporary keyboard Mr. Levitzki is the most promising. This does not mean that he is a second Josef Hofmann, but that his artistic development has been rapid and satisfying. The concerto presented no technical problems for the fingers of a virtuoso, and as it is the earlier Beethoven, still influenced by Mozart, yet a Beethoven knocking at the imminent gate of the nineteenth century, it was well within the ken of this gifted youth. His phrasing is rather angular than gracious, but his crisp, sparkling touch in the rondo was delightful. He was enthusiastically acclaimed, as he deserved. Such poise and clear conception are unusual in young pianists. We believe Mischa Levitzki is ripe for his European baptism of fire. The experience of the years will bring to him, we hope, richer emotional experience. He delivered the tender measures of the largo as if he had never sworn to be untrue to some soft-eyed charmer.

Already Mr. Mengelberg has worked wonders with the National Symphony Orchestra; however, only on the technical side. Rhythmic life, precision and dynamic contrasts are welcome novelties, but he cannot lend to the performances of this organization charm in tone quality. The symphony was the reading of a virile brain; the balance between the intellectual and emotional elements admirably maintained. The allegretto and the scherzo were more grateful to the ear than the first and last movements, which were rough in spots. The great Holland conductor was recalled many times.

Willem Mengelberg and the National Symphony Orchestra offered a Beethoven programme yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The numbers were the "Egmont" overture, the C minor piano concerto and the seventh symphony. The pianist was Mischa Levitzki. In the short period during which Mr. Mengelberg has been the conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, it has become evident that changes in method were going forward and that results were becoming apparent. Yesterday afternoon's concert made these matters clearer than before.

In the first place it was plain that there had been some serious rehearsal of the piano concerto. The ensemble was unusually good. The relations between the solo instrument and the orchestra had been established and were maintained on firm ground. This worked to the glory of Beethoven, whose early concerto received a delightful performance. A great deal of learned comment has been poured out upon this composition, which hardly seems to clamor for ponderous considerations.

It is a cencerto of clarity, of smooth melody, of serious charm. It shadows forth the later Beethoven and indeed in the principal theme of the first movement it reveals him in much of his aggressive strength. Mr. Levitzki had certainly studied the music with affection as well as insight. He played it with exquisite beauty of tone, with sufficient energy in the bolder parts, and with elegance and sentiment elsewhere. It was a very well considered performance, showing a nice appreciation of stylo.

Mr. Mengelberg's labors with the orchestra have improved the balance of tone and consequently have bettered the general impression of the quality. But when the wind choirs play separately, or solo passages among them are prominent, a certain rawness is still discernible. Without doubt a complete elimination of these defects is beyond the power of any conductor. The crudeness of quality is inherent in the material, and, while improvement can be made, perfection cannot be reached.

Much might be said about Mr. Mengelberg's readings. But it seems as yet premature. The conductor is much occupied at present with technical matters. If the tympani seem unduly irate in many places, perhaps that is not exactly what the conductor wishes. If the horns still seem to be suffering from fear of an extended left hand, we must be patient. The performance of the "Egmont" overture had precision and some significance of detail to command it. The tempi of the symphony were, on the whole, not such as to excite either rhapsodic praise or wrathful condemnation. The work was generally well played and it was cordially applauded.

Hambourg Trio's Concert.

The Hambourg Trio, first heard here last season, gave a concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The members are Jan Hambourg, violin; Boris Hambourg, 'cello, and Alberto Guerrero, piano. In Schumann's fine trio in F, opus 80, and a one movement trio in E minor, No. 2, written in an able, fresh and original style by John Ireland, the players' performance sometimes lacked smoothness, but had good balance and spirit. Their best work was done in Ireland's trio. For the second number J. Campbell-McInnes, an English barytone, who gave a recital here last season, sang with a voice hardly at its best, but with a German diction usually good and admirable dignity of style, the song cycle "Dichterliebe" of Schumann. George Reeves gave skillful accompaniments.

Philharmonic's Concert.

At the Philharmonic's regular concert in Carnegie Hall last night Leo Schulz, the society's first 'cellist, was the soloist, playing Schumann's Concerto, opus 129. It is not a great work and is seldom heard, but the music is pleasing. It was performed by Mr. Schulz with his accustomed mellow tone and fine feeling. He had good support from the orchestra. The orchestral numbers were Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," and Mahler's First Symphony, which was heard at a recent afternoon concert of the society.

Miss Mabel Corlew, dramatic soprano, appeared as soloist last evening in Aeolian Hall on a program of songs given by the Singers' Club of New York.

Miss Corlew's voice, of particular richness and seemingly unlimited range, was never heard to better advantage than in "O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" by Handel, and "A Memory," by Rudolph Ganz. To the latter she was compelled to respond to the insistant applause of a large and fashionable audience with an "extra." Among her numbers were "Morning Hymn," by Henschel: "A Summer Romance," by Hastings: "Nuit d'Ete," by Tremisoh, and "Hymn and Solice," by Georges.

Mr. Mengelberg aroused an echo of last month's Beethoven's celebrations by devoting the program of yesterday's concert by the National Symphony Orchestra to that master's music. It was originally his purpose to produce two of the symphonies, the first and seventh, but he changed his mind and substituted the "Egmont" overture for the former, a bit of consideration for which, no doubt, a larger portion of the audience felt grateful for the middle number in the scheme was also a work of symphonic dimensions—the pianoforte concerto in C minor, the solo part of which was played with much clarity and continuance and beauty of tone as well as keen portical insight by Mr. Mischa Levitzky.

There was nothing strained or bizarre about the conductor's interpretation of the music, no striving for hidden meanings or startling effects. He made the overture tell its familiar story of a heroic man's strivings and temporary failure a people's sufferings and final triumph and tell it, indeed, with convincing eloquence, but to do so did not find it necessary in any way to do violence to its text, nor did he attempt to wrest the pages of the symphony to a novel puapose. His tempi were fundamentally conservative in the symphony also, though he took the liberty of playing the Allegretto considerably lower than the composer's metronomic indication warranted and the scherzo considerably quicker, but his tune and dynamic nuances were so judiciously applied that monotony was not permitted to obtrude itself for a moment, and the characteristic joyousness of the work was given thrilling expression. Particularly effective were the jocund jubilations of the horns in the first movement. The program will be repeated in the same room to-morrow evening. H. E. K.

HAMBOURG TRIO APPEARS.

Jan and Boris Hambourg, violinist and 'cellist of a family trio, in which Mark Hambourg, pianist, has now yielded to Alberto Guerrero, gave trios of Schumann, op. 80, in F, and of John Ireland, represented by his second numbered work in E minor, and in one movement, at a well-attended matinee yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Chamber musicians have increasingly of late sought to vary their recitals after the manner of the co-operative Beethoven Association, of tomorrow's Sesar Franck concert, or of Mme. Poldowski's and others here recently, not without popular evidence of approval.

The Hambourgs gave place midway in their program to J. Campbell McInnes, baritone, who sang Schumann's song cycle, op. 48, of "Poet's Love," performing the unusual feat of preparing the entire series in English of Alice Mattulath's translation, and at the last moment singing instead the sixteen original German stanzas of Heine.

TETRAZZINI GETS HEIRLOOM.

Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer Gives Earl's Insignia to Singer.

A costly diamond insignia, which has been an heirloom in the family of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer for generations, was presented yesterday by Mrs. Van Rensselaer to Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini. It contains thirty diamonds and belonged before the Revolution to Major Gen. William Alexander, sixth Earl of Stirling, and was worn by him at the Court of St. James's.

The gift was made because of Mme. Tetrazzini's interest in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's Americanization work, and because the singer has formed in Italy a patriotic society called the Daughters of the Italian Revolution, organized like the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Major Gen. Alexander renounced his title and came to the American colonics to fight for them after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was captured during the battle of Long Island, exchanged, and married Sarah Livingston.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Eugene Onegin," by members of the Metropolitan Company.

The Cast.

Larina	Jeanne Gordon
Tatjana	Claudia Muzio
Olga	Flora Perini
Filipievna	Kathleen Howard
Eugene Onegin	Giuseppe De Luca
Lenski	Giovanni Martinelli
Prince Gremin	Adamo Didur
Triquet	Angelo Bada
Zaretski	Millo Picco
A Captain	Louis D'Angelo
Guillet	Adam Leilmann

Incidental Dances by Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Artur Bodansky.

By James Gibbons Huneker

A TEPID EVENING IN RUSSIA.

A tepid performance of a tepid opera on a tepid evening in New York was that of last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera was "Eugene Onegin," by Peter Tchaikovsky, and Tchaikovsky at his weakest, most insincere; an Italianate Tchaikovsky, an un-Russian Tchaikovsky, and to make matters worse, a Peter who quite smothered the great national poem of Pushkin. So the chief tepidity existed in the score. Vocally it was tepid too, but not the orchestra under the vital baton of Artur Bodanzky. Otherwise, we should have slumbered in that tepid bath of banal melodies and swooning sentiment. It was the first presentation of the "Musical Scenes" this season. The opera was sung in Italian.

As it is chiefly Italian, with the exception of the rousing reapers' chorus in the first act, the choice of language is justified. The cast was substantially the same as last year's. Claudia Muzio—in a nightgown, with several lachrymose arias—was the heroine. She did not sing brilliantly, neither was she tender. Her legato was out of town, and we confess white is not becoming to her complexion (say it with flowers). De Luca won applause for his fervid singing of a poor fish—temperamentally speaking. Eugene is not attractive. The best criticism of the character was summed up in the exclamation of Don Marquis: "Eugene! One gin—and be damned quick about it!"

Martinelli was Lenski and wept vocal tears in the duet with Olga—Miss Ingram. Two dying ducks in a thunderstorm in company with a chicken suffering from the pip. Miss Ingram, who is first aid to the injured these days, was unbecomingly attired. Flora Perini sang Larina instead of Jeanne Gordon, still indisposed. Didur was the Prince. We once heard a performance of this artificial work in which the conductor played the part of a musical embalmer. Bodanzky kept things moving, but the weather was very sultry.

Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the first time this season. The house was packed and there were some earnest efforts to make things "foam up," as Berlioz puts it, but enthusiasm persisted in reducing itself to what Gilbert called "modified rapture." The opera does not make any new impression. The story continues to be hopelessly undramatic and uninteresting and the music, though melodious and excellently suited to the text, cannot reach any decided point because they is not any.

Eugene Onegin himself is about as pitiable a specimen of operatic hero as

one could discover in a year's travel through lyric history. Curiously enough he was the only real singer in last evening's performance. He was impersonated as usual by Mr. de Luca, who sang his music with continence of tone, with quality and with a genuine legato which admitted of elegance and finish of style.

Miss Claudia Muzio as *Tatiana* repeated herself with emphasis. Her style differed essentially from Mr. De Luca's in that there was almost no legato and, on the other hand, a great deal of spasmodic utterance, presumably supposed to express emotion but apparently signifying rather physical discomfort. Miss Frances Ingram was the *Olga* and Miss Flora Perini the *Larina*.

Mr. Martinelli represented *Lenski*, the misguided youth who introduced *Onegin* to *Tatiana* and caused all the trouble. Mr. Martinelli has often sung better than he did last night, rarely worse. There is a quartet in the first scene, and Mr. Martinelli was aided and abetted in it by Misses Muzio and Ingram and Mr. de Luca. Ockeghem wrote a "Missa cujusvis toni," a mass in every key, but in only one at a time. This quartet was in five keys at once, the orchestra having the fifth.

There was altogether too much of this sort of music in the course of the evening, but there were occasional bursts of tonal beauty. The choruses in particular were well sung and the dances went with spirit. And there was Mr. Didur with his short lived but well drawn picture of *Prince Gremkin*. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and got as much as possible out of a rather discouraging set of conditions.

By Richard Aldrich

"Eugene Onegin."

Tschaikowsky's opera of "Eugene Onegin" was restored to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with the same cast as appeared in it last year at its first production here. There had been some changes from the cast originally announced for last evening, on account of the indisposition of Miss Jeanne Gordon. She was expected to sing the part of Labina. Instead, Miss Perini was put into it—it being the part she took in the first performance last year; and Miss Ingram took her part of Olga.

The opera will never make an impression by its dramatic quality. It is said to make a strong appeal to Russians because the poem of Pushkin, upon which it is based, is one of the classics of Russian literature, and the character of Onegin is regarded as a "type." He may be considered a literary type of the romantic period—a Byronic hero, a Childe Harold. But for listeners not so affected with a national bias, it is hard to sympathize with so inefficient a sad dog as Onegin, who scarcely succeeds in doing anything in the opera but kill his friend; or with Lenski, absurdly jealous, who loses all hope because his fiancée dances with another man or with the "sensibility" of Tatiana, her lovelorn sentimentality, her romantic impulsiveness and prim propriety—though she does atone for much by the directness with which she sends Onegin about his business in the last act.

And yet the music cannot but exercise a charm. It is truly characteristic of Tschaikowsky in certain moods, not his most exalted. The mood is elegiac. In the few places where the dramatic interest becomes tenser he hardly rises to the occasion, as in the quarrel at the country ball or the scene of the duel. And when the climax of the drama comes in the scene at the end between Onegin and Gatiana, now the Princess Gremin, he has not put his base foot forward. He has in fact done better by less important momenta, and he has let the opera close with as little of a musical climax as it has a dramatic one.

If the music be not dramatic, Tschaikowsky's own protestation as to its lack of dramatic quality should be remembered; and his own characterization of the opera as merely "lyrical scenes." It is throughout a genuine expression of his one aspect of his genius.

It may be feared that the performance at the Metropolitan, which is in Italian, may not convey fully the Russian impression. The singing is not such as should be heard at this establishment; the best is given by Mr. De Luca, who never forgets to be an artist and to sing artistically. Having a voice of a no great power, he is wise enough not to force it. Much of his singing was of fine finish and expressiveness. There was in his acting no great force, but the elegance and urbanity of the man of the world. The American listener can only wonder how close he gets to the true type of the romantic hero as presented by Pushkin.

Miss Muzio gave naturalness and the right sentimental turn to her impersonation. But her singing last evening may well have caused disquietude to her admirers. There was fundamental error in her production of tone; and, especially when she forced the tone, a consequent loss of quality, and unsteadiness in the pitch. And yet she has such an abundance of voice that forcing is needless. So has Mr Martinelli; and his tendency to hurl so many phrases forcibly from the chest is not necessary for the effect, and useful only in acquiring a harvest of applause from more or less unthinking quarters. A few moments were offered by the leading singers in the quartet in the first act, in which there was a singular task of unanimity about the pitch.

In their way Mme. Perini and Mme. Howard were more commendable in their singing. Mr. Bodanzky held a firm hand on the performance; kept it moving with vitality and secured some fine effects, warmth of color and significance of phrasing from the orchestral part. This has an unusual significance for an opera of this kind, which still keeps far from his methods of the "music drama." Yet there were passages which seemed to show the evidences of insufficient rehearsal.

The Philharmonic Concert.

At the Philharmonic's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday Henry Hadley appeared as one of the society's two assistant conductors and led the orchestra in his own first symphony entitled "Youth and Life." The work, first heard in 1897 at a concert of the Manuscript Society of New York, was well performed by conductor and orchestra and seemed to give much pleasure by the virility and fine technic in its score. Mr. Stransky held the baton in the second part of the programme, which comprised Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Saint-Saens's G minor piano concerto and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. The soloist was Miss Ellen Ballou, who had played the work with the society in Brooklyn recently. This artist, who has studied with Alberto Jonas, was heard as a young prodigy some years ago in Mendelssohn Hall. Her performance of the concerto gave much pleasure. She played the music with a feeling for tonal shading, and though her style was not brilliant, there were clarity and finish to commend her reading.

Biltmore Morning Musicale.

Miss Nina Morgana, soprano; Miss Isolde Menges, violinist; Jose Mardones, Metropolitan basso, and Mischa Levitzki, pianist, were the soloists yesterday at the Biltmore Morning Musicale. In songs by Mascagni, Mana Zucca, Gounod and others Miss Morgana was at her best and she looked very pretty. Mr. Levitzki played one group of all Chopin pieces, including the "Butterfly" etude. Mr. Mardones's selections included a group of Spanish songs by Tejada, Serrano and Anglada. The Bach-Kreisler gavotte was on Miss Menges's list.

Rudolph Ganz's Recital.

Rudolph Ganz at his annual piano recital in Aeolian Hall last night gave an interesting programme, with Chopin's F minor fantasy and B minor sonata and Beethoven's A flat sonata, opus 26, for the principal numbers. Mr. Ganz's playing was enthusiastically received by an audience which filled the hall. Technical ability, a style needing poetic nuance, but intelligence and brilliancy, were noteworthy in his work, as they have been before.

PLAYS WITH PHILHARMONIC.

Ellen Ballon, Young Pianist, Pleases—Hadley Gives "Youth and Life."

Ellen Ballon, pianist, 19 years old, said to have played once as a child in old Mendelssohn Hall, made her first appearance with orchestra as well as her first with the added personal value of ripening years at yesterday's Philharmonic matinée in Carnegie Hall. She was heard in Saint-Saens's fourth concerto in C minor, with the hundred men led by Stransky, and won a cordial reception for a young artist.

Henry Hadley opened the matinée as associate conductor, presenting his symphony, "Youth and Life," a work that even today disarms criticism by its title as well as its frank treatment of tuneful themes. Before the solo number Mr. Stransky repeated Strauss's "Till Owlglass," while in closing there was the "Carnival" overture of Dvorak.

Rudolph Ganz, Pianist, Plays.

Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, returning from a tour of his own country and France, played to a full house at Aeolian Hall last night, a musical assembly that found no terrors in the fact of two sonatas in one recital. The works were Beethoven's Op. 26, in A flat, and Chopin's in B minor, less often heard. In both Mr. Ganz displayed an understanding of the composer's purposes that gave somewhat of mirror polish to familiar melodic outlines, without exaggeration or seeking after personal effect. He prefaced the pair with four little pieces by Chopin, and added later four of his own, including a new "Scherzino," Op. 29, closing with the "Heroic Elegy" and "Rakoczy March" of Liszt.

Oct. 23 1921

By Richard Aldrich

A Concert of Cesar Franck's Music.

A concert of music by Cesar Franck was given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall by a group of musicians well known to New York—Ernest Hutcheson, pianist; Mme. Helen Stanley, soprano; Samuel Gardner, violin and Emmeran Stocker, 'cellist. They began with the violin sonata in A, well played by Messrs. Hutcheson and Gardner; the piano part, disclosing, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances, the greater maturity of style and insight into the spirit of the composition; but it was a performance not ill balanced and one to be enjoyed. Mr. Hutcheson played with great charm the poetical "Prelude Fugue and Variations" arranged for one piano from its original form for two pianos, by Harold Bauer.

The other instrumental number was the trio in F sharp minor, Op. 1, No. 1. It dates from 1842, the master's twentieth year. It is interesting, as the first essays of a master are interesting to those who know his maturity; but it does not give much foreshadowing of what was to become his real and characteristic style. It shows, especially, not much of the harmonic profundity that glorifies his later work. The trio was played with much spirit by Messrs. Hutcheson, Gardner and Stocker.

Mme. Stanley sang five songs by Franck in her powerful and penetrating soprano voice. She was most successful in the "Panis Angelicus" with accompaniment of piano, organ and 'cello; and it so pleased her listeners that they prevailed on her to repeat it. In some of the others she was less fortunate; notably in the beautiful "La Procession," a poetical contemplative reverie, whose spirit she missed in her somewhat overemphasized and matter of fact delivery.

Miss Daisy Jean, 'Cellist.

'Cellists are naturally not quite so numerous in their appearances in New York this season as violinists, but the species is fully represented. A new addition to their number appeared last evening in Aeolian Hall, Miss Daisy Jean, a Belgian. She was heard by an audience of considerable numbers.

She is a well schooled player, possessed of no little dash and imaginative power. She plays with energy, with taste, and not without finish. Her tone is large but not uniformly agreeable in quality and less in beauty as soon as she adventures into flarish passage work.

Miss Jean's program included Handel's sonata in G minor, Saint Saens's concerto, and his "Allegro Appassionato," Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," a couple of transcriptions of pieces by Debussy and Popper's "Rhapsodie." In the sonata she displayed breadth of style; and in the concerto much vigor.

Throng at Zimbalist's Recital.

Efrem Zimbalist at his second recital in Carnegie Hall yeaterday enjoyed that last tribute, a packed house, that waited when the lights dropped after the matinee's close until the violinist added three encores. Mr. Zimbalist's mature style of late years gives pleasure to those who had admired his sound musicianly qualities in earlier seasons here. He introduced yesterday a "Pibroch" suit by Mackenzie, assisted by Emanuel Balaban at the piano, as well as "The Dream" by Dirk Foch and "Witches' Sabbath" by Rubin Goldmark, these two composers being present in the audience. There were also works of Reger, arrangements by David, Auer and Elman, and gypsy airs of Sarasate.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.
Tonight, 8, Special Performance, Zaza. Farrar, Howard, Egener; Crimi, De Luca, Bada. Sun. Eve., 75c to $2.00, Samson et Dalila (in Concert Form). Mon., 8, Louise; Wed., 8, Mefistofele; Thur. Mat., $1 to $4, Aida. HARDMAN PIANO USED.

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Orchestra

Ernest Chausson's symphony, which had been previously announced for performance by the New York Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall, and was withdrawn for further rehearsal, was put on the program yesterday afternoon. It was not unfamiliar to the audiences of the Symphony Society, having been played several times by Mr. Damrosch. It maintains its place well as one of the best of modern French symphonies; strong, appealing, and individual in its musical substance, glowing in its orchestral color, and pregnant in its suggestion of mood.

It seems, indeed, now a landwark of a period that is gone by; the period of the Wagnerian influence in France; one of no long duration, but one that brought forth some significant fruits. Chausson's symphony shows this influence, without doubt, yet the composer's individuality shines undimmed through the work.

A new American composition was presented for the first time in New York: a piano concerto by Leo Somerby of Chicago, a young Westerner, 26 years old, who gained his musical training in Chicago. His overture "Comes Autumn Time," was played by the New York Symphony Society three years ago; and the concerto dates from about the same period. It was played yesterday by E. Robert Schmitz, a pianist who has before now signalized his interest in the new and untried.

Mr. Somerby is young; and youth, the eagerness and daring of youth, perhaps the indifference of youth to accepted canons of taste and continence, appear in his concerto. It is in three movements, which are played without interruption, entitled "March," "Fantasy" "Martial and Rhythmic, Broad and Heroic," respectively. There is great energy of rhythm and boisterousness of statement and sometimes a certain unabashed commonplaceness of theme. In the "Fantasy," the slow movement, there is really much that is poetically conceived. In even this, however, as in the other two, it seems as if the composer's best thoughts were often damaged by the recklessness of his development and treatment. He uses one somewhat sentimental and commonplace phrase to considerable excess in the last movement and this movement is prolonged unfortunately, at the end, where it seems as if the composer could hardly bring himself to let go. He, of course, enjoys dabbling deeply in acid dissonances, in open fifths, in splashed and blotched orchestral color. As for the piano part, it cannot be called grateful, though it has its share of difficulty.

But with all the deficiencies of taste and lack of continence in this work, there is much in it that can hardly be heard but with a kindly and a lenient ear. Its boisterous excess signifies life and energy, a fermentation of idea. Mr. Somerby, as has been observed, is young and will no doubt not attempt to deny the atrocious crime of being a young man; but he will possibly gain wisdom and moderation with advancing age. He has already gained something of them—this concerto as first performed in Chicago contained a part for a soprano voice. The soprano voice has been eliminated: a good sign. Perhaps more will follow, in one way or another.

Mr. Schmitz played the concerto brilliantly: a difficult and not, in the ordinary sense, a grateful work. But it did seem as if the orchestral part, also difficult and complicated, had not been fully mastered.

LHEVINNE AT PHILHARMONIC

Tetrazzini Sings at Hippodrome—"Samson" in Concert Form.

"Fewer and better," after the popular formula, were the concerts of yesterday, compared with Sundays of late, as if musical New York had reason to pause before its plunge into a record week of fifteen operas and twenty-five concerts, forty public events at least, in the seven days coming.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, gave pleasure to a large audience at the Philharmonic matinee in Carnegie Hall, playing in his direct and forceful way Liszt's first concerto, which is also on another orchestra's program tomorrow. Schumann's "Spring" symphony, ideal for the warm day, was repeated, and Conductor Stransky added Smetana's "The Moldau" and Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches."

Luisa Tetrazzini, singing her second concert at the Hippodrome last evening, was greeted by a great house that enjoyed the Italian prima donna's arias from "Mignon," "Sonnambula" and "Dinorah," and would not let her go without heavy toll of encores. Mme. Tetrazzini was assisted in alternate numbers by her own company, including Francesco Longo, J. Henri Bove and Max Gegna.

Margaret Matzenauer herself, and not Jeanne Gordon, indisposed for some days, sang the heroine's music in "Samson and Delilah," given in concert form before the largest Metropolitan Sunday night audience of the season. Mr. Sembach was the hero, a rôle of Caruso's in the opera, while Amato, Ananian, Rothier and others also sang with the chorus and orchestra, led authoritatively by Albert Wolff.

The novelty of the Symphony Society concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was the piano concerto of the Chicago composer, Leo Sowerby. This composition was first heard in its native lair in 1917, when it contained a part for soprano, which has since been eliminated. The piano and orchestra are now the entire means of expression. Mr. Sowerby is an American, trained entirely in this country, and he has written a thoroughly American concerto. Information of official character describes him as a composer of radical tendencies but cherishing an affinity with the Franck school.

The piano concerto heard yesterday is neither radical nor Franckian. In the first place the thematic materials are principally of pure American type, negroid in melody and rhythm and betraying strong tendencies in the direction of contemporaneous jazz. Indeed, in the slurs given to the trombones in the first movement jazz pure and simple enters the field of art music. For the piano the jazz element is contributed in the shape of numerous glissandi.

The concerto is in three movements played without pause, and there are some long passages for undefended piano. Many solos among the orchestral instruments diversify the score. The first movement is decidedly good, albeit this possesses a highly marked flavor of Percy Grainger. The slow movement is labored, episodic and fragmentary. The finale is unnecessarily extended. But on the whole the concerto is an interesting novelty, chiefly because it does not sound like any other piano concerto on earth or in the waters under the earth. The pianist of yesterday was E. Robert Schmitz, who found in this composition a field for the full exercise of his physical forces. He played the music with all his soul and all his strength, and the result was unto the glory of Sowerby.

Chausson's B flat symphony opened the concert. It was to have been played at an earlier entertainment, but was postponed because it had not been sufficiently rehearsed. It was excellently done yesterday. The work is not new here. It is clear, melodious and symmetrical. It could be heard perhaps once in three years. The audience of yesterday afternoon seemed to like it. The concert came to its finish with the magic fire music and Valkyr ride of Wagner.

By H. E. Krehbiel

The theory has been advanced that the first distinctively great American composer of music would come out of the West—not tho extreme West, but the Mississippi Valley. There was at least an amiable plausibility in the argument which was advanced in support of the notion. The East was effete, of course, and hopelessly under the thrall of European influences; the Pacific Coast—well, we do not recall what was the matter with the Pacific Coast, but it was probably too near the Far East to have national ideals; but the middle West was sufficiently isolated from Europe and Asia that the typical American was bound to sprout and grow there.

Having always maintained that in artistic as well as political ideals there must, sooner or later, come out of the great American melting pot an amalgam uniting the best qualities of the elements in the present hodge-podge of races, peoples, tribes and individuals, and that then nothing more would be needed for the production of a distinctively American composer but the forward man who would strike out a path and lead a willing band of followers into it, we have waited for his coming—not impatiently, for art is not created in a day, but hopefully and with steadfast faith. Ever and anon we have thought that we detected signs of his advent, but have been disappointed and thrown back upon such comfort as the men of the East have given us—Chadwick, MacDowell, Parker, some of their contemporaries and some of their predecessors.

A Grand Rapids Product

Yesterday we listened again to a voice from the Middle West. At a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall Mr. Walter Damrosch brought forward what was called a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra by Leo Sowerby, who was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., and is uncontaminated by European and Eastern instruction, though perhaps not wholly by example. He drank at the Pierian spring in Chicago, in which city his composition had a first public hearing.

It is not a concerto in structure, but a rambling rhapsodic utterance, in which some of the elements of a concerto may be discovered. Thus it has three movements, or divisions, though they are not disconnected. That fact is negligible, however. No one cares about the form of a vessel nowadays, and no one should, so long as its contents appeal to sound taste and make for artistic refreshment. It has been changed since it was first given out by the composer, and we fancy not for its betterment in some respects. It once had a vocal part, which has been clided. That circumstance piques our curiosity a bit, not because to put a song into a pianoforte concerto is a novel procedure, but because we should have been glad to observe whether or not the vocal part added to the significance of the proclamation.

We imagine, we do not know, that it has also been extended. Here we have no hesitation in saying that the change has not worked for good. If the piece cries out loudly for anything it is for abbreviation—preferably by vigorous application of a meat ax. If Mr. Damrosch had chopped it into a dozen pieces and thrown away half of those made out of the final division the composition would have gained, not lost, in consistency and cohereney, for in its present integrity it is a thing of shreds and patches.

Work Shows Originality

There are original ideas in the work and original forms of expression. Some of them are of the kind which it must be acknowledged, even if it be with a pang of regret, have the flavor of Americanism — present-day Americanism, that is, not the flavor which we try to believe will be found in the music of the coming great American composer. He, it is to be hoped, will not draw his inspiration from the barbarous "jazz" pieces of to-day, with their elements which are utterly subversive of good taste, in melody and instrumental euphony.

We do not believe that blurting glissandos on brass instruments will have a place in the good American music of the future. We heard the effect first some years ago from the trombones in a symphonic poem on the subject of Pelléas and Mélisande, written by Riger or some other German revolutionary. It was not beautiful, but distinctly disturbing to the mood of the piece. There is no such poetical mood in the first movement of Mr. Sowerby's concerto, which starts off like a quickstep march played by a brass band. But the vulgarity is there just the same.

Middle Movement Excels

In the middle (slow) division of the piece, by all odds the finest, Mr. Sowerby becomes meditative, "whimsically" meditative, but his beautiful thoughts (they are beautiful and beautifully expressed) seem to run parallel with M. Charpentier's when he discourses symphonically on the street cries of Paris in "Louise." Throughout the piece, except in this interlude, the composer treats the pianoforte shabbily—like a xylophone with sound-producers of glass.

Now, though a pianoforte tone is a tone with a drum beat in it, the instrument can sing, and sing nobly. Why not let it sing? Why compel it to consort chiefly with drums and xylophones and other instruments of percussion and deny to it its most beautiful capacity for expression?

Mr. E. Robert Schmitz played the solo part of the composition and the performance, under Mr. Damrosch, was as spirited and effective as could be desired. Besides it the concert brought forward Chausson's symphony in B flat and excerpts from Wagner's "Walküre."

We found ourselves at 3 o'clock in Aeolian Hall, listening to Walter Damrosch and his excellent New York Symphony Orchestra, first in a performance of Chausson's symphony and then of a new American concerto for piano by Leo Sowerby. The Chausson symphony was played with animation and a manifest desire to reveal all that is best in it; yet it was difficult to find in it any traces of originality. If, as has been unjustly said a woman's mind is "a gallery of echoes," then Ernest Chausson must have been a woman. The transferred ghosts of Wagner and Tchaikovsky strut through all his movements, of which there are mercifully only three

Mark Twain commented on the curious habit of Americans abroad of yelling louder and louder at unfortunate foreigners who do not understand them. Apparently Mr. Sowerby thought his concerto difficult to understand, and that's why he made the orchestra and the piano shout at the top of their voices most of the time. Or did he feel that because his name is Leo he must roar like a lion? Wagner's noisy Ride of the Valkyries following his work came as the cooing of doves. It recalled a story about the performance of a Spontini opera in Berlin. Stepping from the opera house at the moment when a huge brass band was passing, a man exclaimed: "Thank heaven! At last some soft music!"

Before Mr. Sowerby, who hails from Grand Rapids, writes any more music for orchestra or piano, or both together, he should learn that loudness impresses only in contrast with softness and becomes a mere nuisance when cultivated for its own sake. There are a few details in his score which indicate that he has some talent, but he will have to learn how to curb his youthful storm and stress and also the trick of what in newspaper offices is called "boiling down"; that is, in New York. In Boston they call it "eliminating the superfluous phraseology."

It should be added that the piano part of the concerto was played by E. Robert Schmitz probably as well as it could have been by any pianist alive or dead or to come.

Metropolitan sang at the Hippodrome

Jan 22 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.

The novel features of the Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon were a symphony by Henry Hadley, who conducted the performance of the work, and the playing of the solo part of Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor by Miss Ellen Ballon.

Strictly speaking, neither of these features was new. Mr. Hadley's symphony was composed in 1897 and received a first performance at a concert of the Manuscript Society, directed by Anton Seidl, in December of the same year. Miss Ballon, though she wore the frock of a child yesterday, gave a concert in Mendelssohn Hall in March, 1910. That is nearly eleven years ago. She has grown in years since, and, whatever she may have been then, she can scarcely be accounted a prodigy now.

Her fingers seemed adequate to the concerto in nimbleness and strength yesterday, but there were few evidences of maturity of understanding or feeling in her playing.

Hadley Widely Experienced

Mr. Hadley was no novice in composition when he wrote the symphony in F, which he entitled "Youth and Life." He had already put opus numbers on twenty-four compositions, and there were moments in yesterday's performance, particularly during the playful movement of the work, when we were tempted to think that his creative imagination was more spontaneous and vigorous when he wrote the symphony than it has been at any time within the last decade.

He already had the marvelous facility of setting down whatever came into his head, which we have had frequent occasion to admire, but also the willingness to set down everything, regardless of its value, which we have just as many occasions to deplore.

In every one of the four movements of this symphony he makes a brave beginning, arousing expectations which unfortunately end in disappointment, which grows steadily with each new device of development. He is satisfied with the orchestral palette of the classic writers and he wields his brush with ease, confidence and success, never inviting his hearers to think of his models as he does in his compositions of recent years. But the discrepancies between his aims and achievements are great.

Besides the symphony and concerto the program contained the "Till Eulenspiegel" of Richard Strauss and Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, which, like the concerto, were effectively conducted by Mr. Stransky.

Our opera ought, perhaps, to be a musical melting pot in order to be a representative national institution, but, if so, it ought to tend to produce an artistic amalgam, rather than to keep separate the elements which go into it. The Italian portion of our citizenry has ample consideration in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the French, though less generously treated, is not altogether neglected.

The German is on probation for reasons which are too fresh and painful in the public mind to need mention.

Russian Operas Welcomed

The institution's only real stepchild is the native element of English origin. To it, however, deference has been paid by the production of German works in vernacular versions. Since the successful production of "Boris Godounoff" Russian operas have enlisted attention, and no others, save the Italian, have been so welcomed by our citizens of foreign birth as have Moussorgsky's opera and Tschaikoffsky's "Eugene Onyegin." The unaccountable and indefensible thing about these productions, however, is that they are not sung either in the original language of their books or in the vernacular, but in Italian.

Surely here was the place and the opportunity to strike a blow to nationalize the institution. The desirability of performing all operas in the language in which they were written is incontrovertible from a high artistic point of view; but when that is impracticable the rights of the native tongue of the country become predominant and imperative.

English should not be excluded for the convenience of a few Italian singers to whom it is unfamiliar. In France, Germany and Italy foreign singers are compelled to learn the language of the country, and there is no institution in better condition to follow Europe's rule and enforce the obligation than the Metropolitan Opera.

"Eugene Onyegin," which made an agreeable impression when incorporated in the repertoire last season, had its first performance this season last night. Most of the singers concerned in last season's representations—Miss Muzio, Mme. Howard, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. De Luca and Mr. Didur—filled their rôles again last night.

The illness of Miss Gordon, however, compelled a change in the printed cast, her place as the impersonator of Larina being filled by Miss Perini, who yielded the part of Olga to Miss Ingram. The changes did not mar the effectiveness of the performance. Miss Ingram in particular disclosed musical and dramatic endowments wholly adequate to the tenuous play but delightful score. Miss Muzio, as usual, won hearty commendation for her singing in the letter scene, and Messrs. De Luca and Martinelli walked through the play and sang like gentlemen. The most refreshing moments in the opera are those depicting the harvest home festival in the first scene, with its stirring folk music and folk dance.

The scene went straight to the hearts of the Russians in the audience and many others. Mr. Bodanzky conducted the performance with zeal and devotion obviously inspired by sincere affection for Tschaikoffsky's music.

Jan 25 1921

By James Gibbons Huneker

HELLO, CHICAGO!

Hello, Chicago! Hello yourself! The voice caused gander flesh down my back. It was a firm, cool voice. She who must be obeyed? I dare not say. Well? I again remarked, Hello, Chicago! You mean the Manhattan Opera House? was the next question. I eagerly assented. If you are not quick about it you will miss the overture. But, I remonstrated, over a long distance wire I can hear your singers quite as well in Flatbush as at Hammerstein's gingerbread opera building. Hurry! Gino Marinazzi is in his seat, soon the curtain will rise on Norma Druidess and Rosa Raisa as Rimini—no more doubts, the director was on the wire and I tremblingly acquiesed. My astral buggy brought me to my seat as the frist sharp chords of the overture to Bellini's masterpiece began, and what followed, but confirmed my first suspicion, I might have just as well remained at home instead of braving the arctic temperature of West 34th Street. What with Raisa, Besanzini, Lazzari and Forrest Lamont on the stage, all pouring out huge masses of tone, there was little need to go to the Manhattan. You could hear them over in Queensboro.

All of which means that the Chicago Opera Association came to town last night, as usual bringing with them a big wind, a lot of big voices and potent personalities and, incidentally, packing the house with a mob of musical and unmusical enthusiasts, who made more noise than the singers. Perhaps that's why they went to "Norma," not to listen but to pound their palms, horny and otherwise. This audience, however, was justified. There was some tremendous singing heard though not much art displayed.

By Richard Aldrich

NORMA, dramatic opera in three acts and five scenes; book in Italian by Felice Romani, founded on an old French story; music by Vincenzo Bellini. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Pollione ..... Forrest Lamont
Oroveso ..... Virgilio Lazzari
Norma ..... Rose Raisa
Adalgisa ..... Gabriella Besanzoni
Clotilde ..... Philene Falco
Flavius ..... Jose Mojica

Conductor—Gino Marinuzzi.

Having contributed for a good many years a considerable part of the musical season of New York, the Chicago Opera Company opened its engagement of six weeks last night at the Manhattan Opera House. The first performance was one of Bellini's "Norma," which the company gave here last season with Mme. Rosa Raisa in the title role. The opera house was crowded, of course, to the doors, though there were a few empty seats, and the greeting given to the visiting singers was enthusiastic, particularly that to Mme. Raisa.

The Chicago company returns to the house to which it traces its origin in the enterprise of Oscar Hammerstein. It comes after a magnificent season of preliminary advertising in columns of newspaper accounts of Miss Mary Garden's appointment to the place of manager; of her views, hopes and plans; of the fabulous number of special cars and trains necessary to move the scenery and transport the singers, and much else of deep import. Miss Garden will not only direct but will also sing. A season of the Chicago opera without her singing would be but a Barmecide feast and inconceivable.

There is thus every expectation of success for the visiting opera in the ensuing six weeks, with performances every evening and a matinée each week; with new and unexpected additions to the répertory; old work resuscitated, new singers introduced, old favorites restored to public acclamation. Altogether a hectic season may be anticipated, in which operatic performances in New York will number at the two opera houses thirteen or fourteen a week.

As for the opening performance of "Norma," sung very loud, it was not so easy to create a profund excitement by it in the breasts of old operagoers. Its appeal to the public taste of this time is not a strong one. Much of the music is sadly faded, even "numbers" which were once household words; and there is much tedium in the long stretches of recitative. "Norma," in fact, is revived in this day only as a "vehicle" for the behoof of a singer. And that singer is, of course, Mme. Raisa.

Her impersonation of the heroine was one that secured the solid and enthusiastic support of a large following in the audience. For those who are deeply impressed by an extraordinary voice of much power and range, capable of giving forth stentorian tones in accents of tragic intensity; by an imposing personality; by a statuesque stage presence that fills the eye, Mme. Raisa's performance was a triumph of artistic achievement.

Others stopped to consider that her voice, if large, is crude in quality; that her singing lacks lamentably many of the finer graces; that there is little legato, that the phrasing is disjected and dismembered; that florid passages are delivered without the finish, the precision and the brilliancy that are their excuse for being. Her singing of "Costa Diva" in the first act was an epitome of the kind of singing that was heard from her through the opera. Mme. Raisa's Norma has undoubtedly a powerful dramatic quality, and in aspect, in pose and gesture, is singularly in keeping with the character.

The singing of the other members of the cast also left something to be desired and made it seem clearer than ever that any revival of "Norma" is tolerable only if it be given completely in the style in which it was conceived, a style which presupposes before anything else fine singing in the manner of the "bel canto." Mme. Besanyani, remembered from her appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House a few seasons ago, was the Adalgisa, no better now in voice and style than when she departed hence, but contributing something to the dramatic action of the piece. The Pollione was Forrest Lamont, whose voice, in itself not without promise except in its lower ranges, is not used advantageously, and whose ideas of the style of the music of "Norma" are hopelessly at sea. Perhaps the best singing that was heard in the performance was that of Mr. Lazzari, the Oroveso, who appeared here last season in the same part.

Mr. Marinuzzi conducted the performance efficiently. The chorus, particularly of the men, sang well. The scenery

was of varied excellence, the best setting being that representing the grave of the Druids.

There was much applause throughout the performance, and at the ends of the acts the singers were repeatedly called before the curtain.

Alfred Cortot, French Pianist, Plays.

Alfred Cortot, the French pianist, who first appeared in America during the tour of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in 1918 and found a welcome individually thereafter, returned last evening at Carnegie Hall in a solo recital of but three works, with certain "additions," from three composers of music's "romantic" age. Mr. Cortot was heard in Liszt's B-minor sonata, Chopin's "Preludes," comprising twenty-four sub-titles, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," twelve familiar studies, supplemented with five discovered among Schumann's papers after his death. It was regrettable only that a recital so stimulating to intelligent musical interest, apart from mere "prettiness" or personal effect, must be passed with a mention today instead of with appreciation of its content and design, such as a considerable audience evinced on its own behalf last evening.

Miss Farrar Sings Louise Again.

Charpentier's "Louise," newly produced by the Metropolitan company, was sung for the second time at the Opera House on Broadway last evening before the influential Monday subscription, which applauded Mr. Gatti-Casazza's fine spectacle of nocturnal Paris, as designed by Joseph Urban. Miss Farrar, in the title rôle, added some elaboration of detail to her interpretation of the heroine, as she had done a few years ago with the "later" Louise of a sequel opera, "Julien," to which the composer is now said to have prepared a third follower, with the title "L'Amour du Faubourg." Orville Harrold as the young Julien and Whitehill as the father shared honors last night among a cast of three dozen named parts, and Albert Wolff conducted.

Knight MacGregor, Baritone, Sings.

Knight MacGregor, a young baritone and not bass, though his earlier announcements said both, appeared in a matinee recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall, displaying a voice of musical quality and power in its upper range, less well supported in deeper tones requiring sheer weight of physique, though his singing was at all times of a broad and sturdy style. He gave airs of Handel, Mozart and Arnold, songs in English by Schumann and Mendelssohn, and also in a good translation Hugo Wolf's "Zur Ruh" as well as a Rachmaninoff melody. He had others by Floridia, Koeneman, Kramer, Russell, Harty and Martin, assisted at the piano by Francis Moore.

Rudolph Polk, Violinist, Heard.

Rudolph Polk, violinist of this city, a student abroad with Marteau and, in composition, with Paul Juon, appeared at Aeolian Hall last night for the third time in his career, having played here twice last season. With Richard Hageman at the piano, he was heard in Nardini's E-minor concerto and the "Scotch Fantasie" of Bruch, with arrangements by Wilhelmj, Kreisler and Louis Saar; a "Tarantelle" by Sarasate, and a novelty descriptive of "California" by Arthur Loesser.

The Chicago Opera Company, Miss Mary Garden, general manager, began a season of six weeks last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. The theatre was filled and the audience contained a sufficient number of bravo shouters to create an illusion of ecstatic joy at the invasion of New York by the singers from the city further west. The opera proffered for public delectation was Bellini's "Norma," which died a natural death some years ago, but was resurrected at the Lexington Theatre on February 3, 1920, for the glorification of Miss Rosa Raisa of the Chicago forces.

It was Miss Raisa who again had to bear the burden of the opera last evening. She had the name part, while her chief associates were Mme. Besanzoni, who enjoyed a brief experience as a member of the Metropolitan company and went west to grow up with a more ingenuous country; Forest Lamont, a tenor whose every appearance in this town excites mild wonder at the strange fancies of Chicago operagoers, and Virgilio Lazzari, a respectable basso of ordinary artistic dimensions.

Newspapers which regard it as an important part of their mission to assist amusement managers in "booming" themselves and their wares have occupied considerable space in promulgating the views, promises and prophecies of the newly chosen director of the Chicago institution. Among other things she has declared that she would not give the old Italian operas if she could not find singers to sing them properly. A most judicious determination, since it is much easier to give many modern operas which do not demand any singing at all.

It has furthermore been made known that the repertory of the first week of the New York season was made before Miss Garden's administration began, and that she deemed it expedient to let bad enough alone. Otherwise we may be justified in surmising that the season would not have begun with "Norma," that is, if Miss Garden was in earnest when she vowed she would not give such works with singers who could not sing them.

The performance should have settled in Miss Garden's mind the fate of "Norma" if of no other Italian opera. Miss Rosa Raisa was defended when she first sang the title role on the ground that she was in a new field. Last night she revealed the fact that she had made no progress whatever. She displayed the same splendid voice and the same ignorance of the style of the work. Her phrasing of "Casta Diva" covered the stage with the *disjecta membra* of vocal art. She made sad work of the florid passages in the great first scene, but she was very good to see.

The other members of the cast were equally at sea in Bellini's music. Mme. Besanzoni as *Adalgisa* sang in the way she made familiar at the Metropolitan, a bewildering way to those who remember how the music to be sung in the brave days of old. Forest Lamont's *Pollione* was a sorrowful figure. But addition of details is useless. The representation was not one to arouse Miss Garden's pride. In justice to those who believe that applause means something, let it be added that it was abundant for all the singers, for the chorus, the scenery, the orchestra and Gino Marinuzzi, who conducted.

MUZIO AND DE LUCA AT BAGBY MUSICALE

Schipa and Casini Also Heard at Final 'Morning.'

Morris Bagby's last musical morning for this season was held yesterday in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, the audience being one of the largest of the series, that began in December. The artists were Miss Claudia Muzio and Giuseppe de Luca of the Metropolitan, Tito Schipa of the Chicago Opera and Gutia Casini, 'cello. Richard Hageman and Frederico Longas were the accompanists.

Miss Muzio sang "O Patria Mia" from "Aida," and with Mr. de Luca the duo from the last act of "Il Trovatore." She also sang the "Bird Song" from "Pagliacci" and "Mia Piccirella" from "Salvator Rosa" of Gomez. Mr. de Luca sang arias from Lalo, Mozart and songs of Chausson, Moffat and Rossini. Mr. Schipa's numbers included arias from Massenet's "Manon" and "Werther," also Florindo's aria from the Wolf-Ferrari opera "Le Donne Curiose" and some old Italian songs. Mr. Casini played compositions of Tschaikowsky, Godard and Popper.

Among those in the audience were

Chicago Opera in New York

The two sensations of the Chicago Opera Company's New York season last year were Bellini's "Norma," as sung by Rosa Raisa and Myrna Sharlow, and conducted by Gino Marinuzzi, and Mary Garden's impersonation of the heroine of Massenet's splendid opera, "Cléopâtre," which it is to be hoped she will again appear in, for it shows her at her very best, and as she is now the head of the whole show she can do whatever she pleases.

In view of the great enthusiasm evoked by the revival of "Norma" it can be understood why it seemed a good opera to open this winter's season at the Manhattan Opera House with, as was done last night, in the presence of a large concourse of people, including many celebrities, who were on exhibition in the boxes. Yet it was a mistake. "Norma" is one of the most difficult operas ever written. Bellini was a spoiled child in the matter of singers. He knew that whatever he wrote would be sung wonderfully well by artists trained to his style. His "I Puritani" was written to measure for four giants among singers: Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache. Now, the Chicago Opera Company has no singers of their rank; it would have been wise therefore to give the most difficult opera Bellini ever wrote under the most favorable conditions instead of after a hurried and fatiguing railway journey and amid the confusion of an opening night.

Mr. Marinuzzi conducted the score with his usual care and dramatic fervor, and the chorus did its duty, especially in the highly effective Druids' ensemble of the last act; but none of the principals were in good form. Forrest Lamont and Virgilio Lazzari as the Proconsul and the chief of the Druids sang about as well as Adamo Didur would in a Bellinian *bel canto* opera. Last season Myrna Sharlow, an American, delighted the audience with her lovely voice in the important part of Adalgisa, which in the duets blended beautifully with Rosa Raisa's. Last night Gabriella Besanzoni, an Italian, had this part and fell far short of the American's achievement both in beauty of tone and in vocal art. Much of her singing, indeed, was anything but agreeable, being marred by unsteadiness and undue forcing of the tones.

Nor was Rosa Raisa herself in good voice. Had she sung Norma last season as she sang it last night we should have missed one of the treats of a critical lifetime. There were plenty of faults in her singing then, but they were so overshadowed by the marvellous exhibitions of vocal art and thrilling tonal beauty, especially in the last two acts, that they seemed negligible.

We felt that at last a successor to Lilli Lehmann had been found: a singer versed in both the colorature and the dramatic styles. It must be borne in mind that in the days of Bellini singers had not yet become differentiated into light and dramatic sopranos. Jenny Lind, famed for her florid warbling, also sang the dramatic Norma; it was one of her favorite parts. Grisi sang Adalgisa first, then Norma. Lilli Lehmann relates in her autobiography how her mother warned her: "Do not sing Norma; it is one of the most exacting of rôles, for which, I fear, you do not possess the strength"; but Lilli persevered and the time came when Conductor Jahn said to her: "If you and your sister wished to go on tour in 'Norma' you could earn a million."

Lilli Lehmann was a wiser opera star than Rosa Raisa is. If she goes on abusing the *coup de glot* as she did last night, her voice may last a year or two longer; but we doubt if it will. For several years we have been warning her that if she continued to force her voice she would ruin it. She earns boisterous applause by hurling out Himalayan tones, but is it not better to have a little less boisterous applause now and have the voice last ten or twenty years longer? Last night's audience wildly applauded her final tones at the end of the second act; yet she knew, of course, that they were painfully below the correct pitch.

With the "Hear Me, Norma" duo came a great change. In this and to the end of the opera she sang as she did last year; if all's well that ends well, the opera was a success. And yet it was in the first act that Mme. Raisa achieved her first vocal stunt—a *messa di voce* effect of swelling and diminishing a tone which could not have been more ravishingly beautiful if Patti or Melba or Sembrich had sung it. That's Rosa Raisa—making her admirers glow with joy one moment and weep with chagrin the next. She needs a teacher—and a good rest. Maybe, at her next appearance, she will be enchanting all the way through—maybe. You never can tell. *Varium et mutabile semper femina.*

Jan 23 1921

Compositions of Belgian Master Gratifyingly Interpreted in Concert for Aeolian Hall Audience

Mr. Charlton (we suppose it was he) had a happy concert when he planned the concert of music by César Franck which took place in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The Belgian master makes a winnig appeal to all who know his personal story as well as by his music. It is not necessary to follow his pupils to feel that in the mixture of his nature there were many elements of true greatness and it is a quality of his music not always found in that of great composers, though never wholly absent from it, that it arouses in appreciative listeners sympathetic interest in the man. A lovable genius indeed must he have been who could set himself such a large and formidable task as "The Redemption" and also register a vow to make one hundred sittings of the "Ave Maria."

With all its profundity this amiable ingenuousness looks out, large-eyed from his music, especially from the sonata for pianoforte and violin with which Mr. Ernest Hutcheson and Mr. Samuel Gardner opened yesterday's concert. There was nothing perfunctory about the playing of the two artists. Obviously the work appealed to their tastes as well as their affections and put their hearts into it. We always hear mature and finished performances from Mr. Hutcheson, but Mr. Gardner's salad days are not so far back in the perspective and it was peculiarly gratifying to listen to his ripe playing yesterday.

In the sonata he put the most emphatic and luminous line across the pages of his record that he has yet drawn. So, at least, it seemed to us.

Miss Helen Stanley sang some songs with more purely vocal than poetic effect. Mr. Hutcheson played Harold Bauer's arrangement of the Prelude, Fugue and Variations and joined Mr. Gardner and Mr. Emmerau Stocber, violoncello, in a performance of the master's Trio in F-sharp minor, the first of his numbered works.

H. E. K.

Jan 26, 1921

The Chicago Orchestra, which had not been heard in this city for nearly ten years, gave a concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised the third symphony of Brahms, the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia of Tschaikowsky, Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "The Garden of Fand," and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." But the music performed is not the important matter for consideration. The Chicago Orchestra is almost a stranger and its artistic quality is the essential subject.

The visit was welcome. Frederick Stock, the conductor, has not only sustained the high level which his organization established ten years ago, but has lifted the band of musicians to loftier heights. The playing of the Brahms symphony was something to be cherished in the memory. The tone quality as a whole was so deep, so sonorous without noise, so rich and so velvety that it was indeed ravishing.

Mr. Stock's wood winds are quite admirable. They can play a piano extraordinarily soft and at the same time polished. The brass is truly noble in tone and the conductor knows how to get fortissimo effects without tearing things to tatters. His dynamic scale is broad, but it never transcends the limits of beauty in its reach after power. The balance of the orchestra is excellent and the gradations managed with exquisite delicacy of style. In short, this is an orchestra which plays with the greatest elasticity, with most elegant finish, yet with breadth and virility.

No catalogue of details could express more than the statement that the Brahms work was delivered with adequate nobility and repose, while the passionate composition of Tschaikowsky was presented with all the agonizing of its style, yet without any loss of artistic dignity.

There is a temptation, which need not be resisted, to add that Mr. Stock's developments of crescendi constituted a very valuable object lesson in the art of orchestral conducting. The audience was not as large as the entertainment deserved, but at this moment the appeals to the attention of music lovers are exceedingly numerous. The applause was of the kind which betokened approval honorably won.

Two Song Recitals.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday Miss Eleanor Reynolds, an American contralto, who has sung in opera in Berlin and at Mahler festivals in Vienna, gave her first recital here with Coenraad Bos at the piano. In a good list of old airs, French, German and English songs, she disclosed an admirable v[illegible] a production not at its best in the upper range, dramatic power in interpretation and only a fair diction.

At the Princess Theatre yesterday Mme. Kathleen Hart Bibb, soprano, gave the first of two song recitals, in which she had the support of excellent accompaniments played by her husband, Frank Bibb. She sang with much sharm of voice and manner French and other selections, including four Handalian airs arranged by Mr. Bibb. Her upper tones she produced much better than when she was heard here three years ago. The recital, as a whole, was delightful. The audience filled the theatre.

National Symphony Concert.

The regular Tuesday matinee of the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday served to demonstrate the importance of being earnest. In other words, concentration of thought and energy in repeated rehearsals have much advanced the standard of performance at these concerts. The conductor, Willem Mengelberg, as was said in this place after his first appearance, knows his business. What he required was hard work from his men. The cost of orchestral excellence is very high, but it is being paid and results are obtained.

The programme comprised Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, Liszt's piano concerto in E flat and Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. The solo performer was Ignatz Friedman. Comment on the playing of the concerto need not be extended. It was a very uncertain performance, in which Mr. Friedman played many notes not in the score, omitted many that were, did peculiar things with rhythms and at times involved himself in extraordinary confusion with the orchestra. Otherwise it was a brilliant performance, containing some agile finger work and some beauty of tone.

Mr. Mengelberg had evidently bestowed much care on the preparation of the Russian composer's symphony. The reading was one which might excite [illegible]gonism as well as satisfaction, but there was no question of its mastery of the score, its sincerity and its force. Especially in the slow movement did the conductor extract from the printed page the last drop of its emotional blood. The orchestra responded to the demands of the director in a manner which showed the benefit of the rehearsals already mentioned. The audience was hearty in its applause, and the playing deserved the approval.

By Richard Aldrich

The Chicago Orchestra.

A large part of the musical apparatus of Chicago was in New York yesterday. Besides the Opera Company that was playing in the Manhattan Opera House, with its gifted directrix leading the cast, the Chicago Orchestra gave a concert in Carnegie Hall on the first Eastern trip it has taken in a good many years.

It was under the direction of its conductor, Frederick A. Stock, who, since his promotion to the post he now occupies on the death of Theodore Thomas, founder of the Chicago organization, has become one of the most distinguished, as well as one of the most unassuming of conductors, and has put his orchestra in a position second to none in this country. He amply demonstrated this last evening, and left no doubt that the Chicago Opera Company is one thing and the Chicago Orchestra quite another.

The program, which was somewhat too long and comprehensive, was made up of Brahms's third symphony—a choice grateful to music lovers who have heard much of the other three symphonies in recent seasons and very little f this one—Tschaikowsky's symphonic fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini"; Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "The Garden of Fond,' and Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." The natural and inevitable desire of a visiting conductor giving a single concert to display as many as possible of the best points of his orchestra is no doubt responsible in part for the composition of the program. Thus Tschaikowsky's fantasia calls for virtuoso playing by the orchestra and demands unusual ability on the part of several of the chairs; but it no longer deeply interests and has began to show somewhat the ravages of time.

The orchestra was disclosed as a remarkably fine body of players, and quite sustained its high reputation. Its tone as a whole is beautiful in quality, in mellowness and richness, in balance. The strings have a golden beauty and transparency of tone. The wood winds are delicious in their purity, their finish and finesse; especially the flutes and clarinets. Such clarinet playing as came forth in the little solo passage in Tchaikowsky's symphonic poem is not too frequently heard. So, too, are the brasses good, though not quite so distinguished. The first horn's solo passages showed an excellent tone and style.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

At the concert of the National Symphony Orchestra given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall Mr. Mengelberg presented a program comprising Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony and Liszt's piano concerto, played by Ignaz Friedman. The audience did not fill the hall completely, but it was roused to great enthusiasm by the performance of Tschaikowsky's symphony. Especially after the second movement, the Andante Cantabile, and again at the close of the symphony, it burst into an uproar of applause and even bravos, of a sort not often occasioned by a symphony concert.

And, in truth, the performance was a remarkably fine one, of great eloquence, as splendid and sonorous in its larger proportions as it was finished and ornate in detail. Mr. Mengelberg had indeed elaborated his reading to the furthest limits in the molding of phrase, the adjustment of the finer shades of dynamics, the subtle differences, the retardations and accelerations of tempo.

The music, of course, yields itself with open arms to such treatment, through its very substance and texture, and it has always been favorite material in which conductors may develop to the fullest degree that "certain license" that the composer prescribes in the slow movement and implicitly suggests through the whole. Mr. Mengelberg had brought his orchestra to the point of responding flexibly to the flexibility of his reading. He wreaked himself upon the music and the result was a performance of stirring power and impressiveness.

It may be that there was the less opportunity to prepare scrupulously the accompaniment to Mr. Friedman's performance of Liszt's concerto. Mr. Mengelberg has before this given some excellent accompaniments. Yesterday there was something of confusion in the whole effect of Mr. Friedman's performance and the orchestral background. He played, on the whole, brilliantly, not with wholly impeccable accuracy, with relentless power in the fortissimo passages and great delicacy in the pianissimo; with much capriciousness of rhythm and tempo—a capriciousness that is no doubt justified, at least in part, by the character and spirit of the composition, but which added considerably to the difficulty of a closely following accompaniment.

Toscanini Gives Last Concert Here.

Mr. Toscanini conducted his third and last Metropolitan concert last evening with his orchestra of the Milan Scala, again playing to a sold-out house. It was the Italian organization's fifth appearance in Manhattan alone, and its seventh, counting those recently in Brooklyn and Newark, near by. Toscanini's program, which included additions to those of the previous performances, comprised Mozart's E flat symphony, Wagner's prelude to "The Master Singers," Elgar's "Symphonic Variations" and Sinigaglia's "Piemonte" suite, this last a novelty based on songs of the peasants of Piedmont. There were rising recalls after three of the numbers, even an encore after one; and at the close of the concert the leader was cheered.

Mrs. Kathleen H. Bibb in Songs.

With Frank Bibb at the piano, Mrs. Kathleen Hart Bibb gave a first recital at the Princess yesterday. An artificial style marred her natural gifts of a light, bright voice, but she interested her hearers in many rare songs. Among these were arrangements by Mr. Bibb from Handel and James Hook, four "Seasons," by Fevrier, composer of "Monna Vanna", airs from "old" operas, including Flotow's "l'Ombre," and a group in memory of a New York composer, the late Edward Horsman.

Levitzki Plays With Letz Quartet.

The Letz Quartet gave a second subscription evening of chamber music last night in Aeolian Hall, repeating on this occasion the Italian Malipiero's "Rispetti e Strombotti," a prize work of the Berkshire Festival last year. The Messrs. Letz, Harmati, Kreiner and Shak were also heard in an "allegro assai" of a posthumous quartet by Schubert, and Mischa Levitzki assisted in the piano quartet in A, op. 26, of Brahms. The program was enjoyed by a keenly musical house.

MURATORE AS PRINZIVALLE

French Conductor, Henri Martin, Shares With Stars Many Recalls After Second Act.

Welcome to a victorious French wing of Chicago's songbirds, now at the Manhattan to sing till March, was extended last evening by the Tuesday subscribers, the only opera audience of this one night, whereas there will be "double opera" all the rest of the week. It was a great home-coming at the revived house of Hammerstein and of his prophet, Mary Garden. Here she had begun long ago the first campaign for all that part of modern French art that this town yet owes to the enterprise of Oscar. It was on Tuesday nights, the "French nights" of later custom, that the Chicagoans had also come back to New York after the Hammerstein begira, and had shown here still more of their Parisian spectacles, once appearing as the Metropolitan's own guests in "Monna Vanna," never repeated there, but thrice again at the Lexington, and new to the old Manhattan home last evening. The event was more like a "first night" than second of a gala season.

Miss Garden as impresario for the first time presented herself as star, perhaps the first woman in the world to fill both rôles of manager and singer simultaneously. To her critics of the past, she sang with what was, at any rate, a new voice, the voice of authority. To her warmest admirers it was still true as an axiom that "Our Mary can act anything." What leading figure in musical or spoken drama, indeed, had made a name more firmly associated in the popular mind as "playing many parts" than had Mary Garden in the years she had drawn around her "interesting personality," like a slender cloak of many colors, the characters of Thaïs, Louise and Melisande, of Salome and Sapho, Gretchen and Griselidis, to name no more? Miss Garden has made more than her personality "interesting." She has considerably and consistently made opera interesting, contemporaneous, a thing of the present century. She was never a more commanding, more supple, lithe, electrifying figure, than on her reappearance now as Pisa's leaning tower of virtue triumphant, not without temptations, in a mystic poet's vision of old Italian wars.

Fevrier's "Monna Vanna" was first sung in New York on Feb. 17, 1914, in the fourth season of the then combined Chicago-Philadelphia company's visits to the Metropolitan Opera House. It had had an American premiere the previous December in Boston at the hands of the Boston Opera Company, and in the interval had been produced by the Metropolitan's so-called ally in both Philadelphia and Chicago. When the independent Western organization began its annual seasons here at the Lexington it opened on Jan. 23, 1918, with "Monna Vanna," repeating it once again that season and once in the following year, Jan. 30, 1919. Last night's performance was thus only the fifth time in New York.

The large audience rose in quick popular tumult and the orchestra men played a "tusch" when Miss Garden entered the stage as Vanna, evidently struggling, without being ungracious, not to step "out of the picture," which she was later able to do in good conscience at the first act's end in half a dozen curtain calls. Baklanoff and Cootreuil were admirable as the sombre husband and the father-in-law, once sung by Marcoux and Huberdeau.

In the tropical tent scene of Act II. there returned with Garden herself the tenor, Muratore, remembered after several years as a Prinzivalle of much poetic tenderness in the hero's chivalrous reminiscence of Vanna's childhood. The rôle, indeed, brings out the gentler qualities of his voice better than some others he sings. His reserve best deserved applause, which, however, was not lacking when he took some top notes heading a falsetto.

A new and active French conductor, Henri Morin, deservedly shared with Garden and Muratore the prolonged recalls after the second act, and there were more when the opera ended, briefly and unimaginatively as does the play, without a "last act" that Maeterlinck wrote for Fevrier, but which has never been included here. Minor parts in the cast were taken by the Messrs. Paillard, Nicolay, Contesso and Defrere, and Mr. Coini staged the revival.

Many Metropolitan stars were in the Manhattan audience, as also were Albert Wolff, the French conductor there; President H. H. Flagler of the Symphony Society and others representative of social and musical New York.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Monna Vanna" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Prinzivalle	Lucien Muratore
Guido Colonna	Georges Baklanoff
Monna Vanna	Mary Garden
Marco Colonna	Edouard Cotreuil
Vedio	Albert Paillard
Trivulzio	Constantin Nicolay
Borso	Etienne Contesso
Torello	Desire Defrere

Conductor, Henri Morin.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition

The music-lovers of New York had the privilege of dividing their attention between two symphony concerts last night and concentrating it on one yesterday afternoon. In other words, three orchestral concerts of the first class were given in the city—two in Carnegie Hall and one in the Metropolitan Opera House. It is midseason, and the symphonic tide reached high water yesterday; within the next fortnight there will be no fewer than twenty-two concerts of such music.

In the afternoon Mr. Mengelberg, conducting the National Symphony Orchestra, and in the evening Mr. Toscanini, conducting the orchestra of the Teatro alla Scala (assuming that it is entitled to that designation), made interesting demonstration of the power of master minds over somewhat crude material; in the concert of the Chicago orchestra there was convincing illustration of the admirable results which flow from the coöperation of a remarkably excellent band and an earnest, intelligent, experienced and capable leader.

Exhibitions of popular delight approaching what are called sensational scenes were the reward of the foreign visitors; Mr. Stock, of Chicago, was not noisily cheered after any of his numbers, as Mr. Mengelberg was at the conclusion of Tschaikoffsky's fifth symphony, nor did the concert-room at any time echo the shouts of "Brava" from Italian throats, as the opera house did at the end of Mozart's symphony in E-flat; but a large audience composed of knowers as well as lovers of music sat in respectful judgment on the performance of the men from Chicago and pronounced a verdict of unqualified and sincere approval.

The coming of the orchestra may have seemed to many like a challenge to the local organizations, though it was doubtless planned more for the good of Chicago than the harm of New York; but the result proved that the visitors were justified in making the challenge. They certainly lost nothing by it and New York gained a pleasurable and healthful experience.

Mr. Stock's program put himself and his men to a severe test. It began with Brahms's symphony in F, of all the four the one most considered and perhaps most justly considered austere; at any rate, the one in which the making of *ad captandum* effects is least permissible.

Throughout its first two movements it was less Mr. Stock's reading than the quality of the band which invited attention. The reading, indeed, seemed somewhat sobersided, and the thought obtruded itself that Mr. Stock's respect for the bars drawn across the musical staves was a hindrance to the free melodic and rhythmic flow which is the life of music.

It was in no respect rhapsodic; it was not oratorical; it was not eloquent; it was not poetical. It was gratifyingly free from preciosity and finalness, however. His diminuendos did not fade away into near silences; his fortes did not assault the ear. But the euphony of the band in all its choirs was a delight to the ear; there was such nice appreciation of the natural voice of every instrument, such a homogeneity of quality and balance, such firmness, beauty and purity of attack.

With the last movement came a greater vitality and freedom of utterance and also a greater spontaneity and elasticity. And these qualities, never divorced from the appeal to the lovers of mere sensuous beauty of tone, never departed from the performance.

Since the concert was obviously designed to be a demonstration of the capability of the band, which demanded a varied style of music, it was pardonable, though also a bit deplorable, that Mr. Stock made his scheme over long.

Brilliancy in color and rhythmic animation were exploited after the symphony in Tschaikoffsky's "Francesca da Rimini" and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" (the closing piece) and filmy, moody, mystical atmospheric effects in a composition by Arnold Bax, an Irish composer, entitled "The Garden of Fand," which was also unconscionably long drawn, like the Russian composer's "fantasia-overture," but which invited particular interest as a novelty in New York.

The composition, which illustrates an Irish myth telling of how a hero was lured into her submarine home by a sea goddess, is full of modern impressionistic effects of orchestration and harmonization, but is profoundly poetical in spirit and we wish it might be heard again, as it deserves. Long before the end of the concert the orchestra and its leader had achieved a triumph and made enthusiastic admirers out of all the listeners.

Mr. Ignaz Friedman was the solo performer of the afternoon concert of the National Symphony Orchestra, but its climax was reached in the Tschaikoffsky symphony, the last movement of which was played with such tremendous verve that it brought the audience to its feet and evoked long-continued cheers.

Mr. Friedman played Liszt's concerto in E flat, but in such a nervous, restless way that Mr. Mengelberg found it difficult to keep pace with him, and the feature was much less interesting than the suave and lofty overture to "Anacréon" by Cherubini, to say nothing of the symphony.

The concert by Mr. Toscanini and the orchestra from Italy was the final one of its scheduled list. Its program was made up of Mozart's symphony in E flat, Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" variations, Sinigaglia's "Piedmontese" suite and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

Jan 25 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.

The projected season of six weeks of opera by the Chicago Opera Company opened at the Manhattan Opera House last night with much less flutter of circumstances and agitation than might have been expected in view of the publicity which has been given to all of Miss Mary Garden's sayings and doings since she assumed the direction of the enterprise. There were several things said by her which fill agreeably into the ears of intelligent lovers of opera and which, if carried out, would make for artistic righteousness. One of them was that she would not give representations of old Italian operas unless she had singers in her company who could sing them properly.

These were not the words, but they convey the sense of her utterance. Yet the opera last night was Bellini's "Norma," which, no matter how it may strike ears attuned to the measures of Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini, is certainly as much an Italian as any opera composed in the nineteenth century and just as certainly demands a classic manner of performance.

This manner is as much a lost art among the operatic singers of to-day as it is to the majority of the people who heard it last night; else there would have been silence, at least, instead of vociferous applause after Miss Raisa had chopped "Casta Diva" into pieces and hurled the fragments into the audience-room last night.

She sang it and everything which she had to sing chiefly by main strength (as the storied Irishman played the fiddle), and in her effort to win the plaudits of her hearers she was followed by Mme. Besanzoni (Adalgisa), Mr. Forrest Lamont (Pollione) and Virgilio Lazzari (Oroveso).

In all these cases there was an astonishing expenditure of lung power, but an infinitesimal exhibition of vocal art. It is impossible to listen without amazement to the volume of tone which Miss Raisa pours out, but this sensation might gladly be exchanged for some of the graces of real song which we are convinced are at her command.

There was an occasional phrase even in the supremely great air of the first act which, like her singing in the third, showed that she has the capacity to sing artistically, but so long as she continues to emulate a trumpet player blowing blood out of his eyes she is likely to continue to make the judicious grieve, no matter how powerful her appeal to those who sum up vocal excellence in voice, voice, voice and loudness.

Mme. Besanzoni shows the influence of better traditions, though she, too, as all will remember who heard her when she sang at the Metropolitan Opera House, forces a voice of fine quality into occasional uncouthness, and, like a country organist, keeps the tremolo stop in use without cessation.

Of purity of tone and suavity there was not a trace in the singing of Mr. Lamont. Chorus and orchestra were efficient, as was the conducting of Signor Marinuzzi, and the excellent acoustical properties of the theater made thrice admirable all that there was to admire in the performance.

62 Jan 21 1921

Mme. Olga Samaroff started on a long journey yesterday at Aeolian Hall. She purposes to play all the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven for the pianoforte. She disposed of four and will occupy seven more recitals in passing the remainder in review. It transpired that the project had lingered in the minds of the pianist and her husband, Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra for three years.

After the second of the group of four sonatas. Mr. Stokowski addressed the audience and made the confession. He also spoke of Beethoven's place in piano art, his relations to the his predecessors and his contemporaries and his achievements in the development of the sonata form. The number of auditors following the performance with printed copies of the sonatas indicated that teachers and pupils had gone in the hope of learning something and, although there was no news in Mr. Stokowski's address, it may be that some hearers acquired needed information.

The sonatas played were the three composing opus 2—namely, No. 1 in F minor, No. 2 in A major and No. 3 in C major. Between the second and third was interposed the E flat sonata, opus 7. That these early and rarely heard creations of the young master could be heard with unmarred pleasure and interest when well presented was delightfully demonstrated.

No other pianist now before the public has made more continuous and significant progress than Mme. Samaroff, who, beginning with some evidences of a wholly undisciplined talent, has reached a position of genuine mastery and something closely approaching authority. Her playing yesterday was most admirable in its clarity, its nice adjustment of details to clearly formed and convincing artistic purpose and its sheer beauty of tone and technique. If she succeeds in her journey through the sonatas of Beethoven as well as she started her progress will be a triumph.

Girl Violinist's Debut.

Miss Erika Morini, a seventeen-year-old violinist of Austro-Italian parentage, made her American debut at Carnegie Hall yesterday, assisted by an orchestra led by Artur Bodanzky. This player received her schooling from her father who is at the head of a conservatory of music in Vienna. She has played in concerts in Europe directed by Nikisch and Weingartner. Yesterday her performance brought her success with a large audience, which included many of the leading musicians.

Modest of demeanor, she showed a remarkable natural talent already well developed. Her selections with orchestra were Vieutemps's concerto in E major and Mendelssohn's concerto. In these numbers she played with a good tone, her bowing was generally free and elastic and her intonation excellent. She showed no little color and a knowledge of nuance and phrasing. Her general style, which was free from cheap effects, will no doubt gain more finish and brilliance when she has attained a fuller maturity.

As it is, she plays with dash, assurance and musical feeling. Her list contained further a group of shorter selections, for which her sister, Miss Alise Morini, furnished the piano accompaniments. For the opening number Mr. Bodanzky and the orchestra gave Weber's "Oberon" overture. Miss Morini's concert as a whole gave artistic pleasure.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Tosca" (in Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Floria Tosca	Yvonne Gall
Mario Cavaradossi	Joseph Hislop
Baron Scarpia	Georges Baklanoff
Cesare Angelotti	Constantin Nicolay
The Sacristan of St. Andrea della Valle	Vittorio Trevisan
Spoletta	Lodovico Oliviero
Sciarrone	Sallustio Cival
A Shepherd	Philine Falco
The Gaoler	B. Landesman
Conductor	Gino Marinuzzi.

By Richard Aldrich

"Tosca" by the Chicago Company.

The Chicago Opera Company last evening gave a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" in the Manhattan Opera House that had some excellent and interesting features, although there seemed, from the number of empty chairs, to have been some deficiency of public interest. One of the new tenors of the company, Joseph Hislop, a Scotch singer, made his first appearance in it as Cavaradossi. The Tosca was Miss Yvonne Gall, the Scarpia Mr. Baklanoff.

Mr. Hislop at once showed himself to possess valuable qualities as a lyric tenor. "Tosca" is not exactly the opera that a singer would choose to exhibit his powers of vocalism in at a first appearance; but it was made evident that Mr. Hislop's voice is an important asset to any opera company. It is rather light, and lyric in character, but not wanting in power; fresh, of good quality and for the most part used with skill. He made more demands on it for power last evening than was necessary; more, doubtless, than he will make when he finds what the acoustics of the theatre are.

Mr. Hislop also has the advantage of a slim and youthful figure, a sympathetic personality, which stood him in good stead in the part he took last evening. He is not, however, so youthful in reality as to lack experience upon the stage. He showed ample reserves of it in his impersonation, which was vivid and flexible. He has, in fact, had much experience in Sweden as well as in the opera houses of other countries before his appearance in Chicago.

Miss Gall's Tosca is a fiery and temperamental personage; and she gives to the part some powerful and swiftly moving melodramatic acting. Likewise, her singing has much that is commendable, among which is not, however, her disposition in tense and tragic moments to let the voice go beyond the limits of musical utterance. Indeed, in the latter part of the scene of the second act, in Scarpia's apartment, she abandoned musical tones altogether and spoke her lines.

The Scarpia of Mr. Baklanoff was an efficient and striking representation, not overladen with finesse, but drawn rather in bold outlines. His singing was not all that could have been hoped, but his participation in the previous night's opera should be remembered.

The setting of the first act, the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, is architecturally inept and rather shabby; but this was in part made up by the elegance of the design of the second. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted, not with great fire or energy, but kept his orchestra judiciously subordinated. There was recognition of the work of the principal singers, who were called before the curtain after each act. There was a special round of applause for Miss Gall after the impassioned song in the second act.

A spirit of listlessness pervaded the performance of "Tosca" by the Chicago Opera Company last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. This note was struck with the raising of Mr. Marinuzzi's baton, and was not improved by Mr. Baklanoff's phlegmatic acting throughout the church scene. Neither was it relieved by the new tenor, Joseph Hislop, in whose voice and acting there is the vigor of youth nor by the vocal and histrionic restlessness of Miss Yvonne Gall in the title rôle.

The event of the evening was Mr. Hislop's first appearance in New York. A Scotchman by birth, he has sung with success in Scandinavia, in Italy, in London, also in Chicago. He has a fine, full-bodied voice, impressive in quality, and well trained. Tall and athletic, he was prepossessing in appearance, a personable Mario. There was much to admire in his singing, but he too, appeared to feel the general atmosphere of sloth, and dragged his tempi. His acting left little to desire. Having dabbled in painting before he began his career in grand opera, his touch at the easel doubtless was professional. His first act, too, was interesting in other ways, not too conventional. Unlike one or two Italian [illegible] he was not consumed with passion [illegible] renzied in his return of Tosca's caresses. While she could not have accused him of lacking in warmth, he had a mind for other things, his painting, his friend Angelotti, and did not grovel in servile protestations before the spectacle of his beloved's jealousy. This jealousy seemed rather to amuse him, even to excite a little contempt and in the face of it he preserved his dignity.

"Tosca" is not Miss Gall's opera. Admirable in the delineation of character as the wife of the bargeman, for example, in "Il Tabarro," it is not to be expected that she should find every rôle equally congenial. For the Roman singer she lacks the emotional depths to realize the opportunities of the rôle, to raise it from mere melodrama to tragedy. Her best singing was done in the "Vissi d'Arte" aria, which won deserved applause. Histrionically she was hysterical, always acting, without distinction.

Mr. Baklanoff has his own conception of Scarpia. It is not always a good one. His first act was too stodgy, yet there were excellent and unexpected touches. The kiss imprinted upon Tosca's hand was insinuating, perhaps a trifle too long before a crowded church. In the second act he woke up and played the Chief of Police as a burly cave-man. Vocally he was at his best. In fact most of his seductiveness lay in his singing and in the unusual significance he gave the text, aided and abetted by excellent diction. We prefer a more sinister Scarpia, one whose eroticism is more Machiavellian, more polished.

A feature of the performance was Mr. Trevisan's Rabelaisian Sacristan, one of the finest impersonations of this character that has been given here. His knees did not turn wholly to water at the sight of Scarpia. He did not stammer. He hated the man's overbearing manner and sneered rather than cringed at his orders.

"Mefistofele" Sung for Fifth Time.

Boito's "Mefistofele" was sung for the fifth time at the Metropolitan last evening, before the usual crowded house. Mmes. Alda and Easton, Messrs. Gigli, Mardones and others appeared, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Today Mr. Gatti-Casazza was to open his series of special Thusday matinees, beginning with "Aida," also a fifth time, followed by "Madame Butterfly" this evening, and tomorrow by a gala night of "La Bohême" on the return after five years of Lucrezia Bori.

Mr. Gigli sang his role of Faust in "Mefistophele" last night just after receiving by cable from Italy the news of the death of his father, Domenico Gigli, 80 years old, a native of Recanati, in the Adriatic Province of the Marche.

Erika Morini Deeply Interests Big Audience at Her Debut.

Erika Morini, a violinist of whom more is likely to be heard, made her first appearance here yesterday in Carnegie Hall, playing concertos of Vieuxtemps, in E major, and of Mendelssohn, with "a symphony orchestra," recognizably that of the Metropolitan, under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky.

There will be opportunity for more critical estimate of the young artist in future, but it can be said at once that she profoundly interested a musical audience that filled the hall at her unheralded matinee. She gives the impression, too, of being a singularly complete artist, starting where too many others leave off, taking the technical fiddler's bag of tricks for granted, and making the violin a seemingly alive and breathing thing.

Her tone is never mechanical or dull; from a whisper on the strings to a roundly proclaimed phrase, the constant play of light and shade is like an April day in the sun. After the orchestra had left the stage she added, with her sister Alice at the piano, little pieces by Martini and Kreisler, Sarasate's version of the waltz in "Faust," like a waltz in an aviary, and an old Vienna dance for encore.

Miss Morini is said to be just under 17 years old, an Italian by descent, and with her father, who was present yesterday, formerly resided at Trieste, then Austrian territory. The young girl showed good self-control yesterday when she was sent out on the stage before the house was seated, and again when sagging strings forced her to stop and tune up before the cadenza in Vieuxtemps's concerto.

Malipiero's Quartet on Subscription Concert Program

At its second subscription concert in Aeolian Hall Thursday evening the Letz Quartet played Francesco Malipiero's quartet in one movement, entitled "Rispetti e Strambotti," which won the prize at last year's Berkshire Chamber Music Festival. It is an interesting composition in the ultra-modern manner. The title expresses the nature of the quartet. It mainly is a succession of tunes, or the Malipiero substitute for tunes, both serious and boisterous.

In the opening allegro there is a distinct melody over a continuous drone by the violoncello, but this is followed by a long adagio in which the themes, although suggested, are buried under typical modern Italian harmonies (or discords). This section begins and ends with an effective passage reminiscent of the beginning of the adagio of the "New World" Symphony.

Contrasted with this was the lyrical allegro assai from an unfinished quartet by Schubert, followed by Brahms's quartet in A major for piano, violin, viola and violoncello. Mischa Levitzki gave an excellent performance of the piano part, and the members of the quartet reached a notable degree of coordination and proportion.

Erika Morini, Violinist, Has Accuracy and Dash

Another new violinist was added yesterday to the season's already long list in the person of Erika Morini, who gave a recital in Carnegie Hall. She had the assistance of an orchestra under the direction of Artur Bodanzky. Miss Morini is a young woman from Vienna. She has made several concert appearances in central Europe.

In her playing yesterday she showed poise and gifts above the ordinary. She handled the Vieuxtemps concerto in E major, her opening number, with more than mere dexterity.

In both this and the Mendelssohn concerto, which followed, she had the great advantage of an orchestral background, which can at best be but lamely reproduced in the piano transcriptions, and so was enabled to present them in the most effective way. Her tone, however, was small and, what is more important, not always pleasing in quality. It continually lost body in rapid passages, giving the impression that she was seeking to astonish by her prowess more than to express the full sum of beauty that lay in the composer's mind.

She has decided talent and will bear watching. She plays with extraordinary accuracy and a captivating dash. She had skillful accompaniments yesterday under the leadership of Mr. Bodanzky and was received enthusiastically.

Jan 28 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.—"The Jewels of the Madonna" (in Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Gennaro	Forrest Lamont
Carmela	Maria Claessens
Maliella	Rosa Raisa
Rafaele	Giacomo Rimini
Blasco	Lodovico Oliviero
Cecilio	Jose Mojica
Rocco	Sallustio Cival
Stella	Frances Paperte
Concetta	Margery Maxwel
Serena	Elsa Diemer (debut)
Grazia	Stasia Ledova
Totonno	Albert Paillard
A Flower Girl	Philine Falco (debut)
A Water Vendor	Grace Cunningham
An Ice Cream Vendor	Eugenio Corenti
A Macaroni Vendor	Benjamin Landesman
A Blind Man	Vittorio Trevisan
First Morra Player	Herman Tappo
Second Morra Player	William Fisher
A Fruit Vendor	Louis Derman
Vendor of Sacred Images	Francesco Ravlola
Baloon Vendor	Giuseppe Minerva
First Monk	Paul Aronson
Second Monk	Elias Berkenblit
First Young Man	Harry Cantor
Second Young Man	Jean de Keyser
Third Young Man	Carl Bitterl
A Young Mother	Anna Corenti
The Father	Vittorio Trevisan
First Girl	Sadie Vanderbosch
Second Girl	Esther Loomis
Conductor	Pietro Cimini.

Incidental dances by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, assisted by Mlles. Ledova, Nemeroff and Corps de Ballet.

Wolf-Ferrari's garish opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was well acted by the Chicago Opera Company last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. Unfortunately, the singing was a matter of quantity rather than quality. Miss Raisa's Maliella, one of her best rôles, was appropriately hot-blooded, capricious, vixenish, constantly effective from a purely histrionic viewpoint. She sang brilliantly and occasionally with beauty of tone, but her voice this season has taken on a harsher timbre, and shows the effect of a continuous striving for volume at the expense of the laws of song. In the second act, for example, her trill was incredibly coarse.

Mr. Rimini's Rafaele was excellent as to make-up, but his vocal swaggering was less effective than his acting. His voice was seldom clear, and the shortcomings of his singing are akin to those of Miss Raisa. Mr. Lamont's Gennaro was one of the most impressive features of the performance, but there was little tonal beauty in his singing. Mme. Classens, now a veteran of opera, was a sympathetic Carmela—sympathetic in action, but pitiably strident and often far from the true pitch in song.

The vulgarity of book and music is now a twice-told tale. This spirit was faithfully maintained by both principals and chorus, and Mr. Cimini conducted with Latin fervor.

The incidental dances in the last act by the well known Pavley and Oukrainsky were a feature of the evening, and the apache dance in which Mlle. Nemeroff participated, which was expurgated in Chicago, according to the management, excited the applause of the audience.

"JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

Mme. Raisa as the Heroine in Chicago Opera Co.'s Production.

The Chicago Opera Association's fourth evening at the Manhattan last night brought a return of another opera familiar in former visits here, the once shocking "Jewels of the Madonna," first sung in New York by the touring Philadelphia-Chicago company at the Metropolitan on March 5, 1912, and repeated both there, and in later seasons at the Lexington, as well as by the Aborns at the Century.

Wolf-Ferrari's realistic work, so singularly set apart from his dainty "Donne Curioes," "Amore Medico" and "Secret of Suzanne," is still a representative of the "young Italy" of turgid melodrama, relieved, however, by some rattling good Neapolitan serenades. These and their echoes in the entr'acte pieces last night, as always before, were heartily applauded.

Mme. Raisa as the ill-fated Maliella, for whom sacred jewels were stolen; Messrs. Lamont, well cast as the adopted brother, her mad suitor, and Rimini as the bully of the Naples Camorra, sang again the leading triangle of roles, originally done here by Carolina White, Bassi and Sammarco. Louis Berat, now of the Metropolitan, had been the Mother in that first cast, as Maria Claessens was in this. Campanini was then the conductor, in whose place last night there appeared Pietro Cimini, a competent newcomer at the baton. Marjory Maxwell, Elsa Diemer and Frances Paperte were among the Camorrist women.

Pavley and Miss Nemeroff, Oukrainsky and Miss Ledowa, stirred the audience in the wild Camorra revel of Act III, the one pair in an Apache dance of sufficient danger and boldness to have been barred in Chicago, the others in an interpolated tarentelle. The house, heaviest in the galleries for this opera of the hovels, cheered the dancers with the shouting stage crowd. At each curtain, too, Mme. Raisa and her companions were repeatedly recalled.

The pretentious production gave opportunity for the first performance of the Apache dance by Andreas Pavley and Mlle. Nemeroff, which was prepared for presentation with this opera in Chicago, but was ordered out at the last moment as being "too violent for Chicago." Naturally, anything too strenuous for Chicago created a certain amount of curiosity among New Yorkers, who are accustomed to "treating 'em rough."

But it wasn't so bad. The writer remembers the old days at Hammerstein's Victoria, when the Apache dance was done with even more apparent brutality shown toward the little grisette and recalls how Maurice—but this is digressing!

Juan Reyes, Pianist, Makes Debut.

Juan Reyes, a pianist from Chile, and of a people called "the Yankees of South America," gave an unconventional début recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon in circumstances of difficulty, for he was not only unacclimated here, but actually convalescent from pneumonia, and appeared against a physician's orders. Mr. Reyes in all modesty made a capital impression; he is a musician of Spanish type, of ardent temperament, modified by training abroad. A pupil of Emil Sauer, two of whose "Etudes" he played, he proved a well-grounded, serious artist. His opening Beethoven rondo in G was classic in simplicity, while his most sensitive playing was in Schumann's "Kreisierlana." He gave also pieces by Liszt, Chopin and Raff.

Grace Kerns, Soprano, in Recital.

Grace Kerns, soprano soloist of St. Bartholomew's, and a volunteer in war time among those who sang to American soldiers in France, appeared in her first recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, before a large and cordial house. She sang, to Richard Hageman's accompaniment, lyrics of Schubert and Schumann, an American group by Horsman, Russell, Hageman, Jacobi and Hadiy; airs in French by Debussy, Mourdrain and Mme. Poldowski, and half a dozen or more quaint melodies of Ireland, arranged by Hughes. Miss Kerns, already an accomplished artist, made a graceful start in the professional recital field. She received many flowers.

Polacco Coming to Chicago Opera.

Giorgio Polacco, formerly conductor for five seasons at the Metropolitan, will arrive tomorrow from France aboard the Aquitania, coming here to join the Chicago Opera Association's season at the Manhattan Opera House. Mr. Polacco will make his first appearance with the Western stars next Wednesday evening, when he will direct the performance of "Manon." He also will conduct "Thaïs" on Thursday. It was in "Manon" that Polacco made his New York début on Nov. 11, 1912, three years later succeeding Toscanini as principal conductor of Italian, French and Russian works at the Metropolitan.

'Aida' and 'Madama Butterfly' Sung

The Metropolitan was twice filled yesterday by great audiences that greeted a special matinee of "Aida," sung for the fifth time this season, and a subscription evening of "Madama Butterfly," its only rival among the most popular operas in the repertory. Familiar casts were engaged in both, Verdi's ensembles being headed by Mmes. Muzio and Matzenauer, Messrs. Kingston, Danise, Rothier and Gustafson, while the protagonists in Puccini's Japanese tragedy were Miss Farrar, Messrs. Crimi and Scotti. Mr. Moranzoni conducted both performances.

Claudia Muzio had the title role of the Verdi opera. She sang the role of the captive princess with feeling and intelligence, displaying again the liquid tones of her beautiful voice. Miss Muzio's youth and stage presence make her singularly suited for the part which is so often relegated to prima donnas, more to be pitied than censured for their avoirdupois. It is always a relief when Matzenauer deserts soprano roles in which much of the warmth and mellow tones of her voice are regrettably obscured. She sang Amneris yesterday and deserved all the applause she received. Morgan Kingston, Leon Rothier, William Gustafson and Guiseppe Danise were leading members of the cast. Roberto Moranzoni conducted a spirited performance.

Geraldine Farrar's popularity with the flapper set never wanes. The cult was very much in evidence last night. They have taken to bobbed hair and abbreviated skirts and the Metropolitan fairly teemed with the enthusiasm of the younger set. Crimi sang Pinkerton in the Puccini opera, and the inimitable Scotti was a faultless Sharpless.

Juan Reyes, a South American pianist, made his New York debut yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, where an enthusiastic audience was on hand to greet a real addition to the pianistic world. Although Mr. Reyes had left a sick bed so as not to disappoint his friends, his performance was worthy of the effort.

Included on the program was "Kreisleriana," by Schumann, a difficult and lengthy work, which brought into play every emotional quality of which the piano is capable of expressing, and through Mr. Reyes's marvelous skill in manipulating the keyboard and pedals it became a living, beautiful, musical poem. The "Ballade in G Minor," by Chopin, is deserving of special mention, for into this number the artist put an intensity feeling and a swinging rhythm which, combined with his fine technique, was Chopin music as it should be played. Although the program was one of special merit.

The Symphony Society continued its historical cycle at Carnegie Hall yesterday. The programme was devoted to the music of Johannes Brahms, who thus arose to the dignity of an epoch maker. There was a time when it seemed that Brahms was to be the founder of a school of composition, but where are the imitators of his style now? It was soon found that imitations of Brahms were mere masses of mannerism which without the vital spark of his creative genius were quite as worthless as the earlier imitations of Mozart.

To the comfort of thoughtful music lovers the young worshippers of heroes have abandoned the Brahms cult and have set up in his place new gods whose religion is called "modernism." Buddha has been deserted for vodka or the harmonic scale and the seven tones of the ecstasies of Scriabine. But Brahms is still Brahms, the majestic singer of instrumental hymns, and when such a simple programme of his music as that of yesterday is given the hearer knows that he is listening to the voice of a seer.

The list comprised the second symphony, the academic "Festival" overture and the violin concerto. The soloist was Fritz Kreisler, who has long held a special brief for Brahms. The audience was one of good size and evidently was deeply interested in the concert.

In the evening in the same hall the Philharmonic Society gave the seventh in the list of its Thursday subscription concerts. The programme was one which calls for no comment. It consisted of the "Tragic" overture of Brahms, Beethoven's fifth symphony, Rachmaninov's third concerto for piano and orchestra and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Rachmaninov again played the solo part in his own work. The audience was large and there was much applause. Josef Stransky conducted.

The Philharmonic Society.

At the concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, which was heard by an audience that completely filled the hall, the soloist was Mr. Sergei Rachmaninoff, who played his own first concerto. He himself had played it at a concert of the Philharmonic Society just eleven years ago, on his first visit to New York.

It has not been heard here since so frequently as his second concerto. Yet it is a composition abounding in musical beauties, poetical in its conception, distinguished in its workmanship. It is difficult and elaborate, yet its difficulties are not for the purpose of creating an external brilliancy, but are an expression of the musical thought. The themes are unusually long and complex, and for this reason not easy to follow.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played the concerto in his extremely finished and unobtrusive style, yet a style that is powerful and brilliant, making no account of difficulties. Mr. Rachmaninoff's performance was masterly and received long continued and most enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, and he was many times recalled.

There was also demonstrative appreciation for Mr. Stransky's performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony, which preceded the concerto. The concert was opened with Brahms's "Tragic" overture and was closed with the overture to "Die Meistersinger."

Mar 29 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Jose	Lucien Muratore
Morales	Desire Defrere
Zuniga	Edouard Cotreuil
Carmen	Mary Garden
Frasquita	Margery Maxwell
Mercedes	Philine Falco
Escamillo	Georges Baklanoff
Micaela	Alice Zeppilli
Dancairo	Constantin Nicolay
Remendado	Desire Defrere
Lilas Pastia	Eugenio Corronti

Incidental dances by Andreas Pavley, Serge Oukrainsky, assisted by Mlles. Ledova, Nemeroff, Shermont, Dagmara, Elisius and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor ..... Gino Marinuzzi.

Miss Garden in "Carmen."

Making her second appearance in the dual role of manager and singer of the Chicago Opera Company, Miss Mary Garden was heard last evening at the Manhattan Opera House in the chief part of Bizet's "Cardmen." Her impersonation of the Spanish gypsy, now familiar here, first became known in New York at the Metropolitan on February 13, 1912. It is far from being one of her most artistic successes, albeit her performance has some dramatic, not to say thrilling, moments, especially in the earlier scenes of the opera.

Last night her portrayal enlisted attention perhaps to a greater degree than in recent seasons. Hre chief supporters, ones who have been with her in the cast before, were Mr. Muratore, who was romantic and impassioned as *Don Jose*, and Mr. Baklimoff, who is an *Escamillo* of vigor and power. Miss Zepplili was the *Micaela*. The ensemble went with much spirit, and in interest probably has not been surpassed by any other given at the house this week. There were incidental dances by Messrs. Parley, Oukrainsky and others. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted. The audience was very large and brilliant.

Large Audience Greets Chicago Directrix in Bizet's Music Drama.

"Carmen" was sung to a house sold out at the Manhattan last night, with all of Bizet's leading rôles, and, indeed, half the entire cast and much of the ensemble, repeating those heard in various former visits of the Chicago Opera Association. Mary Garden, now the company's directrix, had first essayed the Spanish gypsy here as far back as Feb. 13, 1912, at the Metropolitan.

The parent forces of the Chicago organization once before that occasion had given the opera in the course of their first return as guests on Broadway, on Feb. 21, 1911, with Marguerite Sylva. In their most recent pair of performances in 1918 at the Lexington Miss Garden was associated with Muratore and Baklanoff, both heard with her last evening, as well as two others, Nicolay and Defrere, again in minor rôles of the smugglers.

Bizet's music drama, it should not be forgotten, had made part of the history and furnished most of the prosperity of Oscar Hammerstein's opening Manhattan season of 1906-7. It was Chlotilde Bressler-Gianoli who then captured the hearts of New Yorkers, the first woman to do so completely after Emma Calvé, with whom she even shared the same stage during that season.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Bori Returns in "La Boheme."

The performance of Puccini's "La Bohème" last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was an occasion of exceptional interest to many people in the audience, because it brought back to the stage Miss Lucrezia Bori, after an absence of six years. These have been years of anxiety to her friends and admirers, of whom she gained many in her seasons in the Metropolitan Company, because the reason for her leaving it was the loss of her voice.

This was said to be due to an unskillful, or, at any rate, unsuccessful operation on her vocal chords. The restoration of it was a matter of uncertainty and of patient waiting. On her return to New York a few weeks ago she was reported to have regained fully her voice. The interest of last evening's performance, in which she took the part of Mimi, was to see whether the six years had accomplished what they were reported to have done.

It appeared that they had. Her entrance in the first act was then greeted with a long continued and demonstrative welcome. Her singing of the music that follows disclosed apparently the old quality, the old power and volume, the old style. Now, Miss Bori's voice was never one of the great voices that have been heard on the stage of the Metropolitan. t was agreeable, expressive, admirably used—the vehicle of some really artistic singing; and it now once more has all these qualities, for which the esteem in which she was held before will be enhanced. Artistic singing is something to be highly valued and cherished at the Metropolitan Opera House today, more than ever. But quite as valuable an element in Miss Bori's impersonations was—and is—the gracious and insinuating charm of her acting, the power of closely identifying herself with the characters she represents; her mirth, gayety and vivacity, her pathetic and poetical intensity. With in her range, which is not, naturally, one of the richest, she was, and will unquestionably continue to be, one of the most delightful and artistic members of the company. The warmth of her welcome last evening showed very clearly that she had not been forgotten, and that unfaded memories were joined with glad anticipations.

The performance enlisted otherwise singers who have appeared before the "La Bohème" this season. Mr. Scotti, the Marcello, was easily the leader of the four Buhemians in accomplished Bohemianism—they were otherwise rather a dull lot. Yet Mr. Gigli sang much of the music artistically and in beautiful voice, mingled with some of the characteristic extravagances of the Italian tenor, which are discouraging to those of his admirers who do not shout "Bravo" and who wish that he would always be as artistic as he can. But for such self-restraint as he did show he is entitled to much credit.

Kathleen Parlow's Recital.

Miss Kathleen Parlow returned to the New York concert stage yesterday after an absence of some years. She was before that a familiar figure in New York, and won respect and admiration for her playing of the violin. She has returned with the same vigor and energy that animated her thin, spare frame and that signified a nervous strength and a fire that were not suspected, with the same big and broad tone, the same excellent technique in bowing and fingering and a ripe musical feeling.

Miss Parlow is in some sense sponsor of Pizzetti's sonata for piano and violin, said to be in the key of A, by Ildebrando Pizzetti, with which she created no little impression in London last Autumn. It was the finest number on her program yesterday. It was not wholly new to New York, for it was heard a couple of weeks ago in Aeolian Hall. Miss Parlow plays it with intense conviction, with great energy and power, doubtless as the composer would have it. He is an Italian, 40 years old, and the sonata is said to be dated 1919.

Pizzetti is not one of those who plunges most deeply into dissonances; but his method is of the most modern. His themes seem especially meagre and austere and his writing in comparison with what many of his contemporaries are doing is marked by simplicity and little involution. It seems, in fact, sometime almost bare. The sonata is in three movements, marked.. "tempestoso," "prighiera per gli innocenti," "vivo e fresco," which, it is needless to say, are not developed in the hitherto accepted manner. The themes of the first movement seem of small musical value; there is interest in the treatment that might grow with greater familiarity with the music. The slow movement seems the lease original of the three, though the themes here are more tangible than in the first and are not free from the influence of the Puccini manner. In the last movement there is the unmistakable suggestion of folk song tunefulness.

It is difficult to see, even on a repeated hearing of this sonata, either that it is the most important work of the kind since Franck's or that it adds a new page to the history of the former, both of which comments have been made upon it. Miss Pavlow had the assistance of Mr. Howard Brockway in playing it, for it is music in which the piano proceeds on an equal plane with the violin. He entered upon the music in the same spirit as did Miss Pavlow, and the result was a performance that clearly did full justice to Pizzotti.

Miss Pavlow than played Glazunoff's concerto, a work which needs the orchestra for its proper coloring. It has been made familiar here in recent years by Mr. Zimballst's playing. Miss Pavlow delivered it with much dash, but not with perfect finish or with entire correctness of intonation in the more complicated passage. Among the numbers which followed were Beethoven's Romance in G, two pieces by Suk, others by Quilter and Frank Bridge and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes."

Rachmaninoff With Philharmonic.

Serge Rachmaninoff played with the Philharmonic Orchestra again at its matinee yesterday in Carnegie Hall, repeating his own pianoforte concerto No. 3, in D minor. Before the pianist appeared Mr. Stransky conducted Borodin's symphony in B minor, and afterward Tchaikovsky's "Slavic March," comprising, with the solo number, an "all-Russian" program. An audience that completely filled the hall was stirred to especial enthusiasm by the performance of Mr. Rachmaninoff, as another great crowd had been on the previous evening.

Miss Parlow's Concert.

In the September number of *The Chesterian* appeared an article by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco on Ildebrando Pizzetti's violin sonata. It began with the exclamation, "A masterpiece" This masterpiece was the opening number of Kathleen Parlow's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and in its performance she hod the capable assistance of Howard Brockway at the piano. According to the writer already quoted the composer sought to embody in this sonata three moods created by the war, the first a "hurricane of grief," the second a prayer for all those who suffer and know not why, and the third a resurgence of faith, of hope, of joy. We are told the sonata is new both in form and substance.

This much at least is indisputable. The composer has expressed himself in idioms far removed from the commonplace and in his second movement he has reached a level of expressive art. But it must be confessed that the other two movements seem at a first hearing to be largely manufactured of figuration twisted and contorted for fear of presenting an ordinary front. The composition as a whole raises again the question of the delinative limits of chamber music. The future alone will be able to determine whether some of the ambitious and earnest young men of to-day are trying to burden the piano and violin or even the string quartet with lyric dramas too heavy for their powers.

Miss Paolow and Mr. Brockway played the sonata admirably. It is not an easy work, but the two artists have certainly brought to it fine sympathy and ardent devotion. Miss Parlow played also with Walter Golde at the piano, Flazounov's concerto in A minor and several short numbers.

There was great public interest in the performance of "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Miss Lucrezia Bori, who was last heard here in the final weeks of the season of 1914-15, made her reappearance, singing Mimi. Miss Bori about six years ago developed a nodule on one of her vocal cords, and it had to be removed by the usual surgical process. It was said that the singer's vocal cord had been accidentally slit by the surgeon and that she would never be hehard again.

The report caused genuine sorrow, because Miss Bori was an artist of exceptional gifts and personal charm. A later statement was to the effect that the wound had been inflicted and that this was the cause of her slow recoverd. None of the rumors signify now. Miss Bori reappeared last evening with a voice more beautiful than it was six years ago and a much improved art.

The slightly acid quality which used to mar the soprano's tones was not found last evening. The voice, slightly white at times, was on the whole mellow, sonorous and smooth. Furthermore, Miss Bori sang with a finer art, made her attacks with discretion, shifted from one register to another with firm breath management and phrased her music with excellent judgment. Her *Mimi* was irresistibly charming and her success with the audience brilliant and unequivocal.

Mr. Gigli's *Rodolfo* was an excellent companion to Miss Bori's *Mimi*. The tenor is not a resourceful actor, but his singing is a delight. It is an unqualified joy to every lover of vocal art to hear a tenor with such a fresh, vibrant voice and so much discretion in its use. His mezza voce is in itself a most valuable asset. The other principals were Mr. Scotti, Mr. Picco, Mr. Martino and Miss Roselle. Mr. Papi conducted.

Jan 30 1921

Verdi's Opera Relights Fires Of Inquisition

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Nobody, so far as we know, has ever inquired into the psychology of the fact that the fires of the Inquisition were ever dragged in to make an operatic holiday. But they were, and probably long before Scribe and Halévy collaborated in the making of "La Juive." How long before, how often and by whom, are questions which are less interesting than the singular coincidence that twenty-four hours before Signor Caruso's illness extinguished them on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, they had been lighted in Verdi's "Don Carlos.".

We do not feel that their lurid glare is particularly significant in operatic history, but Mr. Gatti has made us realize that they are serviceable to his ends in the production of the two operas mentioned. It is no part of our business to inquire curiously into the motives which prompted him to make the two revivals, but they were probably much akin. In two cases he seems to have aimed at providing a singer with a repertory, and who, because of youthfulness and the lack of experience, was willing to make one out of works of which it must at least be said that they are not in the threadbare hurdy-gurdy list.

Miss Ponselle's Appearance

The singer, of course, was Miss Ponselle. Mr. Caruso's repertory was less in need of replenishment than Miss Ponselle's, but circumstances made it desirable that the veteran should come to the aid of the novice. And therefore we had "La Forza del Destino" and "La Juive."

In the first instance, therefore, we may look to the presence of Miss Ponselle in the Metropolitan company as the agency which added two old operas by Verdi and a much older one by Halevy to the local list. Whatever may be thought of the value of these works from the present-day point of view, circumstances have lent considerable significance to the production of "Don Carlos."

Nothing was sacrificed to make it a "star" opera, and it has, therefore served to elevate the standard of Mr. Gatti's ensemble representations. It was originally created for the Grand Opéra at Paris, and pomp and circumstance of scenic accouterment are essential to it.

Such furniture Mr. Gatti has shown himself more and more willing to provide as the other and more essential attributes of his performances have waned; but in the production of "Don Carlos" he has effected a happy union of all desirable elements. The opera is gorgeously staged, well dressed, well sung, well played instrumentally and well acted.

All these qualities were emphatically in evidence yesterday afternoon, when the opera had its fourth performance.

Miss Gordon as Princess

There was a change from the earlier cast which, while it could not add glamour to the representation, at least served to lift into notice the general excellence which is at the command of Mr. Gatti's forces. Miss Jeanne Gordon assumed the part of the Princess Eboli, heretofore had by Mme. Matzenauer. She sang and acted it excellently, giving it more dramatic distinction, indeed, than that possessed by the Elizabeth of Valois of Miss Ponselle.

In no rôle has Mr. Martinelli been quite so admirable, it seemed to us, as he is in the titular rôle of the work. He makes of it in all respects a gallant, graceful and manly figure, and is well companioned in the Rodrigo of Mr. De Luca.

The opera is in much a rather pallid reflex of the Meyerbeerian works which had fixed the style of French grand opera when Verdi composed it for Paris; but though only a spark was carried from "Le Prophète" into the third scene of the third act that spark burst into a bright flame when the composer and Camille du Lode collaborated again in the production of "Aïda."

Not only in the use of dramatic apparatus but in the music also the earlier opera presages the later. But what a gulf between!

By Richard Aldrich

LE CHEMINEAU, lyric drama in four acts, book in French from Jean Richepin's drama of like name, acted in America as "The Harvester"; music by Xavier Leroux. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Toinette.....Yvonne Gall
Aline.....Margery Maxwell
Catherine.....Marie Claessens
Le Chemineau.....Hector Dufranne
Francois.....George Baklanoff
Toinet.....Albert Paillard
Maitre Pierre.....Edward Cotreuil
Thomas.....Constantin Nicolay
Martin.....Desire Defrere
Conductor, Henri Morin.

Le Chemineau at the Manhattan.

"Le Chemineau," the opera made from Jean Richepin's play, for which the music was written by Xavier Leroux, was given yesterday by the Chicago Opera Company at the matinee performance in the Manhattan Opera House. There was no evidence of deep public interest in the performance, for the audience was far from filling the house.

The opera had only twice before been heard here. It was given and repeated by the same company on its New York visit in 1919. Nor is Leroux's music otherwise well known in New York; his opera, "La Reine Fiammette," which the Metropolitan Company produced in the same season and has since sent to oblivion, is the only other work of his known here.

"Le Chemineau," both play and opera, achieved success in Paris, and the play had been given here in an English translation before the opera was heard. The opera is effective from the dramatic point of view; the play is no doubt more effective. It is one of those cases in which it is difficult to see how the application of music to the drama has heightened or interpreted its meaning or strengthened its appeal, and especially the application of Xavier Leroux's music.

This music is lacking woefully in inspiration. It is decently and properly made. There is plenty of it; it accompanies the drama through four acts and provides preludes to several of them. The orchestration is skillfully devised in some if not all of it. But the music itself is generally not notable for individuality, for significance, for beauty, for dramatic characterization; and as a consequence it is deficient in interest almost from the beginning to the end.

So far as the performance was concerned, the opera was sufficiently honored. It was an admirable performance. The hero's part—if he is a hero—was taken by Hector Dufranne, who was the original Chemineau when the opera was produced in Paris, and he may easily be supposed to be the best one who has appeared in the opera. At any rate, his impersonation was superb, a masterly piece of dramatic delineation carried out with the skill, the elaboration of detail, the truthfulness of general effect that only an accomplished actor can compass.

He sang, moreover, in a voice that lacked little of the power, vibrancy and color of his best days, and that was in these respects even better than it has been at some of Mr. Dufranne's previous visits to New York.

Miss Yvonne Gall's Toinette, Mr. Baklanoff's Francois, Mr. Cotreuil's Maitre Pierre were all representations of which the opera company and its directrix might well be proud. They were admirable in their several ways, and all three artists sang well. Also to be commended was Margery Maxwell in the minor part of Aline.

Mr. Morin conducted with skill and authority. The scenic settings of the opera are unusually good. The audience expressed interest in the performance and summoned the singers repeatedly before the curtain.

Titta Ruffo In "Rigoletto."

Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Florence Macbeth, Tito Schipa and Titta Ruffo in roles they had last sung at the Lexington, completed a seven-opera week at the Manhattan last night. As seven others had been sung by Metropolitan stars on Broadway, the double opera situation in New York assumed the proportions of the proverbial "plague on both your houses." The Manhattan's night throng cheered its favorite, Mr. Ruffo, perhaps the more for the fact that it had paid, not "popular," but regular opera rates to hear him. Carmen Pascova and Mr. Lazzari sang in the fourth act quartet, and Marinuzzi conducted.

CONCERT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, Pianists, Play With Damrosch's Men.

When Guy Maier and Lee Pattison finished Mozart's concerto in E flat for two pianos and orchestra at yesterday's crowded matinee of the Symphony Concerts for Young People in Carnegie Hall, their hearers, young and old, broke symphonic tradition by calling, like Oliver Twist, for more. An encore without accompaniment followed, while Conductor Damrosch and his hundred men waited. The two players, quite apart from their artistic merit, gave pleasure by "team work," the hand of one carrying a scale half up the keyboard, there to be relayed along by the other, as a racer seizing a flag or a hummingbird chasing rainbows.

Mr. Damrosch's familiar talk of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, which the orchestra first played, was as inviting as the composer's own letters from Italy. It was of interest, too, that a program comprising both a full symphony and formal concerto, and ending in Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture for full measure, marked about as "grown-up" a concert as the Young People's three-and-twenty seasons have ever shown.

FLORENCE EASTON AS ISOLDE

Marion Telva a New Brangaene in "Tristan" at Metropolitan.

Florence Easton sang her first Isolde on Broadway, an Isolde beautiful to see as well as hear, on sudden notice at the Metropolitan last evening, when Mme. Matzenauer was unable to reappear in the English "Tristan" revival's fifth performance, and its first for a popular-price house. Marion Telva, the St. Louis contralto, was a new Brangaene, her first rôle of such importance with Mr. Gatti-Casazza's stars. Sembach, Whitehill and others sang as before, and Bodanzky conducted.

In the afternoon Verdi's "Don Carlos" was repeated, with Jeanne Gordon in another of Matzenauer's parts as Princess Eboli, while Ponselle, Martinelli, De Luca and Didur reappeared, and Papi was at the baton. Eight thousand persons, it was said, attended the pair of operas, matinee and night.

Harold Bauer, Pianist, Plays Again.

Harold Bauer, the pianist, gave another recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, before an audience that waited after two hours of music for his last encores. Mr. Bauer was heard in Beethoven's sonata op. 53, a Mozart fantasy and Franck's prelude and fugue, as well as charming lesser pieces of Chopin, Schumann and Brahms.

Marguerite Volavy, a Bohemian pianist who has before appeared here, gave an Aeolian recital last evening, including with classics in her program two Czecho-Slovak composers, Dvorak and Josef Suk.

Jan 31 1921

Cacophony of Street, However, Only a Noise if It Is Accurately Produced

By H. E. Krehbiel

When we indulged ourselves in the music section of yesterday's issue of The Tribune in some observations on the utilization of street cries in artistic music we did not know that we were to be privileged to hear a repetition of the London Symphony by the Symphony Society's Orchestra. Had the fact that Mr. Walter Damrosch had placed it upon the program of one of his regular Sunday afternoon concerts we might have tried to prepare ourselves and The Tribune's readers to observe the effect of the "Sweet lavender!" phrase in the composer's symphonic fabric.

There was little loss, however, for the litle melody is all but negligible in its aesthetic appeal, and wholly so in respect of its emotional. Mr. Williams plainly sought to paint with strokes at once bolder and subtler and indeed this was his duty, so long as he had set himself the task of bodying forth the spirit of a great city's life in musical tones.

How far he succeeded in doing this would invite inquiry were there not the danger that the inquiry might become too curious and too prolonged; for, indeed, it would necessitate a discussion of the numerous questions touching the origin, nature and capacity of music in general, as well as the propriety and limitations of tonal deliberation, or programmatic music in all its phases. That all music in its most primitive state was crude imitation of sounds heard by primitive man is obvious. That sounds could be refined, varied, combined and idealized until their original crude character, as well as the original crude purpose of their use, were purged out of them shows. That when composers found it the development of artistic music impossible or undesirable to confine their art to an attempt to utter the language of the soul, its loves, longings, hopes, fears, strivings, ideals, they should revert to the aims and even methods of their primitive predecessors, and become again imitators of natural sounds was inevitable, no matter how deplorable the fact may seem to us. There are many who make use of the primitive device today, though they do not aim to discourse of merely material things, but of spiritual things which emanate from the material.

Italian Tried Experiment

Not long ago an Italian tried to make a musical picture of London by imitating its roaring, clanking, shrieking noises. He, or some one of his fellows, professed to hear harmonies created by the cacophonous din. Had his ingenuity been great enough to give such accurate imitation to every sound that it would have been recognizable to the hearer in the concert room he would not have evoked a musical picture of the great city. He would only have reproduced its noise.

Mr. Williams is not a compounder of noises but a composer of music. He aims through his music to make us feel the emotions which are London—the emanations of its popular life as manifested in distinct localities. He utilizes sounds which his hearers will recognize as characteristic of the city—the bustle and shoutings of traffic in the main thoroughfares, and for contrast the quieter sounds of the little side streets leading down to the Thames, the booming of Big Ben in Westminster tower sounding the half hour in the first movement and the three-quarter in the last. Here we have bald imitation, as we have also in the cry of "Sweet lavender!" which arises in the slow movement in which the dusk and damp, of Bloomsbury, seek expression throuhg idealistic mediums, and the life of a public house by the broken strains of a street musician—imitation again, but only by suggestion.

The Work Analyzed

In the jocose movement, called "Scherzo-nocturne," there are sounds of dancing a jig, alternated and blended with some moody music, which is supposed to utter the reflections and feelings of loiterers on the Thames Embankment, the sounds of merrymaking arising from across the river. In the last movement there is predominant a lugubrious march, which the hearer is asked to conceive as the expression of the poor victims ground under the merciless wheel of the city's activity.

Prologue and epilogue of the work are meant to symbolize the all-pervasive spirit of the Thames, its mists and its mystery. For all this there must be a verbal commentary, of course, if the composer's purpose is to be understood; that is, if we are to feel the things which fired his imagination. Mr. Coates, who conducted the work at its first performance here, has provided such a commentary or program. It is a deft piece of work. It does attempt too much, but after providing the fancy with a starting point leaves the music to work its own salvation. It explains, if it does not justify, some of its thematic material.

Some of that in the first movement is, frankly, no more to our taste than the vulgarities of Mr. Sewerby's concerto heard in the same room a week before. We should prefer to have vulgar things to vulgar uses. Blatant, commonplace tunes, of the kind prevalent in sordid places, offend the sense of fitness in a symphony which is lofty expression in art. Such tunes, moreover, do not lend themselves to that development, that varied expression of thought and feeling which is essential to a symphony, in which high imagination in the creation of a theme, the kind of imagination which imbues it with the need and capacity of varied expression, is paired with the imagination which inspires its development.

For the mood of mystery evoked by gloom and fog, material and spiritual, the harmonic and instrumental palette of the modern musician is well supplied, and Mr. Williams has used the colors admirably.

It was Walter Damrosch's fifty-ninth birthday yesterday, and when he stepped on the platform at the Symphony Society's Sunday concert in Aeolian Hall a great demonstration of friendly greeting met him from his orchestra, which had decorated his desk with Southern smilax. All arose, as did the large audience, en masse, while one of the players presented him, from the entire band, a superb bouquet of Ophelia roses. The festive spirit thus started continued throughout the afternoon.

The hearing of Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony, recently given here at two of the society's concerts, under the baton of Albert Coates, and who before going back to England presented Mr. Damrosch with the score of the work, was warmly received.

Messrs. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, as the soloists, repeated Mozart's E flat concerto for two pianos, which they had played before the "Young People" on Saturday at Carnegie Hall, and at the end of their remarkable ensemble per-

formance won many recalls. The all around happy and artistic proceedings came to an end after the orchestra played, and probably as finely as any overture has been played here in concert this season, the "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms.

French Nursery Benefit.

A benefit concert was given last night at the Belasco Theatre for the Ecole Maternelle Francaise, an organization established in October, 1904, for the purpose of taking care of children while their mothers are working or otherwise unable to care for them. Many operatic and concert artists appeared, among them Sacha Jacobsen, violinist; Mlle. Yvonne Gall, soprano of the Chicago Opera Company; Mario Chamlee, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist.

Mexican Tenor's Recital.

Alfonso Romero, a tenor of Guadalajara, Mexico, gave his first public recital here at the Times Square Theatre yesterday afternoon. He proved to be a conscientious singer, but one whose natural talents might prove to be greater were they better developed. It was, indeed, difficult to judge at all of his voice, owing to his poor tone production. His interesting programme included old Italian airs, Mexican folk songs and Spanish lyrics. His enunciation was clear and his general attitude toward his art serious and dignified.

Philharmonic Concert.

A programme made up of numbers taken from the society's repertoire attracted an audience yesterday which filled all the seats and standing room in Carnegie Hall at the Philharmonic's regular Sunday concert. The selections comprised two symphonies, Beethoven's Eighth and Tschaikovsky's "Pathetique:" the prelude choral and fugue of Bach arranged by Abert, and between the symphonies the "Leonore" overture No. 3, by Beethoven. Mr. Stransky and his orchestra received evidence of very warm approval for their performance.

Kerekjarto Featured at Metropolitan

DUCI DI KEREKJARTO, the Hungarian violinist, was the "guest" artist at last evening's concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House. His most important number was Mendelssohn's E minor concerto. His performance was colorful and characteristic in its dramatic inflections and emphasis. Mr. Kerekjarto has individuality that stamps each selection that he plays. This quality was especially noticeable in the smaller pieces which he presented later in the evening. They consisted of works by Goldmark, Hubay, Sarasate and other romantic composers.

Evelyn Scotney was a last minute substitute for Mabel Garrison, who has not entirely recovered from an indisposition that has endured almost since the beginning of the season. Miss Scotney's principal number was "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto."

Rosa Ponselle, radiant to see and opulent voiced, sang the "Suicidio" from "Gioconda" and the Rondo from "I Vespri Siciliano." Orville Harrold weepfully sang "Una Furtiva Lagrima" and Giuseppe Danise was voluble and resonant in the "Largo al Factotum."

Concert for Nursery Nets Nearly $4,000

NEARLY $4,000 was raised at the benefit concert given at the Belasco Theatre last night. The event was arranged by a coterie of prominent society women to aid the French Day Nursery.

The programme was varied and brought forward Mme. Yvonne Gall, leading lyric soprano of the Chicago Opera Company; Mario Chamlee, a new member of the tenor force at the Metropolitan; Sascha Jacobsen, proclaimed one of the best of America's violinists, and Germaine Schnitzer, the celebrated pianist.

Feb 1, 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor" (In Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Lord Henry Ashton ....Giacomo Rimini
Lucia di Lammermoor .Amelita Galli-Curci
Edgar of Ravenswood ....Tito Schipa
Lord Arthur Bucklaw ....Jose' Mojica
Raymond ....Virgilio Lazzari
Alice ....Philine Falco
Norman ....Lodovico Oliviero
Incidental dances by Corps de Ballet.
Conductor.....Pietro Cimini

By Richard Aldrich

Mme. Galli Curci in "Lucia."

There was an enormous audience at the Manhattan Opera House last evening to hear the Chicago Opera Company's performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor." The crowd was there, of course, not to hear "Lucia di Lammermoor," as to hear Mme. Galli-Curci make her first appearance here this season as the unfortunate heroine of the opera.

The public had been prepared for Mme. Galli Curci's coming, suitably and decently, by the long accounts recently printed in the newspapers about the marital rearrangements, lest any might forget. It is not to be supposed, however, that any true lover of music could forget, and under the circumstances it was natural that every available place in the house was occupied, and that there was a warm welcome for the singer awnd great applause for her after her airs and at the end of each act. This applause reached its greatest volume and intensity, naturally, after the "mad scene." It was so insistent that the scene was immediately repeated; and after the curtain fell Mme. Galli-Curci was made to come before it and do her agonizing all over again. It was a period of warning enthusiasm.

Mme. Galli-Curci's representation of this scene, as of the others in which she appeared, was dramatically sincere and effective and deserved high recognition. Yet her singing of it was not of a sort to rank her with the great mistresses of florid song who have in other days appeared in "Lucia." Her voice had an excellent smoothness of quality; it has sounded further than it did last evening, and her singing of the florid passages had not all the brilliancy and precision that they require and that are their principal reason for being. Her trill, notably, was not firmly planted upon the note. Her staccato tones were liquid and accurate.

Much of her singing had indeed a charming and sympathetic quality that was associated harmoniously with an impersonation that was charming and sympathetic in itself and conveyed the impression of sincerity.

Mr. Tito Schipa was fittingly associated with her as Edgardo; his voice is lyric in quality and agreeable, and he managed to use it with reason and effect in a representation that had unusual fire and dramatic intensity. The part of Arturo is not one to shine in, nor did Mr. Jose Majica succeed in doing so. The scale went still further downward in Mr. Rimini's Ashton, which needs much better singing than he commanded. Mr. Cimini's conducting was not notable for refinement or finished results.

Benton Sings Italian Airs.

Roderick Benton, baritone, gave a matinee recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday, singing old Italian airs and the "Eri Tu" from Verdi's "Masked Ball," as well as songs in English from Schubert and Brahms, Tschaikovsky, Grieg and Jensen. While his success in these hardly kept pace with evident ambition, the singer was on more familiar ground in graceful lyrics of Sidney Homer and others by Cameron and by his accompanist, C. G. Spross. Mr. Benton, who comes from Utica, had seemingly studied for tone alone, with resulting monotony in voice and style; the one little song by Mr. Spross, of which he gave something more like an interpretation, was by its sheer contrast the one his audience encored.

Girl Pianist Gives a Recital.

Bianca Kazounoff, a Kansas City girl in her 'teens, already massively picturesque but musically immature, played at Aeolian Hall last night for the first time here with the airs of a full-blown artist atoned by a girlish breakdown in an opening toccata of Bach. The young woman, who has natural aptitude for the piano, recovered her self-possession and completed a program including Schumann's G minor sonata, some Chopin pieces and others of Schubert, Albeniz, Moszkowski, Mana Zucca and Gabrilowitsch.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Leoncavallo's "Zaza" reached its fifth performance last night and the fourth in the regular subscription series.

Miss Farrar repeated her successful delineation of the heroine of the opera, and was supported by Messrs. Crimi, De Luca, Misses Howard, Ingram and Quintina in their familiar parts. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the score with his customary skill.

Kansas Girl Plays Piano.

Miss Blanca Kazounoff, a young pianist from Kansas City, gave her first recital here in Aeolian Hall last night. Her programme, which was of difficult and good selection, included as the principal numbers Schumann's G minor sonata and Taussig's arrangement of Bach's D minor toccata and fugue. Her performance showed, unfortunately, that she was hardly prepared for the public. Her technic and memory were insecure and her ideas of interpretation seemingly limited. Her best asset was her tone, which was good.

Mr. Benton, Barytone, Heard.

Roderick Benton, barytone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Operatic airs and songs by Brahms, Tschaikowsky and others were on the programme. An audience of modest size heard Mr. Benton with apparent interest, while he sang with a voice of good natural quality, but an over-fondness for open tones.

Feb 2, '21

By Richard Aldrich

The Chicago Opera in "Otello."

OTHELLO. Lyric Drama in Four Acts. Book in Italian by Arrigo Boito, founded on Shakespeare's tragedy. Music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Othello.........................Charles Marshall
Desdemona..............................Rosa Raisa
Iago.......................................Titta Ruffo
Emilia..........................Maria Claessens
Cassio..........................Lodovico Oliviero
Roderigo ....Jose Mojica
Lodovico.............................Teofilo Dentale
Montano..............................Sallustio Civai
A Herald..............................B. Landesman
Conductor Pietro Cimini.

The Chicago Opera Company last evening at the Manhattan Opera House gave Verdi's "Otello" before an enormous audience, whose numbers were predetermined by the presence in the cast of Mme. Rosa Raisa and Mr. Titta Ruffo. Among them the partisans of both singers were massed heavily and let no opportunity go by of proclaiming their preferences and approval of everything that was done.

The Chicago company had apparently prepared for its production by accumulating singers with the greatest capacity for loud tones. They already had Mme. Raisa and Titta Ruffo, hardly to be surpassed in this direction. To them was added in Chicago, not long since, Charles Marshall, tenor, and there was no reason why "Otello" should not be given. Given, that is, in the conception which makes of it a vehicle for the loudest possible singing in whatever style that most immediately produces volume, which is by no means Verdi's conception. In this score he has prescribed most minutely the shades and shadows of dynamics that he wanted and is prodigal with his indications of pianissimos, down to the veriest whisper, as well as those for the other end of the scale. But the lower ones were entirely overlooked by singers and conductors.

The new tenor, Charles Marshall, who appeared as Otello, is an American by birth, a native of Auburn, Maine, who has sung much in Italy and in other parts of Europe, under the name of Carlos Marziale. He is well fitted by nature for the part, a powerful and heroic figure, overtopping the tallest of his companions on the stage. His acting denotes intelligence and experience. He is felicitous in bearing, gesture and facial expression, and has apparently modelled his impersonation on some of the imposing Otellos of the past. His singing likewise follows the example of the most stentorian representatives of the character, say Tamagno or Alvarez.

Mr. Marshall possesses a voice of great power, often, though ont always, of sonorous quality. There was not much room left for the finer manifestations of vocal art in his manner of singing; but there wasd ramatic expressiveness in it, an effective delivery of many passages.

Nobody who knew the qualities of Mr. Ruffo's art would expect finesse in his impersonation of Sago, and nobody was disappointed. His voice was as a brazen trumpet, but not always of its best remembered quality, throughout this; and he was the one who, perhaps, most openly and scandalously violated Verdi desires and directions as to the way he wished this music sung. The drinking song in the final act is one thing, the narrative of the dream in the second quite another; but he let no differentiation of style or of nuance creep in. Nor can it be said that there was more subtlety in his acting of the part than in his singing of the music; it is an obvious villain, not an insinuating one that he presented.

Mme. Raisa was the Desdemona. She was not in so good voice as she was last week at the opening, and there was lack of beauty in her tones, as well as lack of refinement in her vocal style. She was a picturesque and sympathetic figure in her outward embodiment of the character.

And the performance as a whole was deficient in fine finish, such as "Othello" needs for its true performance. The score is full of delicate effects which were not always brought out on the stage as well as in the orchestra. Mr. Cimini conducted with a healthy vigor but with a considerable lack of insight into what "Othello" might be made to be.

Alexander Schmuller's Violin Recital.

Alexander Schmuller, the Russian violinist who came over with Mr. Mengelberg and has already played with the National Symphony Orchestra under his direction, gave a recital of his own in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He still had the assistance of Mr. Mengelberg, who played with him a sonata by Locatelli in F minor, transcribed from manuscript found in Amsterdam.

Mr. Mengelberg played on a modern piano altered so as to imitate the tone of the harpsichord, such an instrument as has been used here from time to time in recent years for a similar purpose. It was not a wholly successful imitation: the bass notes of the instrument used yesterday had much less suggestion of the harpsichord than those higher in its range. The sonata, which has the general characteristics of the pre-classical sonatas of its period and ends with a series of variations on an air with a "basso ostinato," is a nobly beautiful composition and was played in a spirit befitting its character by both the performers.

Mr. Schmuller's tone in the smaller hall seemed once more of fine quality, smooth and searching; and his performance of his other pieces was that of an artist of high attainments. He played Mendelssohn's concerto with repose and elegance, with a penetrating musical spirit, with brilliancy and accuracy.

He followed it with two pieces of Max Reger, of whom much has not been heard of recent years. The first was an aria, in which the "Bach of Bavaria" started off with a somewhat surprising imitation of that other Bach's "aria" in the D major orchestral suite, but soon enough reached another level of beauty and interest. The second again followed in the other Bach's footsteps, being a sonata for violin alone, a piece that failed to justify its composer's choice of a medium, which only a real Bach has been able to justify. Mr. Schmuller played it with great seriousness of purpose, and did doubtless what could be done for it; but the music is dry and has little to say. Pieces by Tschaikowsky, Paganini and Sarasate followed.

Verdi's "Otello" was given by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The infrequency of the performance of this masterpiece of Italian lyric drama is surely attributable to the want of tenors capable of filling the majestic outlines of the name part. Verdi's musical exposition of the moods of the Moor calls for tragic eloquence in song and a robust voice of the true heroic type. Tamagno alone of all the singers who might be catalogued as having impersonated *Otello* here, met all the requirements of the role.

Lately news came from Chicago that a tenor had been found who could reach the level of this character. His name is Charles Marshall. He is an American and had once been heard at a concert in this town. His operatic revelation in Chicago excited enthusiasm there, and accordingly his disclosure in "Otello" last evening was awaited with interest.

Mr. Marshall was taken into the favor of the audience by reason of his robust voice, his vigorous style and his fine bearing. His impersonation of *Otello* was outlined after good models, but there was little of finish or commate art in his methods. He was a burly Moor, a vision of physical force and a power of sound.

The audience bestowed its greatest enthusiasm on Titta Ruffo as Iago. The distinguished barytone emitted more powerful tones than any one else on the stage. He sang the "Credo" with overwhelming vigor, but the relation of Cassio's dream called for refinements of vocal art not in his repertoire. Withal his *Iago* had an abundance of savage passion, of brutality. Of the fiendish subtlety associated with the character he gave but few signs.

Miss Rosa Raisa was an acceptable *Desdemona*. The music does not lie well for her voice, nor is the style that in which she is happiest. Mme. Claesseus as *Emilia* and Mr. Oliviero as *Cassio* were other principals. The choruses were well sung and the orchestra played very well indeed. Pietro Cimini conducted with considerable skill and as much authority as the singers would allow. The performance, on the whole, was effective through sheer vigor.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition~~

Verdi's "Otello" has had a rath[er fi]tful career in New York. It came to us promptly enough after its first production in Milan thirty-four years ago almost to a day (the date was February 5, 1887), but performances at the Metropolitan Opera House and elsewhere have generally been contingent upon the presence in the company of a stentorian tenor, the prevailing opinion among managerial folk apparently being that the opera is summed up in the representative of the principal character (in name, at least) and the character in voice.

There have been occasional timid protestations that something was also demanded of the singing actor who should enact the part of Iago, but we doubt if that consideration has had as much weight as the one mentioned.

Certain it is that the first effort to produce it here broke down because the tenor, Marconi, was not felt to be of sufficiently heroic mold.

Absent for Eight Years

Since then we have had others, including Tamagno, who fixed the type, or set the model, but the managerial impression seems to have been also that of the public, and there has always been something hectic and unstable about the work, in whatever repertoire it was incorporated. It has been absent from the Metropolitan list for eight years. It was mute during the five years of Mr. Conried's consulship, from 1903 to 1908.

Last night it was performed by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House. Other operas in the company's list are palpable relics of the Hammerstein period, but not "Otello." In March, 1909, that astute manager brought it forward, but it was only as one feature of Mme. Melba's brief engagement, and artistic success did not smile upon it. The company which is in direct succession to that housed at the Manhattan Opera House twelve years ago is much better equipped to meet the opera's requirements. Its performance last night did not rest upon the shoulders of the representative of the Moor of Venice, broad as they were and loudly as the Chicago triumph of Mr. Charles Marshall had been proclaimed. The representation was notably and generally excellent, but its chief merit lay in the perforcance by Mr. Titta Ruffo of the character of Iago. In that character, indeed, is the supreme merit of Verdi's work, and, we are tempted to add, the highest achievement of the combined genius of Verdi and his librettist, Boito,

It is as large and luminous as could well be conceived in an operatic para-

phrase of the Shakespearian creation. We have been taught by much experience not to expect much when any masterpiece of literature is transmogrified into an opera, but Boito, Verdi, and their great interpreter, Maurel, showed that even when reduced to the terms of operatic song Iago could be made into a dramatic portrait worthy of being placed in the gallery in which hang the pictures of the great tragedians of the last generation at least.

Vocally Mr. Ruffo did as much for the part. Hard and unyielding as were his tones in the first act, his art as a singer became irresistibly compelling in the second, when he rose to his full stature in the delivery of the sinister "Credo." We might have wished—we did wish—for a more insinuating, subtle and insidious manner of utterance and action, but there was no gainsaying the masterly treatment of his voice, the beauty of his cantilena, as exemplified especially in the characteristic downward chromatic phrase, and the marvelous skill with which by occasional use of tones which hovered between speech and song, yet always remained musical, he gave color to his declamatory song.

In Contrast With Marshall

In refinements of this sort he was in marked contrast with Mr. Marshall who was an exponent in all that he did of the *fortiter in re* principle. We ought not to expect in an operatic portrayal of the character of Othello to notice such distinctions as whether his consuming passion was a "solemn agony" evoked by the discovery that his ideal of pure womanhood should prove, as he thought, a wanton, or the mental infirmity of jealousy grounded on weak and suspicious human nature, which may be misconceived and magnified and nourished by trifles "light as air."

But we are justified by Boito and Verdi in thinking even the operatic Othello something more than a stalking horse to hang resounding musical phrases upon, something more than a man of conventional pose, conventional gesture and conventional operatic expression. Mr. Marshall, though he exhibited a most extraordinary voice and capacity for sonorous utterance, did little else, at least in the way of characterization. His voice is unqualifiedly phenomenal.

Its quality is that of a barytone, but in its upward range it is thrillingly clear and ringing. We know of no voice like it; we cannot well imagine a varied use for it in the current operatic list, at least not as he treated it last night, but if it could be brought into artistic traces we do not know who would be his fellow in some of the tragic French and German rôles. It is rare material and should be polished and kept for high artistic use.

A generally hard and unyielding performance was that of Miss Raisa as Desdemona, its merits and defects, sometimes quickly alternating, being those to which she has accustomed us in other representations. Miss Claessens's Emilia was complementary to the other impersonations, which do not call for special mention, though they may all be remembered in a commendation of the performance for uniform technical merit, if that can exist without at least a modicum of poetic nuance. Mr. Cimini was the conductor.

MENGELBERG GETS OVATION.

Directs the National Symphony in Richard Strauss's "A Hero's Life."

Willem Mengelberg at last evening's concert of the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, to be repeated there this afternoon, recalled an incident of the Dutch conductor's former visit as guest of the Philharmonic in 1905, when he brought as his battlehorse Richard Strauss's tone poem, "A Hero's Life," once produced here by the composer.

The National men had played the work only a few weeks ago under Mr. Bodanzky before Mr. Mengelberg's arrival this season. They gave last night also Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3; Monsigny's chaconne and rigaudon from "Aline" and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."

Mr. Mengelberg, to whom Strauss's score is dedicated, put an infectious enthusiasm into last night's performance of it, and was apparently happier in his results with the orchestra than on some occasions hitherto. Just at the close of a two-hour program he raised both arms to shake down the "Heldenleben's" thunders once again, and the final chord rose only to be lost in a great shout as the audience voiced its approval of the evening. There followed ten minutes' applause in a demonstration unusual at a symphony concert, while the leader brought out Mr. Guidi, the solo violin, and twice called all his hundred to stand and bow.

In the "Faun" of Debussy some of the solo woodwinds were not so skillfully modulated and the desired autumnal tints not so mellow. Monsigny's dances, among the other lesser pieces, gave pleasure in a charming arrangement by Gevaert. The immortal Sophie Arnould, so said Mr. Gilman's program note, had played the shepherdess to these measures from the French antique, a work only sixteen years "younger" than the English "Beggar's Opera."

Schmuller in His

Alexander Schmuller, Russian violinist, who made his first appearance in New York a few weeks ago as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra, gave his first recital here yesterday at Aeolian Hall.

The recital also shed a new light upon the admirable musicianship of Willem Mengelberg, for the conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra assisted his friend Mr. Schmuller in the performance of a sonata in F minor by Pietro Locatelli, arranged by Julius Roentgen. Mr. Mengelberg played a piano ingeniously remodeled to duplicate the tone of a harpsichord and similar to the instrument used by the late Gustave Mahler in several concerts at Carnegie Hall.

The manuscript of the sonata was found at Amsterdam, where Locatelli made his home during a great part of his life. The work is interesting and has more mellowness and less angularity of form than many compositions of the period to which it belongs. The first two movements, a Largo and a Grave, are ecclesiastical in mood and evoke the atmosphere of grandeur and fragrant stateliness found in the cathedrals of Europe.

Mr. Schmuller played the entire work with consummate art, and Mr. Mengelberg's assistance was indeed "distinguished," as the program phrased it.

Upon his first appearance Mr. Schmuller showed himself a violinist of the first rank. Yesterday's recital not only confirmed the first impression left by his playing, but afforded opportunities for completer revelations and appreciation of his art. In Mendelssohn's concerto he displayed a silken tone that did not lose its suavity in the work's most florid moments. In Reger's aria and in the same composer's miniature sonata in A major, Op. 42, for violin alone, as in Tschaikowsky's Serenade Melancholique, the violinist was wholly to be admired.

Both in his own arrangements of Paganini's caprices in E flat major and C major and in Sarasate's Introduction and Tarantella, chiefly affairs of brilliant execution, he was no mere showman of the bow, but a well-graced artist in whose playing depth and brilliance, intellect and emotion are happily combined.

Mr. Schmuller was fortunate in having the coöperation of the nimble-fingered Coenraad Bos for the accompaniments of the works following Locatelli's sonata. For once there was a worthy substitute for orchestra in the playing of the orchestral portion of a concerto. Mr. Bos's performance of Mendelssohn's work was a feature in itself, a fit companion for the art of Mr. Schmuller. By securing the services of this thrice gifted pianist, violinists who contemplate playing concertos at future recitals would obviate the usually impoverished impression created by the average playing of the pianoforte transcription of an orchestral score.

A large audience, which included several of Mr. Schmuller's peers, both in his own and other fields of music, remained enchanted to the end of one of this season's most distinguished recitals.

Guido Agosti, Pianist, Heard Again.

Guido Agosti, an Italian pianist whose recent appearance here gained critical interest and approval, gave a second recital before a considerable audience last evening at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Agosti was heard in Beethoven's sonata, op. 111; groups by Chopin, Liszt and Debussy, and less familiar music, including his own "Impromptu" and "Theme and Variations," a "Scherzo" by Paolo Chimeri, and Busoni's contrasted "Melancholy" and "Gaiety."

Feb 3 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Manon" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

The Count des Grieux	Edouard Cotreuil
The Chevalier des Grieux	Lucien Muratore
Manon Lescaut	Yvonne Gall
Lescaut	Hector Dufranne
Guillot de Morfontaine	Albert Paillard
De Bretigny	Desire Defrere
Ponsette	Margery Maxwell
Javotte	Elsa Diemer
Rosette	Frances Paperte
Servant to Manon	Eloise de Valois
Two Guards	Giuseppe Minerva, Jean de Keyser

Conductor—Giorgio Polacco.

NATIONAL SYMPHONY JOINS PHILHARMONIC

Combination of two of New York's great orchestras, rumored and denied last year, became a fact yesterday with the announcement by Clarence H. Mackay, President of the National Symphony, and Henry E. Cooper, President of the Philharmonic Society, that "the National Symphony Orchestra will join forces with the Philharmonic Orchestra" at the close of the present season. Statements were issued by both Mr. Mackay and Mr. Cooper as to the joint plans in future, as well as the reasons that finally led to the change, among which were the excessive number of concerts dividing public attention now and especially the recent difficulty of orchestras in securing adequate rehearsals.

The Philharmonic Society, founded in 1842, is the oldest permanent symphonic organization in America, among a dozen or more of the first rank maintained in various cities and a total of about fifty lesser orchestras the country over. The Philharmonic's only rivals in length of service in Europe are the two Philharmonic organizations of London and Vienna, founded, respectively, in 1813 and 1841. The National Symphony was established two seasons since as the New Symphony Orchestra, changing its name last year owing to confusion with that of the New York Symphony, of which Walter Damrosch is leader and H. H. Flagler the President.

A new Board of Directors of the reconstructed Philharmonic Society is to be arranged by a joint committee of that society and the National. The committee for this purpose, announced yesterday, consists of Arthur Curtiss James, Mr. Mackay, Otto H. Kahn, Alvin W. Krech, Charles Triller and Mr. Cooper. The officers of the future society will be: President, Henry E. Cooper; Chairman of the Board, Clarence H. Mackay; Vice Presidents, Arthur Curtiss James and Otto H. Kahn; Treasurer, Charles Triller; Honorary Secretary, Alvin W. Krech, and Executive Secretary, Felix F. Leifels.

It was at the National Symphony's repeated concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall that the news of the official merger with the Philharmonic became known to the musicians and concertgoers generally. There was much discussion as to the effect on the players when the work now done by 200 men employed in both bands is performed by a single orchestra of 100 next year.

"The conductors," declared Mr. Mackay in his announcement, "will be Josef Stransky, with the eminent Dutch leader, Willem Mengelberg, as guest conductor, and it is planned that a certain number of concerts will be under the baton of Artur Bodanzky.

"The organization will 'carry on' as the Philharmonic Society. This would seem particularly appropriate, as next year marks the eightieth anniversary of the society.

"With the controlling interests of the Metropolitan Opera Company added to the new board, a still greater field will be offered for the development of music in New York, and it is fully expected that, with this co-operation, it may be found practicable to arrange a great music festival in the Spring of each year.

"In addition, the Directors have in mind the giving of concerts not only in such prominent auditoriums as Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, but in the leading educational centres of the city, such as Columbia University and the Stadium of the College of the City of New York.

"The Philharmonic will take its place as a permanent and constructive cultural force alongside such institutions as the Metropolitan Opera, the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History."

Mr. Mackay referred earlier to the fact that "in the present season of 195 days" local and visiting orchestras were giving a grand total of 185 concerts, "or practically one concert for every day in the week, including Sunday." On this point he declared that "quality, and not quantity, is demanded at the present day."

Mr. Cooper of the Philharmonic, in a briefer statement, confirmed the National Symphony President's views, saying that the city's many orchestras and excessive number of concerts, often overlapping each other, have made for a dissipation of energy and a needless expenditure of money required to meet the combined deficits. The present reconstruction, he said, "opens enormous possibilities for the further development of America's oldest musical organization."

"The illustrious name of Willem Mengelberg," said Mr. Cooper also, "will add new circles to the Philharmonic patrons who so enthusiastically supported its conductor, Josef Stransky.

"We will be very happy to welcome on our reconstructed board such public-spirited citizens as Mr. Mackay, Mr. Otto H. Kahn and Mr. Alvin W. Krech," the Philharmonic's President concluded.

DETROIT SYMPHONY AGAIN.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Gives "Poem Divine" by Late Alex. Scriabine.

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted for two seasons by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, made its second appearance of the present season in New York at a "return" concert in Carnegie Hall last night, arranged under the auspices of the Smith College Club for the endowment fund of the women's college at Northampton, Mass. It was said that the receipts of the concert were about $10,000.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who had originally announced the "Scotch" symphony of Mendelssohn, gave instead last evening the "Poem Divine," by the late Alexander Scriabine, who lived for a time in this city when his compatriot, Wassily Safonoff, was conductor of the Philharmonic.

The Detroit players began the evening with Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and closed it with Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser." Saint Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor was the solo number, with Mischa Levitzki.

Winifred Byrd Gives a Matinee.

Winifred Byrd, a pianist, well known for some seasons here, gave an Aeolian Hall matinee yesterday. Miss Byrd was heard by a considerable house in music of three composers, a Debussy group, Chopin's fantasie op. 49 and several preludes, and the "Eroica" and "Mazeppa" studies of Liszt.

Massenet's "Manon" was heard by a good sized audience last evening at the Manhattan Opera House, when the Chicago Opera Company presented the work as the second attraction of its second week in New York. The opera, conducted by Georgio Polacco at his debut on November 11, 1912, at the Metropolitan was led by him last evening, this being his first appearance with the company.

The principal singers in the cast were Miss Gall as *Manon*, Mr. Muratore as *Chevalier des Grieux*, Mr. Dufranne as *Lescaut* and Messrs. Cotreuil, Defrere and Paillard in other parts. Serge Oukrainsky and the corps de ballet gave incidental dances.

'LOHENGRIN' IN I

Wagner's "Lohengrin" was restored to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera was given in English, as the other revived Wagner dramas have been. It had its last previous performance on February 17, 1917, when Mme. Gadski and Mr. Urlus were the protagonists, and the original text of the composer was heard. The preparations for last evening's revival were long and earnest and not only was the opera garbed in new scenic attire, but the score was restudied.

The results might easily be made the theme of a long discussion, but for the moment a brief summary of the most salient facts must suffice. The stage of the Metropolitan is now the home of spectacular splendors and "Lohengrin" lends itself readily to the most ambitious designs of scene painter, costumer and stage manager. The new scenery is the best the work has ever had here.

The court of the castle in the second act is especially well planned. It presents an appearance of mediæval solidity and of ample spaces. So, too, the bridal chamber has an atmosphere of its own. Indeed the entire pictorial investiture of the opera interests the eye and gives illusion to the action. The costumes are rich and varied and in no other opera has Mr. Gatti-Casazza offered to his subscribers a more brilliant and luxudious pageant than the bridal procession of the second act.

Mr. Bodanzky, who conducts the opera, has put much hard work into the preparation of the music. Among other things he has restored an ensemble long omitted from the second act. This ensemble is musically important and is one of Wagner's most masterly pieces of choral writing, but it is not unlikely that most operagoers will feel that the act is now too long. It would not be astonishing to find the cut remade.

Otherwise the musical beauties of "Lohengrin" are disclosed with skill. Perhaps there will be questions raised as to some of the tempi, for throughout Europe in recent years the tendency has been to proceed with ponderous deliberation, and the influence of the custom has not yet disappeared from local performances of German operas. But considering the relentless use of common time in "Lohengrin," Mr. Bodanzky has succeeded well in procuring the effect of great variety of movement in this remarkable score.

Furthermore, the musical performance was notable in its wealth of detail, the excellent treatment of accent, the carefulness of the phrasing and the beautiful elasticity and tonal quality of the orchestra. The chorus, as well as the orchestra, discharged its duties superlatively well and the ensembles were admirable.

The principals were: Mme. Easton as *Elsa*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Ortrud*, Mr. Sembach as *Lohengrin*, Mr. Whitehill as *Telramund*, Mr. Blass as the *King* and Mr. Leonhardt as the Herald. All these artists won new laurels, and it would be easy to descant at length upon their excellences. A *Lohengrin* with a voice and appearance, an *Elsa* with supreme art and lovely tone, a *Telramund* of sinistr power and vocal vigor and an *Ortrud* of equally valuable merit were well worthy of prolonged cadences of praise. But the passing mention must be all this morning.

Above all, praise is due Mr. Gatti-Casazza, and for him there will surely be much honor, because his production of "Lohengrin" last night was one of the greatest achievements of his administration. Artistically he has given us nothing better, and perhaps there may be a word of remembrance for one Richard Wagner, who made the triumph possible.

By Richard Aldrich

Lohengrin at the Metropolitan.

LOHENGRIN, lyric drama in three acts and four scenes, English translation by H. and F. Corder, edited and revised by Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdray; book and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

King Henry.....Robert Blass
Lohengrin.....Johannes Sembach
Elsa of Brabant.....Florence Easton
Frederick Telramund.....Clarence Whitehill
Ortrud.....Margaret Matzenauer
The King's Herald.....Robert Leonhardt
Eight Pages—Cecil Arden, Sue Harvard, Frances Ingram, Edna Kellogg, Elvira Leveroni, Mary Mellish, Alice Miriam and Marion Telva.
Conductor.....Arthur Bodanzky

Another of Wagner's music dramas was restored to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when Lohengrin was performed there in an English translation—the first English version of the work ever heard there, and the first performance of the music drama since the war stopped German opera in this country. It was more—it was one of the finest performances the work has had for a long time at the Metropolitan, and one of the most artistic productions made by the present management.

The excellence of the performance lay not only in the excellence with which the leading parts were filled, but quite as much in the spirit that animated it, the atmosphere that surrounded it, the dramatic accent and propulsion with which it was carried through. For this Mr. Bodanzky's vigilant and animating hand in directing it was chiefly responsible.

The cast included many who have appeared in the opera in the days of German performances; but the part of Elsa was taken for the first time here by Miss Florence Easton, though it was by no means her first appearance in it, either in German or in English. In the gradually expanding opportunities that have been vouchsafed her of late at the Metropolitan, Miss Easton has given more and more convincing proof of her abilities, of her high capacities as an artist, of her vocal power and her versatility as an actress. Her Elsa was an impersonation of great beauty, of poetic insight, presented with artistic skill; her singing was of equal beauty and skill. It is in fact a notable addition to the long roll of Elsas that are remembered at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Sembach's Lohengrin has its roots in the pre-war history of the opera house; but he seemed to have reached a higher artistic stature in it than has before been evident. Mr. Whitehill's Telramund was finely conceived, robustly melodramatic and with the note exerting sympathy that underlies the nature of the character; and his singing in voice and expression was on a par with the dramatic quality. So, too, Mme. Matzenauer's impersonation of Ortrud had the boding suggestion of wickedness, of malignancy and the darkling splendor of voice that carries it out. Mr. Blass was of excellent quality as the King; and there was no reason why all whom it concerned should not have heard Mr. Leonhardt's summons, as the herald, to come and fight for Elsa of Brabant.

Few performances that have been given in English have so successfully achieved the purpose of the use of English—the understanding the the text. No new translation has been made; the version used was that of H. and F. Corden, with revisions and improvements by Sigmund Spaeth and Miss Cecil Cowdrey, who fulfilled a similar office in the preparation of the text of "Tristan and Isolde." The lines given to Usa, however, were delivered in the translation made by Macfarren, which Miss Easton had learned in other days, and she did not venture to risk imposing a new version on her memory.

As the text actually used is not published, it is not easy to judge of the value of it as an interpretation of Wagner's poem, but there was little fault to find with it, apparently. That poem puts far fewer difficulties in the way of a conscientious translator aiming for results of poetic quality in English than do most of the later music dramas.

There was a glimpse, and more than a glimpse, in this performance, of what "opera in English" may be made to mean. It is a commonplace that the comprehension of English text in opera is, as the mathematicians say, a function of several variables. Not only is the diction of the singers concerned, but also the depth and quality of the orchestration supporting, or, at worst, covering them. Miss Easton and Mr. Sembach were the ones best understood last night; and this was due not only to the skill and care of their enunciation, but also to the fact that in many passages, as in long stretches of the first act, they sing against a light orchestra. Mr. Blass contributed something to the intelligibility of the scene on the Scheldt. Mr. Whitehill, who has been one of the best of the singers of English, was less clear; and Mme. Matzenauer still less. On the whole, however, those who listened attentively to this performance may have learned some things they never gathered from the stage in "Lohengrin" before.

There is a completely new setting for the opera, and all the scenes are beautifully designed and painted.

The playing of the orchestra was on a high order of excellence. The chorus did not wholly succeed in keeping to the pitch in the first act, but was otherwise excellent in its performance. There was evidence of skilful stage management, attributable to Mr. Thawman.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

That an opera may benefit from a rest was made apparent when "Lohengrin" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night after its score had been left on the shelf for four years. After a performance in February, 1917, it went the way of the other German operas in the Metropolitan's list. That a revival which involved the use of the vernacular instead of the opera's original tongue might also work for artistic good was likewise obvious.

The use of an English text made it necessary to change the old cast and to subject the opera to study from the bottom up. A wise management also found it advisable to provide the work with new scenery and costumes, and a resourceful stage manager was permitted to stir the old pool and refresh its waters, which had long ago become stagnant and almost noisome.

Appears in New Dress

In short, the "Lohengrin" of last night presented itself with a well washed and shining face and proved to be a refreshing and exhilarating entertainment.

Of course, there is nothing new in "Lohengrin" with a text foreign to the original. The opera was long known to New Yorkers in an Italian version before it became familiar in German, though it was first heard in the original tongue in a theater in the Bowery at a time so remote that only long memories can recall it.

As for English performances, they have been many and some of them have been notably excellent. We cannot recall any that was so admirable in all its elements as that of last night. Singers with richer vocal endowment than some of those heard on this occasion have sung its music, but we doubt whether they were so completely imbued with the spirit of the work, and we question whether there ever was a better ensemble, a more fitting set of pictures, a more eloquent performance of the orchestral part.

There have been more gallant and heroic figures than that presented by Mr. Sembach (as Lohengrin) and more sonorous and rotund voices have been heard in the music of King Henry than Mr. Robert Blass's. But we do not remember a finer vocal and dramatic impersonation of the character of Telramund than that presented by Mr. Whitehill, nor a more exquisite embodiment of the pure spirit of Elsa than that of Miss Easton—virginal in voice, soulful in expression, graceful in pose and action and in all things in keeping with the poet-composer's conception of the humanized Psyche-character.

As for Mme. Matzenauer's Ortrud, that is a familiar thing and as strong, beautiful and convincing as it is familiar. Remains only for mention, which must be commendatory, Mr. Leonhardt's Herald and deserving of inclusion (as real prineipals in the performance) the chorus, orchestra, Mr. Bodanzky, Mr. Urban, who has put the play into an imposing setting; Mr. Setti, the chorus master, and Mrs. Thurman, the stage manager. And first of these in deserving is Mr. Bodanzky.

Mackay Explains Plans

Mr. Mackay, who is also one of the executive directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, said:

"The arrangement between the Philharmonic Society and interests identified with the National Symphony Orchestra marks an important step in the development of symphonic music in this country. A careful survey of this branch of music in New York has clearly demonstrated the fact that in the last few seasons there have been too many orchestral concerts, with a consequent failure to secure the results that should be obtained artistically and economically.

"To demonstrate this fact it is only necessary to point out that in the present season of 195 days, the three New York orchestras, namely, the National, the Philharmonic, and the New York, have engagements in New York amounting to 167 performances. In addition, the visiting orchestras of the Boston and Philadelphia Symphonies have approximately eighteen engagements in New York, which makes a grand total of 185, or practically one concert for every day in the week, including Sunday. Then we have had this season the visit of the La Scala Orchestra, besides visits from the Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit orchestras. No matter how responsive the New York public may be to symphonic music—and they are responsive to an overwhelming degree—it needs no particular knowledge of the subject to perceive from the list of engagements outlined above that they are beyond the capacity of the public to absorb, and that, therefore, the situation calls for some eliminations. Quality and not quantity is demanded in the present day.

Stransky To Be Conductor

"Having reached this conclusion, the principal interests representing the Philharmonic Society and the National Symphony Orchestra have decided to join forces under one board, with such representation from each as will form a compact, harmonious and efficient organization, having but one aim, namely, to present the best music under the greatest leaders, to all classes of the public, so that the society will become virtually a public institution. The conductor will be Josef Stransky, with the eminent Dutch leader, Willem Mengelberg, as guest conductor, and it is planned that a certain number of concerts will be under the baton of Arturo Bodanzky. The organization will carry on as the Philharmonic Society, and it is eminently fitting that this should be so, by reason of its traditional position and fine record of service in the interests of the New York public. This would seem particularly appropriate as next year marks the eightieth anniversary of the society.

"With the controlling interests of the Metropolitan Opera Company added to the new board of the Philharmonic Society a still greater field will be offered for the development of music in New York, and it is fully expected that with this coöperation it may be found practicable to arrange a great music festival in the spring of each year. In addition, the directors have in mind the giving of concerts not only in such prominent auditoriums as Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, but in the leading educational centers of the city, such as Columbia, the stadium of the College of the City of New York and in other public centers of the city.

"In other words, the scope of the greater Philharmonic Society is to be so broad as to make it a real, vital and integral part of artistic and educational New York, so that it will take its place as a permanent and constructive cultural force alongside such institutions as the Metropolitan Opera, the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History."

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Thais" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Thais.....Mary Garden
Nicias.....Albert Pallard
Athanael.....Hector Dufranne
Palemon.....Constantin Nicolay
Myrtale.....Margery Maxwell
Crobyle.....Philine Falco
Albine.....Maria Claessens
A Slave of Nicias.....B. Landesman
Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco.

By Richard Aldrich

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to New York yesterday and gave its first concert in the evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Monteux's program included Beethoven's first symphony, César Franck's symphonic poem for orchestra and piano, "Les Djinns," Debussy's three symphonic sketches "La Mer" and Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso."

The symphony was charmingly played, crispy and with fine tone and shading So played it still gives pleasure in the hearing, without the necessity of deciding whether it is "true Beethoven": whether it is original; how far it is derived from Haydn and Mozart; whether liking it necessarily goes beyond the music itself and involves, in the phase of Mr. Hale's program note, belief in "the plenary inspiration of a great composer."

César Franck's symphonic poem is not among the most frequently played of his works. For one thing, it requires some self-abnegation on the part of the pianist, who has a short but difficult piece to play and but little opportunity to shine as a soloist; for the piano, while more than an orchestral instrument, has hardly an independent part. For another, the work seems somewhat tentative—more an experiment in color, instrumental and harmonic, than the development of strongly individual musical ideas. As such it has a rich and delicate beauty, and its performance gave enjoyment. Mr. Schmitz's playing of the piano part was brilliant and graceful.

There never was so deep an impression made by Debussy's sketches of the sea as by some of his other compositions for orchestra. Now that the method of expression is no longer new, the music seems to have shrunk in significance. How far inferior it is, for instance, in value to the prelude of "The Afternoon of a Faun!" This music summons up little of the sea. Its substance seems to lay thin, its orchestral color patchy. A few passages delight with their tonorities, still fresh, but the composer's success seems to have been intermittent.

THREE OPERAS IN A DAY.

Mary Garden in "Thais," Mme. Farrar in "Louise"; "Love of 3 Kings."

There was a large audience at the Manhattan last evening when Mary Garden in Massenet's "Thais" returned to the rôle of her New York début, made on this stage in Hammerstein's second opera season, Nov. 24, 1907. The house of Oscar had seen twenty repetitions in all, followed by three in later years when Miss Garden and her associates were guests at the Metropolitan, and five times since the Chicago company's visits at the Lexington. Last night's disclosure of the Alexandrian courtesan, the twenty-ninth "Thais" by one artist in fourteen years, was thus a familiar and, to its special audience, an agreeable occasion of personal rather than critical remark.

Mr. Dufranne as the monk, Athanael—the Paphnuce of Anatole France's more colorful story—was also warmly greeted, an admirable foil as the one noble figure in the earlier and gayer scenes, and long since approved as successor to the accomplished Renaud. Mr. Pallard sang Nicias, Mr. Cotreuil the chief of the Cenobite monks, Mme. Claessens the mother superior of the Albine Sisters and the Misses Falco and Maxwell, with Mr. Landesman, slaves of the Egyptian revels. Mr. Polacco conducted.

At the Metropolitan yesterday's pair of sold-out repetitions included a matinee, "Louise," with Miss Farrar, and in the evening "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Bori as Fiora, once her original creation here. The coincidence was remarked of two rôles by Broadway's top favorites, so closely identified first and last with the Manhattan directrix who herself completed a "three-opera day": Harrold, Mme. Berat and, for the first time, Rothier as the Father, assisted in "Louise," led by Albert Wolff. Moranzoni conducted Montemezzi's work and Gigli, Danise and Didur sang again the "Three Kings."

Nelson Illingworth Reappears.

Nelson Illingworth, an Australian who as song interpreter more than singer has attracted attention of musicians, reappeared last evening at Aeolian Hall, his efforts again ably seconded by Coenraad Bos at the piano. Mr. Illingworth's third program here, introduced by Loewe's "Archibald Douglas," brought a welcome hearing, after some years' silence, of Schubert's "Winter Journey," a cycle of two dozen word lyrics from the poet Mueller. The translations used by the baritone, with modifications of his own, were those of the locally published "Musicians' Library."

Mme. Samaroff in Beethoven Sonatas

Mme. Olga Samaroff, who, with her husband, Mr. Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra, opened here recently a series of eight afternoons of all Beethoven's thirty-two pianoforte sonatas, appeared yesterday at Aeolian Hall in her second program, five works, each played without pause and without preliminary lecture. A musical audience followed with interest the five sonatas, three from Opus 10, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, with Opus 14, No. 2, in G major, and finally Opus 13, in C minor, the "Pathétique."

Vincenzo Galilei, father of the astronomer, departed into rest in 1591, yet a piece of his music was heard for the first time in New York at a Symphony Society concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Walter Damrosch's historical cycle had arrived at Italy, and since Ottorino Respighi, the young Italian master of to-day, had been unearthing the buried treasures of his country's instrumental music and arranging them for modern orchestra, it was no wonder that Mr. Damrosch elected to present this specimen of the melody of one of the fathers of opera.

There were also a balletto of Molinaro and Rossini's "William Tell" overture (not very well played) to illustrate the ways of the older Italian composers. More modern was Sinigaglia's "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" overture, while of the very vital present were Respighi's beautiful "Fontane di Roma," Casella's "Venetian Convent" and De Sabata's "Juventus." The vocal obligato in the Casella number was creditably sung by Miss Henrietta Conrad. The work itself has charm and humor, especially in the dance of children and the dance of old ladies.

They write well, these contemporaneous young Italians, with imagination, with sentiment and with firm technical command of modern orchestral methods. Their work shows artistic sincerity and a determination to leave behind them the threadbare commonplaces of Italian music. They are distinctly Italian themselves, but their art has the intellectual elegance and the aristocracy of Italy's elder days before the facile manufacture of operas on the Neapolitan model had made the music of Italy a feeble echo of itself.

The concert of yesterday was heard by an audience of moderate size. The season is no longer young; it is lamentably overcrowded, and only highly spiced dishes can stimulate the jaded public appetite. But, glory be, things will improve next season. Meanwhile it should be recorded that in his conducting yesterday Mr. Damrosch introduced some new wrinkles, wiggles and waggles. Does he design perchance to eclipse the prima donnas of the baton by becoming the founder of a "shimmy" school of conducting?

Illingsworth, Basso, Heard.

Nelson Illingworth, basso, gave his third song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Specializing, as is his wont, in German songs sung in English, he gave

a programme including twnety-three songs of Schubert's splendid cycle, the "Winter Journey." Loewe's "Archibald Douglass" ballad served for the first number. Coenraad Bos was at the piano A good sized audience showed deep interest in the interpretations.

Mme. Samaroff's Recital.

Mme. Olga Samaroff gave the seeond in her series of eight recitals presenting the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Playing at her first recital four of the early sonatas of the master. She continued in her second list with five works well selected for plan and variety, namely, opus 10, No. 3 in D major; opus 14, No. 2 in G major; opus 10, No. 1 in C minor; opus 10, No. 2 in F major; opus 13, "Pathetique," in C minor. Of these sonatas the second and fourth were greatly liked and the "Pathetique" served for a splendid star at the close. Mme. Samaroff played each sonata with rare skill and understanding.

Boston Symphony Plays.

The last except one this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Thursday evening concerts took place in Carnegie Hall last night. There was no novelty in the programme, but all the works given were enjoyed. They were Beethoven's first symphony, Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Djinns," after Hugo's poem, with the piano solo played by Robert Schmitz; Debussy's symphonic suite "La Mer," and for the final number Liszt's "Tasso." The orchestra gave a generally good performance of the Beethoven smyphony . It might have had more tonal smoothness, but the balance and precision were good and the spirit excellent.

JOINT CONCERT EARNS $8,000 FOR CHARITIES

Swells Funds of Diet Kitchen and Maternity Centre.

As the result of a concert in the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday forenoon the sum of $8,000 was divided between the treasuries of the New York Diet Kitchen Association and the Maternity Centre Association. The ballroom was crowded. The programme was furnished by Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera, George F. Meader, tenor, and E. Robert Schmitz of Paris, pianist.

Mme. Easton sang "O Hall of Song" from "Tannhaeuser," and with Mr. Meader "Lontano, Lontano," from Boito's "Mefistofele." Mr. Meader's numbers included Sigmund's Love Song from "Die Walkure" and a group of songs by Schmann, Brahams, Clarke and Tosti. Mr. Schmitz played compositions by Chopin, Debussy, Ravel and Saint-Saens. Mr. Lester Hodges was the accompanist.

M'CORMACK IN MONTE CARLO.

Large Audience Greets Tenor Despite Attempted Boycott.

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(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

MONTE CARLO, Feb. 3.—John McCormack, the American tenor, made his first appearance here last night since his arrival in Europe three months ago and had a tremendous success, enjoying many encores.

Certain English visitors tried to boycott the sale of tickets for his concert at the leading hotels but failed to influence even the bulk of their own people, and the magnificent Casino Theatre was filled by a mixed audience who rapturously applauded the great tenor whose voice and method like have improved since he was last heard in London in pre-war days.

The bookings for his operatic appearances here have sent the tickets to a high premium.

Luigi Mancinelli

ROME, February 3.—Luigi Mancinelli, composer and conductor, died here yesterday from apoplexy, aged seventy-two. He was giving the last touches to his new opera, "Dream of Summer Night." Mancinelli for many years was the principal conductor for the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, London. From 1895 to 1903 he was the chief Italian conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House. His compositions included intermezzi to "Messalina" and "Cleopatra" and the operas "Paulo é Francesca" and "Isora di Provenza."

New York Symphony Gives a Program From Seven Composers.

Had a swift commentary by the Symphony Society itself upon a "super-symphony" consolidation of other New York orchestras been intended, it could hardly have come more aptly than in the circumstances of yesterday's Carnegie Hall matinee in Walter Damrosch's "historical cycle," with a program of Italian music, to be repeated tonight in the same hall. Seven composers were on the bill, their works mainly "novelties," and several so indicated.

But what had been novelties when the program was outlined months ago proved otherwise now. Boiled down by the activities of rival and visiting bands meanwhile, even unfamiliar and unhackneyed pieces seemed all to have been recently heard, possibly excepting one—Alfred Casella's "Venetian Convent" suite, of which a barcarolle and sarabande were played, with soprano "obligato" wordlessly sung by Miss Henrietta Conrad.

Mr. Damrosch, unfailing in diplomacy, had issued a discreet statement pointing out "an interesting coincidence" in the fact that Signor Toscanini, in a like historical program here, had played at least four selections announced last Fall by Mr. Damrosch, "neither conductor having had any conference with the other on the subject."

And as good wine needs no apologists in a dry time, so Italy's music, fresh and sparkling with new impulse of non-operatic, trans-Alpine tone imagery, delighted a large audience with Respighi's arrangements of old dances by Molinaro and Galilei, as well as his original "Fountains of Rome," Sinigaglia's "La Baruffe Chiozzotte" overture, and De Sabata's "Juventus." It was good, too, to hear one echo of the "old" Italy in Rossini's overture to "William Tell."

'L'Amoredei Tre Re' Brings Crowded House at Metropolitan—'Louise' Repeated.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before an audience which occupied every available inch of space. The reason for the great public interest in this masterpiece of modern Italian opera, which has not yet reached its proper measure of appreciation, was the reappearance of Miss Lucrezia Bori in the role of *Fiora*, which she created here. She was welcomed enthusiastically, and after the first and second acts was recalled many time, together with her associates, and received many flowers.

The public has enjoyed several versions of *Fiora* One was so tremendously imposing as to transmute the delicate little flower into something like a *Lady Macbeth*. Another was so beautiful in its intelligence, its finish, its wealth of expressive detail that one regretted its failure to give quite the full disclosure of the tenderness and passion of the heroine. A third was that of Miss Mary Garden, but this was just Miss Garden in all the wonder of herself.

Miss Bori was last evening the same lovely *Fiora* as of old, meeting xquisitely and triumphantly all the requirements of the part. Her voice was again in perfect condition, and its beauty, which, as previously noted, has taken on a fuller richness, was displayed advantageously throughout the two acts in which *Fiora* is permitted to exercise her spell on three helpless men, till one is driven to strangle her.

Mr. Gigli was aaing the *Avito* and again won favor by his excellent singing of the music. It is a pity he is not a better actor. Mr. Didur was the *Archibaldo*. He makes a most tragic figure o fthe old king who plays the part of fate in the drama. Mr. Danise sang *Manfredo* for the first time on any stage and won an honorable success. Mr. Patrinieri was the *Flaminio*. Mr. Moranzoni conducted well.

In the afternoon "Louise" was given at a special matinee, with the same cast as before except that Mr. Rothier sang the *Father*, in which role he commanded admiration.

Feb 5 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Jacquerie" (in Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Corrado of Nointel	Teofilo Dentale
Giorlanda of Chiery	Olga Carrara
Mazurec, "The Lamb"	Edward Johnson
William Caillet	Carlo Galeffi
Isaura	Yvonne Gall
The Notary	Vittorio Trevisan
Phillip Aymant	Carl Bitterl
Lucas, the Squint-Eyed	Lodovico Oliviero
The Herald	Desire Defrere
An Equerry	Carl Bitterl
A Prisoner	Sallustio Civai
Voice of a Minstrel	Lodovico Oliviero
Conductor	Gino Marinuzzi

"Jacquerie" Has First Performance at the Manhattan—Agreeable Reception.

"Jacquerie," opera in three acts, libretto by A. Donaudy, music by Gino Marinuzzi, was performed by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening for the first time in this city. Mr. Marinuzzi is principal conductor of the company. For a brief period he writhed uneasily on the throne of state, now more gracefully occupied by Miss Mary Garden. Mr. Marinuzzi's opera was produced in Chicago in the course of this season and received with those acclamations which hall every act of the opera company in its home town. Whether New York will discover as much in the work to admire may reasonably be doubted.

Mr. Donauty, who prepared the libretto of this lyric drama, found materials to his taste in an uprising of peasants, as the title informs us. But behind this revolt of rusties lies a most unpleasant history. It has already been noted that there is some resemblance between the motive of the drama and that of "Marta of the Lowlands," but the likeness is only slight. Mr. Denauty has resureeted for his purpose a particularly offensive feudal right and upon its exercise has striven to rear a tragedy of emotions.

Mazurec and *Isaura* are married, but the feudal despot claims his right to the first embraces of the bride. The husband makes a frantic appeal to the lord when that estimable despot returns from visiting his financee. The appeal might be successful were it not that a note of threat is permitted to sound in it whereupon the lord declares that he will insist upon his claim.

Has Unhappy Heroine.

So far the play moves tolerably well. But in the second act the observant theatregoer will surely begin to ask questions. If all these people were trained from ehildhood to recognize this feudal right, then why such a tempest? The unhappy *Isaura* becomes quite demented and wildly beseeches *Mazurec* to protect her from the destroyer, whose work is already done. The experience through which she has passed has robbed her of her reason and presently she falls dead. Naturally *Maurec* vows vengeance. One would suppose from witnessing a performance of this work that this was the only time in all the middle ages or in the neighborhood of Nointel that this brutal violation of marriage sanctities had taken place.

However, in this same second act are other exhibitions of feudal tyranny in the collection of the tributes due the lord. In the third act the "jaequerie" (uprising of peasants) takes place. The rustics assault the castle and set it afire. *William*, the father of *Isaura* drags forth *Glorianda*, the bride of the feudal lord, and hands her over to *Mazurec*, the unhappy husband. He finally embraces and kisses her, but she begs for pity. *Mazurec* suddenly pictures *Isaura* in the same plight. He is overcome and liberates *Glorianda*. Here at least we have a human and genuinely dramatic touch.

The materials of the libretto, despite their unpleasant character, are not unsuited to musical treatment, but it is unfortunate that there is not more opportunity for contrast of moods. The agony begins almost the moment the curtain rises, and from that time on the composer is compelled to sing misery, despair and rage. Mr. Marinuzzi is a young opera conductor, but he has had considerable experience. He has directed many performances and is familiar with the scores of numerous operaas. We might therefore expect from him something in the nature of a conductor's opera, a score fashioned of well tried patterns and put together with skill.

Performance Has Merit.

Something of this sort is indeed the result, but Mr. Marinuzzi has succeeded in imparting to his work a melodic flavor which is not palpably a borrowed one, but seems at a first hearing to have a certain quality of its own. Preparation for an adequate review of this new work was not possible, and all that can be offered to-day is a very sketchy impression of a work worthy apparently of more serious consideration. Mr. Marinuzzi's score, if neither strikingly original nor eloquent, has some excellent pages, some vigorous declamation, some admirable ensemble writing, and some good orchestration. The duet in the second act is very dramatic. What the score seems to lack is the vital melodic note, which is the keystone of true opera. But more than one hearing is needed to give a definite view of the work.

The performance was one of respectable merit. There are only three important roles, *William*, who is a historical personable by the way, *Mazurek and Isaura*. Mr. Galeffi made as much as possible out of the first of these. Edward Johnson sang very well indeed as *Mazurek*, and Miss Yvonne Gall as *Isaura* was equally praiseworthy. The choruses were sung rather weakly, but the orchestra played excellently. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted his own opera and received abundant applause from an audience of moderate size.

By James Gibbons Huneker

"JACQUERIE."

"Jacquerie: The Peasant Revolt," opera in three acts, libretto by A. Donaudy, music by Gino Marinuzzi, was sung for the first time in New York last night at the Manhattan Opera House under the auspices of the Chicago Opera Association. This work, by a talented young conductor of the organization, enjoyed its first American production last Nov. 17 at Chicago, when it inaugurated the new season. It was sung in Italian and conducted by the composer on the present occasion.

The mainspring of the plot is, curiously enough, the same as employed in a jolly but half-forgotten operetta by Leon Vasseur, and entitled "Le Droit du Seigneur," the composer of which also wrote a successful light opera that set Paris whistling about forty years ago, "La Timbale d'Argent." It was sung in New York probably by Aimee, or by one of her successors, either Theo or Judic. It deals with a ticklish question, a custom of mediaeval times, which gave the lord of the manor the first fruits of the harvest, also the premices d'amour when his serfs married. It was called the rights of the master and seems to have been generally accepted with due submission tempered by fatalistic resignation. The comical side of the patriarchal custom may be found in the Vasseur operetta, but the librettist of "Jacquerie" has properly dealt with the tragic issues involved. The moral implicated is that what's good for the goose is good for the gander. Students of Blackstone may find reference to the cruel practice in the section devoted to "Free-coccage and Knight-work." Either in Buckle or Lecky, or in both—for we have no time to verify quotations—there is also mention and comment. The first child of a peasant usually betrayed his or her aristocratic paternity; that is, the child was not robust like the succeeding children, but as evidence of its gentle blood bore the stigmata of anaemic constitutions, if not something worse; which facts may console moralists that the custom was abhorrent to the Celestial powers, therefore properly punished. Nevertheless, it took a long time before it was abolished.

The Story of "Jacquerie."

In default of official information we present the story of "Jacquerie" as epitomized by Mr. Marinuzzi. It is clear, concise and can hardly be bettered:

"This tragic story of the great peasant revolt of France in the fourteenth century opens placidly, disclosing a festive scene, the marriage of Isaura, a peasant belle, and Mazurec, known because of his easy good nature as 'the lamb.' As the newly married couple approach the home that they had prepared, Isaura shrieks with horror upon discovering a gleaming sword suspended over the gate—emblematic of the demand of Viscount Corrado to exercise the right of possession of brides on their wedding night, the master's order against crossing the threshold, under pain of death.

"Isaura's father seeks the notary, taking with him all his property, to barter for her release, but he has not enough. Mazurec pins his hope in a direct appeal to Corrado, knowing that he will soon pass to visit the beautiful Lady Glorianda, to whom he is betrothed. With the arrival of the Viscount he makes his appeal, supported by the populace, but it is in vain, and Isaura's father, William, tears the sword from the gate and lunges at the tyrant. He is disarmed and, with Mazurec, held prisoner.

The second act finds Viscount Corrado and Lady Glorianda surrounded by Corrado's retainers and the populace celebrating their betrothal with feasting and the granting of amnesties. William, who has been condemned to death for his attack upon the Viscount, is released and Isaura, delirious from the indignities she has suffered, is handed over to Mazurec, in whose arms she dies. The one-time lamb, in a frenzy of anger and hate, declares himself henceforth the wolf of vengeance.

"A spectacular uprising of the peasantry against the tyrant personified by Corrado constitutes the third and last act. William finds Mazurec, a wolf indeed, dirty, deformed and almost unrecognizable, sleeping in a hollow tree in the forest surrounding the castle and tells him the hour of vengeance is at hand. Together they lead the maddened peasants in the attack, which becomes a massacre. The torch is applied to the castle and in the confusion William drags the Lady Glorianda forth and turns over the horrified beauty to Mazurec. The wolf seizes her in a blazing blending of passion, hate and vengeance, but her piteous pleas strike through to the heart of the lamb as a vision of the martyred Isaura comes before his eyes. Mazurec releases Glorianda from his grasp and shows her a path to safety as the frenzied revolutionists return fiereely singing the hymn of the freed slave."

By Richard Aldrich

Gino Marinuzzi's Opera "Jacquerie."

The Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening presented the first new opera of its current repertroy: "Jacquerie," by its conductor, Mr. Gino Marinuzzi. The opera was first produced at the opening of the

season in Chicago; and of course had not been heard here till last evening. There was a large audience and an obvious friendliness shown for Mr. Marinuzzi, and so there was a first night enthusiasm and a success, at least of esteem.

"Jacquerie" is written to a libretto by A. Dinaudy, based on a story by Eugène Sue. Its starting point is, of course, the episode in French history known as "la Jacquerie"; the insurrection of the French peasants in the fourteenth century, in the midst of the Hundred Years' War with England, led by the Caillet of Clermont, who took the name of Jaques Bonhomme. They were smarting under the oppression of the nobles and driven to desperation by the burdens resulting from the war, and especially from the defeat at Poitiers. The rising was at first successful; more than 100,000 peasants swept through the country around Beauvais, northwest of Paris, in May, 1358, and destroyed many castles. But, of course, they were before long overwhelmed and routed; and Jacques Bonhomme, with many others, was put to death by torture.

No doubt one of the causes of bitter resentment on the part of the peasantry against the nobles was the iniquitous privilege claimed by them under the "jus primae noctis." Whether or not there ever was a general recognition of such a right in medieval times is a subject for historians of medieval law. The subject is one not appropriate for discussion in daily newspapers; and, it might also be thought, not fitting for operatic treatment, even though it is the basis of the intrigue in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; and some of those who have fashioned the librettos of other operas have not hesitated to treat of matters similar and as distasteful. Perhaps none have forced it quite so squarely as the authors of "Jacqueries."

The dramatic tragedy on which "Jacquerie" is based turns upon the exercise of the "jus primae noctis," and there is hence necessarily much reference to it by the personages of the drama most involved. The motive is treated in a melodramatic fashion. The marriage of the peasants Mazuree and Isaura having just been celebrated, they return home to find a symbol above their cottage door signifying that the Seigneur, Corrado, though on the eve of his own marriage, intends to claim his right. William, the father, hopes to buy immunity for his daughter. Corrado passes with his retinue and the prayer is addressed to him. But the crowd of peasants has shown a feeling of bitterness that irritates him, and he refuses. Thus the first act.

In the second the peasantry appeared in the castle, bringing their taxes and condemned prisoners due for mercy, while William instils rebellion among them. Finally Isaura, the bride, is brought in, given back, broken and crushed by her ordeal, to her husband, in whose arms she dies.

The insurrection is raging in the third act; William and Maguree are preparing their own revenge, the seizure of Glorianda, the lord's bride, demanding "eye for eye, tooth for tooth" vengeance in kind. The facquerie storn the castle; Glorianda is brought a captive to Maguree; but at the last his purpose is relaxed; he sees a vision of Isaura, and he lets Glorianda escape, as the castle burns and the hymn of the oppressed rises above the confusion and ruin.

Both liberettist and composer have known how to go to work to make an opera, and "Jacquerie," notwithstanding a somewhat long-drawn exposition of affairs in the first act, is effective. Mr. Warinuzzi writes as the modern Italian that he is. The music did not seem in a first hearing to be lighted with fire of a strong inspiration. He has striven much for orchestral color and atmosphere, and his skill in the matter has produced numerous passages of striking power. It must be confessed that there are other stretches in which a purely musical interest is not apparent.

Mr. Marinuzzi, like his fellows, does not hesitate for a moment at biting cacophony when he calculates to heighten his effects by it. For the voices he has written in a somewhat formless arisso style, which at moments assumes a greater shapeliness in an approach to melody. But it much be said that the singers are sometimes cruelly tried by the mass of orchastral sound they have to surmount.

Musically the first act is the least interesting of the three. The mood is a grievous one, and the composer has asserted in by much wailing in voices and orchestra, perfectly justified in the posture of circumstances, but dull in a dramatic sense. The choruses in the second act came refreshingly after what had preceded. The climax of this act and, indeed, the high point of the opera, is the scene between Mazuree and Isaura at the end of this act, where the bride is restored to her husband to die.

Here the tide of passion and grief rises high and the composer has found music truly beautiful and truly expressive of the situation. There is violence in the substance and expression of the last act; and something more significant in the pasage between Isanra and Glorianda.

There was forcible dramatic singing on the part of Edward Johnson, the Mazurec; Miss Yvonne Gall, the Isaura, and Carlo Galeffi, the William Gaillet. Their acting, while it rose to no great heights of eloquence, was sincere and, especially Miss Gall's, of no little tragic power.

The performance was on the whole a rather rough one. It was pitched in a shrill key, and all the singers sang most of the time with a tremendous outpouring of tone; to which, in part, the orchestra constrained them.

The scenic setting was not one of much distinction; some of the details of costume and massing in the hall of the castle, where the second act passes, were handsome and elaborate.

There was much calling of the principals and the conductor before the curtain when it fell, and when Mr. Marinuzzi appeared alone he was given especially enthusiastic applause.

Cyril Scott in His Own Works.

Cyril Scott, the English composer, who has already participated in the production of some of his own compositions since he has been in this country, gave a recital devoted entirely to them in Aeolian Hall yesterday. They consisted of piano pieces and songs, and in the songs he had the assistance of Miss Eva Gauthier, soprano.

There are few composers—though their are some—who can furnish the matter for a concert entirely from their own compositions without suffering for it. It is in itself no serious reproach to Mr. Scott to say that he is not one of these. There was a certain sense of monotony engendered by his short piano pieces, though many of them have a seductive charm of their own in color and in ingenuity of pianistic effect. Some of the songs which Mr. Gauthier sang are poetical in their musical expression and in their hint of folk-song spirit. Her interpretation of them was of great skill, fully discerning their significance, technically finished and of a beautifully clear-cut and intelligible diction.

The centre of interest was no doubt intended to be Mr. Scott's sonata. This has bee nplayed here by some of the younger and more daring pianists; and by some it has been fervently lauded as among the most important of modern compositions. Mr. Scott played it with great skill, and, it may be supposed, with the fullest expression of all the significance and effect that he meant it to have, for rhe is an excellent pianist and makes little ado over the difficulties of his own works.

But the importance of it was not disclosed to all yesterday. It is in three movements, apparently, of which the first two are enchained. The last begins with a brisk fugato on an eccentric theme; the musical material of the other [illegible] to grasp, and seemed [illegible] and of uncertain value [illegible] firmly conceived issue.

CORA CHASE GETS OVATION AT DEBUT

Gilda in "Rigoletto" Touches Heartsrings of Audience.

The Metropolitan, packed to the doors, gave last evening a welcome of unwonted cordiality to a new Gilda in rare old "Rigoletto," a welcome the more remarkable in that the young artist, unknown to her own countrymen when she stepped on the stage at 9 o'clock in the opera's second act, was heard quietly in a single duet with her stage father, Mr. De Luca being the Rigoletto, and at 9:10 the pair were interrupted with an ovation that refused to wait longer for either the "Caro Nome" or the "Rigoletto" quartet.

Charming Cora Chase of Haverhill, Mass., tall, strong, slender, a "New Englander every inch of her, had somehow instantly touched the heartstrings of the most aloof and difficult musical audience in the world. There were those in the Golden Horseshoe who recalled long ago the coming of the brilliant Nordica, the statuesque Eames, the still present Farrar. It may have been a greeting to past as well as future Yonkee prima donnas, but the newest yet knew her fortune before ever the nervousness of the début had warmed the icy edge from her voice or the grateful tears from her eyes.

Miss Chase's voice, still naively girlish, unequalized, oddly "unaffected" in quality, fortunately served her most faithfully at the most crucial points: she once refused a high C, taking an octave lower in the "Caro Nome's" last refrain, but later in the third act "Vendetta" duet she sang freely, with nearer dramatic than lyric tone, to the top of her scale. In personality, in simple dignity and ease, never hurrying a phrase, she made the impression of one who artistically still had far to go but who might be trusted to learn from the very attentive and critical public that had followed the progress of so many greater predecessors.

Mr. Hackett, returning for the season in the rôle of the Duke, represented an American artist's further progress in the finesse of the stage; he appeaed to have some difficulty in holding his high notes true at first, but, like Miss Chase, he had youth with him, and they entered into the spirit of madcap make-believe that made Verdi's tragedy last night, not a solemn melodrama, but a "just suppose" sort of play, in which the house took both a quick interest and active share.

Mme. Perini and Mr. Mardones were members of the fourth act "quartet" at the inn. Mme. Berat, the Misses Mellish and Borniggia, Messrs. Ananian, Laurenti, Paltrinieri and Reschiglian completed a familiar ensemble, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

SINGS WITH PHILHARMONIC.

Dmitry Dobkin, Russian Tenor, Makes American Debut.

The Philharmonic Society, which tonight has a popular "all-Russian" program, gave to its sold-out matinee subscription in Carnegie Hall yesterday a more general selection, two items of which, however, were a Russian tenor, Dmitry Dohkin, singing for the first time in this country, and a repetition of "The Swan of Tuonela," by Jan Sibelius, the Finnish composer, soon coming to join the Eastman Musical Foundation at Rochester, N. Y. The matinee was directed by Henry Hadley, who has been Mr. Stransky's associate conductor this year, though his name does not appear in plans just told of a coming reorganization.

Mr. Dobkin was heard with interest in the "Song of the Hindu Jeweler," from Rimsky - Korsakoff's opera, "Sadko," well suited to a roughly, fiery and impassioned style; he was on less firm ground in his Italian aria, the familiar "E Lucevan le Stelle," from Puccini's last act of "Tosca." Mr. Hadley conducted also Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," Herbert's "Woodland Fancies" and Strauss's "Don Juan."

The cast singing the second performance of "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening contained much interest and novelty. Mr. De Luca in the title role repeated his admirable impersonation of the jestor.

Charles Hackett as the *Duke* made his first appearance in the house this season. He has the correct and elegant bearing in his characterization of the part, and, though his voice is not a warm one throughout, he again sang his music with much excellence.

The *Gilda* was Miss Cora Chase, a singer new to the Metropolitan forces, who comes from Boston and has sung in one opera house in Europe. Her appearance, combining a fine figure with aristocratic bearing and personal charm, was greatly in her favor. She was evidently nervous owing to the trying ordeal of a debut, but she was, nevertheless, able to give a creditable performance.

Miss Chase disclosed a soprano voice of good carrying power and rango, with a quality at times metallic, but again fresh and pleasing. Her singing, as in the florid work of the "Caro Nome" solo, had commendable technic, and she was further able to show feeling. She had a real success with the audience.

The other important singers were Mr. Mardones as *Spara pcile* and Miss Flora Perini as *Maddalene*. The fine Verdi ensemble was led by Mr. Moranzoni.

Cyril Scott's Concert.

Cyril Scott, composer and pianist, gave a concert of his own music in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with the aid of Mme. Eva Gauthier, who sang two groups of his songs with her familiar art. Mr. Scott devoted most of the programme to his piano music, the most important number being his sonata, played here last season by Percy Grainger. The composition naturally became clearer on a second hearing and confirmed the impression made before.

It is a work of large aspiration and of breadth of structural style. It is not of the type which appeals to the general music lover, because its melodic and harmonic materials are chiefly of the kinds called modern. But it has rhythmic power and also mood communication of considerable eloquence. It is favorable to a display of skill in piano playing and Mr. Scott played it with no small effect. The audience was of good size.

Russian Tenor Makes Debut.

A Russian tenor, Dmitry Dobkin, made his American debut yesterday at Carnegie Hall in the concert of the Philharmonic Society, led by Henry Hadley, assistant conductor. He sang as the second number in the list two operatic airs, namely, in Russian, the "Song of the Hindu Jeweller" from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," and the "E Lucevan le Stelle" air from Puccini's "Tosca." He disclosed a good voice, and singing with musical taste and fine dramatic feeling, as he did, he made a favorable impression upon the audience. The orchestral selections were Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Victor Herbert's suite, "Woodland Fancies," and two tone poems, "The Swan of Tuonela" of Sibelius and Richard Strauss's "Don Juan." Mr. Hadley was very warmly applauded at the close of the Herbert suite, though the hearing of the light, but pleasing, score seemed to hardly warrant the demonstration.

Mary Garden Gives Song Programme at Biltmore

By GRENA BENNETT.

MISS MARY GARDEN, general director and leading soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, was the principal attraction at yesterday's Biltmore Morning Musicale. Her appearance was the signal for the craning of fashionable necks, leveling of innumerable opera glasses and the applauding of daintily gloved hands.

Miss Garden's greeting to her many admirers was as frankly cordial as was the audience's reception of the American diva. She smiled graciously, waved a little lace handkerchief; then, giving a touch to her hat and rearranging her various strings of precious pearls sang the third act aria of Mimi in "La Boheme."

Her extra numbers for this part of the programme were well chosen, for they illustrated her exceptional dramatic versatility. In an instant she threw off the tender appeal of Mimi and with almost tigerish seductiveness, sang Carmen's Habanera. A second extra song was "Comin' Through the Rye," which Miss Garden intoned beautifully and with vivacity.

French songs by Erlanger, Hahn, Godard, Faure, Hue and Debussy formed the rest of her promised programme.

Cyrena Van Gordon, a member of the contralto forces of the Chicago Company, and Arthur Rubinstein, the celebrated pianist, contributed their skill and art to an interesting event.

Shocking Tale,

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.~~

Until "Jacquerie" was produced by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last night we did not know that it was possible for opera writers to bedraggle their hands with filthier moral muck than that which had been spread upon the stage by the brood of young Italian composers who rushed to the fore and tried to follow upon the heels of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. The stories of the masterpieces of these vigorous talents were unsavory, but not altogether revolting, for there is in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" a grain of feeling which saves them from appearing utterly detestable. There is nothing of this in the "Jacquerie" of Messrs. A. Donaudy and Gino Marinuzzi.

Lust and Greed Mixed

Granting all (and there is not much) and the best (and there is not much highly laudable) that may be said of Mr. Marinuzzi's music, the opera is essentially and materially vile. It cannot plead even the poor palliative that it at least presents a story of natural sensuality. It does not do that, for its sensual lust is mixed with inhuman greed.

A woman's honor is not merely sacrificed to a tyrant's sexual appetite; it is also made the object of barter by the tyrant.

The play is woven around the motif of the medieval droit du seigneur, or jus primæ noctis. Whether the custom of the seignorial right implied by these terms ever had existence in law is doubtful, but that is immaterial.

It has long figured in romance and the popular imagination, and that, maybe, makes it permissible dramatic material.

The motif has been used ingeniously and amusingly in opera bouffe (which respects nothing) and in classic opera buffa. It is a mainspring in the plot of "Le Nozze di Figaro," though there it is rather deftly kept out of sight, and when it is referred to by Susanna as "Certe mess" orc che il divitto feudale," it is in a lightsome speech and with a michievous look.

The count had renounced the ancient privilege on his marriage with Rosina, and though he has thoughts of reviving it for the nonce in the case of the countess's bewitching maid, who joins Figaro in frustrating his design and humiliating him, the unsavory element is not permitted to obtrude itself unduly in the comedy. Moreover, the music of Mozart so completely establishes the honesty of Susanna's love for the count's valet, the love of the countess for her lord and even his love for his wife, that the moral sensibility of the critical moralist is all but lulled asleep.

Reason for Indignation

After all, opera lovers are a careless folk; the foreign tongues of their beloved entertainment helps to keep them in this attitude, and it is only when an affront is committed by the rude methods of modern realism that they are likely to be aroused. That "Jacquerie" ought to arouse them to indignation is unquestionable.

In this opera we are permitted to contemplate an assertion of the right by a brutal lord on the eve of a pretty peasant's marriage to mar her honor chaffered for; to witness the refusal of the lord when he is appealed to on the verge of his own betrothal; to see the maiden a victim, not only of the custom, but also of violence, ending in death akin to the crime, which is supposed to deserve the stake at the present day and in our own country.

At last the moral element enters in the shape of an uprising of the peasantry against oppression embittered by the incident and the punishment of the wrongdoer. Even then there must be thrown in a grain of piquancy in the form of a delivery into the hands of the wronged lover or husband of the innocent bride of the lord, so that lex talionis may be wreaked on him through a second victim. Naturally, the peasant, though transformed by his sufferings from a lamb into a wolf (this is libretto text), is virtuous and human and the aristocratic woman is spared.

Altogether a delectable talc to trick out with a musical dress truly. Mr. Marinuzzi has provided the musical upholstery in the style of the young revolutionists of to-day.

Work Largely Melodrama

To a large extent the work is melodrama—neither Verdian opera nor Wagnerian lyric drama. The dialogue, of which there is an inordinate quantity, compared with the action, is

almost wholly parlando over a stream of orchestral music. This strives almost continually to be melodic, but it is formless.

Only once in a while does it have hands and feet, sequence and symmetry. In the second act there is processional music of pith and moment. For a space even the proclaimant brass sings in harmony. There is broad, solid rhythm and the singers become vocal. The devices of muted trumpets, high dissonant harmonies on the strings, crepitating xylophone clatter and the blinding shimmer of cymbals and gongs struck by muffled drumsticks (commonplace effects already become the stock in trade of the ambitious revolutionary) are forgotten.

There is music, real music, good and swelling. But for the rest there is a wearisome stream of orchestral music with few points of repose and much lacerating of the ear. So it seemed to us. Tastes fashioned on the tendencies of to-day ought to find much in it to admire, for Mr. Marinuzzi is fecund of device and an adept in presentation.

Had there been more ingratiating music to sing there would also be more words of commendation for the singers. Mr. Johnson, Miss Gall and Signor Galeffi saw their duty and did it. So did Mr. Marinuzzi, who was acclaimed over and over again. He conducted the chorus and the orchestra.

Miss Cora Chase, American Soprano, Makes Debut Here

Young Singer, Appearing in 'Rigoletto,' Has an Unusually Fine Voice and Appearance Wins Audience

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Miss Cora Chase, a new American soprano, made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Born at Haverhill, Mass., Miss Chase is in her early twenties. After studying abroad she made her début in 1919 at Busseto, Italy, as Gilda. The following year she sang at the Royal Opera, Madrid.

The young singer has an unusually fine voice, evenly developed, flexible, brilliant. Of engaging appearance, tall and slender, she was well suited to the rôle she protrayed last evening. Although visibly nervous, it was easy to discern great promise in her singing. Her acting was appropriately girlish, and the modesty of her behavior and the unaffected simplicity with which she acknowledged hearty applause were other attributes that combined in leaving a pleasing impression.

Another American, Charles Hackett, was in the cast. He sang the part of the Duke for the first time this season, filling the rôle with both vocal and histrionic distinction. Mr. De Luca's excellent Rigoletto is now well known. Others in the cast were Miss Perini, Mme. Berat, Mr. Mardones and Mr. Ananian.

Galli-Curci in Good Voice For 'La Sonnambula' Airs

Tito Schipa Also Effective in Operatic Role Requiring Particular Gifts

Bellini's "La Sonnambula," which was brought forward by the visitors from Chicago last season, was heard again yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan Opera House with the same singers in the principal rôles. It is an opera of lovely tunes, and like others of its time and type, its production must always depend upon the availability of singers with the particular natural gifts and training necessary for music.

Its especially heavy demand upon the soprano falls lightly on the shoulders of Mme. Galli-Curci, who sang the rôle of Amina yesterday. She was in particularly good voice. The tendency to deflection in pitch so often noted, was almost entirely absent. Her singing was lovely in quality, of a velvety softness in her high tones and exquisitely limpid descending scales. She was appropriately ingenuous and appealing in her impersonation, and her talent for singing always "in the part," for uttering florid music with natural ease, was again displayed.

Tito Schipa, to whom the rôle of Elvino was again assigned, also deserved praise. He was effective in action, and sang the music with agreeable vocal quality and skill, and for the most part with commendable restraint. Acceptable also were Mr. Lazzari in the part of Rudolph, Maria Claessens as Teresa and Philine Falco as Lisa. Mr. Cimini conducted.

Children's Concert Pleasing

Readings from Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream by David Bispham, with the incidental music composed by Mendelssohn made up the program of the Children's Symphony Concert given at Aeolian Hall yesterday morning. It was one of the most elaborate programs that the Symphony Society, under Mr. Damrosch's direction, has yet offered in this series, and was one that had a previous hearing in December at one of the regular subscription concerts of the society.

The large audience present seemed to find both Mendelssohn's dainty music and Mr. Bispham's contagious humor much to their liking. Rachel Morton Harris, soprano; Ada Tyrone, mezzo-soprano, and a chorus of women's voices from the Oritorio Society assisted in the musical numbers.

Russian Tenor Appears at Philharmonic Concert; Rudeness Characterizes Both Voice and Manner

The almost daily orchestral concert yesterday was one by the Philharmonic Society in the afternoon. It was conducted by Henry Hadley, which fact contributed one item of interest, and was the occasion for giving a Russian tenor named Dmitry Dobkin a first public hearing, which was another—until he began to sing.

His numbers were a song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Sadko," built on a phrase made familiar by the composer's symphonic piece with the same tile, and the aria, if it can be called such, beginning "E lucevan le stelle," from the last act of Puccini's "Tosca," which recently was the subject of judicial inquiry in one of our Federal courts as having been plagiarized in a popular dance-song.

Managers have long protested that their companies contained the best voices which the world afforded. We have sometimes been skeptical on that point but now that one of the consequences of the World War has been to bring the multitude of singers which we have been obliged to hear into our concert rooms we are beginning to put aside our incredulity. The singer heard yesterday certainly brought nothing to add to the artistic capital already invested here. Neither in his voice nor in his manner of singing was there sufficient charm to justify his participation in such a concert. Rudiness characterized both and woeful unsteadiness which it is charitable to assume was partly caused by nervousness.

The orchestral music heard at the concert were the overture "Carmanal Romain," by Berlioz; Victor Hubert's suite, "Woodland Fancies"; Sibelins' "Swan of Tuonela" and Strauss' "Don Juan."

H. E. K.

Feb 4 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

The educational obligations implied by the announcement of a series of concerts planned to exhibit the progress of the orchestra and orchestral music seem to sit lightly on the conscience of Mr. Walter Damrosch, as we have had occasion to intimate heretofore. More desirable, to his mind, is the production of music which has a relationship with the art of various peoples and which is primarily ingratiating to tastes of to-day.

In his "historical concert" given at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon we ostensibly published a purpose to illustrate the orchestral music of Italy from the sixteenth century to to-day.

Earlier Composers Ignored

The obvious appeal at the outset of such a promenade should have been made to the early composers, who led the world in orchestral music, and follow them up with the men who have represented symphonic music in Italy since. But his audience heard nothing of the Gabrielis, nothing of the representatives of the great violin schools whose concerti grossi fired the genius of Bach, nothing of the symphonists who set a fashion for Haydn (like Sammartini) nor of the symphonists of a generation ago (like Sgambati), nothing of Martucci.

As representatives of the earliest period we were asked to be content with transcriptions for orchestra by a man of to-day of lute pieces by Molinaro (1590) and Galilei, a contemporary, who figures in the history of science as the father of the astronomer and in the history of music as one of the founders of the opera.

Very dainty and very graceful were the two dances by these worthies, but they told us nothing about the orchestral music of the day in which the composers of their melodies lived and labored.

The galliarde by Galilei had been introduced to New York by Signor Toscanini.

"Juventus," the tone-poem by de Sabata, which has much admirable material which the composer robbed of much interest by unconscionably stretching it out, had also had previous performances by Mr. Damrosch's band and that of La Scala, but there was splendid vitality and eloquence in the manner in which it was played.

The interest of novelty attached to only one other of the numbers which constituted the program—the barcarolle from Casella's ballet, "Le Couvent sur l'eau," which had for its companions the previously heard children's and old ladies' dances from the same composition.

Boston Orchestra Here

In the barcarolle the composer utilizes a soprano voice which sings a melody of a type which, we fancy, must sound strangely in a Venetian ear, on the vocable "Ah." Nothing more. Perhaps the voice should have sounded like one in the orchestral company—lifted into the prominence of a solo song, as it was by Miss Henrietta Conrad, it evoked wonder that it should have been left wordless. Several composers, as far back as Berlioz in his "Trojans in Carthage," have used inarticulate song for musical effects, chiefly for color, and something like this may have been Casella's purpose in this piece. If so, we thought that purpose frustrated by the heavy-footed manner in which it was sung by Miss Conrad.

The other pieces on the program were the overture to "William Tell," by Russini; Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and Sinigaglia's overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotti."

In the evening the walls of Carnegie Hall echoed to music made by the Boston Orchestra and E. Robert Schmitz, pianist. There was nothing new on the program but the excellent playing of Mr. Monteux's men, who are steadily growing toward the perfection for which the old Boston organization stood, and Mr. Schmitz gave great pleasure and received cordial recognition. The program was composed of Beethoven's first symphony, César Franck's "Les Djinns" for pianoforte and orchestra, Debussy's "Le Mer" and Liszt's "Tasso."

Feb 5 1921

Cyril Scott Is Heard in Delightful Concert Here

Mme. Eva Gauthier Acts as Interpreter of His Songs at Aeolian Hall

A second concert of compositions by Cyril Scott was given at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with the English composer as pianist and Mme. Eva Gauthier as the interpreter of his songs. This concert was more enjoyable than the one given earlier in the season. The songs and piano pieces were more musical, more readily understood, less strained in their pursuit of a new musical idiom. But there was one fly in the ointment—Mr. Scott's pianoforte sonata, a rambling and lengthy concoction of rhythms and tonalities in the modern manner, which taxed the nerves and patience of the audience and was played by the composed in Ercles' vein.

Had the mess of pottage been omitted the concert would have been wholly delightful. Mr. Scott is an agreeable pianist, and Mme. Gauthier's ever admirable art is a constant source of joy to lovers of the best in music. Among the piano pieces were Dagobah (Caprice Chinois), Twilight of the Year, Paradise Birds, Sea Marge, Pierrot Piece, No. 1, and Danse Nègre. The songs included "Lovely Kind and Kindly Loving," "In the Valley," "Sleep Song," "Looking Back," "The New Moon," "The White Knight," and "Lilac-Time." These with Mr. Scott's song without words and his charming "Lullaby" represent this composer at his best and would be valuable additions to the programs of any pianist or singer.

Feb 6. 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The excellent idea occurred to Mr. Monteux to play at the second of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts given yesterday afternoon Dvorak's symphony in D minor. It has been known in New York for some thirty-five years; but has not been played here for a good while. Yet it is more worth searching the librarian's shelves for than the symphony of Dvorak that was resuscitated here last year; a more important and significant work.

To be sure, voices of Mendelssohn, Schumann or Brahms sound transparently through it; yet the music is in Dvorak's characteristic style, when he had most to say; and there are many beauties in it of thought and of instrumental sound. It sounded fresh yesterday after its long rest and was a welcome relief after the "New World" symphony, too much played. The tone of the orchestra was fine and noble

Dvorak the colorist in giving beautiful sound to the symphony; yet the performance was not one of the most finished that the organization has given here this season.

The program also included the two "passacaglias" by Cyril Scott that Mr. Stokowsky made the Philadelphia Orchestra play a few weeks ago. It can hardly be said that they improved on another hearing. The Irish tunes that are the basis of the two pieces are good tunes; the second being especially characteristic; but the ingenuity devoted to swathing and wrapping them in strange and uncomfortable harmonies and the most fantastic and formidable of instrumental garbs seems not to have accomplished any advance in their musical development or added intrinsically to their interest, and it gives rise to no stronger emotion than that of curiosity.

Roger Ducasse's "Suite Française," which is not familiar, though not new, for it was first played in this country ten years ago, gave pleasure. It is not pretentious music, and its dance movements, with overture and a "récitative and air," are clear and vigorous, not commonplace in their expression and well written for the orchestra. The concert closed with Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser," though his "Eine Faust Overture" had first been announced.

MARY GARDEN SINGS 'FAUST'

Takes Role After Day's Illness—Galli-Curci In "Sonambula."

The Chicago company's directrix, Mary Garden, sang "Faust" last night at the Manhattan Opera House with Muratore, Dufranne and Baklanoff, after a day in physicians' care, it having been uncertain up to 8 o'clock whether or not she could appear.

Galli-Curci at the Manhattan matinee returned to a classic rôle in "Sonnambula," which she had given at the Lexington last year, again assisted by Tito Schipa as Evlino and Virgilio Lazzari as the Count.

The Metropolitan's sold-out matinee subscription greeted with applause a return of Bori in "L'Oracolo," with Scotti, Didur, Chamlee and others, and "Cleopatra's Night," sung by Alda and Kingston.

One of the first of Caruso's rôles to be taken by another Metropolitan tenor was that in "La Forza del Destino," sung by Crimi at popular prices last night, with Ponselle, Danise and Mardones.

Feb 7 1921

Pietro Yon Plays

Mr. Pietro Yon, organist of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, aided Mr. Walter Damrosch in giving the regular Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday. The coöperation—primarily designed, it may be supposed, for the sake of Mr. Yon's Gregorian concerto for organ and orchestra, which was the middle number of the program—also made possible the performance of Saint-Saëns's symphony in C minor, which has an organ part and also a pianoforte part—the latter, we think, so negligible that the fact that only one player was intrusted with the parts of two players need not be dwelt upon. After all, with twelve more symphony concerts confronting us within the next seven days, what signifies a voice in the band dropped out here and there? Mere records are becoming sufficient because records only are possible.

There being an organ in Aeolian Hall, Mr. Yon made it very audible in the symphony—more audible, indeed (so it seemed to us) than in his own concerto written for the instrument. In this the king of musical instruments became little more than one of many orchestral subjects, and aided them in promulgating some honest and solid music, free from striving after sensationalism in either the harmonic or color department. We had expected an effort (which we hope will be made by Mr. Yon or one of his colleagues familiar with ecclesiastical music) to utilize Gregorian melodies to symphonic ends, for there must be interesting possibilities in that direction; but as was explained in the program notes, and was obvious from the music, Mr. Yon did not use the adjective in this sense, but meant only that his music was based on the diatonic instead of the chromatic scale. It was good, ear-filling music, which was well played and sonorous though never noisy, as the symphony was at times.

The other pieces were two of the excerpts from Cassella's ballet suite, "Le Couvent sur l'eau"; "Barcarolle" (with Miss Henrietta Conrad, soprano); "Old Ladies' Dance," heard at the Historical Concert in Carnegie Hall last Thursday, and the "Tannhäuser" overture.

H. E. K.

Hofmann Gives Second Recital

Josef Hofmann gave his second piano recital of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience that completely filled the hall. He played a Chopin program, which included the sonata in B minor, Op. 58, a nocturne in E major, valse in F minor, ballade in F minor, barcouse, mazurka in A flat major, scherzo in C sharp minor, three etudes in A flat major, D flat major and F major and the polonaise in A flat major. Mr. Hofmann was at his best—a great pianist in a recital of music by the greatest composer for the pianoforte.

ITALIAN BENEFIT

A considerable sum was netted for the sufferers from the Italian earthquake last evening at the benefit concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of Il Progresso Italo-Americano. The audience was largely Italian, most of the artists coming from this country, and the program girls were culled from the flowers of that sunny land.

Among the soloists who contributed to an exceptional program were Claudia Muzio, soprano; Giulio Crimi, tenor; Giuseppe Danise, baritone; Adamo Didur, basso; Rosa Ponselle, soprano; Giovanni Martinelli, tenor; Giuseppe De Luca, baritone, and Jose Mardones, basso.

Assisted by the entire Metropolitan Orchestra, the several artists sang their favorite songs and arias from favorite operas. The orchestra was conducted by Giuseppe Bamboschek, Roberto Moranzoni, Gennaro Papi and Giulio Setti.

Feb 6 1921

THE LAST CRITIQUE J. G. HUNEKER WROTE

t Reviewed the Boston Symphony Concert and Appeared in the Sunday World.

The last review James Gibbons Huneker wrote appeared in the New York World a week ago yesterday. It treated of the matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given the day previous in Carnegie Hall. Here is the critique in full, which appeared under a boxed head—Music, by James Gibbons Huneker—and carried a sub-heading which read "A Boston Matinee."

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra played with beautiful tonal quality at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It wasn't what they said, but the fascinating way they said it. This particularly applies to Dvorak's Second Symphony in D minor, which is a conventional composition, chiefly interesting because of its reminiscences. But it is richly scored, and it sounds better than it is—like the political speeches of 'statesmen.' At least it wasn't the 'New World' Symphony; anything but that stale mosaic. There is genuine fire in the first allegro, but the Brahms-like adagio and the phrase-spinning of the finale are monotonous. Do, Brother Monteux, let us hear once more the Husitzka overture and the scherzo a cappriccioso; they were favorites at the Theodore Thomas concerts in the old days.

"The two passacaglias by Cyril Scott, a young English composer and pianist, were first heard here under the baton of Mr. Stokowski. They did not impress us either then or now. The first is like a Cyclops practicing five finger exercises on his anvils; the second, a gay old tune, hides its honest face behind rouge and powder from the 'modernistic' beauty doctors of Paris and Petrograd. There are some novel tonal timbres; nevertheless, the hearer remains hungry for an idea, even the ghostly adumbration of an idea. Cyril Scott knows a lot, yet his is music for the Martians of the fantastic H. G. Wells.

"After this cock-eyed music the graceful French suite by Roger Ducasse fell pleasantly upon our weary ears. The program ended with genuine music, the Tannhauser overture. Conductor Pierre Monteux fairly overflowed with the oil of human kindness, although he was evidently not in the most amiable of moods. There was too much talking in the hall, also interruptions by late comers. The oil we refer to was in the euphonious flow of the music. After all, there is only one Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Feb 8 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), by members the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Cho-Cho-San ..... Rosina Storchio
Suzuki ..... Dorothy Francis
B. F. Pinkerton ..... Joseph Hislop
Kate Pinkerton ..... Elsa Diemer
Sharpless ..... Georges Baklanoff
Prince Yamadori ..... Vittoria Trevisan
The Bonzo ..... Teofilo Dentale
Goro ..... Lodovico Oliviero
The Imperial Commissioner.... Sallustio Civai
Conductor..... Gino Marinuzzi

"Madama Butterfly" was sung at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The occasion was especially interesting because Mme. Rosina Storchio, the creator of the role of *Cio-Cio San* in 1904, made her first appearance in New York. It took her a long time to reach the Western metropolis, and perhaps it was unfortunate that she did not come sooner. Mme. Storchio began to sing *Cio Cio-Sin* more years ago than the fifteen-year-old bride of perfidious Pinkerton. Her voice must have been fresher and sounded younger then.

Charles Dudley Warner declared that being a boy had one great advantage, namely, that it required no experience. The same thing might be said of a girl, and particularly of a singing girl. So much experience made it hard to be a girl again, even just for a night. Mme. Storchio's vocal contribution to the evening's delights was worn and tremulous and frequently off the pitch; but her impersonation nevertheless had genuine merit. Charm, tenderness, pathos and even tragedy were found in it. The childish prattle of the first act has never before been so beautifully done here. If the soprano's voice had been equal to her interpretation we should have had a great *Butterfly*.

Mr. Hislop was a politely passionate *Pinkerton* and Mr. Baklanoff a tired *Sharpless*. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted and the orchestra played vigorously. The fireflies of Hagasaki flashed with equal power, and there were some very brilliant stars—on the back drop.

Tschaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" was sung for the second time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. A good sized and brilliant audience heard the opera with a seeming enjoyment of the musical score.

Mr. Bodanzky was the conductor, and the principal singers were again Mr. De Luca in the name part, Miss Claudia Muzio as *Tatjana*, Mr. Martinelli as *Lenski*, Miss Ingram the *Olga* and Mr. Didur the *Prince Gremkin*. Miss Flora Perini was the *Larina*.

Miss Dorothy Fox's Recital.

Seldom is a song recital given under such favorable conditions and with so many pleasurable results as the one sung by Miss Dorothy Fox yesterday afternoon in the Times Square Theatre. The stage was attractively set in an auditorium favorable for singing, the audience was large, friendly and responsive and the singer, with her fine mezzo-soprano voice, was accomplished in the art of vocal interpretation. Keeping to a programme generally within her limits, her selections included old melodies of Brittany and modern French lyrics. With the composer at the piano she sang by Dwight Fiske "Three Songs of Fat People," with words by James Dryenforth, and five settings to verses from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." This group made the hit of the afternoon. Attractive songs, they were admirably presented and several of them the audience wished repeated. Earl Victor Prahl was otherwise at the piano.

Belgian Pianist's Debut.

Marinus De Jong, Belgian pianist, made his American debut at Aeolian Hall last night in a recital. This artist comes here with a favorable record from abroad. Not only has he taken piano and composition prizes from the Antwerp and Belgian conservatories, but he has played under the direction of Weingartner and other leading conductors. He began his programme last night with Franck's prelude, choral and fugue. Beethoven's "Appassionate" sonata was on his list, a group by Russians, and, among other pieces, a prelude and burlesque by himself. His performance showed him to be an interpreter of some individual and interesting ideas, no few of which he was able to impart tf his hearers. His general technic and style needed more incisiveness and also force, but at times these qualities were quite sufficient to serve his purposes. In the music of Franck, his countryman, his playing had poetic insight and much beautiful coloring.

Miss Howell's Concert.

Miss Dicie Howell, soprano, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Howell has been heard here before and has met with favor. She was not always at her best yesterday. Some of her tones were produced with manifest effort and some were decidedly off the pitch. On the other hand, in some of her songs her art was such as to command praise for its taste and intelligence. She was heard by a large and friendly audience. Richard Hageman played excellent accompaniments.

By Richard Aldrich

Mme. Storchio in Madame Butterfly.

The Chicago Opera Company gave a performance of Puccini's opera of "Madama Butterfly" at the Manhattan Opera House last evening that was in most respects excellent. I was carefully prepared and conduced by Mr. Marinuzzi—though there were spaces when the orchestra had something of undue vigor—and it had much of the spirit that the composer meant it to have.

The performance was the occasion of the first appearance in New York of Mme. Rosina Storchio, soprano, who took the part of Ciocio San. Mme. Storchio is a singer of distinction in Italy, from which country have come in recent years many more fine men singers than women. She has had a brilliant career, and it was a matter of interest in connection with her appearance last evening that she was the original representative of the part she then took at the first performance of "Madame Butterfly" in Milan in 1904.

It was at once obvious that Mme. Storchio was an actress of ability and resource, and that she had a definite and sympathetic conception of the Japanese heroine and the power to realize it. The voice is apparently not all that it once was, though it is not without charm. It is often somewhat unsteady, and it is not equqalized in quality throughout its range. There were also times when Mme. Storchio did not command the true pitch.

She soon gained the interest of her listeners, though they gave her not a hand on her entrance, and received cordial applause before the performance was ended. She sang with expressiveness in several of her important airs, and her impersonation as a whole had real distinction.

The fine voice and engaging presence of Mr. Hislop did what could be done for the distasteful part of Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton; and Mr. Baklenoff had the business like and gentlemanly aspect of an American consul, joined to the voice and style of an artist. Miss Dorothy Francis sang the music given to Sujurki better than she represented the character of that faithful serving maid.

GALLI-CURCI TO SING AT METROPOLITAN

Amelita Galli-Curci, star of the Chicago Opera, has been signed by the Metropolitan for next season. Brief announcement of this fact was made last night by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, whose statement said simply that "as Mme. Galli-Curci will be at liberty at the end of the current season he has engaged her for the next season for the Metropolitan Opera Company." It was later declared by the singer, however, that the contract with the Metropolitan calls for appearances in New York and Atlanta only, and that she would continue to sing with the Chicago company in Chicago. This was subsequently admitted at the Metropolitan.

Although the news of Mme. Galli-Curci's capture by the Metropolitan was thus briefly announced, rumors regarding the shift of the celebrated singer flew thick and fast last night. The foremost of these, of course, was concerned with the recent appointment of Mary Garden to the general directorship of the Chicago Opera Association, but Mr. Gatti-Cassaza declared positively last night that the contract with the Metropolitan was signed last February, a year ago. It was at the time whes the affairs of the Chicago company were more or less unsettled, he said, and long before Miss Garden had been made the company's director. Mr. Gatti-Cassaza said that he had no wish to hamper the work of Miss Garden in her management of the Chicago company, and that he had for her only the greatest admiration.

Prior to Mary Garden's Promotion.

Mme. Galli-Curci, in discussing the new contract last night, was less definite in regard to the time of its signing, but insisted that it had been signed prior to the appointment of Miss Garden as director.

William J. Guard of the Metropolitan declared that the announcement of the signing of Mme. Galli-Curci was being made at this time solely as a matter of public interest, and with no thought of hurting the Chicago company's season.

The Metropolitan contract calls for Mme. Galli-Curci's appearances here only for a part of the season, which would leave her free much of the time for engagements in Chicago or appearances on the concert stage. Just which part of the Metropolitan season will be devoted to Mme. Galli-Curci's appearances has not yet been determined.

Mme. Galli-Curci, who is singing with the Chicago company at the Manhattan Opera House at present, is easily the most celebrated among the operatic stars to be developed in recent seasons. She has been a conspicuous figure before the American musical public ever since she first appeared in this country at the Chicago Auditorium, where the late Cleofonte Campanini had engaged her for a popular-priced Saturday night performance of "Rigoletto," on Nov. 18 1916. The date happened also to be the twenty-seventh anniversary of her birth, which took place in Milan in 1889.

Mme. Galli-Curci's Career.

Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," first advised Galli-Curci to attempt an operatic career. Like Campanini and Gatti-Casazza, Mascagni was a friend of the singer's father, Prodico Galli, a banker of Milan. The family was of Italian and Spanish descent. The young Amelita, after studying music at the Royal Conservatory of Milan, was appointed a "professor" of piano at 19 years of age.

She is said to have been self-taught as a coloratura soprano. Her singing is of lyric quality, however, a "voice that floats," with singular purity of tone, and an even range of about three octaves. She speaks and sings seven languages. Her first appearance in opera was at the Constanzi Theatre, Rome, in 1910, as Gilda in "Rigoletto." She was married there in February of that year to Luigi Curci of Simeri, an Italian marquis, who had given up his title on adopting the career of a painter.

The couple were divorced in America on Jan. 6 of last year, and just a month ago, in Minneapolis, the singer was married to her accompanist, Homer Samuels. Mr. Samuels had been her piano accompanist, on the singer's concert tours, for a number of years.

Mme. Galli-Curci has been an operatic figure in New York for four seasons. She made her initial appearance here at the Lexington Theatre on Jan. 2 1918, singing the title rôle of "Dinorah." Her début here was a veritable triumph; she was cheered for twenty minutes after the big scene in the second act, and from that time hers has been an operatic fame almost the equal of Caruso's.

Feb 9 1921
James Gibbons Huneker
Plattbush Brooklyn

Philadelphia Orcl

Berlioz, Chausson and Wa Mme. Matzenau

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its sixth concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme contained Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Chausson's B flat symphony and the funeral march from "Goetterdaemerung." Mme. Matzenauer was the soloist. Her numbers were Debussy's "Le Chevaleurs," Duparc's "Extase" and Bruennhilde's "Immolation." It was a programme of interesting music, well arranged to present variety and contrast, and also to display the qualities of the orchestra.

The Chausson symphony was performed not long ago by Walter Damrosch and his musicians, but the Philadelphians have a different audience and the work must have come to them with delightful freshness. To those who heard the Symphony Society presentation of the work the repetition was welcome, for this symphony has ingratiating charms. It is a well made piece of music and its thematic materials are meloudious, interesting, well contrasted and excellently treated in the developments.

The performance was one of the most admirable achievements of Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. At no other time this season has the organization played with finer balance, clarity and beauty of tone. The points of the composition were all displayed with certainty, but without straining after effect, and the total result was an impression of suave power, sure technic and musical appreciation. The audience was enthusiastic and no wonder.

Mme. Matzenauer was kindly received and rewarded with applause for her efforts, which were oviously not anything but effort. She was not in her best vocal condition. The accompaniments were well done.

National Symphony's Programme.

There were many unoccupied seats at the National Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon when Willem Mengelberg conducted a performance of Gustave Mahler's fourth symphony. This persistent Mahlerism makes some honest people very glad that the National Symphony Orchestra is to be absorbed next season by the Philharmonic. Not that Sosef Stransky does not also suffer from Mahleria, but it may reasonably be supposed that, with one orchestra where there are now two, we may be spared 50 per cent. of these compulsory draughts of saturated solution of piffle.

Mahler is one of the composers of whom conductors are enamored. The fourth symphony is not unknown to us. Mr. Mengelberg must certainly be aware of that. He cannot invent any excuse for not knowing that Walter Damrosch

2610 1921

duced the composition here in 1904, and that we have had the pleasure of hearing it under the baton of the composer himself. We need no introduction to the symphony. Mr. Mengelberg ought also to know that the New York public never has manifested any interest in the art of Mahler, and shows less and less disposition to do so as the years roll past.

Must we be Mahlerized for our own salvation? If so, why? The fourth symphony, like all the rest of Mahler's works, has some beauties and some pages of admirable writing. A man cannot be a conductor all his life without picking up some good ideas. But the symphony contains page after page of mere childishness, the babic of a man infatuated with the belief that he knew how to rear tonal epics out of the idioms of the people.

The thing can be done, but not by a man of recluse habit, of solitary introspection, and of fatuous faith in laboriously evolved developments. Genius is not merely an infinite capacity for taking pains, else Mahler had towered above Mozart, who lisped in numbers because the numbers came. Mr. Mengelberg, like all the other virtuoso conductors, pointed his effects with merciless emphasis, dragged from the mass of instrumentation phrases which seemed to him of portentous significance an dtò some hearers of none at all, and accentuated his reading with solemn rhetorical pauses and extravagant dynamic contrasts.

And when he had finally come to the end the fourth symphony seemed quite as empty as it was seventeen years ago, when Mr. Damrosch first revealed its futilities. The soprano solo which dominates the last movement was indifferently sung by Mme. Birgit Engell. The other numbers on the programme were the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde."

By H. E. Krehbiel

This might be a chapter on an effort looking to propagandism for the music of Gustav Mahler in New York; but it shall not be. There was talk about such an effort when Mr. Mengelberg was engaged to conduct the second half of the series of concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, because about that time the Dutch conductor was giving a festival devoted to Mahler's works in Amsterdam, and he was known to be a devotee at the Mahler shrine as well as that of Richard Strauss.

But whatever foreign visitors may think of the subject of what New Yorkers know about orchestral music (and most of it is comical enough) those who come to us have brought few revelations to these shores. Moreover, so far as Mahler's music and Mahler's artistic mission are concerned, we had the man himself to instruct us for years. If he could not create a Mahler cult there is no great likelihood that any of his disciples will.

Mahler's Symphony Played

It will suffice, therefore, to record and discuss briefly the fact that at the concert of the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon (which will be repeated this evening) Mr. Mengelberg, in addition to some music by Wagner which has been played many times this season (the prelude and finale to "Tristan und Isolde" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger"), brought forward Mahler's fourth symphony, which is distinguished from its fellows not only in being in the key of G, but also in having a solo song as a lost movement.

Walter Damrosch gave the work its first hearing in New York some seventeen years ago, and the composer himself conducted two performances at Philharmonic concerts on January 17 and 20, 1911.

If the music had left a consuming desire in the local public to hear it again, it probably would have been repeated in one of the thousand or more symphony concerts which have taken place since, and the audience which heard it yesterday would have been larger.

So much for the facts in the case. There remains something to be said about the music. We have not grown in grace (if a state of grace is conditioned on admiration for this symphony) since we heard it last. It still seems to us incoherent, petty in theme, bombastic in utterance and futile of purpose. Whenever Mr. Mengelberg lifted an instrumental effect into prominence yesterday he seemed to us to disclose its hollowness afresh.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman, in his program note, quoted an assertion by Bruno Walter and reiterated by Mr. Borowski to the effect that the composer had declared the symphony to be "absolute music, not programmatic, from beginning to end."

It needed no voice from Munich or Chicago to tell us that this protestation was made by Mr. Mahler concerning all of his symphonies. He reiterated it to the writer concerning the first symphony, even when confronted by a letter in which he gave the title of the work as "Titan," and appealed to Jean Paul's romance as providing its subject.

Not Beautiful as Beauty

No amount of protestation can make the fourth symphony coherent or beautiful as absolute music (except the slow movement which maintains a self-sufficient and uplifting loveliness until heterogeneous and disturbing elements are introduced into it) or explain away the fact that the finale by enlisting music from the first movement to give expression to a song, by that device makes a program out of the song.

What the song was about remained a riddle to yesterday's audience, for it was sung in German, and was therefore necessarily unintelligible to those unfamiliar with the language, and with such indistinctness of enunciation as to be unintelligible even to the few Germans and German scholars in the audience familiar with it. Miss Birgit Engel was the singer. The poem is a folksong taken from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," which gives a quaintly humorous and ingenuous description of heaven as a sort of celestial Land of Cockaigne. A few excerpts from a translation made ten years ago will give a better idea of its contents than any amount of comment or description:

To us heav'n is yielding its pleasures.
Why heed, then, terrestrial treasures?
Earth's jars reach us never,
Contented forever.
In quietude time passes by.
Our conduct, while truly seraphic,
With mirth holds voluminous traffic—
With singing and dancing,
With skipping and prancing,
While Peter above lends an eye.

. . . . . .

Our wines, which are many,
Cost never a penny
An angels sweet bake all our bread!
No music to mortal men given
Compares with that of our heaven.
Cologne's maids are dancing
To measures entrancing,
St. Ursula beams with delight.
Cecilia and all of her clansmen
Make excellent royal court bandsmen;
At angelic voices
Our hearing rejoices
They gladness unbounded invite.

This song, which comes at the end of the symphony, plainly enough gives interpretation to some of the music which precedes it, though it appears to flout the serene and almost seraphic measures of the slow movement; but it would have served its purpose better had it been set as a prefatory table of contents, instead of as a final index. Berlioz shows the proper use of the device in his "Roméo et Juliette" symphony. The most of the thematic material in the work is of a simple, folk-

By Richard Aldrich

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its sixth New York concert last evening in Carnegie Hall; the program comprised Benlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," Ernest Chausson's symphony and the funeral march from Gagner's music drama, "The Twilight of the Gods." Mme. Matzenance was the soloist and sang Debussy's song, "La Cheveline" and Duparc's "Extase," the accompaniments of both being arranged for orchestra; and the final scene, Brunnhilde's address and immolation, from "The Twilight of the Gods."

The performance was a brilliant one. Brilliancy is called for by the "Roman Carnival" overture, which has felt the tooth of time considerably and offers little now but those orchestral devices and combinations that once seemed to stand alone of their kind. Chausson's symphony was played a few days ago by Mr. Damrosch, who himself had introduced it to New York some years before. It is music that as yet stands up well against the more modern flood, deeply felt and sincere, successfully developed in a form that the composer seems not to have found cramping. It still seems an individual expression characteristically Chausson's, though the Wagnerian influence is undeniable, and the symphony is a monument of the moment when that influence exerted its spell, now so thoroughly broken, upon the composers of France. Mr. Stowkowski played the work sympathetically, with fire and glowing color and the intense accent that belongs to it.

Mme. Matzenauer was not so fortunate in the two French songs as she was in Brünhilde's supreme elegance. The spirit of the songs seemed to elude her and she made singularly little of them. In Wagner's music she is more at home. Such excerpts must lose some of their force when divested of their dramatic connections and surroundings and delivered in the correct manner of the concert platform. She was as little hampered by these considerations as might be and sang with power and beauty of tone. Mr. Stokowski was also little hampered by them and gained both in the death music of Sigfried and in the final scene strong and stirring effects, even if not always their specifically dramatic color and movement.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

Undoubtedly there was a small audience at yesterday afternoon's concert of the National Symphony Orchestra, one of the smallest it has had. Could it be possible that this was due to the fact that Mahler's Fourth Symphony was the principal number on Mr. Mengelberg's program? The New York public has not contracted a strong admiration for Mahler's symphonies, notwithstanding its opportunity to do so. New York has "arrived at a comprehension of Mahler," though not in the sense that, according to Mr. Mengelberg's announcement, Amsterdam had when he was beginning his Mahler festival there last Spring. It comprehends that Mahler's symphonics are an impotent striving after an originality that was not his; a restless seeking after effects from commonplace material, and a tissue of remembered fragments.

In the fourth symphony, which Mr. Damrosch first played here in 1906, he makes much of that pseudo-valveté that seemed to appeal to him so strongly and so often. The tunes with which he puts this forward are not very original: they are reminiscent of folk songs, of Mozart, of Beethoven. Then he drops his valveté and "goes in" for subtlety and sophistication and it does not carry convictions. All the movements of this symphony are developed at great length—the work lasts over an hour—there is much detail that seems petty and the music gets tiresome before it is through.

The last movement, which requires a soprano voice, becomes, not to put too fine a point on it, very dull. The voice sings verses from the German folk song collection called "Des Knaben Wunderborn," telling of the joys of heaven, largely eating and drinking, except that the music is far finer than on earth and 11,000 virgins dance. Why, or what the connection is with the rest of the symphony is not evident and is not explained; nof if it were would the music become thereby more convincing.

Miss Birgit Engell, who has recently been heard in New York, sang the soprano solo, not so well as she has sung here before.

Mr. Mengelberg did all he could to make the symphony convincing. He gave an extraordinarily fine performance, one minutely worked up, in which the maximum of expression was given to each phrase and each section, and there was the most careful contrast and balance. It was technically one of the most satisfactory results of Mr. Mengelbergs' labors with the orchestra. There was hearty applause, which, no doubt, was directed in various degrees toward Mahler's music, the performance and the personality of Mr. Mengelberg.

There followed the prelude and final scene from Wagner's "Tristan" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." In the former there was more of calculation and elaboration than poetic spirit. There was also much elaboration in the latter as well as great energy.

'JEWELS OF MADONNA' AGAIN

Rosa Raisa In Leading Role—Galli-Curci in Two Operas Next Week.

The Chicago Opera Company repeated "The Jewels of the Madonna" at the Manhattan last evening, a large audience applauding Mme. Raisa, Messrs. Lamont and Rimini, in Wolf-Ferrari's tragedy of the Camorrists and the underworld of Naples. Mr. Cimini again conducted the popular serenade and entr'actes, while Mr. Oukrainsky led the lively stage crowd of "apache" dancers.

TWO pianists were heard in matinee recitals yesterday. In Aeolian Hall, Elizabeth Winston, a young musician from Washington, made her first bow before a New York audience. At the Princess Theatre, Christine Burnham, said to be a pupil of Joseffy, was heard by a good-sized audience.

Miss Winston gave a generous programme and one that would tax the powers of a more experienced musician. She played Beethoven's C major Sonato; Fantasie by Chopin; Poissons d'Or by Debussy; Jeux d'Eau by Ravel; Moto Perpetuo by Alkan-MacDowell; Du Bist die Ruh by Schubert-Liszt; B flat Prelude by Rachmaninoff; Papillons by Rosenthal, and the Schulz-Ebler transcription of Strauss' "Blue Danube" Waltzes. She is scarcely old enough as an interpreter to do fairly by such a programme, even though much of her work bore the stamp of sincere musicianship.

Miss Burnham, on the other hand, is an artist in the enjoyment of mature and finished skill. She evidently understands the means and methods of securing luscious and many-colored tones; and her fingering was clear, crisp and precise. She played a Pastorale and Capriccio by Sear; atti-Tausig; Pastorale variee by Mozart; Sonato Opus 14 by Beethoven, and pieces by Chopin, Grieg, Hofmann, Jeseffy, Debussy, Blumenfeld, Arensky, Risky-Karsakoff Rachmaninoff and Wagner-Liszt.

Frieda Hempel has been engaged by the Chicago Opera Company and will join that organization at once.

The announcement came from the company yesterday, immediately after the announcement that Mme. Galli-Curci had been engaged by the Metropolitan.

Miss Hempel was prima donna with the Metropolitan, to which she came in 1913 from the Berlin Royal Opera. Like Galli-Curci, she is a coloratura soprano, and like Galli-Curci, she made her American debut as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

Galli-Curci's contract with the Metropolitan does not bar her from singing in Chicago, in concerts, it was announced last night. The singer has planned a concert tour of seven weeks next season.

A report that Rosa Raisa, dramatic soprano, would leave the Chicago company next season because of salary difficulties was denied. It was said that she was angry because there was a possibility that her husband, Giacomo Rimini, would not be retained next season. This also was denied by an officer of the Chicago company.

By Richard Aldrich

"Romeo et Juliette" at Manhattan.

ROMEO AND JULIET, opera in five acts, book in French by Barbier and Carre, after Shakespeare's drama; music by Charles Gounod. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Capulet	Hector Dufranne
Juliet	Amelita Galli-Curci
Tybalt	Albert Paillard
Romeo	Lucien Muratore
Mercutio	Desire Defrere
Stephano	Margery Maxwell
Duke of Verona	Constantin Nicolay
Friar Lawrence	Edouard Cotrevil
Gertrude	Maria Claessens
Gregorio	Sallustio Civai

Conductor—Giorgio Polacco.

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" survives in the repertory of the Chicago Opera Company because that company has a Juliette, not to say a Romeo. It was given at the Manhattan Opera House last evening to a large audience attracted by the promise of hearing Mme. Galli Curci and Lucien Moratore in the two chief parts; with Mr. Dufranne as Capulet and Mr. Cotrevil as Friar Lawrence. Mr. Polacco conducted.

"Romeo et Juliette" does not survive vigorously anywhere in these days. It has always had a firmer hold on life in Paris than anywhere else. Some effort of memory is needed to recall performances of it at the Metropolitan Opera House, though it was what Mme. Farrar made her first appearance in, rousing much discussion at that house.

The representation last evening had its good qualities. Mme. Galli Curci was an attractive and sympathetic Juliette. She sang the music with a certain gracious allurement but not brilliantly, where brilliancy is necessary. Her coloratura was cautious, and that old matter about the pitch rose up sometimes to make mournful the conservative. Only them, however; for the others, in large majority, did not mind; perhaps even did not notice, and gave her demonstrative and enthusiastic applause and many curtain calls.

Mr. Murature's Romeo is a knightly figure, ardent and passionate; and his singing of the music, if it did not show a voice of the fullest resonance and color, was often highly expressive. Mr. Polacco's conducting kept the performance moving with spirit.

"MANON" AT METROPOLITAN.

Mme. Farrar, Hackett and Chalmers in Cast of Massenet's Opera.

Massenet's "Manon," known to New York operagoers since Minnie Hauk at the old Academy sang it first in Italian for Mapleson on Dec. 23, 1885, with Bauermeister and Lablache, Giannini, Del Puente and a Mr. Fox masquerading as Signor Foscani, was restored to the Metropolitan repertory last evening, as it had been also added to that of the Manhattan last week, in the classic French of all its later career.

Sybil Sanderson and Jean de Reszke were its Metropolitan creators, on Jan. 16, 1895; Melba also was a Manon of that brief period under Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. Twenty times Gatti-Casazza has given the opera in his longer term, its most noteworthy and gorgeous revival being sung by Farrar and Caruso.

Geraldine Farrar again headed the cast last evening, a cast of Americans as far as three leading rôles were concerned, and one familiar in recent seasons. The music's distinguished character encouraged and enlisted some of her best traits as singer, compelling artistic restraint, beguiling in tone no less than word and phrase. As actress, she was long since mistress of the part.

Charles Hackett, an artist in the proper genre of the piece, also added much, as he had last year, to its atmosphere of scented passion, of artificial gayety. Thomas Chalmers was admirable in all but an assumed villainy as the rascally Lescaut, while Rothier was an elder Des Grieux to the manner born.

Others in the picture were the Misses Mellish, Arden and Tiffany as the three minor women; Dua, Laurenti and Leonhardt among the men, and Galli and Bonfiglio in incidental dances. Albert Wolf, as conductor, shared the recalls.

brilliant casts. One of these casts included Emma Eames, Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Plancon and Ancona. Nor was Nellie Melba's Juliet sunk into the limbo of the forgoten.

It was as Juliet that Geraldine Farrar introduced herself to the American public at the opening night of the season of 1906-7, in the Metropolitan, with Rousseliere as Romeo, Josephine Jacoby as Stephano, Plancon as Laurent, Jonrnet as Capulet, Bars as Tybalt, Simard as Mercutio, Muehlmann as the Duke of eront. Gounod's opera, moreover, served as the vehicle for the debuts in the Lexington Theatre of Genevieve ix on January 26, 1918 (Muratore as Romeo, Dufranne as Capulet, Huberdeau as Laurent, Arimondi as the Duke, Dua as Tybalt, Maguenat as Mercutio, Defrere as Gregorio) and of Yvonne Gall on January 28, 1919 (John O'Sullivan as Romeo, Bouillez as Capulet, Irene Pavloska as Stephano, Journet as Laurent, Dut as Tybalt, Maguenat as Mercutio, Defrere as Gregorio.

The performance on January 28, 1918, by the Chicago Opera Company

Mme. Galli-Curci as *Juliette* was a charming picture to eye and she sang her music with much beauty of voice and feling. In the waltz song her bravura work was not always of her best as to pitch and smoothness, but there was loveliness in it, and the audience at the close temporarily interrupted the performance with applause. She was altogether delightful in the balcony scene with Mr. Muratore. Her impersonation was hardly sufficient in the youthfulness of a young girl albeit rare grace and loveliness of person were in her action. Mr. Dufranne as *Capulet* was commendable and Mr. Defrere as *Mercutio* was good. The nurse was Mme. Claessens, and Messrs. Paillard and Cotreuil had the parts of *Tybalt* and the *Friar*. Mr. Polacco conducted.

THE music field has been monopolized this week by members of the fair sex. Miss Dicie Howell gave evident enjoyment to a large audience in Aeolian Hall. Miss Dorothy Fox entertained many of her admirers at the Times Square Theatre. Both these talented vocalists had been heard in this city previously.

Miss Howell can rightfully claim a voice of great beauty in the upper register. In the middle range, however, she sang with a peculiar restraint—an emission that was almost nasal in quality. So far as her technical equipment is concerned, however, she possesses many admirable traits. These were most clearly revealed in her opening group of classics by Handel, Bach, Haydn and Mozart. Her style of interpretation was more agreeably illustrated in works by these writers than in the modern selections by Brahms, Schumann and Schubert. She was warmly applauded for her colorful presentations of old Scotch and Irish folksongs.

Miss Fox's mellow, rich, fluent and well-controlled mezzo-soprano was chiefly devoted to compositions by French writers. As a variant from the Gallic form she featured three songs of Fat People and five songs from "A Child's Garden of Verses," the music by Dwight Fiske, for which the composer played the piano accompaniments. Miss Fox is a singer whose artistry is undeniable and whose taste and style deserve the highest praise.

James Gibbons Huneker.

It has often been said by admirers of the late JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER that he wrote brilliant musical criticism of paintings and profound color studies of symphonies and operas. There was this much truth in the saying that the field of art, including literature in the term, was all of one piece to him. The form of expression which imaginative or intellectual work might assume was only a detail, and one or the other medium reflected light on the rest and aided in their interpretation.

Thus he wrote with equal enthusiasm and equal virtuosity on books, pictures, statuary, music, the drama. His interest was intense in all alike; he was fully versed in their technics; he devoted his years to seeing, listening, reading; he had gathered and assimilated a fund of knowledge of unsurpassed extent and variety.

He was an observer of life too and a lover of nature, but some way it always seemed as if he saw realities from the mimetic point of view. He valued them rather as material for filtration through the mind into a new creation of artistry than as the fundamental object of admiration and enjoyment. Sun 26 11 1921

With his catholicity of taste and breadth of knowledge he united a curiously original point of view. He saw everything through lenses which did not indeed distort the image, but which brought out aspects and characteristics that had escaped other vision. His style, his special gift for verbal mosaic, afforded him a vehicle especially adapted to his copious variety of opinion and illustration.

His death in the prime of his powers is a sad loss to American criticism and American thought. He had won front rank in his sphere of effort without enkindling either the jealousy of his colleagues or the resentment of those living artists whose work it was his duty to appraise. The general recognition that a constructive force has vanished, a guiding hand toward high and beautiful standards, is the finest tribute that can be paid him.

Feb 11 1921

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" Su by Chicag

The Chicago Opera Company was to have begun its local season last winter with "Norma," but Miss Raisa and Mr. Galeffi were both ill and at almost the ultimto moment "L'Amore del Tre Re" was substituted, and Miss Mary Garden's interpretation of *Fiora* was inde known. The oper had its first hearing in the current season at tho Manhattan Opera House last evening and again Miss Garden was the representative of the young woman who upset the lives of three men.

There have been several versions of *Fiora*, differing from one another as stars differ in glory. But Miss Garden's is perhaps the most individual of them all. She does not render unto Sem Benelli all that is Sem Benelli's nor unto Montemezzi all that is his, but rather does she, with that brilliant conquest which is always hers, seize upon their materials and appropriate them to the elastic uses of her own personality.

Once a panther always a panther. Those who are familiar with Miss Garden's art well know the sinuous, gliding walk, the fluid poses, the wide armed gestures and the singularly penetrating quality of the vocal tone. Her *Fiora* is vital, but it suggests no tender little flower. *Manfredo* would not have trusted her so far. Not only the aged and experienced *Archibaldo* would have listened to her every feline movement, but the husband would have forlone the soldier's life and sat by his own fireside with a good long knife ready for *Avito* or any other ardent visitor.

Miss Garden at times astonisher her oldest admirers by outbursts of genuine vocal beauty. She does it in *Marguerite* and she does it in *Fiora*, but in the latter with deeper accent of passion which does not sound from the Gounod heroine. There were moments of musical eloquence in Miss Garden's impersonation last night, but more of dramatic semi-parlando. It will be gathered from these cursory comments that her *Fiora* was decidedly interesting.

Edward Johnson was again the *Avito*. It is his best role, so far as New York konws. He looks well, is picturesque in action and sings the music with fervor. Mr. Galeffi was the *Manfredo*, which role was in Mr. Baklanoff's care last season. The stalwart Italian barytone gave a lifelike representation of an innocent, unsuspecting husband, better fitted for wars than for treasons and stratagems.

Mr. Lazzari was an acceptable *Archibaldo*. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted. The performance had smoothness in general, but no great distinction except that imparted to it by the art of the impresario.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted by request from last edition)

Russian and Wagnerian programs are trump cards in the concert game this season, and have been played over and over again, especially the latter. Mr. Walter Damrosch, with his Symphony Society Orchestra, reached the former yesterday afternoon in his historical series at Carnegie Hall, and Mr. Stransky, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, repeated a lot of excerpts from the Wagnerian dramas in the evening.

What artistic significance the two incidents had with relation to the question now much discussed as to how "musical" New York really is might detain us for a space, but we fear the discussion would become unduly prolonged and lead to nothing at the end. Perhaps the best summing-up of the situation is that which is suggested by a paraphrase of Lincoln's saying: "For a people that like that kind of music that's the kind of music they like."

This does not in any way reflect upon the music of yesterday's programs, or necessarily upon the taste of the public. It was good music. Some of that in the afternoon—the excerpts from Stravinsky's "The Fire Bird," for instance—would have had more meaning and therefore more beauty (characteristic beauty, that is) if it had been accompanied by the pantomime of which it is a part. So probably to seasoned Wagnerites there may have been left longings for words and action and scenery by the excerpts from Wagner's dramas.

But the charm of Russian music, which has been beneficial for years, is still upon us, and the spell of Wagner is unbroken, despite (or because) he has been all but banished from our lyric theaters.

Mr. Damrosch's program omitted the music of one great Russian (speaking nationally rather than racially), but for that no apology was necessary. Rubinstein, in a pathetically cynical, humorous remark about himself and his music, set down the best characterization of himself when he said that the Russians called him a German, the Germans a Russian, the Jews a Christian, the Christians a Jew, the classicists a romanticist and the romanticists a classicist.

Years ago, when this reviewer spoke of the ineffectual efforts of Dudley Buck, whom he thought essentially a composer for the church, to be dramatic, Mr. Buck good-humoredly quoted a Boston critic to the contrary and added the comment: "Issachar is a strong ass between two burdens!"

In this respect, at least, Mr. Buck may have resembled Rubinstein. Mr Damrosch made no unpardonable mistake in omitting Rubinstein's music from his scheme. He gave his audience the inevitable (but monumental) melody of the Volga bargemen, though in Glazounoff's setting, not Stravinsky's, as the program [illegible] Glinka's overture to "Roussian and Ludmilla," Tschaikoffsky's "Tempest" (though Tschaikoffsky has been repudiated by the Russian revolutionaries), fragments of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schéhérazade" and Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" and Rachmaninoff's second pianoforte concerto.

The last number, of which the solo part was played by the composer, was the crowning sheaf of the Russian gleaning. Better than any other living Slavic composer, Rachmaninoff represents the best of Russian musical art to-day.

Mme. Alda as Margherita; Mr. Gigli, Faust.

A repetition of Boito's "Mefistifele," with all its wealth of color carnival and engrossing dramatic action, was last night's offering at the Metropolitan, with Mme. Alda as *Margherita*, Beniamino Gigli as a resourceful *Faust* and Mr. Mardones a sonorous devil. The audience, which was large, showed enthusiastic approval of the sumptuous production. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Maine Soprano's Debut.

Miss Elizabeth Kriger, soprano, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. This singer, not heard here before, is a young Jewess born in Maine. Her programme was composed of Herbrew and Yiddish folksongs and arrangements. She appeared before her audience clad in the picturesque dress of a maiden of Palestine. She sang with a voice of pleasing quality and a technique sufficient for the general requirements of her form of entertainment, which can be lifted to higher levels than she found. But she sang with taste and intelligence as well as with natural feeling. Her audience was large and apparently well pleased.

Philharmonic Concert.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last evening was given in observance of the anniversary of the death of Richard Wagner on Februaryt 13, 1883. The music was all by the master and was beginning twith the "Rienzi" overture, included favorite excerpts from his music dramas, with several from the "Ring," arranged by Josef Stransky, and ending with the "Tannhaeuser" overture. In the performance of the "Nibelungen" music, arranged by Mr. Stransky, and the Siegfried Funeral March, four tubas, according to Wagner's directions in his scores, were used for the first time at this concert. The instruments were brought from Europe by Conductor Stransky. What became of those Mr. Seidl used at the Metropolitan?

Louise Darclee Taylor, the possessor of a lyric soprano voice of unusual quality, made her New York debut in a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening when she demonstrated her ability to present a variety of songs in a most effective manner.

Miss Taylor has recently sung in opera in Cuba and South America, where she became identified with such operas as "Il Trovatore," "Tosca," "Boheme," "Butterfly" and "Carmen." An appreciative audience last evening listened to her program, selected from Handel, da Vinci, Duparc, Leroux, Faure, Tosti, Ferari, Burleigh and other composers.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was given at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The performance had many features which would have made Rossini gasp and stare, but it possessed in a high degree comic spirit and sparkling vivacity. Mme. Galli-Curci, of course, was the *Rosina*, and to her went the supreme vocal glory of the evening. The audience found its greatest delight perhaps in the lesson scene, in which she sang, after the manner of all *Rosinas*, things not dreamed of in Rossini's day, such as the shadow song from "Dinorah" and "Home, Sweet Home."

But the prima donna also had to sing "Una voce poco fa" because her role began with it, and this number is not wholly favorable to her voice. She sang it well, however, and received much applause. Her *Rosina* as a whole has pleasing humor and a generally musical quality, albeit the familiar defects of her art do not disappear. Mr. Schipa was the *Almaviva*, and when he had finished his struggle with the florid music of the first scene he was generally happy. But he sang the serenade to his own guitar accompaniment, which is something tenors rarely do.

Mr. Galeffi was an excellent *Figaro*, gay and humorous, able to sing the recitativo secco with clarity and swiftness and erring only in his desire to make much display of certain huge tones. The other principals in the cast were Mr. Trevisan as *Dr. Bartolo* and Mr. Lazzari as *Don Basilio*, who contributed a creditable share to the movement of the comedy. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted with discretion.

Among those in the audience were Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. Rawlins L. Cottenet, Mrs. John Ames Mitchell, Mr. Charles F. Harman, Mrs. Saunders Draper, Mrs. Stanley McCormick, Mr. Rutger Jewett, Mr. Daniel Frohman and Mr. Harrison G. Rhodes.

Miss Morini, Violinist, Heard.

Miss Erika Morini, violinist, who lately made her debut here in an orchestral concert, gave her first recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Nothing transpired which should greatly modify the views of this young woman's talent given here after her debut. She has exceptional gifts and remarkable accomplishments, but is still far below the stature of a great artist. She is very young and may in time develop qualities not indicated by yesterday's performance, which seemed to define her as a virtuoso of extraordinary dexterity, but of little musical insight or feeling.

High lights of her recital were the Paganini concerto in D major, the Tartini-Kreisler variations on a Corelli theme and the time honored Zarzycki mazurka. Every violinist knows that these are compositions prepared for exhibitions of technical wizardry. In them Miss Morini displayed her superb tone, her agile and generally accurate finger work and her vigorous, though not always sufficiently elastic, bowing. She rattled off staccati with delightful crispness. She scintillated harmonics as if they were all in the first position. She treated double stops as matters of course. And her style was masculine rather than feminine. Brilliancy and dash were plentiful.

But when she played the Bach air for G string, Beethoven's romance in G and Mozart's E major adagio, the story was different. She played the notes, and even these not always correctly. The Bach air was out of tunc and out of time. The Beethoven romance sounded like the placid chatter of a school girl. The Mozart adagio was utterly without color or style. In these bits of purely flowing cantilena it was impossible to hide the disclosure of a very thin musical nature. Possibly this is not the girl's fault altogether. She seems to have been trained for virtuoso feats, while the more serious traits of the profound art of music are yet concealed from her. But, as already said, she is young, and with her immense technical equipment she is ready to advance with the wisdom of increasing years into the shrine of musical beauty.

Philharmonic Concert.

Music by Liszt, Wagner and Strauss filled the programme given by the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The Hungarian master's "Dante" symphony was performed. This work, so seldom heard, was revived by the society under Mr. Stransky's direction on December 21, 1911, after a twenty-seven years silence. Mr. Stransky reads the symphony with authority and yesterday his orchestra, in fine form, gave it an admirable performance. The choral part for women's voices in the third movement—the "Magnificat"—was sung by the St. Cecilia Club, of which Victor Harris is the leader, and Mrs. John Hilton Land was the soloist. The chorus was heard later in the "Spinning" music from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and Mrs. J. Graham Sullivan was the *Mary*. The choir sang well, although there was a little heaviness in Wagner's chorus. The orchestra also played Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Wagner's prelude to the "Mastersingers."

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Count Almaviva.....Tito Schipa
Don Bastolo.....Vittorio Trevisan
Rosina.....Amelita Galli-Curci
Don Basilio.....Virgilio Lazzari
Figaro.....Carlo Galeffi
Bertha.....Philino Falco
Ambrosio.....Riccardo Alfieri
Fiorillo.....Ludovico Oliviero
A Sergeant.....Sallustio Civai

Conductor—Giorgio Polacco.

DAN JONES IN RECITAL.

Welsh Pianist Heard by Audience at Aeolian Hall.

Dan Jones, the Welsh pianist, was heard in recital last night in Aeolian Hall, where he proved to the satisfaction of his audience that no matter from what part of the world we come, the language of music is everywhere the same.

Mr. Jones's program varied from the usual pianistic path, as he did not give us Bach nor Chopin in any form. As an opening number he played Brahms's "Variations and Fugue on a Theme From Handel," followed by the beautiful and familiar Sonata, Op. 57, by Beethoven, "Kreisleriana" of Schumann's and a Liszt number. Mr. Jones is an excellent pianist, having an abundance of technique at his command and a fine understanding of musical emotion and a vivid imagination.

Mme. Farrar Again Sings Louise.

Charpentier's "Louise" was sung for the fourth time at the Metropolitan last night by the large cast concerned in this Parisian spectacle's recent brilliant production by the resident company under Gatti-Casazza. Mmes. Farrar, Berat, Delaunois, Perini, Ellis and others, with Messrs. Harrold, Rothier, Diaz, Ananian and d'Angelo, reappeared, and Mr. Wolff conducted. There was a large as well as enthusiastic house.

'THE CHEAT' GIVEN AS OPERA

Camille Erlanger's Music in Adapted Film Drama Sung in Paris.

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By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Tonight occurred the first performance at the Opéra Comique of an opera adapted from the well-known film drama "The Cheat," which, under the name of "La Forfaiture," is one of the greatest favorites of the French motion-picture public and is now being shown in a big hall on the Boulevard.

The critics say that the action of the piece, which has five episodes and follows the film drama closely, is rather inferior to that of the film.

The music and interpretation are pretty well spoken of, and the Japanese decorative effects in Tori's house in the second act won general approval. The difficult part of Tori was effectively sung by Vanni Marcoux. Marguerite Carré also scored in the part of the heroine. The music was by Camille Erlanger and the adaptation by Paul Millet and Delorde.

One critic remarks that the figures of the check on which the plot hinges are increased from 50,000 francs in the film to 100,000 in the musical version, "doubtless," he observes, "to keep pace with the rise in the cost of living."

Erika Morini, Violinist, Astonishes Her Audience

Young Girl, Called Sensation of the Year, Thrills With High Caliber of Playing

Erika Morini, who made her début here recently at a concert in which she was assisted by an orchestra, gave her first recital in New York yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. This young girl is undoubtedly the violinistic sensation of the year. A wonder child, indeed, but not in the puerile sense; a woman before her time; a great artist and still in her teens.

Her playing yesterday confirmed the impression made at her first appearance. She has tone, technique, temperament, all three of the highest calibre. She has poise, too, amazing force and delicacy equally amazing. Her playing has the simplicity and sincerity that underlie all abiding art. Her extraordinary performance the sobriety of her behavior, the unfeigned modesty with which she acknowledged deserved applause thrilled and astonished a large audience.

Her program included Paganini's Concerto in D major, Bach's Air for G string, Beethoven's Romance in G major, Kreisler's arrangement of the Variations on a Theme by Corelli, Mozart's Adagio in E major, Zarzycki's Mazurka and Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Miss Morini's accompanist was her sister, Alice, from whom she received distinguished assistance.

Feb 13 1921

15,000 ATTEND FIVE OPERA PERFORMANCES

Cora Chase in 'The Barber of Seville' and Mary Garden in 'Monna Vanna' Holiday Features.

Fifteen thousand New Yorkers thronged the Metropolitan and Manhattan performances of five operas yesterday, the usual Saturday crowds reinforced by holiday operagoers, who stood in hundreds at both houses. On Broadway a matinee double bill repeated "Pagliacci," in which Bori was heard at her best, with Martinelli, Amato and Laurenti, Moranzoni conducting. There followed the doubly delightful "Coq d'Or," with Scotney and Galli, both applauded after the Queen's air and dance, the other paired artists being Didur and Bohm, Diaz and Bonfiglio, the Misses Howard and Rudolph, with Miss Sundelius as the crowing rooster and Mr. Barboschek at the baton.

Cora Chase, newest of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's débutantes, made her second Metropolitan appearance last night, singing Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," the season's first at this house. She showed again, as in "Rigoletto" recently, vocal gifts of promise in powerful high notes, more feeling for dramatic than lyric moments, little or nothing of flexible coloratura, but perhaps an equally rare and redeeming endowment of youth and personal charm. An adept ensemble in Rossini's comedy included Messrs. Hackett, De Luca; Mardones and Malatesta. Mme. Berat, with Reschiglian and Audisio, completed the cast, and Papi conducted.

Mary Garden and Muratore, Baklanoff and Cotreuil repeated the Fevrier-Macterlinck "Monna Vanna" at the Manhattan's sold-out matinee of the Chicago Opera Association, conducted by Polacco. The audience followed the three acts with keen interest, and there were many curtain calls. Another record crowd, and at times a riotous one, greeted Verdi's "Otello" last night, again sung by Raisa, Charles Marshall, Ruffo and others, under Cimini's direction.

Ernest Hutcheson Plays Chopin.

Ernest Hutcheson played an all-Chopin recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, after having arranged with Josef Hofmann, who had a Chopin recital last Sunday, to avoid duplicating the works that either pianist selected. Mr. Hutcheson chose a program including the "Fantaisie," which the late James G. Huneker in "The Greater Chopin" called his masterpiece; the B flat minor scherzo, G minor ballade, A minor and D minor mazurkas, D flat waltz, three of the preludes and a final magnificent group of five least familiar etudes.

His playing in E minor etude compelled a repetition, and an exquisite delivery of the stud yin double thirds was also done twice in response to the applause. The encores included Chopin's "Berceuse," the "Revolutionary" Etude, with its final passage down the keyboard like a streak of lightning followed by a cannonade, and the brilliant F minor etude, played with dazzling velocity that evoked enthusiasm.

Joan Manen Heard in Town Hall.

Joan Manen, the Spanish violinist, by way of leave-taking before sailing for Europe, appeared last evening at the Town Hall. It was the first musical event held in that place, though there will be a noteworthy one today, and others soon to follow. Señor Manen's program included the "Scotch" fantasie of Bruch, with Willy Schaeffer at the piano, and three of his own arrangements from Tartini, Paganini and Martini. He also gave Bach's unaccompanied "Sarabande et Double," a novelty entitled "Budjely," by Mana Zucca, and the "Jota Navarra" of Sarasate.

MABEL GARRISON IN RECITAL

Metropolitan Soprano Is Warmly Greeted on Return to Concert Stage.

Mabel Garrison, fresh from her season's share as the American coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan, returned to the concert stage and a coming tour yesterday in a matinee recital that filled Carnegie Hall with her admirers. Some of these she surprised when, assisted by her husband, George Siemonn, at the piano, she gave with appealing eloquence Bach's "My Spirit Was in Heaviness," from that master's twenty-first cantata, her light voice gaining warmth and sympathetic quality against the rare oboe obbligato played by F. de Angelis.

From her opera airs she brought that of the Queen of Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute," in Italian, while of German lyrics Brahms's "The Maiden Speaks" was redemanded, and of the French, Debussy's "Fantoches" was most insistently encored. Saint-Saëns's wordless "Chant du Rossignol," of chromatic cadences and trills, drew on recall "Le Petit Oiseau," aptly chosen. There were songs in English by Jacques Wolfe, Charles Bachau and Ganz, a Kentucky mountain "Noah's Ark" arranged by Brockway, and "Nature's Holiday," written and accompanied by Hageman.

Feb 14 1921

The body of James Gibbons Huneker was carried upon the stage of the Town Hall yesterday at noon, and half an hour later public funeral services were held as a final tribute to his artistic genius and kindly personality.

About 1,200 persons were present, filling the hall, so that late-comers had to stand at the rear. In addition to Mr. Huneker's friends and associates in his profession and the arts of which he wrote, the general body of music-lovers was well represented by men and women who were as much affected by the loss of a man whose writings had entertained and informed them as were his most intimate companions.

Before this grieving audience took place services, the simplicity of which would have pleased Mr. Huneker's sense of truth and beauty. Sincerity rang in every word of the eulogies and truth showed in every emotion. Simple music began and ended the services.

It was probably the simple character of it all that affected the men and women present so much. There are few occasions where such genuine and wide-spread sorrow is shown.

Order of the Services.

At 12.30 o'clock, the honorary pallbearers entered the hall from the centre of the foyer and walked down the centre aisle in twos. They ascended to the stage, passed the casket with bowed heads and seated themselves on a line of chairs extending across the rear of the stage. Somewhat to the left of the centre of the stage was the coffin, covered and surrounded with roses, orchids and lilies of the valley. At the far left was Nahan Franko's string quartet.

The flowers included orchids and lilies of the valley from the editorial staff of The World, of which Mr. Huneker was a member at the time of his death; a wreath of orchids from the staff of the New York Times, for which he formerly wrote, and a blanket of sweet peas, his favorite flowers, from the Chicago Opera Association.

When the pallbearers had taken their seats, the quartet softly played an aria from Mozart. Then John Quinn, a life-long friend of Mr. Huneker, stepped from the row of pallbearers and made a few introductory remarks. He said three other life-long friends of Mr. Huncker—George W. Wickersham, former Attorney General; Henry E. Krehbiel, music critic of the New York Tribune, and Francis Wilson, actor—would speak in the order named.

These men delivered formal eulogies, speaking to an audience that was absolutely still except for half-suppressed sobs and quiet weeping. Mr. Krehbiel, deeply affected, spoke brokenly, completing his remarks with difficulty. The speaking ended dramatically when Mr. Wilson, turning and facing the coffin, said: "James Huneker, we salute thee!"

At this moment the quartet began to play Schumann's "Traumerei" softly and the coffined body was carried slowly from the stage and out of the hall by way of the centre aisle. The pallbearers went behind the coffin, walking in twos, with their heads bowed. The music changed to a funeral march. The entire audience arose and watched the melancholy procession, many with tear filled eyes. When the coffin disappeared through the doors, an audible sigh ran over the house and men as well as women raised their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

Body Taken to Crematory.

The services lasted about three-quarters of an hour. For some time later crowds waited on both sides of the street to see the departure from the hall. The body was taken to the Fresh Pond Crematory, where it was cremated later in the afternoon. Mrs. Huneker, her two sisters, Mr. Huneker's son, Erik, and his brother, John; Otto Weil of the business staff of the Metropolitan Opera Company and Mrs. Weil accompanied the body.

The honorary pallbearers who sat on the stage during the services were Henry E. Krehbiel, music critic of the New York Tribune; Richard Aldrich, music critic of the New York Times; Henry T. Finck, music critic of the Evening Post; Sylvester Rawling, music critic of The Evening World; Max Smith, music critic of the New York American; W. J. Henderson, music critic of the New York Herald; William J. Guard, Edward Ziegler and Otto Weil of the Metropolitan Opera Company's staff; Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan; John Quinn; Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of The World; Richard Le Gallienne, poet and essayist; Henry Rowe Shelley, musician; Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the Philharmonic Society; Arthur Bodanzky, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra; August Luchow, restaurateur; David Belasco, theatrical producer; Nahan Franko, musician; Francis Wilson, actor; and J. I. C. Clarke, critic.

Among those in the audience were Mme. Olive Fremstad, Pasquale Amato, Clarence Whitehill, Robert Leonhardt, Mme. Cecil Arden, Mme. Rosina Galli, Miss Mary Garden and her sister Agnes, Henry P. Schmitt and other stars of the operatic and concert stage.

Others in the Audience.

There were also William Thorner, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Mario Scognamillo, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bernstein, Mrs. Charles Ditson, Mrs. Percy Friedenberg, Mrs. Muriel Draper, Louis Koemmenich and Victor Harris, conductors; William Brennan, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Prof. Henry T. Fleak of the Music Department of Hunter College; Howard Kyle, actor; Alfred Seligsberg, attorney for the Metropolitan Opera Company, and from the same organization, Alphonse Eysautier, assistant to Mr. Guard; Frank De Fontney of the Transportation Department and Hugh R. Brown, Superintendent of the building.

Others present were Herman Potter of Charles Wagner's musical bureau, and A. F. Adams of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau and Louis Wiley, of the New York Times.

Mr. Weil not only suggested that the services be conducted in the Town Hall, but also made arrangements with Dr. Robert Erskine Ely, director of the public meeting place. Dr. Ely made possible the services there by postponing several important meetings which had been arranged for yesterday afternoon.

Among the music critics present were Charles Henry Meltzer of the Weekly Review, Harry Osgood of the Musical Courier, Paul Morris of the Evening Telegram, Mary Opdycke and Gilbert S. Gabriel of the Sun, Maurice Halperson of the Staats-Zeitung, Aaron Baron of the Jewish Daily News, William B. Chase of the New York Times and Pierre V. R. Key.

Among those from The World and The Evening World, besides Mr. Swope, were Albert E. Wood, Arthur C. Clarke, Frank H. Warren, Louis V. De Foe, Louis Seibold, Harold S. Pollard, Frederick W. Eddy, Quinn L. Martin, William E. Simmons, Saqui Smith, Martin Green, J. Angus Shaw, John H. Gavin, Arthur Bennington and Alexander L. Schlosser.

Five veteran ushers from the Metropolitan Opera House assisted in seating the audience. They were Messrs. Irwin, Callahan, Williamena, Manion and Keen—Willie Keen, who always ushered Mr. Huneker to his opera seat. The quartet which played consisted of Nahan and Sam Franko, Bernard Altshuler and Leo Schultz.

Mr. Quinn's Eulogy.

Following are the speeches delivered at the services. Besides announcing their order, Mr. Quinn said:

"Simplicity and modesty, even shyness, was one of the chief characteristics of the private life of James Gibbons Huneker. He would have preferred that there should be no public gathering beside his grave. That, too, was the first thought of his family. But in deference to the hundreds of requests from his personal friends and from men of letters and artists of all kinds, his family consented to this simple and beautiful ceremony.

"Many there are who would have answered the call to pay respect to the man and honor to his memory. Three men only will speak here.

"Of James Huneker as artist, critic of all the arts and man of letters, others will speak. I cannot trust myself here to speak fully of our friendship—a friendship which I counted among my most precious possessions. To his family, to his wife, who was wife and mother to him, there can be no solace but time. Death is the one irreparable thing. But to his friends it is a consolation that he was taken at the zenith of his powers. His was not a death of feeble old age. He did not live to see his flame lack oil. He did not live to say, as Landor said in his old age, 'I have warmed my hands at the fire of life. The flame sinks low and I am ready to depart.' In his end there was no surrender to death. He was stricken down like a brave soldier, while still in the thick of the good fight. Now he goes to his rest, and I believe that, in the beautiful words of the faith into which he was born, and which he always respected, he will rest in peace. But the vivid, witty, tender and poignant memories that his friends cherish of him—the remembrance of his smile, and for me—for all his friends—he could always find a smile—will endure till they too pass out of the world."

Mr. Wickersham's Address.

Mr. Wickersham said: "This is a notable occasion. Here in this hall, dedicated to the public service in the pursuit of truth, we are assembled to pay the last tributes of respect, admiration and affection for a professional critic of literature and the arts.

"Inscribed on the facade of this building are the inspiring words of Jesus, which were the guiding principle of James Huneker's life: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

"It was in the tireless pursuit of the true and the beautiful in all human thought and expression that Huneker attained the great versatility which characterized his work. And it was because the animating principle of his criticism was to discover and reveal the truth, for the inspiration of the world, and the falsities in art and letters, for its condemnation, that he gained leadership in his vocation. He knew of but one standard in art. 'This twaddle about democratic art,' he once wrote, 'is the bane of our literature. There is only good art.' Again he wrote: 'I know that in America charity covers a multitude of mediocrities; nevertheless I am loath

to believe that all one reads in praise of wretched contemporary fiction is meant in earnest.'

"His criticism always was meant in earnest. He judged all that was produced in any domain of art by comparison with absolute standards. His condemnation was not a matter of feeling or prejudice. It was the inevitable result of contrast. Therefore his judgment left no sting.

"In a current tribute to Huneker I read this:

" 'He had the unique gift of saying severe or sarcastic things about great artists without losing their friendship. Above all, he had a gift, lacking in most critics: he could be witty without being cruel.'

Unique Among Critics.

"It was this rare quality of impersonal judgment which singles him out as unique among critics. He praised or blamed the product, not the producer. He had a great human tolerance for the failures of any man or woman whom he saw struggling to give the world what he perceived of truth or beauty in created things. He had no tolerance for affectation and pretense. He was inexorable in the application of standards to art. He had an extraordinary versatility of accomplishment. His reading comprehended all literature from the King James version of the Holy Bible, which he called 'the golden book of English prose,' to Baudelaire, George Moore and James Joyce. As one of his contemporary critics recently has said:

" 'He wrote with equal enthusiasm and equal virtuosity on books, pictures, statuary, music and the drama.'

" 'Nothing,' Huneker once wrote, 'is uninteresting if painted with a master hand, from carrots to Chopin.'

"But of all the arts, music ever was nearest to his heart; and of all the great composers he worshiped Chopin as the greatest—'a fiery poet, a bold musician'—a great classic. The closing passage of his last book, 'Steeplejack,' is devoted to an appreciation of Chopin's 'Second Ballade.' 'Magic music,' he calls it. 'Music, the flying vision—music that merges with the tender air—its magic melts in shy, misty shadows—the cloud, the cloud, the singing, shining cloud—over the skies and far away—the beckoning cloud.'

"My friendship with Huneker goes back to our boyhood days. Our later lives lay in far distant ways. Yet we never wholly lost touch with each other, and on more than one occasion he showed in his writings how closely knit were our boyhood's souls. His was an ardent temperament, even in those early days, reaching out with eager yearning hands to touch the great world of artistic endeavor. Music filled the first place in his soul; but painting, sculpture, the drama crowded closely after it. Ultimately, he found the pen the best medium for the expression of his versatile mind and generous heart. In a conventional sense he was not a religious man, but the impress of his early training by a devoted pious mother was too strong ever to be lost.

"Standing as we do now in the presence of the mystery and the majesty of death, there comes to my mind a passage which Huneker regarded as one of the most tremendously intense of the writings of St. Paul, and which I must believe applies to this, our friend, in whom the love of humanity was so strong and the appreciation of its great possibilities so keen:

" 'For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.' "

Mr. Krehbiel's Address.

Mr. Krehbiel said: "It is only by accident of seniority in years and service in the guild of which James Huneker was a member that I find myself among those who are asked to speak to you on this occasion. Could I have consulted only my own feelings, I would have sat silent and listened to the tributes paid to my friend by eloquent men. Not even the fact that our relations, intimate and affectionate, spanned nearly two-score years, would have called an outpouring of words from me on an occasion like this when I feel that loves, like the deeps, are dumb. The more sincerely some of us cherished the qualities of James Huneker, the less are we inclined to make public utterance of our sorrow and ask others to share in it. We would prefer to shut it closely as something sacred in the casket of our hearts.

"For me it would have been enough to have given an invisible hand an impalpable pressure and to have sent into the silent air the thought, scarcely expressed, 'Goodby, Jim;' and for him it would also have been enough, though not unwelcome, had I freighted the words with their entire contents and not merely those which they have come conventionally to mean. I would not have hesitated to use them honestly, nor he to have received them in like honesty, for between us in our serious moments the quips and idle jests of our chance speech at hurried meetings were as naught. I hour letters we conveyed different messages and more fully bared our souls. And so I might have said to him, 'God be with you, Jim,' and have known that to him it would have been no light speech, and that he might echo it from around the corner he has just turned, 'God be with you, Harry!'

"But James Huneker belonged to our guild, and for that guild I must speak because upon it he shed lustre. He made musical criticism praiseworthy before men. He could not lift us smaller minds up to his heights, but he could make the fact that there were such heights known to mankind, and that to attempt to reach them was an honorable striving. He took delight in such striving, himself, and in the fulness of his artistic zeal and the goodness of his heart he gave help and encouragement to the youngest and the oldest of his colleagues who looked upward with longing.

Beauty and Criticism.

"It was the kindliness of his disposition which made him ever ready with a helping hand; but it was also a love for art which made him want to share with others the happiness which he found in the contemplation of the beautiful and help the others to hand on his ministrations. Because of this he loved to write, and because he loved to write he loved to write beautifully—to write beautifully about beautiful things. It is only thus that art-criticism can be of service. In conveying the message of the beautiful object so that it can find lodgment in the mind of the reader, it must convey its own message of beauty. And so, in his best estate, a critic—even a critic—must be an artist.

"That is what James Huneker was. I do not know how deeply he was versed in the laws of compositions, of musical aesthetics or the rudiments of musical history; I do not even know how well he played the pianoforte—in all the years of our association he never touched a keyboard when I was with him—but I know that he felt the beauty of music because he could describe it so that I too felt it again after it had passed into the silences.

"To write as he did and what he did, made a demand upon another love—a love of work. Did he have a social life? Did the ordinary pleasurable diversions of everyday existence ever reach him? I cannot believe it. For such things he can have had no time. Both his love of work and his capacity were colossal. It is mentally staggering to contemplate them.

"Yet who ever heard him complain of the labors of reading and research and thought the results of which floated so lightly and shimmeringly upon his essays or even his casual reviews when something sounded a deeper note than usual? No one. Even the irksome daily stint in opera house and concert room never provoked more from him than a playful sally about the drudgery of the "press gang." Nature thought of all the needs which his career exacted when it created and equipped him and sent him out to fulfil his destiny. That is a miracle for our guild to ponder and which will grow as memory and love for James Huneker grow in all the years in which he will be with us."

Mr. Wilson's Salutation.

Mr. Wilson said: "He who lies here was friend to those I love. That is, he was the friend to those of all our art. Indeed, he was the friend to those of all the arts.

"If we did aught that we did love—if we were forced to do at times things we did not love, we waited for the pregnant word of his high praise or censure—proud if we but measured up to the high standards he had set; content to learn from his constructive condemnation.

"James Huneker! James Huneker! James Huneker!—here, on this Sabbath day, and at the threshold of the Great Divide—we salute thee!

"God keep thy splendid soul in His great care!"

Whether the Cleveland Orchestra, which was first heard in this city in a concert given at the Hipodrome last evening; Titta Ruffo or Mishel Piastro, violinist, was the fundamental reason for the entertainment will perhaps never be known. The fact remains that the concert took place and that the orchestra from the Ohio city introduced itself to a curious assembly and in a peculiar manner. It began and ended the performance, beginning with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and finishing with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," while the excitement of the audience was aroused chiefly by what went between these two numbers.

To the observer of musical doings, however, neither the singing of the remarkable barytone of the Chicago Opera Company nor the playing of the member of the army of Russian violinists, induced by the perfect state of Bolshevism to take up their residence in America, is a matter of moment this morning. A few words, however, must be devoted to the visiting orchestra. These words might be more numerous and more weighty if the organization had been heard in an auditorium more favorable to orchestral tone.

As far as could be judged last evening the orchestra is one of respectable merits. Its ensemble tone is good; the strings, though somewhat rough, have spirit; the wood is passable, and the brass acceptable. There are two women in the ranks, one first violin and one viola. The observer hopes that no discrimination is made against them in the union rates.

Nikolai Sokoloff, the conductor, has aparently labored hard to bring about good attack, precision and unanimity. In another place the orchestra might sound better. It was kindly received last evening.

Two Evening Recitals.

Two recitals took place last evening. In the Princess Theatre Paul Reimers, tenor, giving his second song recital, entertained a large audience with his singing of old Italian and English airs, French and German songs and folk songs from different nations.

At the Lexington Theatre Mme. Christine Langenhan and Desi de Kerekjarto gave a joint recital. The soprano's numbers included *Lenta's* ballad from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and those of the violinist Tartini's "Devil's Trill," with his own cadenza.

Symphony Society Concert.

The patrons of the Symphony Society concerts enjayed an afternoon of suites yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Even Handel contributed one, his "Sweet Bird" air from "L'Allegro," which Mme. Frieda Hempel sang. The only number not a suite was the soprano's other solo, "Ernani involami," from Verdi's "Ernani." The concert began with the ballet suite from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide," and the other orchestral numbers were the usual three parts of Grieg's "Peer Gynt," three parts of Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade."

The entertainment was not one calling for grave comment. Mme. Hempel sang both well and ill, for there were moments when she wandered from the pitch. The orchestra played very well indeed, especially in the Russian master's musical delineation of incidents in the 'Arabian Nights." Especial mention should be made of the playing of the violin solo by the concert master, M. Gustave Tinlot. But Lucien Schmitt's 'cello contributions must not be forgotten. It was a pleasant and restful afternoon of music generally, cheerful and of simple character.

Philharmonic's Programme.

Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture, the opening number in the Philharmonic's programme at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, afforded a strong contrasting note to the more joyous music which followed. Henry Hadley, as assistant conductor, led the orchestra also in a fine performance of Kalinnikov's first symphony, so rich in Russian themes, tunefulness and dance rhythms. Saint-Saens's G minor piano concerto followed, in which Percy Grainger, as the soloist, with a good orchestral accompaniment, gave a performance sparkling with tonal brilliance and alive with power, imagination and spirit. After the concerto came Mr. Grainger's children's march, "Over the Hills and Far Away," for piano and wind instruments, with himself at the piano. This attractive and rhythmic number received a dashing delivery, and fittingly closed the list.

Frederick Warren's Concert.

Frederick Warren's third ballad concert took place at the Longacre Theatre yesterday afternoon, with a good sized and enthusiastic audience. Mme. Olga Warren, whom illness prevented from appearing at the last concert, took part yesterday. Miss Loraine Wyman was heard in a varied list of songs and ballads. The other artists were Miss Elizabeth Lennox, Thomas McGranahan, Cornelius Van Vliet and Francis Moore. The programme, in spite of having as many as ten groups, gave interest to the end.

A girlish figure in her gown of celestial blue, the famous soprano, erstwhile of the Metropolitan, sang her music indeed like a bird, and a sweet bird at that, attaining in the trills, set over against those of the obbligato flute, an accuracy of rythmycal movement and perfection of intonation that might well serve as an object lesson to Signora Galli-Curci. Only the high D natural at the close was hard and penetrating—a tone unbeautiful. Truth to tell, it is rather through artistic charm and grace than through sheer lovelness of her vocal timbre that Mme. Hempel triumphs as she did yesterday in the Handel excerpt and the air from Verdi's "Ernani."

THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

Ohio Players Heard With Ruffo—Hempel and Grainger With Others.

The Cleveland Orchestra made its first appearance in New York in a concert at the Hippodrome last evening, when a large audience applauded its performance of Tchaikovsky's symphony "Pathétique," which opened the program under Nikolai Sokoloff's direction, and Wagner's overture to "The Master Singers," as a closing number. Titta Ruffo, baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, was heard in the serenade from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the brindisi from Thomas's "Hamlet." Mishel Piastro also assisted in Tchaikovsky's concerto violin.

Mr. Sokoloff, who is not unknown here as a conductor, and his players, who constitute the second orchestra from Ohio to be heard in the East, gave a good account of themselves in the purely instrumental share of the evening. While they deserve further and more critical hearing in a hall of greater intimacy for symphonic music, it can be said at once that the quality of the band in its brief history reflects credit upon the Lake Erie city, which in part supports it with funds from the community chest. An assembly of musical New Yorkers gave the visitors cordial welcome, as others in the vast house did for the two popular stars, Piastro and Ruffo.

Two of New York's orchestras also played yesterday, the Symphony Society at its Aeolian Hall matinee being assisted by Frieda Hempel, who sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" and an air from "Ernani," while Mr. Damrosch conducted excerpts from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," Grieg's "Peer Gynt," Massennet's "Scenes Pittoresques" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade." The Philharmonic Society, at a sold-out Carnegie Hall matinee, was assisted by Percy Grainger in Saint-Saens's second pianoforte concerto and Grainger's "Children's March," while Mr. Stransky lead Kalinnikoff's first symphony and Chadwick's overture, "Melpomene."

GALLI-CURCI AIDS CHARITY.

Gives $9,000 Metropolitan Benefit With Pianist Lhevinne.

Mme. Galli-Curci appeared at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon in a joint concert with the Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, for the benefit of free pupils, many of them Italians, in the music school maintained by Greenwich House, at 44 Barrow Street. The prima donna, who will be a member of the Metropolitan company for the first time next season, was heard with peculiar interest in view of that fact. The opera house was filled to its capacity, and the fund obtained for the charity was said to be about $9,000.

To airs from "Sonnambula," "Traviata" and "Lucia," this last with flute obligato by Emanuel Berenguer, the singer added many songs with her husband, Homer Samuels, at the piano. After Massenet's "Crepuscule," the Spanish Valverde's "Clavelitos" had to be repeated, while Verdi's "Sempre Libera" brought on recall a lullaby in English, then Molloy's "Just a Song at Twilight" and an Italian "Primavera." Donizetti's "Mad Scene" drew as encore "Home, Sweet Home," with a high B-flat sung pianissimo that evoked murmurs of admiration even before the song ended.

Mr. Lhevinne, who also was obliged to add many encores, gave Chopin's "Barcarolle" and the waltz Op. 42; Listz's F-minor etude and "Soirec de Vienne," Tcheikovsky's "Berceuse" and the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube."

At a pause in the matinee two children from the Greenwich House appeared on the stage, bearing a bouquet for Mme. Galli-Curci. Many others of the settlement pupils were spectators in the Metropolitan's upper boxes.

Siegfried Grainger

Percy Grainger, "the young Siegfried of the Antipodes," as James Huneker once called him, was the hero of yesterday's Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. Needless to say, there was the usual Philharmonic sign up: "All seats sold"; and, needless to say, the pianist was welcomed as only a few public favorites are ever welcomed. He was applauded both as pianist and composer. The audience knows in advance that when he is on deck the ship will be steered direct to its pier, whatever country it may land at. France was the goal this time. He chose the second concerto of Saint-Saëns, and played it with that rhythmic vigor and uncisiveness in which he is equalled only by Fritz Kreisler. And how he brushed away cobwebs and renovated spots that at other times had seemed a little dull! It was great playing, and Henry Hadley, who had previously conducted a lively performance of Kalinikoff's first symphony and had also done full justice to Chadwick's poetic "Melpomene" overture, provided him with a sympathetic accompaniment.

The climax of the concert was reserved for the end, when Mr. Hadley conducted Grainger's amusing Chil-

dren's March, "Over the Hills and Far Away," with the composer at the piano. Percy Grainger is one of the few real humorists recorded in musical history. It is extremely difficult to be funny in music without being vulgar. Grainger's humor is refined, rollicking, and contagious. The audience mingled laughter with boisterous applause at the end. While the double basses are used, the piece is scored chiefly for wind and percussion instruments, and how intoxicatingly varied is his use of them! It suggests the infinite variety of tonal coloring in Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl." There are in the orchestration endless "quips and cranks and wanton wiles"; and, as Otto Kinkeldey remarked last season, when Damrosch produced this march, Grainger "shares with his British compatriot, Cyril Scott, the gift of discovering a wealth of novel and piquant harmonies with which to invest his infectious airs."

For his Aeolian Hall audience yesterday afternoon Walter Damrosch had made up an exceptionally alluring programme, which this writer was sorry to miss. It included Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" overture, Grieg's adorable "Peer Gynt Suite," Massenet's "Scènes Pittoresques," and Rimsky-Karsakoff's masterwork, "Scheherazade." Frieda Hempel sang airs by Mozart and Verdi. There is a rumor that Mme. Hempel is to have the place, next season, of Mme. Galli-Curci in the Chicago Opera Company—important news, if true. The Italian colorature soprano sang in the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, and Lhévinne played, for the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School.

In the Hippodrome last night Titta Ruffo and Mischel Piastro were soloists at a concert given by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. There was a huge audience, as there always is when Titta Ruffo sings. Just why this orchestra came to New York is not clear. It could not have been to make money; for the long trip from Ohio precluded that. If it came for a critical estimate by local musical judges it failed of its object because the auditorium in which it played is too large to show off the subtle differences between orchestras. It must therefore suffice to say that Nicolay Sokoloff and his players gave a performance of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony which the large audience enjoyed and applauded. In course of five or six years Mr. Sokoloff will no doubt be able to bring to this city an orchestra which it will be possible to appraise critically and favorably—if it plays in Carnegie Hall.

Opera Concert and Others.

Jan Kubelik reappeared at the Metropolitan last night, playing Mozart's violin concerto in D major, with the opera orchestra under Bamboschek and solo pieces by Wieniawski and Sarasate. Francesca Peralta sang the "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aïda," Charles Hackett the tenor air, "Il Mio Tesoro," from "Don Giovanni," and Alica Miriam, replacing Marion Telva, the air of Micaela from "Carmen."

Duci de Kerekjarto, the Hungarian violinist, was associated with Christine Langenhan, soprano, in a popular program last night at the Lexington. Paul Reimers, tenor, reappeared in an evening recital at the Princess Theatre. At the Longacre a ballad concert in Frederick Warren's matinee series enlisted Loraine Wyman, Olga Warren, Elizabeth Lenox, Thomas McGranahan and Cornelius Van Vliet.

Italians Honor Rachmaninoff.

Serge Rachmaninoff, the Russian pianist and composer, now in this country, received notification yesterday of his election as a member of the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome. The President of the Academy, in a letter received by the pianist, wrote that the Italian musical body at a meeting on Dec. 6 last had voted to make Mr. Rachmaninoff an "Honorary Academician." The St. Cecilia Academy is one of the leading organizations of musicians in Rome.

Feb 15 1921

Paul Kochanski Heard in C[illegible] Brahms With Orchestra and [illegible]

Paul Kochanski, a Polish violinist, made his debut yesterday afternoon in a concert given in Carnegie Hall with the assistance of the Symphony Society. Two numbers constituted the programme, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and the Brahms violin concerto. The choice of the latter by Mr. Kochanski as the medium of his introduction to this public disclosed a purpose to invite consideration of him as a serious musician and not as another addition to the already formidable list of wizards of the bow.

It has been a season opulent in violinists, and almost every one of them has proved to be well trained. Many of them have betrayed the fact that training was the bulk of their capital. The hands were the hands of pupils, but the voices were those of the teachers. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Mr. Kochanski's performance of the Brahms concerto was its independence. The reading was individual. It was not a prepared lesson. The player showed himself to be a genuine musician equipped with taste, intelligence and feeling.

Technically Mr. Kochanski rates high, albeit his mechanics are happily not of the kind that carry excitement with them. His tone is very fine, and it was heard with delight yesterday in the cantilena passages, especially in the slow movement, which was delivered not only with breadth but with exquisite finish. The artist displayed here richness of conception as well as the dignity and repose which accompany the noblest art.

Naturally there were moments of uncertainty in the performance, for any violinist may fall into trouble in certain rapid flights, but they were of no great significance. The fact stood out at the end that the concerto had been played in a masterly style. The audience, which was of good size, was most enthusiastic.

Girl Pianist's Recital.

Miss Ellen Ballon, who was heard as a prodigy pianist in Mendelssohn Hall in March, 1910, and recently as the soloist in a Philharmonic concert, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last night. She gave a conventional programme, including Tausig's arrangement of a toccata and fugue of Bach, Beethoven's C minor variations and two pieces by her teacher, Alberto Jonas—a "Capriccio" and "Pastorale"—written in memory of Scarlatti, which were heard for the first time. As when she played here recently, she showed a good technical command of the keyboard and clarity and finish of style. She is still young, and seems to be of that musical nature which broadens with years. She interested her audience.

Musical Art Alumni's Concert.

A delightful programme was provided at the second of three subscription concerts given last night in Carnegie Hall by the Alumni Association of the Institute of Musical Art for the benefit of the Margaret McGill scholarship endowment. The list comprised Mozart's E flat concerto for two pianos, given by Harold Bauer and Mischa Levitzki, accompanied by a small string and wind orchestra led by William Willeke; solo selections for violin by Saint-Saëns, played by Jacques Thibaud; Schubert's fantasy in C for piano and violin, Messrs. Bauer and Thibaud; piano works by Schumann and Chopin, Mr. Bauer; and Bach's D minor concerto for two violins with string orchestra, the violinists being Mr. Thibaud and Sascha Jacobsen. The audience was large.

Miss Brock in Songs.

Miss Eleanor Brock, a colorature soprano, who has toured in concerts with Bonci and been announced here several times during the last two seasons, was finally heard in a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. If the young woman had a better technic supported by a firmer control of breath she would be a quite remarkable singer of her genre. Her natural voice, a light one, often beautifully produced in the upper range, is usually sweet and clear and true to pitch.

In Bishop's "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," Proch's variations and a florid air from Bellini's "Montecchi e Capuletti" she did some remarkably good, but unfortunately some equally bad singing. Her style needs more vital warmth and brilliance and her lower registers should be equalized. She sang without any apparent effort and her general case of manner and appearance were pleasing. Richard Hageman gave her valuable support at the piano.

Miss Easton in "Lohengrin."

Fine Performance at Metropolitan for Opening of Week.

"Lohengrin" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was the first opportunity of the Monday night subscribers to hear this revived Wagnerian drama, and it was evident that they enjoyed the privilege. Many young people were in the house. Perhaps some of them were hearing "Lohengrin" for the first time. If so, theirs was a delight denied to the old subscribers, to some of whom in former days this lyric opera seemed to mark the limit of progress.

Some music lovers outgrow the "Pathetic" symphony and "Lohengrin." Too much common time in the latter and too much sweetness. To these music lovers there comes a jaded time when the duet of *Ortrud* and *Telramund* is the best part of the opera. "Candy in moderation," said the *Duke* in "Patience," is an excellent thing." But he objected to having it for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

But those who are just uncovering the wealth of "Lohengrin" do not find too much sweetness, and when the work is as well given as it is in the Metropolitan revival it is a joy even to the oldest hearer. The performance of last evening was a replica of its predecessor. The cast was the same. Mme. Easton as *Elsa*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Ortrud*, Mr. Sembach as *Lohengrin*, Mr. Whitehill as *Telramund* and Mr. Leonhardt as the *Herold* were the principals. The music was generally well sung. The chorus and orchestra shared in the honors of the evening. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and again displayed fine understanding of the score and command of his forces.

"CARMEN" SUNG AGAIN.

Chicago Opera Company Begins Fourth Week.

The Chicago Opera Company began the fourth week of its present engagement at the Manhattan Opera House with another performance of "Carmen."

Lucien Muratore was once more the picturesque Don Jose, Mary Garden Carmen and Georges Baklanoff Escamillo. The cast was further supported by Edouard Cotreuil, Desire Defrere, Philine Falco, Margery Maxwell, Carmen Pascova and Constantin Nicolay. The incidental dances were contributed by Andreas Pavley, Serge Oukrainsky and Mlles. Ledowa, Nemeroff, Sucrmont, Dagmara, Elisins and corps de ballet. Gino Marinuzzi conducted.

Feb 16 1921

LAKME, opera in three acts, original libretto in French by Goudinet and Gille, after Pierre Loti's story, "Le Mariage de Loti;" music by Leo Delibes. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Gerald ..... Tito Schipa
Frederick ..... Desire Defrete
Nilakanta ..... George Baklanoff
Lakme ..... Amelita Galli-Curci
Mallika ..... Elsa Diemer
Hadji ..... Jose Mojica
Ellen ..... Margery Maxwell
Rose ..... Philine Falco
Mrs. Benson ..... Carmen Pascova
Conductor—Giorgio Polacco.

Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in an exotic rôle at the Manhattan last evening, singing the name part in Delibes's "Lakme" to a brilliant housefull of her admirers. It was the rare opera's second hearing at the opera house in West Thirty-fourth Street, where "Lakme" had been the elast of Oscar Hammerstein's productions, on March 1, 1910, at his company's farewell matinee with Tetrazzini. Patti at the Metropolitan once sang in it, April 2, 1890, and Marie Van Zandt did so two years later with De Riszke. Conreid revived the work at three performances in the season of 1906-7 for Mme. Sembrich. The last production on Broadway was March 24, 1917, when Gatti-Casazza's stars were Barrientos, Martinelli and De Luca.

Meanwhile the first American hearing of "Lakme" dates back nearly forty years to a fugitive production in 1883 by the touring company of Emma Abbot. Its first adequate presentation is declared to have been that at the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street on March 1, 1886, by Pauline l'Allemand and others of the American Opera Company, under Theodore Thomas.

With Galli-Curci last evening the tenor was Tito Schipa, who in this same opera made his début at Milan with her eight years ago. Of others in the present cast Defrere was the hero's brother-officer of the British Army in India, and the gigantic Baklanof a superb figure as Lakme's father, Nilakanta, the Brahmin priest. There were also Elsa Diemer and José Mojica as Hindoo slaves; Margery Maxwell, Philine Falco and Carmen Pascova as the three Englishwomen, and Mr. Polacco conducted.

In the "Bell Song," which was instantly redemanded by the audience and in which Delibes "struck twelve" as a writer for the voice, Galli-Curci was twice heard at her best, neither effacing lost memories of Patti nor rivaling Tetrazzini's splendors of top notes yet giving the music something all her own of tender lyric charm. She also avoided any false realism in Lakme's make-up, the singer's darkly Oriental type lending much to a striking impersonation of the East Indian girl.

The opera, except for an opening scene of the sacred garden, was newly and elaborately staged, its second act in the market place introducing vivid dances by Oukralnsky, Miss Dagmara and the ballet. The death scene in the forest was set amid a jungle of palms and vines, oddly appropriate to the music's delicate traceries. Mr. Schipa, in khaki, was a lover of youthful ardor. Mr. Baklanoff, with a square-cut beard, bore resemblance to a Broadway impresario that was not lost on many opera-goers in the house.

Beethoven Association Concert.

Because Louis Bailly was ill, the Beethoven Association's large audience last evening in Aeolian Hall was deprived of a prime element in the intended program, which was to have been Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131, by the Flonzaley Quartet.

In the Flonzaley players' absence, Mischa Levitzki appeared at the start, changing his pianoforte solo from the C-major rondo to the "Appassionata" sonata, the only Beethoven number of the evening. The new policy of including other composers of the master's [illegible] time was further extended in this sudden emergency, when Levitzki and Sascha Jacobsen later gave the sonata for violin and pianoforte by Cesar Franck.

The other half of the program was as announced, including Schubert's songs of "The Winter Journey," sung by Reinhold Warlich, with Walter Golde at the piano, and closing with Mozart's trio in E flat, for piano, violin and viola, played by Levitzki, Gustave Tinlot and Rene Pollain. At the fifth concert, in March, the article will be the Lenox quartet, George Hamlin and Josef Hofmann.

Max Mansback, Real Estate Operator, Held on Complaint of Mme. Elsie Kutscherra.

Charged with assault on the complaint of Mme. Elise Kutscherra, a singer who has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, Max Mansbach, 39 years old, of Riverside Drive, a real estate operator, pleaded not guilty when arraigned yesterday before Magistrate George W. Simpson in West Side Court and was held in $500 bail for examination on February 24.

The singer had Mansbach, landlord of a house in West Seventy-second street, where she formerly occupied an apartment, brought to court on a summons. After she told the Court a story, in which she alleged that he treated her like a "brute," striking her and inflicting a number of bruises, on February 8, the Magistrate ordered a full complaint drawn up.

Madame Kutscherra said that she had some controversies with the defendant over the matter of cleaning the apartment, and on the day in question, when she came home, she said, she found the apartment had been entered and much of its contents were out in the hallway. She was examining the articles, she said, when the defendant came from behind and inflicted the blows which made her ill and made it necessary for her to see a doctor.

Fritz Kreisler Plays at Benefit.

Fritz Kreisler gave a violin recital under distinguished auspices at Carnegie Hall last night as a benefit for the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children, for which nearly $10,000 was obtained by the sale of tickets, programs and flowers. With Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, a Mozart rondo and Bach's unaccompanied chaconne, the violinist included more recent popular pieces and others of a rarer sort. Among these he played his own version of Rimsky-Korsakoff's air from "Coq d'Or," Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin," a Spanish dance by Granados, Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" and Brahms's A major waltz, arranged by the late David Hochstein. The audience at "popular prices" was a large and brilliant one.

Feb 17 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Jean ..... Mary Garden
Boniface ..... Hector Dufranne
The Prior ..... Edouard Cotreuil
The Monk Poet ..... Albert Paillard
The Monk Painter ..... Virgilio Lazzari
The Monk Sculptor ..... Constantin Nicolay
The Monk Musician ..... Desire Defrere

Juggling and dancing occupied the stage of the Manhattan Opera House last evening, but the Chicago Opera Company had not turned into a vaudeville troupe. The programme consisted of Massenet's opera "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and a ballet constructed to accompany Schubert's unfinished symphony. The dancing of symphonies is no longer unfamiliar, but it continues to confound musicians, who persist in wondering what artistic end can be accomplished by it.

Massenet's opera is an old acquaintance. Its presentation inevitably included the appearance of Miss Mary Garden as *Jean*, the wandering mediæval juggler who won the approval of the Virgin by utilizing his humble art in worship. It was long ago conceded that Miss Garden was the greatest vocal juggler in opera, and therefore no new amazement could be aroused by what she did last evening. It seemed almost incredible that any one could sing the music as she sang it, but there she was, audible and convincing.

Her impersonation of *Jean* had its familiar merits of action and general interpretation. Whatever Miss Garden does is interesting. Even her singing is interesting. It is full of surprises, and the unexpected is always interesting, though, of course, not always agreeable. But Miss Garden was not alone in her vocal vagaries. The performance was filled with them. Mr. Dufranne as *Boniface* was in very poor condition, and spent much time in vain efforts to find the pitch. But he was a very good natured *Boniface*. Mr. Coutreuil was tolerable as the *Prior*, although he made some striking contributions to the tuneless singing of the evening. Giorgio Polacco conducted, and the orchestra played the notes written by Massenet.

Change in Metropolitan Cast

There was one change in the cast of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" at the Metropolitan last evening. Mr. Mardones, who had been announced to sing the part of Archibaldo, was indisposed and his place taken by Mr. Didur. The other parts, as at the previous performance, were admirably sung by Miss Bori, Mr. Gigli and Mr. Danise.

Mme. Samaroff's Recital.

Mme. Olga Samaroff continued her series of eight recitals presenting the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven by giving the third in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. She played four works, namely, opus 22 in B flat major, opus 27, No. 1, in E flat; opus 14, No. 1, in E major; opus 27, No. 2, "Moonlight." The sonatas were performed without any pause between the movements. Mme. Samaroff gave each sonata with excellent clarity of style, and she held the close attention of her audience throughout the recital.

Sylvester J. E. Rawling, music critic of The Evening World since 1908, died yesterday afternoon in St. Vincent's Hospital of a complication of troubles. He realized his wish, so frequently expressed to his associates, of "dying in harness," for he was at work on an article for his paper when he collapsed at the Manhattan Club early Tuesday morning.

A contributory cause of his death was undoubtedly the shock he received at the sudden taking off, a week ago, of his long time associate, James Gibbons Huneker, music critic for The World.

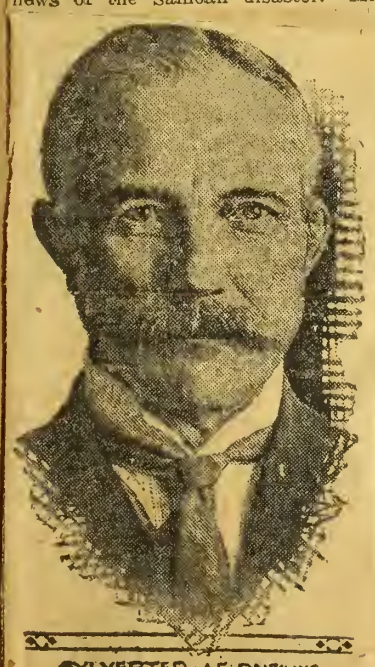
When Mr. Rawling collapsed and fell at his desk at his club he fractured his right shoulder and was removed to the hospital and attended by his old friend, Dr. Charles Nammack. Mr. Rawling improved so on Tuesday that it was believed he could leave the hospital as soon as his injured shoulder improved, but Tuesday night his heart, which for some time had been giving him trouble, failed him, and a second attack yesterday was fatal.

Early Entered Profession.

Mr. Rawling was born in Saltash, Cornwall, England, about sixty-three years ago. His family for many years had been prominent in British naval affairs and Mr. Rawling himself was destined for a similar career, but he chose America, coming to Baltimore when a lad of seventeen. From there he went to St. Louis, where he began his journalistic course on the Globe-Democrat. From this start he progressed through the entire newspaper field from composing room to editor's desk, with frequent ventures into dramatic and musical criticisms.

He came to New York in the late seventies on the invitation of the New York Tribune. A few years later he went to the New York Herald, filling various editorial posts. He attracted the attention and became a close friend of James Gordon Bennett, who sent him to Paris to found and manage the Paris Herald.

Later he acted as London correspondent of the Herald, and it was while acting in this capacity that he performed his biggest newspaper "beat," giving to his home paper the news of the Samoan disaster. Mr



SYLVESTER J. E. RAWLING

Rawling cabled from London to his paper here to hold the night presses for a big "story." Mr. Bennett, in return for his enterprise, cabled him: "Congratulations; this is journalism."

Music Critic for Love of It.

In 1888 Mr. Rawling joined the staff of The World, of which, until 1892, he was night editor, also writing on musical topics. He joined the staff of The Evening World in 1893, and for fifteen years was make-up editor and music critic, performing the latter duties simply out of his love for music and receiving no compensation.

In 1908 he became musical editor, and the present able department of the paper is his handiwork. Dr. Frank Damrosch once said of him: "You are the most sincere lover of music I know of." Mr. Rawlin attended every performance of "Tristan and Isolda" that had been given in this city in his time. He was wont to say he had heard the opera more than one hundred times.

He leaves no immediate relatives in this country. A brother survives him at Saltash, England; another brother who holds a government position at Plymouth, England, and a younger brother in Canada. Mr. Rawlin was unmarried and lived at No. 103 West 54th Street. Funeral arrangements will be announced to-day.

Feb 19 1921

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Society.

"Modern French composers" furnished the matter for the concert in the National Symphony Orchestra's "historical cycle" given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. D'Indy's "Symphony on the Song of a French Mountaineer," Debussy's two nocturnes for orchestra, his fantasy for piano and orchestra, Roger-Ducasse's "Nocturne de Printemps" and the second suite derived from Maurice Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," were the numbers presented.

D'Indy's symphony presents him in a light less austere than that in which he appears in the third symphony and other of his later works. It was composed before he had reached his last development of style and all its severity. The work has brilliancy and an invigorating power. The mountaineer's theme is the starting point of fanciful and ingenious development, of genuinely creative musicianship and the symphony as a whole is one that holds its own well, one that engrosses and gives pleasure. Mr. Alfred Cortot played with splendid mastery the piano obbligato, which is not intended as a solo feature, though there are several passages in which it has the importance of a solo instrument.

He was also the pianist in Debussy's fantasie for piano and orchestra, which was played for the first time in New York. Its history is curious, as Dr. Kinkeldey relates it in the Bulletin of the Symphony Society. It was written while the composer was in Rome as holder of the Roman prize in the middle '80s, but was not performed. Then Debussy withdrew it for revision and in its present state dates from 1890. It has only recently been published, and was first played in November, 1919, with Mr. Cortot as pianist.

The composition is both beautiful and interesting. It is "early Debussy" no doubt, but it is Debussy fully in possession of his own individuality and originality; and the composition shows little of the unripeness or uncertainty of an early work. Debussy had in it something to say, and already possessed skill and facility in expressing it. The piano is treated in a manner not merely to produce brilliancy, but as an organic part of a whole. The themes, as Dr. Kinkeldey points out, are employed to a certain extent in that "thematic transformation" developed by Cesar Franck with supple power. Mr. Cortot played the piano part with delicacy and fire, and the performance on the whole was one of much color and poetic quality.

The orchestra was heard also to excellent advantage in the symphony and in the two nocturnes.

National Orchestra and Helen Tas.

Willem Mengelberg conducted the National Symphony Orchestra's hundred men at Carnegie Hall last evening in a special concert arranged for the return as a mature artist of Helen Teschner Tas, formerly heard as a prodigy of the violin. The soloist, still young, was presented in double measure as interpreter of such contrasted classics of her instrument as the concerto in D major of Brahms and that in E minor of Mendelssohn. For his own players, Mr. Mengelberg opened the program with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and closed it with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

Tall and slender, of gracious presence upon the stage, Helen Tas has not as yet a complete command of style for the more exalted moods of Brahms's concerto. Her work in it was technically good, intelligent and often appealing, while Mr. Mengelberg made the orchestral background a beautiful thing in itself.

With Mendelssohn's melodious lyric Mrs. Tas was more at home, her violin tone vibrantly clear, and, barring a sharpened note now and then, of a gentle and caressing quality, befitting the music. A large audience applauded the performance.

"Otello" and "Onegin" Sung.

Opera with a capital "O" occupied two local stages last night, the romantic "Onegin" being sung for the third time this season at the Metropolitan, while "Otello" was likewise performed a third time to the capacity of the Manhattan. The singers in Tchaikovsky's music on Broadway were again Miss Muzio, Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and Didur, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted. A presentation of genuinely enthralling grace and charm. In the Verdi-Shakespeare classic at the Manhattan, under the baton of Cimini, the Chicago company's stars were Mme. Raisa, Messrs. Charles Marshall and Ruffo, with others twice heard before in their briefer visit to New York.

Mme. Tas, Violinist, Pleases.

Mme. Helen Teschner Tas, violinist, who had been heard on some previous occasions in recital, gave an orchestral concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The numbers allotted to her on the programme were the Brahms and Mendelssohn concertos. The National Symphony Orchestra, which supported the violinist, began the entertainment with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and finished it with Liszt's "Les Preludes." There was a large and friendly audience, which displayed a kind interest in the performances of the soloist and bestowed upon her much applause.

Mme. Teschner Tas performed the concerto of Brahms with earnestness and care. There were some merits in the performance, especially in the broader cantilena passages, though it could not fairly be said that these still waters ran deep. The more intricate portions of the composition the violinist played unevenly, not always with correct intonation nor with much elasticity or poetry. But the Brahms concerto is notoriously difficult, and few violinists reach its heights. She showed confidence in attempting it. Willem Mengelberg, the conductor, provided a considerate accompaniment.

Emanuele Stieri Sings.

Emanuele Stieri, who as Sam Stern had made already an enviable name as a baritone singer here, reappeared in Aeolian Hall last evening under the style by which he has been known during a recent stay abroad, his first concert on return being a benefit for the Near East Relief Fund. Mr. Stieri was heard in Huntington Woodman's song cycle, "In San Nazaro," as well as in an opening air, "It Is Enough," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." He gave Italian songs by Tirindelli, Renato Brogi and Zandonai, with others by Hageman, Miss Rybner, Harriet Ware, Mana Zucca, Frank LaForge, and a novelty "This Love of Ours," by Francis Moore who assisted at the piano.

Feb 19 1921

There was a brilliant audience at the Chicago Opera Company's second performance of "Manon" at the Manhattan last evening, the public joining in a gala occasion in honor of General Pershing, who was the guest of General and Mrs. Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, while Rear Admiral F. B. Bassett with his staff came from Philadelphia as guests of Miss Garden. The United States coat of arms surmounted the second box at the left of the stage, draped below with the American flag and the four white stars on a red field officially denoting the General of the army.

Another box directly opposite also bore the Stars and Stripes, together with the two-starred flag of a Rear Admiral. Admiral Bassett, who commands the torpedo flotilla of the Atlantic fleet, was formerly in charge of the Great Lakes Station near Chicago.

The cast in Massenet's opera last night was that recently heard, including Miss Gall in the title rôle, Muratore as the much-applauded hero, Dufranne as Lescaut and Cotreuil as the elder Des Grieux. Mr. Polacco conducted "The Star-Spangled Banner" when the audience discovered Pershing, in full uniform, during an intermission, and as the General left at the close of the opera he was again heartily cheered.

"Aida" Sung Again at Metropolitan.

"Aida" was sung at the Metropolitan last evening for the sixth time this season, a record matched only by the "Mefistofele" revival and the popular "Bohême." Miss Muzio was again Verdi's heroine, Miss Gordon the Egyptian Princess, and Messrs. Crimi, De Luca, Marino and Gustafson reappeared in familiar rôles, under Mr. Moranzoni's direction. A special matinee of "Loracolo" and "Coq d'Or" drew an audience largely of strangers to the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, the little tragedy of San Francisco's Chinatown being sung by Bori, Chamlee, Scotti and Didur, while the Russian dance-fantasy engaged its double cast, Miss Scotney far surpassing her previous efforts in the air of the Princess of Shemakhan. It was announced that Miss Farrar, fully recovered from a recent cold, would appear as announced at today's matinee in Massenet's "Manon."

"Aida" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a very large audience. The performance was a notable one for smoothness until, in the big second scene of the second act, when, amid the din of trumpets sounding for the return of the victorious *Radames*—impersonated by Mr. Crimi—the splendid pair of white horses drawing his chariot onto the stage, entered into the spirit of the proceedings and barely allowing the hero to alight, made a dash towards the orchestra pit.

The horse on the right especially was full of the real war spirit and for an instant almost got the better of the strong man at his bridle, who was dragged along the stage. Quickly quieted, but not yet curbed, the horses, when the moment came to be backed before turning to leave the stage, made an abrupt turn and dashed into the crowd of singers and brass band at the left.

For a moment consternation reigned on the stage and in the audience, but the men at the bridles were quick and strong and thus what might have been a very serious mishap, was averted and no one was hurt.

The chief singers in the card included Miss Minzio, Miss Gordon, Mr. De Luca and Mr. Gustafson. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Three Operas Sung Here

Double Bill at Metropolitan and One at Manhattan

There were three performances of opera in this city yesterday. At the Metropolitan Opera House in the afternoon a double bill was presented which consisted of "L'Oracolo," with Mr. Scotti in his now famous impersonation of Chim-Fen, followed by "Le Coq d'Or." In the evening "Aida" was repeated, with Miss Muzio, Miss Gordon, Mr. Crimi, Mr. De Luca, Mr. Martino and Mr. Gustafson in the principal rôles.

"Manon" was repeated by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, with Miss Gall and Mr. Muratore again heading the cast.

Miss Jeffrey's Violin Recital Pallid in Tone and Conservative

Miss Helen Jeffrey displayed a pallid tone and a chastely conservative style at her violin recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. An agreeable player of small pieces, she was scarcely equal to the demands of Bruch's Concerto in D minor, No. 2, nor was her performance of the Brahms's Sonata, Op. 100, in A major wholly effective.

She was at her best in Rachmaninoff's Romance and in pieces by Godowsky and Kreisler.

Rose and Ottilie Sutro in Recital.

Rose and Ottilie Sutro, reappearing in a recital for two pianos at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, played with much grace a canon by Josef Labor and a sonata by Richard Roessler, interesting in the original rhythm of its third movement. Four dances by Louis Vuillemin, ancient in form only, delighted the audience, while Brahms's version of the F minor étude of Chopin was at once redemanded. One of the encores was Rubinstein's arrangement of Beethoven's Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens."

Helen Jeffrey, Violinist, Heard.

Helen Jeffrey, who was to have appeared earlier in the season, gave her postponed violin recital before a large audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by Walter Golde. In a week like the present, when each day brings a new woman violinist to local concert platforms, it was chiefly gratifying that a girl trained in New York should again prove herself no dim luminary among the lot of them. Miss Jeffrey was heard in Brahms's sonata, Opus 100, and Bruch's concerto No. 2, in D minor, both heartily applauded as well as in pieces by Saint-Saëns, Godowsky, Rachmaninoff and Kreisler.

ANOTHER violinist came to the fore yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall: Miss Helen Jeffrey, of Albany, who has been described as the "Bruennhilde of the bow."

Dressed in emerald from shoulder to heel—a color that set off becomingly the gold of her hair—the talented American girl offered for hearing, with the sympathetic and musicianly co-operation of Walter Golde, Brahma's sonata in A major, opus No. 100; Bruch's concerto in D major, No. 2; Godowsky's "Legende"; the Paganini-Kreisler caprice No. 20; Rachmaninoff's "Romance" Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," and Saint-Saens's "La Havanaise."

This time there was nothing that could be described as Valkyrian in Miss Jeffrey's style of playing; certainly not in her well-schooled and thiroughly agreeable, but hardly inspiring performance of the so-called "Thun" sonata, the first movement of which brings a suggestion of the composer's own song, "Wie Melodien Zieht es Mir," aid incidentally also a bit of the "Prize Song" from Wagner's "Meistersinger."

From her new Cremona instru-

ment, owned until recently by Felix Kahn, Miss Jeffrey drew a tone of beautiful quality; a tone characterized, however, by delicate suavity rather than by volume and power. Technically clean, her playing too, showed poise, taste, intelligence. What it lacked was authority, vigor, incisiveness.

* * *

ROSE AND OTTILIE SUTRO, experts at two pianos, are indefatigable in their search for quadrumanual music.

Yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall they presented two unfamiliar specimens, a sonati by Richard Roessler of Riga, and a suite of four dances by Louis Vuillemin, the latter played, according to the programme, for the first time in this city.

Roessler was born in 1880. His sonata is modern in a Straussian sense, but not ultra-modern. The work is interesting as well as effective, especially in its shifting harmonic modulations. Particularly worthy of note at first acquaintance are the second movement, "Moderatto e grazioso," and the following scherzo. The name of Vuillemin is new. His Bouree Gigue, Pavane and Passefied represent an attempt to pour new wine into old flasks. The result is wholly charming, at times, as in the two first dances, fascinating. Here surely is something for the rapidly increasing horde of choreographic interpreters, incessantly seeking to enlarge their repertory.

Other selections, performed with characteristic delicacy and grace by the Sutros, were a "Preludium" by Algernon Ashton, a "Canon" by Josef Labor, Robert Schumann's familiar Andante and Variations, Brahms's rather irritating adaptation of Chopin's Study in Frunior, opus 25, No. 2, which was twice given, and in a manner none too articulate; a scherzo by Nielan Gueroult, and a Slavic dance by Dvorak, written originally for one piano, four hands, but arranged by the composer himself for two pianos.

* * *

Ruffo, Vidas and May at Biltmore Musicale

By GRENA BENNETT.

LUSTY, luscious-voiced Titta Ruffo sang the season's valedictory at yesterday's Morning Musicale at the Biltmore. It was the eighth and final event of the series, a series that made a new record from an artistic, social and popular standpoint.

On the same programme with the great baritone of the Chicago Opera Company were Raoul Vidas, violinist, and Leta May, soprano.

Mr. Ruffo had more regard than usual for tempo and rhythm yesterday. Moreover, he was in the enjoyment of his best vocal condition. The result was that whether he interpreted an exquisite serenade by Mozart, a garrulous aria from "The Barber of Seville," a touching romance by Costa or a rollicking Neapolitan ballad, he gave unlimited delight to his many enthusiastic auditors.

The violin playing of Mr. Vidas has often and deservedly been praised. Since his first appearance here, three seasons ago, Mr. Vidas's work has gained in value and authority. His readings yesterday of compositions by Sadiv, Wieniawski, Bach, Dimitresco, Sarasate and a writer indicated by the initials S. V., were notable for purity of outline, metric firmness, glorious tone and perfection of molded phrase. Several numbers were repeated and extra works given.

Miss May is a diminutive soprano with a light, flexible and well-controlled voice. She is ultra-ambitious, and made a praiseworthy effort in such difficult, florid arias as "Una voce poco fa" and Bishop's "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark." Selections by Arne, Borrowski, Spross and others were also included in her printed and added list.

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New York Herald Bureau,
Paris, Feb. 18.

The new opera, "Antar," the composer of which, Gabriel Dupont, died in August, 1914, will be presented at the Paris Opera Monday night, and is expected to cause a sensation in the French music world. "Antar" is based on the tragic story of Arabian lovers, the music carrying a steady rhythm suggestive of the East, which critics say has never before been attempted by French composers.

Dupont's career was one of brilliant successes. At the age of 20 he won the Prix de Rome. In 1904 he was awarded the first prize in an international competition at Milan. He then devoted his life entirely to the creation of a peculiar type of musical poems.

"Antar," when presented as a play, in 1913, at the Odeon, captured the imagination of the composer, who despite failing health worked night and day until he had completed the task of converting the play into an opera. But before he could arrange for its presentation he collapsed. After months of negotiations Dupont's aged mother succeeded in interesting an opera director, who, in announcing "Antar," predicts that it will be as great a success in every way as Vincent d'Indy's "Legend of St. Christopher."

Feb. 15 1921

PAUL KOCHANSKI AT PIANO.

Polish Violinist Makes His Debut at New York Symphony Concert.

Paul Kochanski, a Polish violinist of distinguished reputation in Europe, where he was born at Warsaw thirty-two years ago, played as a youth of 19 in London, and in Russia recently has had experience of an artist's life under the Bolsheviki, made his first appearance in America at a special concert of the New York Symphony in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon under Mr. Damrosch's direction. The program, too, had a rare distinction in being composed of but two numbers. The ymphony that began it was Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique," following which Mr. Kochanski elected to present himself in the austerely beautiful concerto of Brahms.

It can be said without reservation that no new violinist of the season has made at the outset such an impression of dignity, repose and command of style as Kochanski did yesterday. His playing of the adagio, the concerto, second movement, heard with breathless attention, was of the highest character in sustained tone and serenity of mood such as Brahms's music demands. Yet the wonder was greater in the finale, when, actually ill with fright, he played false in the very least of the work's exactions of technical brilliance and velocity. There are fiddlers a-plenty, and more coming. It was as musician and interpreter that Mr. Kochanski won hearty recalls from his first audience in New York.

Of interest to many was the fact that the instrument used by Kochanski was said to be the "Spanish Strad" once played by Ole Bull.

Bauer and Levitzki Aid Benefit.

Harold Bauer and Mischa Levitski, accompanied by what was announced as "a small orchestra" and proved to be an able if youthful band of strings and wood-wind players appeared at Carnegie Hall last night in Mozart's concerto for two pianos and orchestra, much heard of late, and presented on this occasion to a large audience at the second of three benefits for the Margaret McGill Scholarship in the Institute of Musical Art. Bauer was joined by Jacques Thibaud later in Schubert's fantasia in C for piano and violin, and both added solos, while at the program's close Thibaud and Sascha Jacobsen played with the orchestra the concerto in D minor for two violins by Bach.

Feb 20 '921

By Richard Aldrich

Erika Morini's Violin Recital.

Erika Morini, the young violinist who has occasioned a good deal of excitement at her two previous appearances recently in New York, gave another recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where still further enthusiasm was liberated. Enthusiasm over this young lady's talent is quite justified, for it is a decided talent, joined to a resolute, vigorous and robust spirit and quite capable of imposing itself on an intelligent and receptive audience.

She has arrived already at a high degree of technical facility. Many of the most obstinate secrets of the violin technic have revealed themselves to her. Her bowing is hardly free and elastic enough; it seems at times somewhat cramped. Yet her up-bow staccato is something to give gratification. Her intonation is unusually accurate and clear, even in involved passages and in double stopping. But the tone is often a disappointment in its quality, in purity, intensity and musical expressiveness; though it varies as to these things. Her harmonics, as displayed in an arrangement of a mazonka by Chopin (in which she or the maker of the arrangement persistently falsified Chopin's final cadence of the theme) are not of a sort at present to encourage a very free and profuse exhibition of them.

It is obvious that Miss Morini is an unusual talent, a highly promising one; but far from a matured artist as yet. Her program yesterday was calculated to exhibit her most substantial powers and to make little demand on the higher qualities that go to make up a matured artist. The chief demand of this part was in the "Devil's Trill" sonata by Tartini, of which Miss Morini gave, naturally, a brilliant and dashing performance; one, furthermore, than showed most of the exterior qualities of the music, but did not penetrate very far into the real significance of the sonata as a work of art.

Nothing could have been better for her than Wieniowski's concerto in D minor. Here she could indulge fully in the "temperamental" qualities that are at present so distinctive in her playing, hectic fire, dash, gypsy-like bravura in the last movement, in all the extravagances that become it and adorn it, without the fretful hamperings of ideals of good taste, of finish or elegance. In her playing of the shorter pieces by Sarasate, Lully and Chopin that followed there were not a few elements of artistic comprehension lacking.

Miss Morini is young; no doubt not quite so young as she seems on the platform; and she has accomplished much in the first stages of her progress toward the estate of an artist. Her further progress must include a good deal of inner development and of deepening comprehension, not necessarily best arrived at upon the concert platform. There is due her a meed of admiration for what she has already achieved and of hope for the really more important things that still remain for her to achieve.

GALLI-CURCI AT HER BEST IN 'TRAVIATA'

Great Audience Also Hears Rosa Raisa in 'Cavalleria'—Miss Farrar Sings Manon.

Galli-Curci in crinolines, and Verdi's "Traviata" in all the glory of an elaborate revival from the West, held a great audience enthralled at the Manhattan yesterday, when the Chicago Opera forces drew what was said to be the longest line of standees in the history of Hammerstein's famous house. Those waiting for admission, many of whom never gained it, extended in single file around the Eighth Avenue corner, up to Thirty-fifth Street and all the way to Ninth Avenue again before the performance began. Not had "Traviata" ended when another line formed for the double bill last night.

Verdi's Violetta, who is also Dumas's Camille, had been called Galli-Curci's last rôle in her series of débuts at the Lexington three years ago, twice repeated there the following year and again twice last season. In its florid airs, which lie well for her voice, she sang her lyric best, charming with an even beauty of tone; a touch of sincerity, too, heightened the appeal of the drama honeycombed in Verdi's melodies. Mr. Schipa sang and acted an admirable Alfredo, while Mr. Galeffi made much of the "Di Provenza" air, and others were Miss Falco, Messrs. Mojica, Defrere, Civai and Nicolay, and Mr. Polacco conducted.

Last evening's "Cavalleria," with Raisa and Martin, and "Pagliacci," with Zeppilli, Johnson and Ruffo, were also new to the current series, both to be repeated within the week. The night crowd was most keen to cheer Raisa's crude but powerful Santuzza and to recall Ruffo's "Prologue," which he has oftener sung on the concert stage. Riccardo Martin, the former Metropolitan tenor, returned in good voice at this first local appearance with the Chicago stars and was warmly applauded.

The Metropolitan, following an afternoon of French "Manon," was dark last night for probably the last time this season, while the resident company game "Samson et Dalila" in Brooklyn. A sold-out matinee house heard Massenet's opera on Broadway, performed for only the second time thus far. Miss Farrar was again the heroine, and a charming one, with Messrs. Hacket, Chalmers, Whitehill and others of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's "all-American" cast, and Mr. Wolff conducted.

Young People's Symphony Concert.

The last but one of the Young People's Symphony concerts this season filled Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, as all the series has done, with an audience of capacity size and rarer zest for music's "old masters." The music of the day was Mendelssohn's fairylike score for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," five times played by Damrosch of late to the Symphony Society's various subscribers, but by none more appreciated than by the Young People's matinée. David Bispham as efore read Shakespeare's text, and Rachel Harris and Ada Tyrone again sang with a small chorus from the Oratorio Society.

Nina Tarasova Again in Folk Songs.

Nina Tarasova reappeared at Carnegie Hall last night in a popular recital of Russian folksongs, musically arranged for her by Lazar Weiner, who was at the piano. Groups of Slavic gypsy airs, village incidents told in song, and finally those folksong that have inspired Russia's serious composers, had each a place in the program, set apart by 'cello solos played by Arturo Bonucci. Miss Tarasova, in costume, acted as well as sang her native airs, but especially sang them with more artistic finish than she formerly displayed here. A large audience showed its evident enjoyment of pieces such as those later made famous in "Prince Igor" and "Petrouchka."

The atmosphere was torrid at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, where the time-honored operatic twins, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," were sung for the first time this season by the Chicago Opera Company. Long after 8 o'clock a Ruffo audience still stretched beyond Thirty-fifth Street on Eighth Avenue—a patient queue—waiting admittance to the already filled house.

Mr. Ruffo's singing of the prologue to the second opera held up the performance, but in spite of the clamor Mr. Ruffo adhered to good taste and denied a repetition. His Tonio is a creation of brains as well as vocal brawn. Small wonder that Nedda stormed and raised a whip to quell the amorous advances of this lecherous clown, half idiot. Throughout his performance there were many interesting histrionic touches. Mr. Johnson sang Canio well, but he is better suited to rôles that demand less tonal volume. Miss Zeppilli, the Nedda, must have felt at home on this stage, for she sang at the Manhattan during Hammerstein's first season.

In the preceding opera Mr. Riccardo Martin made his first appearance of the season as Turiddu. His voice has taken on a barytone glow, but his high notes were free and full throated. Miss Raisa, with tragic eyes and the expression of a Madonna, was the Santuzza. Her portrait of Sicilian womanhood is painted in mellower tints than that of her Neapolitan termagant. She was tragic throughout, even in her scenes of jealousy. Never once did she descend to melodrama. Her voice was uneven, as it has been throughout the season, now hard, now exquisitely lyric. Mr. Rimini was capital as Alfio, the swaggerer.

In the afternoon Mme. Galli-Curci sang "Traviata" to an overflowing audience. She has been more brilliant in the part but never more charming, and in the first act she showed herself a "grande amoureuse." Mr. Schipa was uncommonly good as Alfred, acting effectively and treating the melodic line with greater consideration than has been his habit recently. Mr. Galeffi was perfection as the "pere noble."

At the same time Miss Geraldine Farrar was defying Dame Rumor, busy with reports of illness, by singing Manon at the Metropolitan. Massenet's heroine is one of her most congenial rôles. Her companions were Messrs. Hackett, Whitehill, Chalmers and Laurenti.

Feb 21 1921

Arthur Rubinstein

By MAX SMITH.

IF Arthur Rubenstein, virtuoso manipulator of the clavier, had only tempered his dynamic exuberance and made his playing co-ordinate to that of his associate, the violinist, Paul Kochanski, those who braved the blizzard yesterday afternoon to attend the fourth subscription concert of the Friends of Music in Aeolian Hall would have been better repaid for their pains.

This was particularly applicable to Ernest Bloch's new Sonata for piano and violin—in which Mr. Rubenstein made his part so clangorously preponderant that it often completely overshadowed Mr. Kochanski's instrumental voice—but in a measure also to Bach's Sonata in E major, which opened the proceedings of the matinee, and to Brahms's Sonata in D minor, which brought them to a close.

Ernest Bloch, who sat in a box surrounded by his numerous children and was induced to rise twice in recognition of the applause evoked by his latest composition, is now a familiar figure in New York. A man of unquestioned ability, and one who combines the imagination and the sincerity of a true artist with technical skill and scholarship, he is ultramodern in his tendencies, yet not to the exclusion of form and definition.

Like so many of his ilk, however, Mr. Bloch seems to find his natural medium of expression in the orchestra. Thus his sonata for the viola and piano was actually conceived on a scheme orchestral; and the same may be said of his sonata for violin and piano. The solo instrument, to be sure, is made to sing sustained cantilena against the vigorous rhythmical assaults of the accompaniment, although now and again it seems to fulfil no important function. But even those passages that are essentially violinistic in character create the impression threads of sound, vivid if you please, but of subordinate significance in the polyphonic woof.

There is much in the music that grates upon the ear a la Strawinsky. In the first movement, "agitato," there are alternating episodes of violence and gentleness, of fury and remorse. The second movement, molto quieto," brings a period of recuperation, as if in a rural retreat far from the maddening crowd, with night descending peacefully over the

landscape. This, at first hearing, seems to be the most interesting section of the score considered as a poetic picture, rather than as a part of a sonata for piano and violin.

Though marked "moderato," the third and last movement is dominantly buoyant and energetic. The turmoil of the first movement recurs; the reflective mood of the second, too. But the composer, vaulting obstacles, marches on triumphantly towards his goal. Can it be that Ernest Bloch is here describing his experiences in America, beginning with discouragement, ending in victory?

* * *

MARTIN LISAN, a young Philadelphian pianist, made his local debut yesterda in Town Hall. In a programme that included Beethoven's Sonata Quasi una fantasia, opus 27, No. 2; Schumann's "Carneval," a group of Chopin pieces, a composition of his own and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie he proved that he has talent, ambition and conscientious zeal. Whether he is sufficently gifted, however, to enter the gruelling swirl of competition with any hope of success may be questioned. While his technique on the whole is considerable, his playing yesterday was by no means that of a finished artist.

Young Pianist Appears.

Martin Lisan, a young pianist of promise, gave a matinee recital in the New Town Hall yesterday, playing Beethoven's sonata "Quasi una Fantasia," Schumann's "Carnival" and little pieces including some graceful "Sketches" of his own. Other scheduled concerts of the day included Cantor Rosenblatt and the violinist, Borisoff, at Madison Square Garden last evening, and Boza Oumiroff in a Czechoslovak program at Cooper Union.

Orchestras Play to Crowds.

Throngs fleeing the storm brought prosperity to two orchestras playin, yesterday afternoon and night at Carnegie Hall. A matinee of the Philharmonic series was, in fact, played to "standing room only," the music including Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, with its last three movements given without pause and Wagnerian arrangements by Wilhelmj of the prize song from "The Master Singers" and by Stransky of excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods." The National Symphony, under Mr. Mengelberg, was heard by a large house last night in Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, Liszt's "Preludes" and Wagner's introductions to "Master Singers" and "Lohengrin."

STARS HEARD IN CONCERTS.

Stars of two opera companies were heard in popular concerts last evening, Rosa Raisa of the Chicago forces at the Manhattan appearing at the Hippodrome before one of the largest audiences of the day. The Russian soprano gave arias from Verdi's "Lo Forza del Destino" and Catalani's "La Wally," with a lesser group, including Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Air of the Shepherd Lehl," Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart" and a Russian folksong, "Natushka Golubushka."

Mme. Raisa added a duet, Faure's "The Crucifix," with Mr. Rimini, who also had baritone airs from "Le Roi de Lahore" and "L'Africaine." The orchestra of the Chicago Opera, under Alexander Smallens, played Weber's overture to "Oberon," Liszt's "Preludes," Ipolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches" and Berlioz's "Rakoczy March."

At the Metropolitan Florence Easton sang the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca" and five songs by Americans, among whom were Carpenter and Horsman. Pasquale Amato was applauded in the brindisi from "Hamlet" and the factotum air from "The Barber." Kitty Beale also sang David's "Charmant Oiseau." The guest artist of the evening was Albert Spalding, who played Wieniawski's D-minor concerto, his own "Alabama" and "From the Cotton-fields," and a Brahms waltz arrangtd for violin by the late David Hochstein.

A new sonata by Ernest Block was e feature of the program of a sonata cital given by Paul Kochanski, vionist, and Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, nder the auspices of the Friends of usic, at Aeolian Hall yesterday afterpon. Mr. Block's music is known for s poignant sincerity, its strongly cial tang, its emotional profundity. s sonata is not easily to be grasped one hearing. In spite of ecstatic ric moments for the voilin, which ood out from the mass of chameliones tonalities and incisive rhythms, ere was the general impression of a g of war between the two instruents, with the piano usually in the d.

The work is in three movements, itato, Molto Quieto and Moderato. Block has invented his own musi speech, and in each of the three vements, strongly stamped with the mposer's musical personality, are to felt the emotions of an ancient e expressed with consuming fire and passion in modern idiom. Irony and sadness, exaltation and despair are the moods. The second movement, with its muted violin passages, is an emotional bath, the tenderness of which is in striking contrast to the jagged tonal effects of the first and the clanging opening of the third. Altogether an interesting work, well worth a second hearing and more intimate acquaintance.

The performances was not wholly gratifying, for while Mr. Kochanski, who appeared most fully in sympathy with the spirit of the composition, was an eloquent interpreter, Mr. Rubinstein's angular struggles with the intricate pages allotted to the piano did little toward shedding illumination upon the minds of the hearers. At the close of the sonata there was an ovation for Mr. Bloch, who bowed his acknowledgement from a box. The other works on the program were Bach's sonata in E major and Brahms's sonata in D minor.

Damrosch Resigns

Walter Damrosch will retire from the conductorship of the Oratorio Society of New York at the conclusion of the music festival in the Manhattan Opera House the week of March 29, it was announced last night. The resignation of Mr. Damrosch closes a chapter in the history of the society covering a period of more than forty years, during which the name of Damrosch has been closely associated with the founding and activities of New York's oldest choral body.

A committee comprising Mr. Damrosch, Carl Ahlstrom, Frank S. Hastings, H. W. Gray and R. W. Tebbs, manager of the society, has been appointed to find a successor. In a letter to Mr. Tebbs Mr. Damrosch wrote:

"I have been much touched by the attitude of the directors of the Oratorio Society, but I feel that I cannot alter my decision to retire from the conductorship of the society at the end of this season after our spring festival at the Manhattan Opera House the week of March 29.

"When I again accepted the leadership of the society, three years ago, it was with the understanding that I would serve for one year only, and although my cup was a ready full to overflowing with the enormous activities of the New York Symphony Orchestra, I stayed with you three years instead of one. I can truly say that I have loved directing the concerts of the Oratorio Society, and that I am very grateful for all the affection which the chorus has given me. But [illegible] s c me when my other work really compels me to sever my official connection as musical director of the Oratorio Society chorus, but I hope you will let me continue to serve on your board of directors, and thus to further in every way possible the interests of the beloved old society, which was founded by my father so many years ago."

The Oratorio Society of New York was founded in 1873 by Leopold Damrosch, who remained the conductor of the chorus until his death, in 1885, when he was succeeded by his son Walter. In 1899 Walter Damrosch was followed by his brother Frank Damrosch, and in 1917 Walter Damrosch again was appointed director. With the exception of one period of five years, the Oratorio Society since its founding has always been under the direction of Damrosch.

Apr 22 1921

By Richard Aldrich

Leoncavallo's Edipo Re.

EDIPO RE, opera in one act, book in Italian, after the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles; music by Ruggiero Leoncavallo. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Edipo.....Titta Ruffo
Tiresia.....Albert Paillard
Creonte.....Teofilo Demalo
Un Comitio.....Desire Defrere
Un Pastore.....Lodovico Oliviero
Giocasta.....Dorothy Francis
Conductor, Gino Marinuzzi.

The Chicago Opera Company presented to its patrons last evening a new opera, "Edipo Re," by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, for the first time in New York. There was an audience of good size, the cause for which might be found rather in the appearance of Titta Ruffo in the chief part than in the opportunity of hearing the new addition to the operatic repertory. There was not much applause, and what there was seemed somewhat obviously guided by partisans of Mr. Ruffo.

The new piece is indeed not one at all likely to win great public favor on its own merits. It is a setting of the ancient Greek legend as preserved in the play of Sophocles, "Oedipus Tyrannus," for which Leoncavallo himself wrote the libretto, as he did for all his other operas, thereby establishing at least one point in common between himself and Wagner. It is very short, being in a single act, enclosed in a single stage setting, with an intermezzo before the last scene, played without lowering the curtain. The classic unities are exactly preserved.

Echoes of Leoncavalla's later activities have reached this public very gradually. It seemed for a long time that he was a "single speech Hamilton"; that his talent had struck twelve in "Pagliacci", that he had nothing further to add to that as his contribution to the poeratic stage, as one after another of his later operas failed and were put away. Skillful performance has at any rate helped "Zaza" to maintain its foothold on the operatic stage in New York.

Now comes "Edipo Re," one of Leoncavallo's last productions before his death in 1919, of which even the latest books of reference know nothing; a sort of personal legacy to his friend, Titta Ruffo, we are led to believe, for whom it was composed. In it the composer endeavors to play upon a new gamut. "Zaza" and "Pagliacci" acknowledge obviously the same paternity and are the product of the same artistic bent. There is something unexpected in Leoncavallo's music now appearing in the trappings of Greek tragedy. She has heretofore shown herself a wholly theatrical young person, at home in all the devices and tricks of operatic effect, knowing how to mingle the brilliant with the mournful, the romantic with the realistic, resonantly gay with the equally resonantly pathetic and having little concern with profundities far below the surface. But Greek tragedy is no such thing as this.

The Greek tragedians make their dramas of blood-vengeance---and "Oedipus the King" is such a drama—a manifestation of the inscrutable rule of Fate, blind, inexorable, from which there is no escape for mortals, yet which it is the duty and glory of the good to resist to the end. Inextricably involved with these workings of fate is the ancestral guilt of blood, continually reproduced and in successive generations furnished anew. In their representation of this, even in the most exalted climaxes, there is a sinister grandeur; there are simplicity, directness; the power of dignity, of imposing personality, even in the vrises of emotion and of agony.

The grim legend of "Oedipus the King," turned by Sophocles into a Greek tragedy, has made numerous appeals to authors before Leoncavalla for treatment on the modern stage—as Corneille, Voltaire and Dryden. It has appealed to musicians for operatic treatment, likewise; but of the purely operatic results none have remained in the memory of man. Henry Purcell wrote music for Dryden's play, and some American music lovers will recall John K. Paine's music for the Cambridge production of Sophocles's tragedy in the original tongue as worthy to rank among the finest products of American musicianship.

For an "opera," even in the tragic genre, the Greek legend seems too forbidding in its outlines, too terrible in its outcome of blasting down. There is too little relief from its tragic details—there is, in fact, no relief. And those details are of a sort to shock the modern aesthetic sense. Nor did Leoncavallo ever show himself endowed with anything like the spirit that must brood darkly over music thst shall interpret this baleful drama.

He obviously made a sincere and anxious attempt; but quite as obvlously, it was not in him to succeed. His libretto may pass as a sufficient reproductions of the outlines of Sophocles's tragedy. Omitting most of the choruses, it shows the grim progress of the drama in the successive revelations of Creontes, Tiresias, Queen Jocasta, the Herold, of the fulfillment of oracular prophecy to Oedipus as he stands there on the steps of his palace.

The music with which Leoncavallo has attempted to interpret this is by turns commonplace, bombastic, rhetorical and feebly amiable. He has tried in vain to mould his phrases on a large scale; to lift himself above the "pleasing" level that is so familiar to opera-goers of this day. He uses an arioso style for the voices that occasionally takes on a more melodic mould.

In the orchestra the composer's impotence to express his subject is clearly shown. There is not much of matter nor of style; and the orchestration itself rarely rises above the commonplace. There is a singular lack in this music of the baleful atmosphere, of the vague premonition of doom that envelops the drama, of definite characterization of the personages, of potent exposition of the emotional crisis. At the very climax the music says perhaps least.

No wonder the opera is considered as almost a personal bequest to Mr. Ruffo. There is hardly an opera that is more a "one man" opera than this. Oedipus is constantly on the stage and sings about as much as all the other characters put together. The music lies in the best ranges of Mr. Ruffo's voice and he sang it last evening with unceasing and unmodulated power. It cannot be said that his much vaunted dramatic abilities serve him greatly in this piece. His acting was emphatic, sometimes violent, but often fussy and undistinguished and lacking in variety of expression.

The others, who have so much less to do, were in various degrees satisfactory. Dorothy Francis as the Queen Jocasta was passable in singing as in acting. There was little to indicate in her youthful appearance the hideous truth as to her relationship to Oedipus. Desiré Defrère gave something of individuality to the part of the messenger.

The setting is good in its suggestion of architectural structure and solidity, but very likely would not bear too close inspection for details of style. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted with great vigor.

After Leoncavalla's opera there were two ballets to fill out the evening; one danced to Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, "Danse Macabre"; the other the "Dance of the Hours," from Ponchielli's opera of "La Gioconda." These were both arranged by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, who took leading parts in them. They were conducted by Mr. Cimini.

Tenor Martinelli Assists Fordham University's Forces in Carnegie Hall.

Signor Martinelli of the opera assisted in a concert of church music at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, under the auspices of Fordham University. Jacques Ungerer conducted some 150 choir boys and men from St. Patrick's Cathedral and the churches of St. Francis Xavier and St. Vincent Ferrer. Pietro Yon led excerpts from the Mass and his "Regina Pacis," after taking the organ part with an orchestra also in his recent "Gregorian Concerto."

The Metropolitan tenor, who was enthusiastically received, gave with piano accompaniment the "Pro Peccatis" from Perosi's "Stabat Mater," an old Christmas carol, "The Holy Mother Sings," and two airs from Handel's "Athalie" and "Judas Maccabaeus." He reversed these in their program order to end with the famous "Sound the Alarm," and followed with an encore, "The Christmas Rose," in which his solo air, "When Blossoms Follow Winter's Snow," was taken up by unseen singers to the refrain of "Adeste Fidelis."

Elshuco Trio Plays Strauss Sonata.

There was an audience that largely filled Aeolian Hall last evening at the second concert of the Elshuco Trio, postponed from early January, an event of the rarer sort of chamber music of intimate appeal. Between trios of Brahms, Op. 87, and Beethoven, Op. 11, there was heard again the sonata of Richard Strauss, an early work by the "despot of din," his Opus 6, and one that still has a hold on the public, for it was played "by request." Elias Breeskin, violin, with Aurelio Giorni at the piano, gave the sonata, and these two, with Willem Willeke, 'cello, the trios. The three players have for some years been associated under their group name, formed from syllables in that of a leading American patron of chamber music, Mrs. Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge.

REVIVE BLOCH'S 'SOLOMON.'

Mengelberg and National Symphony Players Give Oriental Tone Poem.

Willem Mengelberg and the National Symphony players in Carnegie Hall last evening gave the second of five concerts planned for the current week, the program of this occasion to be repeated tomorrow afternoon, while on Thursday begins another pair with a much delayed novelty of Schoenberg. Of interest to a considerable audience last night was the revival of Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," or "Solomon," a tone poem deeply tinged with Oriental warmth and color, and carrying a solo part admirably played by Cornelius Van Vliet.

Arthur Rubinstein was the assisting artist in Brahms's D-minor pianoforte concerto, and was much applauded at its close. Mr. Mengelberg prefaced the more serious music with Bizet's first suite of incidental music to the play "L'Arlesienne," and the evening closed with the "Academic Overture," of a character as festhal as it was scholarly by Brahms.

The drawing room of Mrs. Burke Roche's house at 23 West Fifty-third street was filled yesterday afternoon with an audience representative of society for a recital in English and French given by Paul Leyssac, at one time a member of the French Theatre in this city. He had the assistance of Mlle. Yvonne Garrick, once a member of the Comedie Francaise, and also of Dwight Fiske, composer and pianist.

Mr. Leyssac, standing on a stage placed at ono end of the room, recited for his first number "L'Aiguille a Repriser" of Hans Christian Andersen, which he had translated into French; also "Les Papillons" and a scene from "L'Aiglon," by Rostand. With Mlle. Garrick he gave two of "Les Dialogues de Betes," by Collette Willy, which afforded amusement. A number in English, "Bergliot," translated from the Norwegian legend by Bjornson, was recited to the piano accompaniment of the Grieg music played by Mr. Fiske. His final number included the amusing "Le Solo de Flutc," by Paul Bilhaud; a La Fontaine fable, "Le Chat, La Belette et un Petit Lapin," and in English the monologue written and often recited by Mrs. Francis Rogers, entitled "At the French Embassy."

Apr 23 1921

Mr. Moiseiwitsch's Recital.

Benno Moiseiwitsch played again in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to a large audience. He has established himself as one of the most individual and artistic of the pianists who have recently appeared here. Yet his performance yesterday did not in quite all respects do justice to the standard he has hitherto raised for himself, especially in the way of an occasional hardness of style that has not hitherto marked his playing. This is not to say that his tone was not varied in color and dynamics, or that there was not

generally delicate precision and incisiveness in all his outlines. The sonata by Chopin in B minor showed much of all this. Yet it seemed not to have quite all the glowing poetry and warmth that belongs to it—it was somewhat firmly and precisely outlined.

A selection of eight of Brahms's waltzes from his Op. 39, originally written for four hands, but arranged for two by the composer himself, was played with much spirit and he captured much of the variety of mood that Brahms so remarkably imprisoned in them. He played what pianists rarely play, the same master's arrangement of Chopin's Etude in F minor, transformed into sixths and thirds, hence much more difficult; but no more beautiful and effective. An interesting group included a prelude by Rachmaninov, three pieces by Palmgren of unconventional aspect, a Russian Dance by Cyril Scott, a toccata by Nandor Zsolt, a couple of which he had to repeat. Finally there were three pieces by Liszt.

Carlo Sabatini's Debut.

Carlo Sabatini, who is called an "Italian-Viennese" violinist of prominence, made his first appearance here in Carnegie Hall last evening, in a recital. He played Bruch's G minor concerto, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, an arrangement of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and a paraphrase of his own on the "Rakoczi March." It is not easy to see how or where Mr. Sabatini gained prominence as a violinist if he has been playing as he played last evening. He showed few of the qualities that go to make excellence in the art. His tone is sufficiently powerful, but it is singularly rough and crude in quality; so is his technique; and there was as little style or finish in his playing of Bruch's concerto as could well be imagined in a performance presented publicly in Carnegie Hall.

TWO SOPRANOS HEARD.

Mina Elman, Violinist's Sister, and Edna Winston Make Debuts.

Two young sopranos, one of a name already famous, for she was the sister of the Russian violinist, Mischa Elman, made their first appearances in recitals yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Mina Elman, comely to see and gifted with a powerful soprano voice, displayed little control in its use as yet for a professional début; musical talent, however, she has in crude abundance, and much skill in languages, for she sang in fair English, better French, Italian, German and Yiddish. Her program ranged from Bach to Brahms, Scarlatti to Debussy, and included songs by her celebrated brother and by Deems Taylor. There were many flowers for Miss Elman.

Edna Winston, who sang to a small audience in the same hall last evening, has appeared here in private, it was said, and has operatic aspirations. She gave the "Suicide" aria from "La Gioconda" in a manner that would strangely have hastened the ending of Ponchielli's Venetian tragedy. Some Schubert songs in German suited well the bland and brighter qualities of her robust, unrestrained style, however robbed of more poetic suggestion. There were also Tchaikovsky's "At the Ball" and two groups of old Italian and modern English, the last including lyrics of Henschel, Kramer, Pearl Curran and David Guion.

GETS MAUD POWELL VIOLIN.

Erika Morini Receives Instrument Willed to "a Great Artist."

The late Maud Powell's valuable Guadagnini violin, which the pioneer American woman violinist had provided in her will "must be given to a great artist," has been delivered by her husband, H. Godfrey Turner of this city, to the young European visitor here, Erika Morini of Trieste and Vienna. Mr. Turner's decision was taken, it was announced last night, immediately after hearing Miss Morini at her début less than a month ago, and the violin was sent to her from the vault where it had been stored since Miss Powell's death on Jan. 8 of last year.

Miss Moroni on receipt of the instrument wrote to Mr. Turner: "When my heart is very full I cannot talk at all. The inner bein ghas no tongue. So it is now. I can only tell you that I thank you from my heart. I have heard so much of your wife that I am proud above everything else to play on her violin. This is such a happy day for me, and please do not be angry if I do not write any more but go to my violin."

Mr. Turner in reply referred to the large size of the instrument and wrote, "With your strength you will soon tame that big violin. Maud Powell's hand was small and she conquered it."

FOUR OPERAS DRAW CROWDS

"Parsifal," "Carmen," "Tosca" and "Romeo and Juliet" Holiday Bills.

Four operas, two in French, one English, one Italian, and all sung to great audiences, marked yesterday's holiday in New York, the Metropolitan last night giving a gala "Carmen" for the Hoover relief work abroad, as told elsewhere in THE TIMES today. A capacity house in the afternoon, with many standing, heard Mr. Krehbiel's translation of "Parsifal" for the third time this season on Broadway, with a cast headed by Matzenauer, Sembach and Whitehill, under Bodanzy's direction.

At the Manhattan, another matinee assembly greeted Raisa, Joseph Hislop and Baklanoff in "Tosca," the Scottish tenor reappearing in the rôle of his début, while Marinuzzi held the melodrama to artistic limits with the hand of a master. Last night, hundreds were again turned away at the Chicago stars' second performance of "Romeo and Juliet," sung by Galli-Curci, Muratore, Dufranne and others, with Polacco conducting.

A large audience attended the début of Miss Mina Elman, sister of the violinist, in a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday. Miss Elman has a pleasing personality, an unaffected manner, but she has as yet little to offer her audience beyond the natural beauty of her voice. It is a lyric soprano, best in its upper range, in which she has great freedom of tone production and smoothness of quality.

She showed yesterday little flexibility in execution and an annoying tendency to reach for notes easily within her range. Her interpretations often lost effectiveness through indistinct enunciation and a too close adherence to her book of words.

These are defects, however, which experiences and study should remedy.

Miss Elman's voice is one of distinctly pleasing quality and deserves further cultivation.

Her program yesterday comprised songs in Italian, French, German and English. She was at her best in Debussy's "Air de Lia," from "L'Enfant Prodigue," and "Die Forelle," of Schubert.

'Carmen' Nets Hoover Relief Fund $45,300

The Metropolitan Opera House was jammed last night for the gala performance of "Carmen," given for the benefit of the relief campaign of the European Relief Council. It was estimated that the sale of seats and boxes netted more than $45,300, including $6,000 collected in the audience.

Boxes sold for from $500 to $10,000. The American Friends Service Committee paid $10,000 for a box, and Harry Payne Whitney paid $5,000. These are not included in the above total announced by the committee. Mr. [illegible]

Geraldine Farrar sang her popular rôle of Carmen, and she was supported by Martinelli, Mardones, Rothier, Ingram and Miriam. The corps de ballet appeared with Rosina Galli and Giuseppe Bonfiglio in Spanish dances.

The opera was followed by a symbolic tableau, in which prominent women of society posed, depicting the part America has played in feeding the starving children of Europe. It was arranged and rehearsed under the direction of Wladyslaw T. Benda. Mrs. [illegible]

Suite by Bizet Enchanting and Hebrew Rhapsody by Bloch Is Played With Poignant Impressiveness

With such a conductor as Willem Mengelberg in town, the rows of empty seats at concerts given by the National Symphony Orchestra are a constant source of wonderment to lovers of the best in music. When this great conductor's last appearances are announced delinquents will doubtless awake from their lethargy, only to realize the opportunities they have missed.

At yesterday afternoon's concert there was a brilliant performance of an interesting program, perhaps a shade too long, but nevertheless enjoyable from beginning to end. The first piece was Bizet's Suite No. 1 from "L'Arlesienne," enchanting music conducted with consummate art by Mr. Mengelberg.

There was also Ernest Bloch's "Schelemo" ("Solomon"), a Hebrew rhapsody for violincello and orchestra, with Cornelius Van Vliet, first 'cellist of the orchestra, as soloist. Mr. Bloch's rhapsody has been given here before, but the composer might easily say that yesterday he heard it conducted for the first time. He has himself said: "It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul that I feel vibrating through the Bible: the freshness and naïvete of the Patriarchs, the violence that is evident in the prophetic books, the Jew's savage love of justice, the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem, the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job, the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in me; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me."

And it is the Jewish soul that speaks in this music, with a poignant sincerity that impresses at every new hearing. Mr. Van Vliet played not alone with skill but with understanding and sympathy.

Arthur Rubinstein was the soloist in Brahms's piano concerto No. 1 in D minor, Op. 15, a noble and beautiful work, to which he brought the best of his pianistic abilities. The last number was the same composer's "Academi" Festival Overture, a fantasy on traditional students' songs of Germany, which sent the audience home in high spirits to the final exultant strains of "Gaudeamus Igitur." 23

Feb 24 1921

Miss Garden Repeats 'Three Kings.'

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" was repeated at the Manhattan last evening before one of the most musical audiences attracted this week by the Chicago stars, now in their closing fortnight in New York. Miss Garden again gave her impersonation of Fiora, with Messrs. Edward Johnson, Galeffi and Lazzzari as the three kings. Mr. Marinuzzi, who conducted, added a share of that special distinction that has set Montemezzi's music and Sem Benelli's tragedy quite apart from all others among the lyric dramas of "young" Italy today.

Mme. Aida Sings Opera Farewell.

"Cleopatra's Night" and "Coq d'Or," for the third and fifth times, respectively, formed last evening's double bill at the Metropolitan, before the usual large subscription. In Henry Hadley's opera, sung in English and again directed by the composer, Mme. Aida made her last appearance of the season, with Mr. Kingston, the Misses Tiffany and Ingram. The Russian opera ballet engaged the familiar double cast headed by the Misses Scotney and Galli, Messrs. Diaz and Bonfiglio, Didur and Bolm, with Mr. Bamboschek conducting.

Russian Violinist Reappears.

Issay Mitnitzky, a young violinist of Russian origin who made his début a fortnight ago, appeared in a second recital at Carnegie Hall last night, playing with Francis Moore the E major sonata of Handel and the concerto in D by Paganini. In the concerto he introduced an original cadenza, adding later an arrangement of Chopin's E minor nocturne, as well as his own "Scherzo" and "Valse Melancolique." There were also works of Tschaikovsky, Bazzini, Reger and Kreisler.

Feb 25 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE:—"La Bohème" (in Italian), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Mimi	Amelita Galli-Curci
Rodolfo	Alessandro Bonci
Marcel	Giacomo Rimini
Colline	Virgilio Lazzari
Schaunard	Desiré Defrère
Musetta	Dorothy Francis
Alcindoro	Vittorio Trevisan
Benoit	Lodovico Oliviero
Parpignol	Lodovico Oliviero
First Custom Guard	Harry Cantor
Second Custom Guard	R. Landesman
Conductor	Pietro Cimini.

By Richard Aldrich

The Chicago Company in "La Boheme."

For the first time on its New York visit the Chicago Opera Company last evening gave a performance of Puccini's opera, "La Bohème." It was notable as bringing Mr. Alessandro Bonci before the New York public after some lapse of time, and also as presenting Mme. Galli-Curci in the part of Mimi for the first time in this city. The conjunction of these things exercised a potent attraction upon the public, so that the audience was large and found much to give it satisfaction in the performance.

It was not in all respects, however, a performance of great finish or spirit. The second act in particular went without some of the effervescence and boisterousness that the composer took so much pains to embody in his score. But in the points that the public took a special interest in it was excellent—the singing of Mr. Bonci as Rodolfo and Mme. Galli-Curci as Mimi. Mr. Bonci returns with a voice that sounds practically the same as when he was last heard here. Perhaps he does not reach the high tones quite so easily as he did some years ago. The quality has undergone very little change; a quality individual to himself in its silvery lightness and flexibility. Mr. Bonci's art, however, has suffered no diminution and no eclipse. There is all the perfection of vocalization, of phrasing, of enunciation that there ever was; and these things are a comfort and a refreshment to those who care for such things in a day when they are becoming rarer and less considered. The sustained passages in the first act—notably the "Che gelida manina"—were sung with beautiful poise and freedom, finished phrasing and lyric charm.

A voice like Mme. Galli-Curci's sounds extremely beautiful in this music, in which its best qualities are given their best opportunities to shine. So did Mme. Sembrich's and Mme. Melba's. The lyric passages are such as to elicit the pure beauty of its tone, when it is heard at its best, without the cloud that some of her technical incapacities occasionally throw upon it. Mme. Galli-Curci's impersonation had, moreover, qualities of ingenuousness and appealing pathos.

Giacomo Rimini, Virgilio Lazzari and Desiré Defrère were the other roystering and warm-hearted Bohemians, the last two showing excellent and satisfying qualities. The Musette was Miss Dorothy Francis, whose capricious violence was somewhat heavy-handed and did not quite make the full contribution toward stirring things up at the Café Momus.

Mr. Cimini conducted with notable energy and zeal, which were not translated into a very finished performance by the orchestra. There was an abundance of applause, and all the chief singers were brought time and again before the curtain.

Mirovitch Plays With Orchestra.

Alfred Mirovitch, a pianist of substantial merit among the season's younger newcomers, was heard with the National Symphony at its matinee in Carnegie Hall yesterday, to be repeated Saturday night, in the melodious pianoforte concerto of Grieg. There was a repetition of the "Pathetic" symphony of Tchaikovsky, too much played by rival bands, though not often with the convincing earnestness of yesterday. By way of novelty, Mr. Mengelberg opened the day with a heavily scored but well written overture to "Cyrano de Bergerac," by the Dutch leader's countryman, Johann van Wagenaar.

Olga Samaroff in Beethoven Recital.

Olga Samaroff gave the fourth of eight recitals of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, her program comprising the works in G, A flat, D and E flat, of opus numbers from 26 to 31. The pianist's husband, Leopold Stokowski, leader of Philadelphia's orchestra, for the second time assisted her on this occasion with a discourse from the stage on "Beethoven's Middle Period."

Marguerite d'Alvarez Sings.

Marguerite d'Alvarez, a former contralto of the Manhattan and recently a visitor in concerts here, gave her last recital of the season at Aeolian Hall last night. Assisted by Walter Golde at the piano, she sang three airs from "Carmen" earlier pieces by Moneverde and Gluck, a Spanish folksong of Andalusia, arranged by Schindler, and two lyrics in French by another visitor from England, Mme. Poldowski.

Miss Farrar Again Sings Louise.

Charpentier's "Louise," picturesquely staged, was performed at the Metropolitan last evening for the fifth time by Mr. Gatti-Casazza's artists, before an audience including many standees. Miss Farrar reappeared in the title rôle, with Mr. Harrold, Mme. Berat and Mr. Whitehill, Mme. Delaunois, Miss Ellis, Mr. Diaz and others, and Mr. Wolff conducted.

Plays Tschaikovsky's Symphony.

A red letter day marked the history of Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony as heard in New York yesterday at Carnegie Hall when the work was played under the baton of Willem Mengelberg at the National Symphony Orchestra's concerts. Its old bones took on new life, flesh and vitality. Color, balance, sonority, highly polished tone and dramatic power were features of this reading. The programme opened with an overture entitled "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Johan Wagenaar, which was played here for the first time. The composer is a distinguished Dutch musician, now the director of the Royal Conservatory of Music at The Hague. He has written many works in many forms, including two operas and a symphonic poem, "Saul and David." The music is of clear melodic form, orchestrated with skill, and while not highly distinguished, is often spirited and interesting. For the second number Alfred Mrovitsch, a new pianist here this season, appeared as the soloist, playing Grieg's concerto in a manner not quite impeccable as to printed notes, with a tone hard and brittle in fortes, but with clear understanding, dash and assurance. In the accompaniment, however, the orchestra seemed to crry off solo honors for poetry and nuance.

KREISLER GIVES BEETHOVEN

Violinist Appears With Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall.

Fritz Kreisler playing Beethoven's violin concerto, a combination of favorite artist and supreme music of its kind with which other orchestras have before aroused New York, proved a great attraction at a concert of the Philharmonic Society last evening in Carnegie Hall. tI was the first of three appearances of the violinist with the veteran orchestra in changing programs to be continued today and Sunday.

In addition to the solo piece last nigh Mr. Stransky presented Franck's symphony in D minor and Tchaikovsky's "Slavic March." The audience includec many standing, and Mr. Kreisler wa many times recalled to bow to its applause.

Feb 23 1921

"Don Carlos" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Two members of the cast were engaged in bidding the public au revoir. Miss Rosa Ponselle made her final appearance of the season. She leaves the city to-day on a concert tour. Mr. Martinelli is also going forth in search of concert laurels, but only for a month after which he will rejoin the company. The other persons engaged in last evening's castles in Spain will continue their local activities for some time to come.

Miss Ponselle may gain glory and dollars by singing in numerous concerts as one of the stars of the Metropolitan galaxy, but doubts may be entertained as to whether her voice will benefit by the experience. It was in very sorrowful condition last night. Furthermore, Miss Ponselle has not only failed to make progress in her art, but has not even held her own. It is a pity. This young woman made her debut in opera with a voice of unsurpassed beauty, but it was plain from the first that she was not yet in command of the full resources of vocal technic. But in these days singers do little studying. A short career and a profitable one seems to be their ambition.

All the singers who were associated with the soprano and tenor last evening had been heard before in the same opera. The performance was conducted by Mr. Papi. Among those who heard it were Mmes. Sembrich, Galli-Curci and Selma Kurz, each of whom doubtless learned something.

Dohnanyi's Piano Recital.

Ernest Dohnanyi, whose compositions figure in some programmes of almost every season of music in this city, but who had been absent from the local concert platform for several years, gave his first piano recital of the winter yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. For a considerable period Mr. Dohnanyi has lived in Europe, where he has engaged in teaching as well as in composing. Like so many other European musicians, he has been impelled by an irresistible force to cross the western ocean.

His recital offered some evidence of the sated condition of the public appetite for music. The audience was small. In earlier timesthe name of Dohnanyi would have been a more powerful magnet, but the land teems with musical performers, and of pianists who amaze and even confound the public mind there are too many.

Mr. Dohnanyi does not belong to the noble army of wizards. He is a sound musician, intelligent, emotional and imaginative, but as a pianist not soaring far above the level of generala merit. He played Mozart's A major sonata yesterday somewhat erratically and with hard tone. In a group of his own compositions heimproved decidedly. The music itself was stimulating and the audience received it with manifestations of much pleasure.

The F sharp minor and C major Rhapsodies, March, opus. 17, No. 1, and etudes in F major and minor comprised the group. The firstof the two rhapsodies is one which pianists should find especially grateful. Mr. Dohnanyi's programme contained also Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, opus. 31, No. 2, the same master's D major Variations and Liszt's Thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody.

By Richard Aldrich

Erno Dohnanyi's Piano Recital.

Erno Dohnanyi, Hungarian pianist and composer, a distinguished man in both capacities, stole quietly into New York a week or so ago, and yesterday afternoon, without a blast upon the preliminary trumpet, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall. A few blasts might have procured him a somewhat larger audience; such a one as his artistic standing merited. The one that heard him was extremely enthusiastic, however, and left him in no doubt that his labors were highly appreciated.

Mr. Dohnanyi came to this country twenty-one years ago—not as a "boy prodigy," however, as has been said, but as a young man already a mature artist and with some substantial compositions in his haggage. Among these was a quintet for piano and strings that he played with the Kneisel Quartet and that was considered extremely promising as an "Op. 1." Mr. Dohnanyi has added to his reputation and gained prominence since then, both as pianist and composer and also as a teacher. Whether he has quite substantiated the promise either as a composer or as a pianist remains to be seen, for only a few minor things of his composition have ever been heard here.

He showed remarkable powers as a pianist yesterday; as an artist of potent but restrained temperament and insight; one who puts the music first and himself second; or perhaps third; as one who illumines that music with the steady light of understanding and sympathetic imagination; as a technician of high attainments, whose command of the mechanism of the piano is comprehensive, complete and quite unusual, yet unobtrusive. While his playing is frequently brilliant and powerful, it is not brilliant for the sake of brilliancy, but as an interpretative means. He treats the piano according to its nature and character, and in the same way he treats the music.

His program yesterday was a conservative one, and the five pieces of his own did not diminish its conservatism. He played Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor as a piece of music with something to say through its polyphonic form, to be made clear for that reason and not for the sake of expounding the form. Perhaps Mozart's sonata in A was one of the less successful of his performances—less successful than some of the others in penetrating to the true spirit of the music; and in the last movement, so naively labelled a "Turkish march," the clipping of some of the phrases and final cadences did not seem to afford its justification by the results.

Mr. Dohnányi's own compositions included two rhapsodies from his Op. 11; a march and two etudes from Op. 28. Here is a composer still young, who is quite uninfluenced by most of the currents and counter-currents of "modernity" that are troubling the musical waters of these days. No "specialty" of any kind, melodic, harmonic or formal, emerged yesterday from the pieces that Mr. Dohnányi presented. In truth it may be said that none of them appeared to declare an extraordinary creative talent, or to hint at creative genius. It can hardly be said that any of them denoted a remarkable fulfillment of the promise apparently held out by the young Dohnanyi's interesting productions in 1900.

They are not, to be sure, of high pretension in form or extent; but the quality of their creative impulse is evident. The two rhapsodies are extremely engaging pieces; serious, deeply felt, written with a rare skill and complete understanding of the piano idiom, developed in a form of masterly lucidity and matured perfection. They do not give the impression of strong originality; they lean obviously on no predecessor, they repeat no familiar voice, but they do not proclaim a new voice, an independent utterance.

As for the last two etudes, they are pure bravura, but extremely musical bravura; of really enormous difficulty, yet not wholly of difficulty for the sake of difficulty. Mr. Dohnányi played all these pieces of his with incomparable mastery and added to them one of Schubert's "Moments Musicals" as an encore.

He followed it with Beethoven's sonata in D, Op. 31, No. 2; a performance finely expository of the music itself, and cast thoroughly in its sombre mood; beautifully articulated, illuminatingly phrased. After this came Beethoven's own variations on his theme of the march from "The Ruins of Athens" and Liszt's thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody. More should be heard from Mr. Dohnányi before the season's close, and doubtless will be.

Chicago Stars Repeat Two Operas.

The Chicago stars repeated the Italian double bill, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," to another great audience at the Manhattan last evening, with Rosa Raisa in Mascagni's drama and Titta Ruffo in the prologue to Leoncavallo's work as the popular attractions. With Miss Raisa were heard Mr. Martin, Mr. Defrere and the Misses Paperte and Correnti, while Mr. Ruffo's companions were Mr. Johnson, Miss Maxwell, Messrs. Oliviero and Defrere. Mr. Cimini conducted both the brief operas, and the performance of each was prolonged by many curtain calls.

SIDNEY THOMPSON RECITES.

Assisted by George Harris, Tenor—Margaret Severn in Solo Dances.

Two theatres helped out New York's opera houses and concert halls in housing seven musical performances yesterday, a fair day's average among the thousand such events this season. At the Princess, long popular for intimate débuts, Sidney Thompson recited from the English Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and Moorish tales of Spain, assisted by George Harris, the tenor, in French troubadour airs and American folksongs. Both artists wore "period" costumes, and both Miss Thompson's readings and Mr. Harris's songs were cordially received.

Margaret Severn of the Greenwich Village Follies, in whatever is airy persiflage for Winter Garden clothes, gave a matinee of solo dances yesterday at the Shubert Theatre, assisted by Josephine Lucchese, in opera airs, and in 'cello solos by Lajos Shuk. Miss Severn showed skill as well as grace on tiptoes, with less of imaginative variety for a long program. She gave a "Korean Warrior Dance" to the G minor prelude of Rachmaninoff, and others from Poldini's "Dancing Doll" to "The Silly Doll Tries a Greek Dance," done to Schubert's "Moment Musical."

John Meldrum, Blind Pianist, Plays.

John Meldrum, a Buffalo youth and an artist at the piano, who asks no consideration for total blindness, reappeared at Aeolian Hall last evening in a program commanding respect for his gifts not only as executant but also interpreter. There were doubly difficult "arrangements" by Busoni of a Bach chaconne, and by Liszt of Beethoven's "Song of Penitence" and Chopin's "Maiden's Wish." A large audience applauded the Brahms variations on a theme of Handel, Chopin's B major nocturne and the Wagner-Brassin fire scene from "The Valkyrie."

Feb 27 1921

Chicago's opera stars sang a gala "Rigoletto" at the Manhattan last night for New York's Italian Hospital, which had already had a benefit at the Metropolitan on Jan. 9 last, when "Mefistofele" was sung. Many of the Broadway artists were subscribers last evening, while Mme. Galli-Curci and her associates volunteered their services in the cast, leaving to the hospital all gifts and receipts above the cost of the chorus, stage hands and orchestra, so that the charity netted over $20,000.

Caruso, Gatti-Casazza and Claudia Muzio were announced as subscribing $100 each for seats, as did also Mrs. Robert Goelet and Mrs. Guggenheim. E. M. Kinsley paid $2,000 for a box, J. H. Weaver and D. O. Farrara $1,000 each, the Italian Chamber of Commerce and two individual boxholders each $500, with many other boxes at $325. The theatre was filled to the last corner.

Galli-Curci, who received an ovation as Gilda, was assisted by Schipa as the Duke and by Galeffi as Rigoletto, under the direction of Marinuzzi.

In the afternoon Mary Garden, Muratore and Baklanoff sang "Faust" to another sold out audience.

"ANDRE CHENIER" PUT OFF.

Gigli Unable to Sing and "Tosca" Substituted at Metropolitan.

The Metropolitan's production of "Andrew Chenier" was at the last moment postponed yesterday afternoon, when Beniamino Gigli, singer of the title role, had a sudden attack of hoarseness that made it impossible for him to sing.

Puccini's "Tosca" was hastily substituted for Giordano's opera for the Saturday matinee subscribers, Mr. Scotti appearing in his famous role of Scarpia, with Muzio, Crimi and others often heard before, under Moranzoni's direction.

In the evening "Samson et Delila," with Matzenauer, Sembach and Amato, conducted by Mr. Wolff, was sung to a large audience in the Metropolitan's popular price series.

Mary Garden and Muratore

One of the most inspired performances of Faust ever given in New York was witnessed on Saturday afternoon by a huge and enthusiastic audience at the Manhattan Opera House. The principals were all at their best, and with the enthusiastic and sympathetic coöperation of Giorgio Polacco the results achieved were of that electrical quality which marks only one's great operatic experiences.

Never has Mary Garden sung more beautifully than she did Saturday. Her voice was a constant delight, both sensuously and emotionally, and her combined singing and acting of Marguerite makes it one of the high lights of her varied gallery of portraits. It is as ingenuous and touching as the Juggler. The emotional appeal of her words "pour toi je veux mourir" brought tears to many eyes, and the scene of Valentin's death was also most touching. The tenderness of her caressing hands gently petting the dead brother was natural and appealing in the highest degree.

Mr. Baklanoff's Mefisto is a striking one, a gray shadow of evil, motionless, often almost expressionless, but conveying a great sense of power and of cruelty.

No tenor can really enjoy the portrayal of Faust, unless he conceives him as Henry Irving did, as a victim, as hopelessly enmeshed as Marguerite herself, and struggling against his own evil impulses as she never has to struggle. In this way Muratore gives us Faust. In an admirable article, published in *Musical America* in March, 1918, Charles L. Buchanan has described Muratore's exquisite love-making with a felicity which no one else has approached. "His passion" Mr. Buchanan says, "is always a passion suffused with a kind of fiery tenderness. It is an ardent hesitancy almost more than an importuning. It is wonderfully youthful with all youth's purity of intention. . . ." Thus he approaches Marguerite. With this "purity of intention" he strives to tear himself away. No one in a long line of operatic Fausts, not even the great Jean himself, has ever given the picture of despair and corroding remorse which Muratore gives in the last act. His realization of his own sin and his useless grief and regret are marvellously portrayed in his voice, when he speaks of Marguerite's killing of her little child, and in his broken exclamation when she pushes him away with horror. He remains crouched beside her in abject despair after she lies dead on the straw instead of rushing away as Faust usually does.

Muratore's Faust looks as if he had walked out of one of the masterpieces of Rembrandt or Holbein, and the personal charm of his splendid body and speaking face almost make one overlook the sheer beauty of his voice. But in the first half of the first act the stage is so obscure, and his costume so concealing, that nothing is left of Muratore but that golden voice filled with indescribable expression, the disgust, longing, recklessness of a burned out life.

Mr. Polacco conducted with fiery intensity and with such supple following of the singers as only an orchestral chief of the highest order can achieve. Altogether it was a memorable afternoon.

Feb 28 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society's Sunday concert gave apparently quite all the pleasure that a large audience expected from it yesterday afternoon. There was Dvorak's G Major Symphony that Mr. Stransky rediscovered last season, and that was found freshly melodious then, though rather fragile in its substance. A rehearing of it yesterday seemed to give warning that it will not stand too much repetition as a standing item in the repertory. It is not a new world symphony. There was also Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," a much hardier product, that is apparently able to stand even such a performance as Mr. Stransky gave it yesterday. At the end there was Tschaikovsky's overture, "1812."

Mr. Fritz Kreisler was the soloist, it being his third appearance at successive concerts of the orchestra. He played Bruch's G Minor Concerto with a freshness of view and a vigor and elan that found poetic expression, elasticity of rhythm and a broad sweep in a work that has begun to lose some of its youthful lineaments. Mr. Kreisler's performance was highly appreciated.

BONCI AND HEMPEL SING.

Bori at Opera Concert—Pianist and 'Cellist Heard.

Alessandro Bonci and Frieda Hempel, both exemplars of classic art in singing, appeared at the Hippodrome last night in a joint program of songs and operatic airs, ending with a duet from "Traviata." Miss Hempel gave pleasure in a Norwegian air of Jenny Lind, the naive Mozart-Adam variations and Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz. Mr. Bonci, besides a tenor air from "Forza del Destino," gave Mozart's "The Violet" and modern Italian lyrics, with a group in English by Hageman and Vanderpool. As encore to these, Bonci sang "La Donna E Mobile," while Hempel on recall sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Lucrezia Bori was the star of a Metropolitan concert of more than usual variety last evening, her part in it including an air from "Don Pasquale," songs by Berlioz and Donaudy, and the "Clavelitos" of Valverde. Giulio Crimi sang a "Forza del Destino" air and Neapolitan slings. Heinrich Warnke was heard in a 'cello concerto by Klughardt, and Guido Agosti in Liszt's piano paraphrase of "Rigoletto." The orchestra, under Bamboschek, gave Massenet's dances from "The Cid."

Arthur Kraft Sings.

Arthur Kraft, who appeared for the first time at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Frank La Forge at the piano, pleased a scantier audience with his tenor voice and style, barring only some exaggerations, in the dream air from Massenet's "Manon." His songs ranged from Salvator Rosa to Rimsky-Korsakoff and La Forge, while the best thing by both singer and pianist was the "Serenade" of Strauss.

Miss Erika Morini, the youthful violinist whose performances have evoked rhapsodic praises from some and dubious prognostications from others, gave her third recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was similar in quality to its predecessor. Programmes may or may not be significant; but in this case they seem to indicate a wise estimate of the young player's powers.

Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, a fiddler's piece, headed the list, and Sarasate's "Faust" fantasia, another virtuoso number, ended it. The familiar Pugnani prelude and allegro arranged by Kreisler, a gavotte by Bach, Chopin's E flat nocturne and a waltz and mazurka by Wieniawski stood between them. Music lovers will note that there was nothing to probe deeply the musical nature of the girl. There were opportunities, however, for some brilliant skating upon thin ice.

Again Miss Morini demonstrated that hers is a genuine violin talent. She played all the florid passages with gusto and with much technical skill, albeit with some inaccuracies of intonation. But in music demanding rhythmic precision, as in the Bach gavotte, or breadth

and depth of style, as in the Pugnani preludes the limitations of the young woman were clearly exposed.

This player has fervor, aggressiveness and courage, backed by a free bow arm and finger work well trained. She has yet to acquire suavity, elegance and repose. She has very much to learn about the value of balance of phrase and accent, much to discover about the application of tone to expression. That she may learn all is likely. No one can predict what her future will be. Finish of art is not yet hers; it should not be expected yet. Gifts of exceptional importance she surely has. But facile success and ecstatic praise have spoiled many young performers. It is to be hoped that Miss Morini's head is screwed very firmly on her shoulders. She will need to have it so.

ARMENIAN SOPRANO HEARD

Sings at Near East Concert at Cooper Union Hall.

Marie Bashian, the young Armenian soprano, was well received last evening at the concert of music of the Near East at Cooper Union Hall under the auspices of the Music League of the People's Institute. Her singing of the folk songs of Armenia, especially of Comitas Vartabet's love song, "At the Village Fountain," was well done. Mlle. Bashian, who is a graduate of the University of Constantinople, wore the garb of her Armenian country women, sang only in that language and prefaced each of her numbers with an explanation delivered in English of the origin and meaning of the folk songs.

Constantin Nicolay, the Greek baritone, and Alexander Maloof the Syrian pianist, both contributed to the program.

In the evening at the same hall Willem Mengelberg and the National Symphony Orchestra gave the second in their series of popular Sunday evening programmes, the selections being Tschaikovsky's Symphony "Pathetique" and the prelude and finale from "Tristan and Isolde" and overture to "Tannhacuser" of Wagner.

Chicago Tenor Heard Here.

Arthur Kraft, a young tenor from Chicago, gave his first song recital here in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon before a large audience. In old English and Italian airs and German songs, including Brahms's "Nightingale" and Strauss's "Serenade," Mr. Kraft gave much artistic pleasure by his fine taste and vocal style. His voice, of light, lyric quality, is beautiful in the upper registers. Not an interpreter of broader field, in the selection of most of his numbers he wisely kept within the limits of his vocal powers. In a French group was Massenet's "Le Reve" from "Manon," and in the final group the songs "To a Violet" and "Song of the Open," of Frank La Forge, who further assisted by furnishing the singer with excellent piano accompaniments.

Wyman-Lea Recital.

Miss Loraine Wyman, ballad singer, and Miss Gladys Lea, mezzosoprano, gave a joint recital of songs and duets last night at the Little Theatre. Miss Wyman's solo numbers in the list comprised Canadian, English and Irish ballads and folksongs, and Miss Lea's French, English and Russian songs. A group of duets, beginning with the old English "Sumer Is Icumen In," closed the programme. Miss Ruth Emerson was at the piano.

Miss Frieda Hempel and Alessandro Bonci, at the Hippodrome, and George Antonio Bilotti, an Italian pianist who made his début at the Times Square Theater, were the other recital givers of the evening. At the usual Sunday evening "opera concert" at the Metropolitan Opera House Guido Agosti, pianist, was the guest artist. Miss Bori, Mr. Crimi and Mr. Warnke were the other soloists.

Mch 1 ~~Feb 24~~ 1921

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night "Manon" was repeated with Miss Farrar in the title role. By a happy coincidence it was the prima donna's birthday, and all the throbbing Gerry flappers were present armed with expensive bouquets and inexpensive but inexhaustible kisses. The former they threw at the diva when she was before the curtain; the latter they imprinted upon her behind the curtain in her dressing room after the performance.

The stage hands had decorated the dressing room with electric lights and flowers, and every one behind the curtain went to congratulate the bewitching American soprano on the fact that she continued to have birthdays without apparently increasing the number of her years. When the Gerry flappers asked her how she did it she hinted that it was by keeping youth always at her side. To-day she is going to give her juvenile adorers a tea at which she will imbibe more youth, and they much tannic acid.

Miss Farrar's associates in the performance of "Manon" were Mr. Hackett as *Des Grieux*, Mr. Rothier as the elder *Des Grieux* and Mr. Chalmers as *Lescaut*. Albert Wolff conducted.

The Chicago Opera Company began the final week of its season at the Manhattan last evening with a repetition of "Monna Vanna," in which Miss Mary Garden was again beheld as the fair saviour of Pisa and Mr. Muratore as *Prinzevalle* the warrior whose courage failed him at the critical moment. The theatre was crowded and there was much enthusiasm.

Piano and Organ Recital.

Mme. Sara Sokolsky-Fried gave her annual recital of piano and organ music last night in Aeolian Hall before a large audience. Among her selections for piano was a posthumous piece by Grieg, called "Procession of Gnomes," and a new piece dedicated to herself by Richard Hammond, entitled "The Wind." Her organ selections included Liszt's fantasy and fugue on the chorals, "Ad Nos, Ad Salutarem Undam."

Miss Clug, Pianist, Plays.

Miss Ruth Clug, pianist, gave her second recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. She was heard in the same place early in the season, when her playing showed the results of good training, but had not yet advanced to the level of artistic independence. The comments made at that time might be repeated to-day. Her programme was ambitious. Her most venturesome attempt was at the Brahms variation and fugue on a theme of Handel. In this the limitations of her art were clearly set forth. She played the composition clearly and cautiously, but not a few of the variations proved to be severe tasks on her technical resources.

Madame Sokolsky-Freid has been heard in New York on previous occasions, having made her debut here in 1906. Her concert work, both in this country and in Europe, stands as record of her ability to handle the organ and piano in masterly style. She particularly considers herself a pupil of Joseffy with whom she studied and whose method is obvious in her playing.

ANNA HODGES MUSIN, CONCERT SINGER, DIES

Made Two World Tours Early in Her Career.

Mrs. Anna Hodges Musin, at one time known on the American and European concert stages, died yesterday in her home at 51 West Seventy-sixth street, following an illness due to pneumonia. She was the wife of Ovide Musin, violin virtuoso, and was known professionally as Anna Louise Tanner.

Mrs. Musin was born in Oshkosh, Wis., in 1856. She studied abroad and made her first public appearance in the early '70s, gaining immediate attention because of the remarkable strength and clearness of her voice. During her career she made two tours of the world, singing in the various capitals of Europe. Her important engagements in the United States were with the Harvard Musical Association of Boston and the New York Symphony Orchestra. She was married in 1890.

Funeral services will be held in the Musin home to-morrow afternoon.

Mch 2 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Mengelberg's program for the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon contained only three numbers, but it was a long concert and a very interesting one. They were Bach's orchestral suite in B minor, all seven, or perhaps they might be called eight movements; Beethoven's piano concerto in G, played by Leopold Godowsky, and Brahms's first symphony. The orchestra again showed the great strides it has made under Mr. Mengelberg's rehearsing toward excellence in performance. There were many remarkable excellencies in its playing, some of which are all too seldom heard in orchestral performances in New York at present. But a full and many-sided beauty of tone is not yet to be counted among them.

Mr. Mengelberg took pains to secure a performance of Bach's suite characteristic of the music and corresponding as nearly as might be possible with the directions of the score and the customs of the eighteenth century, in a hall and with an orchestra of twentieth century dimensions. He used one of those modified pianos that are supposed to imitate the characteristic tone quality of the harpsichord, and do so to a certain degree—this for the "continuo" part that was an indispensable member of every orchestral score of Bach's time. He employed eight flutes instead of the usual four of the modern orchestra, endeavoring thus to restore as far as possible the proportion between the flute tone and the string tone existing in Bach's orchestra; though of course with strings in the modern profusion even eight flutes will not do it.

The suite is scored for first and second violins, flutes and continuo. The treatment of the continuo in modern performances is always something of a problem. It may fairly be said that the highest ideal is one that will interest and delight the audiences and do as little violence to Bach's methods as possible, rather than a close and pedantic following of eighteenth century practices that will find no echo in the hearts of modern listeners and make no appeal there. And it may also fairly be said that Mr. Mengelberg approached this ideal. He treated the continuo freely. Sometimes he played it himself on the modified piano, with a filling out of the harmony indicated in the figures; sometimes he gave it to all the basses and 'cellos together; sometimes he shared it on the piano with two basses and 'cellos each. Less easy to understand were the passages where he played the piano, though the score indicates rests; and when he played chords and passages though the continuo is marked "tasto solo"—a direct command not to play chords or passages.

But more important than a consideration of these technicalities was the spirit and life, the delicacy and clearness of contour, the rhythmic vitality, the variety of expression that the performance revealed; a union of qualities that brought out the enchanting beauty and strength of the music. Mr. Mengelberg presented it as who should say, with Browning:

"And here's your music all alive once more—
"As once it was alive."

It was a delight to hear again Beethoven's G major concerto, that pianists in recent years have neglected in favor of its bigger brother in E flat. It is quite as great as its bigger brother in significance if not in dimensions and breathes Beethoven's most poetical and romantic spirit. Mr. Godowsky brought out its filigree portions of its structure with the utmost clearness of articulation, with the utmost delicacy and precision in its runs and passage work; but with a somewhat matter of fact statement of some of its most characteristic beauties.

The two cadenzas that he played were intricate and ingenious, but they were far from the spirit of Beethoven; not was an attempt to approach that spirit in them easy to discern; in fact a passage in the first one, combining two of the themes of the first movement hinted rather at the methods of Mr. Godowsky's metamorphosed Strauss waltzes, admirable in their place, but strangers to Beethoven. The accompaniment of the concerto was well played.

Mr. Mengelberg added one more to the several readings of Brahms's first symphony that the present season has brought forth; and one of the most notable of them; a reading admirably conceived and proportioned, calculated to set forth the profound beauties of the music in a large frame. There were vitality and fire in the performance, a pregnant feeling fo the melodic lines, an unremitting beauty and rightness of phrase. There was all but the deep and golden beauty of tone that Brahms has created in his instrumentation for the conveyance of his musical thought. At this the orchestra has not yet arrived.

The audience was somewhat sparse; a pity, but it was full of enthusiasm as well it might be.

THREE WOMEN IN RECITALS.

Harriet Scholder, Herma Menth, Pianists; Alix Maruchess, Violinist.

Three young women artists already well known gave musical recitals yesterday, two pianists at Aeolian Hall and a violinist at the Princess Theatre. Harriet Scholder last evening pleased an Aeolian audience with her playing of Chopin and Debussy, after Schumann's "Fantasie" and some preliminary Beethoven. Herma Menth was heard in the afternoon from the same stage in Liszt's B minor sonata, Mr. Godowsky's arrangement of a "Tambourin" by Rameau, and pieces by Moussorgsky, Leschetizky and Wolff.

John Ireland's sonata No. 2, in A minor, said to be a "first time" here, was performed at a Princess matinee by Alix Young Maruchess, assisted at the piano by John Stanley, a composer who died before Washington was President of the United States; two so-called "eighteenth century English pieces," credited to Moffat himself, and Press's version of Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise."

Then He Pluckily, With Mme. Fokina, Gives a New Ballet by Mozart, "The Dream of the Marquise."

Michel Fokine, the distinguished Russian dancer and creator of the "Mecca" bacchanale, began and pluckily finished an evening's special program at the Metropolitan Opera House last night under difficulties later explained to an audience that filled the theatre. One of those slight mishaps that seize a tennis player in a championship game, or even a tenor singer in an opera, as was the case when Caruso slipped and first wrenched his side in "Pagliacci" last December, occurred last evening as Mr. Fokine bounded upon the stage for his second solo dance. He was seen to limp off, while an orchestra of men from the Philharmonic went on playing under Dr. Anselm Goetzl's direction, and then stopped as the curtain was rung down.

There was a twenty-minute wait while Mr. Fokine, who had become painfully "muscle-bound" by a sudden twist of the right leg, recovered himself sufficiently to go on with the novelty of the evening, Mozart's "Les Petite Reins," which he and Mme. Fokina were dancing as "The Dream of the Marquise." The pair in court costumes, and presently in something approaching a nocturne of nymph and faund by a bathing pool, carried the new production through to a conclusion charmingly, though Mr. Fokine's limp became a hop, skip and jump, and finally, in "The Pursuit" episode, a saturnine hop on the left foot alone. It was a literally tour de force possible only to a great dancer.

An American audience, quick to appreciate good sportsmanship, gave the man an ovation. It listened, too, with delight to Mozart's minuet, which Mme. Fokina danced danced with her husband, and the house laughed while a little negro attendant scurried about like a comet with her many yards of train. There was deserved applause for Mr. Fokine's own "Episodes of "The Faun's Awakening" as the Marquise stepped to her bath, and "The Faun's Glee" at her pantomimic cries for help as he stole her clothes away.

Mme Fokina repeated twice over "The Swan," said to have been first danced by her when Mr. Fokine devised it in Petrograd before Pavlowa carried it to the judgment of Paris. After the Mozart piece, Morris Gest decided that Mr. Fokine should not continue, at the risk of serious results, and Charles Strakosch announced from the stage that Mme. Fokina would finish alone the "Danse Zigane" of Nachz and a solo instead of duet dance from "Prince Igor."

REPEAT 'BARBER OF SEVILLE'

Opera Is Again Presented at the Manhattan.

With Florence Macbeth as Rosina, responding to the romantic high tones of Tito Schipa and Titta Ruffo impersonating Figaro, "The Barber of Seville" was repeated at the Manhattan Opera House last evening by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

Miss Macbeth was dainty and delightful in the leading feminine role, sung on the occasion of the opera's former presentation by Mme. Galli-Curci and Ruffo was at home with an old part as well as with the audience which wildly applauded him. Others in the cast were Vittorio Trevisan, Virgilio Lazzari, Philine Falco, Riccardo Alfieri, Lodovico Oliviero and Sallustio Civai. Marinuzzi conducted the familiar score.

Mch 3 1921

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was the source of enjoyment for a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast contained as principals Miss Cora Chase as *Rosina*, Charles Hackett as *Almaviva*, Giuseppe de Luca as *Figaro*, Adamo Didur as *Don Basilio* and Pompilio Malatesta as *Dr. Bartolo*. The conductor was Gennaro Papi, who accommodated himself to the singers with amiability and a ready baton.

Rossini's famous old opera buffa, more than a hundred years of age, preserves its comic power with remarkable vitality. Its principal delights last evening were provided by Mr. de Luca as the loquacious and officious barber, Mr. Hackett as the sighing swain and Mr. Didur as the gossiping music master.

Miss Chase's contributions to the pleasure of the audience were chiefly vocal, since she sang the music agreeably if with no great distinction. Her acting was generally conventional. Possibly to show prophetically the influence of Rossini upon later composers she sang in the lesson scene the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette."

Mme. Samaroff's Recital.

Mme. Olga Samaroff gave the fifth of the series of eight recitals at which she is playing the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a small audience. The programme comprised four sonatas, namely, opus 78, in F sharp major; opus 31, No. 2, in D minor; opus 28, in D major, and opus 53, "Waldstein," in C major. Her general delivery was again noteworthy for clarity and fine tone and technique. Strange to say, there were some slips as to correct notes yesterday, especially in the third sonata in the list, but this was certainly of trifling importance in view of the feat from the standpoint of memory and artistic intelligence which Mme. Samaroff is performing in her giving of this series.

Galli-Curci at Manhattan.

Mme. Galli-Curci made her only appearance during the final week of the Chicago Opera Company last night at the Manhattan as *Violetta* in Verdi's "La Traviata." Singing a part so well adapted to her beautiful voice, she earned much applause, as did Titto Schipa, who supported her as the *Alfredo*. The theatre was packed and many persons unable to obtain admission were turned away.

Mch 4 1921

Juan Reyes, a Chilean pianist, who was first heard here not long ago, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His most ambitious undertaking was the F minor sonata of Brahms. But there were less searching numbers, such as Liszt's adornment of

the spinning song from "The Flying Dutchman" and his ornate decoration of themes from Bellini's "Norma."

The pianist's performance of the Brahms sonata showed serious artistic desires and no inconsiderable progress toward their accomplishment. Two elements in the Chilean's playing militated against his achievement of his aims. One was a rigidity of outline and the other a monotony in tone quality. His range of dynamics was from a moderate piano to an immoderate forte, and almost all the way the tone was massive and without any tendency to softness or tenderness.

The Brahms sonata is a big conception and it opens bistas of profound feeling, which are to be successfully explored only by a player with keenly sensitive feeling and a mastery of the tonal resources of the modern piano. Mr. Reyes disclosed genuine affection for the music under his fingers, but his style lacked some of the essential requisites for a satisfactory reading. Perhaps the want of subtle discrimination in the treatment of accents placed another obstacle in th artist's path.

In some of the lighter numbers this latter defect continued to be noticeable, but swift finger work and sonorous tone evoked plentiful applause. It is easier to triumph in the compositions of Liszt than in those of Brahms, and this does not prove, as some distinguished commentators would have us believe, that the Hungarian virtuoso was the better composer of the two.

Two Operas at Metropolitan.

Two performances were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon there was a special matinee of "Madama Butterfly," with Miss Geraldine Farrar as the unhappy Japanese bride. Mr. Crimi was the perfidious *Pinkerton* and Mr. Scotti as *Sharpless*. The performance was smooth and gave pleasure to a large audience.

In the evening the opera was "Lohengrin," in which there were three changes of cast among the principals. Orville Harrold sang *Lohengrin*, Mr. Gustafson the *King* and Mme. Julia Claussen, who appeared for the first time this season with the company, was the *Ortrud*. Mr. Harrold was a very acceptable representative of the Knight of the Grail, looked well, sang his music commendably and made the text generally intelligible. Mme. Claussen's *Ortrud* was also praiseworthy in some respects, though not of the highest distinction. The other members of the cast were the same as before. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Mr. Schmuller's Concert.

Alexander Schmuller, a Russian violinist, who first played here this season as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra, appeared in the same capacity at the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last night, playing Mendelssohn's concerto. His performance of the time worn score was refreshing and brilliant. He seemed to develop fairly the lyric character of the music and his fine technique enabled him to throw off its various difficulties with aplomb and ease.

The orchestral numbers were Bach's D major suite and three numbers by Richard Strauss, the "Don Juan" tone poem, the "Serenade" for wiud instruments, opus 7, and the "Love Scene" excerpt from the one act opera, "Feuersnot" (The Fire Famine). As Mr. Mengelberg had brought forward a Bach suite (the one in B minor) at his concert last Tuesday, so apparently Mr. Stransky, not to be outdone, followed suit last night by playing the master's delightful one made up of four dances, all in the same key, and including the well beloved "Air for G String." The orchestra played the suite admirably.

Miss Baird's Recital.

Miss Martha Baird, a Boston pianist, who played here once last season, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Included in her attractive list were a sonata by Beethoven, Franck's prelude, choral and fugue, a novelette "in the style of Schumann," by Morton Mason, two "sketches" by Edward Burlingame Hill and Satie's "Gnossienne." As when she was heard here last year, her performance contained no little intelligence and taste. Her tone was good and her general tecnic, save some false notes, commendable. Her style and color are better adapted to lighter music than that of Beethoven.

Miss Martha Baird's Recital.

Miss Martha Baird gave her second recital last evening in Aeolian Hall before a good-sized audience. The played with technical fluency, but with not much more than a superficial conception, the two most significant pieces on her program, Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata which Miss Baird called "L'Aurore," a name not known to the composer) and César Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue." She followed these with some unfamiliar pieces: a "Novelett in the Style of Schumann," by Morton F. Mason, "Gnossienne," by Erik Satie," and "Two Skatches," by Edward Burlingame Hill after free verses by Stephen X. Crane.

Miss Easton Elsa and Harrold in Title Role at Metropolitan.

Wagner's "Lohengrin," which has proved perhaps the most distinguished among the Metropolitan's revivals in English, and certainly most popular, as it is most recent, of the three so presented here, was sung for the third time last evening to a great audience on Broadway. To Miss Easton, an Elsa challenging the high traditions of this stage, the house paid that rapt attention which her sympathetic delineation of the character, no less than her crystal-clear enunciation of the text, entitled her.

Orville Harrold at short notice sang Lohengrin, and he, too, had the advantage of admirable diction, as the American tenor had before shown in both "Parsifal" and "Tristan." Mme. Claussen, a competent artist, appeared in place of another absentee as Ortrud, while Mr. Whitehill was the Telramund, Mr. Gustafson the King, Mr. Leonhardt the Herald, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Juan Reyes, Pianist, Plays Again.

Juan Reyes, a Chilean pianist whose recent first appearance in New York, in spite of illness, won for him serious consideration as an artist, gave a second program at Aeolian Hall yesterday, when he surprised a matinee audience into frank enjoyment of a sonata of Brahms. The work was the composer's opus 5 in F minor, its five movements most notably characterized in that of the andante bearing a poet's motto of "pale moonlight," and "hearts in ecstasy."

This was Brahms in a mood that matinee audiences are scarcely prone to remember, and the surprise was reflected in the player's well-earned applause. He gave an interesting "Flammes de Mer" by Sauer, among lesser pieces, with Chopin's "Barcarolle." Sgambati's version of a Beethoven minuet and two of Liszt's paraphrases on Wagner's spinning chorus from "Flying Dutchman" and on Bellini's airs from "Norma."

Mch 5, 1921

A novelty by an American composer invited the serious consideration of music lovers at the fourteenth Friday matinee of the Philharmonic Society yesterday in Carnegie Hall. This was the prelude to Reginald Sweet's one act opera, "Riders to the Sea." The composer lives in this city, and his lyric drama was completed in 1914. The work is a musical setting of J. M. Synge's play. The tragedy may be recalled by those who were interested in the visit of the Irish Players.

It is exceedingly dark and dismal and depressing, and one would not expect that the opera should differ from it in character. The prelude heard yesterday aims at a brief delineation of the struggle of the stricken heroine against the merciless ocean. As a mood picture the composition has unquestionable value. It is poignant, searching and crowded with shadows. It would undoubtedly have been a stronger and more independent work if its creator had never heard "Tristan und Isolde." But there are some suggestive memories of that unapproachable score and these overbalance some of Mr. Sweet's own conceptions.

The other compositions on the programme were Tschaikowsky's pervasive fifth symphony, Dukas's orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice Espagnol." It was a good programme, but the genius of Mr. Stransky spread upon it a mantle of peace. Even the tempestuous pages of the symphony regulated themselves to the nerves of the amiable company of subscribers, who seem to find in these matinees resting places from the toil and struggle of daily life. Calm and meditation follow these afternoon audiences, and the entertainments ought to have wide fame in the field of nerve tonics.

According to the story of the Dukas music the sorcerer went out and left his apprentice in charge of the business, whereupon he undertakes to operate the charms, but having set them going does not know how to make them cease. The sorcerer returns in time to prevent disaster. The reading which the triumphant conductor of the immortal Philharmonic gave seemed to indicate that the apprentice when starting the water in the bath tub, which should have flooded the house, must have left the stopper out of the exhaust pipe. At any rate the master had no difficulty in checking either the flow of liquid or the auditor's spirits.

Pianist Plays Modern Music.

Miss Katherine Ruth Heymann, a pianist of this city, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall at which she featured modern music. Two seldom heard pieces by Debussy, "Delphic Dancers" (after a Greek bas relief) and "Puerto Del Vino," were true to the Debussian style; a long group of etudes, preludes and the fourth sonata by Scriabine served to show the Russian in two different periods; between thee composers came Grovlez, Arensky, Balfour, Gardiner, with his "Noel," and Ravel, represented by one or more selections, while group two was taken up with several etudes and preludes of Chopin. The player was at her best in the more modern numbers. An interesting musical personality, she showed poetic instincts and much feeling, even though she was unable always to make her dramatic points. Her technical clarity failed her in parts of Chopin's music, and want of fine shading tended toward monotony in her general style. She played always with certain fervor and original graco and she easily won her audience.

"Otello" at Manhattan.

That many were sorry they had waited till the last moment to attend some of the performances of the Chicago Opera Company was proved last evening when long after the curtain had risen and the house was packed a line extended from the box office well into Eighth avenue. Many of those on the line failed to gain admission.

The opera was Verdi's great work, "Othello," which was formerly regarded as less popular than some of his other creations. The principals in last evenenig's case were Miss Rosa Raisa as *Desdemona*, Charles Marshall as *Othello* and G. M. Rimini as *Iago*. Mr. Cimini conducted. The characteristics of the performance were nearly the same as before and the audience was aroused to enthusiasm.

Miss Muzio Replaces Bori.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Miss Claudia Muzio replaced Miss Bori as *Fiora*. Occasion has been made here before this to comment on the different views of Montemezzi's heroine offered by several singers. Miss Muzio's interpretation differs from others in its stalwart proportions. Her *Fiora* is a tragic queen of massive methods and aggressive force. She is no victim of fate, but a reckless woman bent on self-destruction. She sings the music as aggressively as she acts, often stridently, sometimes violently. But of course she has her admirers and she received much applause last evening.

The other members of the cast were those of the previous performance. Mr. Gigli repeated his excellent singing of the music of *Avito* and again aroused regrets that he was not a more romantic figure. Mr. Didur efficiently stranged Miss Muzio near the end of the second act, and M. Danise was again entirely acceptable as the unfortunate husband of the lady. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

By Richard Aldrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Moiseiwitsch Play.

Benno Moiseiwitsch and Daisy Kennedy, in private life Mrs. Moiseiwitsch, who have both been heard here in their individual capacities as pianist and violinist, united their forces in a joint sonata recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. The occasion had features of unusual distinction. The program comprised three sonatas for piano and violin: Brahms's in D minor, Op. 108, a "Poème-Sonate," in one movement, by Catoire, and Frank's sonata.

The performance of Catoire's sonata was set down on the program as the first in America; ordinarily a difficult declaration to substantiate. Catoire is a Russian composer no longer in the first flush of youth, being, in fact, in his sixtieth year—a personal note that has its bearing in the consideration of compositions played for the first time. His name has appeared on a few, but only a very few, New York programs.

This sonata, in one movement, is not a product of any of the newest "movements" in musical art and presents no difficulties to the listener. It seemed on a first hearing a composition notable rather for a certain sumptuous richness and brilliancy of expression rather than for the poetic quality suggested by its title, or for any profound originality of substance. There are warmly felt and strangly elaborated ideas in the work, and the form in which the composer has cast it presents some interesting features. Russia though it is, there is little or no trace of the Russian national coloring or of the influence of folksong in it.

The sonata was superbly played. All of Mr. Maiserwitsch's powers as a virtuoso were needed in the piano part. Miss Kennedy played with breadth of style and powerful tone, certainty of intonation, and the two shared an evident sympathy with the composition.

The sonata by Brahms received from them an impassioned and authoritative performance. Perhaps the burden of the authority resided in Mr. Maiseiwitsch's playing of the piano part, which was exceedingly fine; but it somewhat overbalanced the weight it should have had in the ensemble.

Miss Heyman's Piano Recital.

Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman undertook yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, as she has before, a concert for the interpretation of some of the modern writers for the piano. Her program was tempered by Chopin, who is no longer accounted modern; but he must apparently be forced to be modern enough to suffer descriptive titles to be affixed to his études and preludes that never occurred to him, as "Etude of the Sea," Op. 25, No. 12, and "Rider in the Gale," prelude in B flat minor.

Miss Heyman's Chopin playing was the least convincing feature of her recital; the brilliant pieces might have been a little more brilliant, the poetical ones a little more poetical. She played some of the less familiar of Debussy's piano works: "Delphic Dancers," "Puerto del Vino" and the "Prelude," with a feeling for their diverse moods and the characteristic tonal coloring that belongs to them. There was a group of Scriabin's preludes, with an etude and a "Sonato"—No. 4, Op. 30—that sounded more like second-hand Chopin than even, coming as they did directly after her Chopin group; a cruel test for them. Scriabin in these piano pieces and others of their kind declared himself incorrigibly a salon composer, even the "Sonato" is a salon composition with a little larger. Miss Heyman played these agreeable compositions with much sympathy and an abundance of their characteristic expression.

Other modern works on her program were two pieces by Graulez, two of Covensky's experiments in forgotten rhythms of Greek poetry, "Pcons" and "Logaoedies"; Balfour Gardner's "Noel" and Ravel's "Toccata." There was much appreciation of Miss Heyman's playing on the part of a not very numerous audience.

Philharmonic Gives Work of Reginald Sweet, American Composer.

There was a large audience at yesterday's Philharmonic matinee in Carnegie Hall, when the orchestra, under Mr. Stransky, gave a wholly modern program, without a soloist, performing again the stirring Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky. In addition to the "Spanish Caprice" of Rimsky-Korsakoff and "The Scorcerer's Appentice" of Dukas, the later works included one by an American composer, Reginald Sweet's "Riders to the Sea."

The music, given from manuscript, is a prelude to an opera, completed just before the war and based on a prose tragedy of like name by J. M. Synge that was acted in this country by the Irish Players. The opera, according to W. H. Humiston's account of it in the Philharmonic program book, was among the best submitted several years ago for the $1,000 Hinshaw Prize.

Mr. Sweet's overture depicts the struggle with fate of a terrified Irish mother whose husband has ben drowned, and whose seventh son is to meet a similar end in the swift climax of the tragedy.

Mch 5, 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Chicago Opera Company in "Hamlet."

On the last day of its New York engagement the Chicago Opera Company presented Ambroise Thomas's opera of "Hamlet" for the only time. All the performances of this deplorable opera that have been heard in New York in recent years have been for the sole purpose of giving Mr. Titta Ruffo an opportunity to shine in a part that is considered—perhaps even he considers it so—one of his best. There was a great interest on the part of his admirers in hearing him sing the part, and the audience yesterday afternoon was very large.

It can hardly be supposed that there was any urgent or widespread desire to hear the opera itself, but an operatic manager disposing of the services of so expensive a baritone as Mr. Ruffo has to look far and wide to find "baritone's operas" enough to bring him into sufficient prominence.

And the audience yesterday cared little what the opera was; it came to hear him. It was bursting with scarcely contained enthusiasm, ready to break forth at all opportunities; and it found many. The opera is a preposterous travesty of a great masterpiece, full of much poor and inappropriate music. It belongs to an order of things that has pretty well passed into oblivion; and even Mr. Ruffo's popularity and overpowering singing in it can restore it to only a transitory flicker of renewed life.

Mr. Ruffo was uproariously applauded after every solo number that he sang. After that bacchanalian song in praise of liquor in the second act, in which Messrs. Carri and Barbier have made so great an improvement on Shakespeare—Hamlet sings it flourishing a golden goblet with real liquor in it, when he ought to be giving the players his wholesome advice—he was ecstatically applauded; and in response to cries of "bis" the curtain was raised and the song was repeated, as it has so often been before. It is, in its way, indeed, a magnificent piece of singing and brings into play the whole power of Mr. Ruffo's voice.

That immense power, the sensational quality of his high tones, are electrifying here and in many other places in the opera. But Mr. Ruffo pays very little attention to the finer artistic qualities, and the result is that his vocal style in this opera, perhaps more than in many others, exhibits little variety of color and enforces really little variety of emotional or dramatic expression.

His Hamlet is far from being a great or even a fine piece of operatic acting. The opera is indeed a wretched perversion of the play; but it still retains some dim outlines of Shakespeare's conception. In it Mr. Ruffo invites some dangerous comparisons with some of the great interpreters of one of the most universally familiar characters in English dramatic literature. It cannot be said that he is successful in meeting them.

84

His style in the part is tense and feverish, restless and uneasy. He makes certain strongly marked and obvious points, but of subtlety or suggestiveness, of repose, of insight, of consistently and definitely conceived or skillfully executed delineation of character, his impersonation has little. It is one whose trails and outlines, whose leading characteristics, are essentially melodramatic. That Mr. Ruffo intends to represent Hamlet as completely mad he makes quite clear by numerous theatrical signs of insanity that he insists on incessantly. It seems quite clear that this Hamlet would not know a hawk from a handsaw with the wind in any quarter.

Florence Macbeth came much nearer the recognized Ophdia of the English stage in her impersonation, which was wholly charming, a gracious figure sincerely presented. Her singing was of great beauty and aroused very justly great enthusiasm in the audience. Her voice was of delightful quality, pure and delicately colored; and she showed an admirable command of many of the finer qualities of her art.

Miss Macbeth is a singer, for one thing, who sings in tune. There should be gratitude for that. She also showed a fluent, brilliant and accurate coloratura; and there are passages, as in the "mad scene," where Ophelia must have all these qualities certainly at her command. The gratification that there was so ample and generous recognition of the commanding abilities of the American singer was paired with a certain amount of wonder that she has had so few opportunities, in the season of the Chicago Opera now closed, to deserve it oftener.

Cyrana van Gordon and Virgilio Lazzari as the Queen and King were a tolerably mated pair; the other members of the cast rose little above mediocrity. Mr. Cimini conducted with much vigor, but did not always succeed in keeping the orchestra on the straight and narrow path.

Young People's Concerts Close.

The Young People's Symphony Concerts closed a twenty-third season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon with the "standing room only" sign an the door for the sixth time, as much a regular feature now as the Damrosch orchestra on the stage. Paul Kochanski was the stsar of the matinee, playing violin solos of Saint-Saëns and Tchaikovsky. Mr. Damrosch discussed and conducted Grieg's "Peer Gynt" and part of Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresque" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

Mch 7 1921

Walter Damrosch

Hands Symphony Society While He Plays

The Symphony Society and Walter Damrosch were at home in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. A large assembly of friends was present and an "enjoyable time was had by all." But without doubt it was Walter Damrosch who had the time of his life. For years and years and still more years he had been conductor of the Symphony Society, but he had never before been a soloist with it. Yesterday he laid down, not the fiddle and the bow, but the baton of an instrumental field marshal in order to sit at a piano and play the percussive part in Cesar Franck's quintet for piano and strings, which he had arranged for all the bows of his orchestra.

How could any one help suspecting that he had made the arrangement so that he himself could manipulate the keyboard? Rene Pollain, first viola and assistant conductor, wielded the baton with gusto, while his boss carefully observed its beat and took good care not to come in too soon or too late. The quintet expanded itself graciously. Never mind what Cesar Franck might have thought of the new edition. They do this sort of thing in France too, so why question it? The music sounded well, all things considered. The compositions lends itself readily to the treatment prepared for it by Mr. Damrosch.

Of course it is inevitable that some will say that he is the best pianist among conductors, just as they persist in saying that Ossip Gabrilowitsch is the best conductor among pianists. Old jokes are honored for their gray hairs. The truth is that except for some moments of rigidity Mr. Damrosch performed his task well. The audience was entirely happy over it and an air of domestic joy spread through the hall.

Before the quintet Mr. Damrosch conducted the orchestra in a performance of Brahms's third symphony, and afterward in a repetition of Respighi's fountains of perennial youth in Rome. There seems to be just a little danger that these beautiful fountains may run dry if they are kept so continuously at work. The Brahms symphony sounded as well as it is likely to sound in Aeolian Hall. It was very well done, indeed, and Mr. Damrosch seemed to enjoy conducting it almost as much as he had playing the piano.

Scala Orchestra's Concert.

Arturo Toscanini conducted the Scala Orchestra at the Hippodrome last evening through a programme of music by Beethoven and Wagner. The first named master was represented by the "Leonore" No. 3, overture, and the seventh symphony. Wagner's contributions were the preludes to "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger," the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and the prelude and finale of "Tristan and Isolde."

There was nothing in the playing of the orchestra to suggest any comment radically different from that made after earlier concerts. The auditorium, as has often been said, is not wholly favorable to orchestral tone, and it bestowed no special blessings on the Scala musicians. Possibly the effect of the famous Toscanini pianissimo was improved. There were moments when it could not be heard at all.

Zimbalist-Gluck Joint Recital.

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, and his wife, Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano, gave a joint recital yesterday afternoon at the Hippodrome. It was Mme. Gluck's first appearance here this season. The joint recital of these two stars is always sure to make a popular appeal, and yesterday's audience, while not the largest seen at their concerts, upheld the rule.

Each artist gave groups of solos, the principal violin number being Vieuxtemps's D minor concerto, and for voice one of classic German airs and songs. In spite of the fact that violin music suffers in the vast spaces of this auditorium, Mr. Zimbalist's rare art as a virtuoso again gave much pleasure.

Mme. Gluck likewise received much applause for her singing, although it was not of her best in certain numbers. She was said to have had an attack of laryngitis in the last week, and to this no doubt was in part due her rather poor vocal condition. Yet it was obvious that her voice has changed somewhat in timbre, the lower register being of a mellower quality than before, and the upper less resonant and clear. Her style had its former beauty, her legato, phrasing and sentiment giving artistic enjoyment. Perhaps the most noteworthy group was the last, when the two artists appeared in several numbers together. Miss Eleanor Scheib was at the piano.

Other Concerts.

Ernest Dohnanyi, the distinguished Hungarian composer and pianist, who recently returned to this country and then was heard in a piano recital here, appeared as the soloist at the third popular Sunday evening concert of the National Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night. The programme, under Willem Mengelberg's direction, consisted of Tschaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy, Brahms's C minor symphony, which was played at two of the society's concerts last week, and between these two Dohnanyi's humorous variations on the nursery song, "All little children, come to me, and I will teach you A, B, C," for piano and orchestra, scheduled as played for the first time in America. Mr. Dohnanyi's variations are scored with fine effect and the work was brilliantly played and much liked.

Miss Erika Morini, violinist, making her fifth public appearance here within a few weeks, gave a programme of violin compositions yesterday at Carnegie Hall, when the receipts of the boxes sold were to go to the Serbian Child Welfare Association, whose president is William J. Schieffelin. The audience was a large one. Among the programme numbers were Bruch's G minor concerto and Bach's chaconne.

German at the Metropolitan

German was sung for the first time since the war at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when Mr. Sembach gave the prize song from Wagner's "Meistersinger" in the language in which it was written. The program of the regular Sunday evening concert was devoted to Wagnerian works. These included the Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," sung by Miss Florence Easton; the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude and Part II of the second act of "Parsifal," sung by Messrs. Sembach, Leonhardt, Blass and chorus. Mr. Bodanzky was the conductor.

Tilla Gemunder, soprano, made a matinee début at the Princess, assisted at the piano by Claude Warford, whose song, "Rhapsody," given as encore, with its imitative whip-poor-will call, was among the singer's best. She also sang in the Finnish tongue an interesting group by Sibelius.

By Richard Aldrich.

New York Symphony Orchestra.

Brahms's third symphony in F, which has been rediscovered by orchestral conductors after periods of exclusive devotion to the first, second and fourth, respectively, was the most important number of Mr. Damrosch's program of the New York Symphony Society's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. There were also Mr. Damrosch's arrangement for string orchestra and piano of César Franck's piano quintet, and Respighi's symphonic poem, "The Fountains of Rome."

There will probably always be difference of opinion as to the propriety of arranging or otherwise tampering with or tinkering masterpieces, especially those of modern composers, who wrote for modern instruments under modern conditions, in a period when they have had definite ideas of their own about the affects they wanted, and how to obtain them. No doubt Mr. Damrosch has heard Franck's quintet when it seems to him that the musical ideas were beating their wings impatiently and ineffectually against the restrictions of the five instruments, and thought how fine it would be to release them for a larger utterance.

He has done so with skill and judgment, not merely transferring the parts for the stringed instruments to the respective choirs. He has set them at times for only the first players of these choirs; or sometimes for one first player, against the other choirs. The reinforcement of the double basses in certain passages is very effective. The piano holds its own against this increased competition without difficulty; for sixty stringed instruments are not fifteen times as powerful in tone as four. The difference is largely one of thickness and quality.

There can be no doubt that the quintet—one of the most profoundly felt, stirring and powerfully eloquent of Franck's compositions, one in which he attained to the most passionate and vehement utterance—had a sound of supreme richness and power; an imposing effect; not so much a magnification and intensification of the original as a different effect. And indeed this is the inescapable result of experimenting with the work of a great master, which, because he was a great master, has the quality of being inevitable, as he produced it.

Mr. Damrosch played the piano part, exceedingly difficult and exacting for any pianist, and he achieved a remarkable success in the task, not exactly a virtuoso's success, but a musician's. Mr. Pollain conducted the orchestra.

Respighi's symphonic poem has been several times played in New York this season, and bears repetition well. It is engrossing and significant as music, not merely as the suggestion of something outside of music—water, atmosphere, landscape, mythological fancies—and it is charged with the spirt of beauty.

Brahms's symphony was given a vigorous and full-throated performance free in tempo, but it sometimes seemed as if the vigor of it were somewhat excessive for the hall.

Mch 8 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

ANDREA CHENIER, opera in four acts, book in Italian by Luigi Illica, music by Umberto Giordano. At the Metropolitan Opera House

Charles Gerard	Ginseppe Denise
Countess de Coigny	Kathleen Howard
Madeleine	Clandia Muzlo
Bersi	Ellen Dalossy
Fleville	Mario Laurenti
The Abbe	Giordano Paltrinieri
Andre Chenier	Beniamino Gigli
Major-Domo	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Mathieu	Adamo Didur
A Governmental Spy	Angelo Bada
Roucher	Millo Picco
An Old Woman	Flora Perini
Fouquier	Paolo Ananian
Dumas	Louis d'Angelo
Schmidt	Pompilio Malatesta

Conductor, Robert Moranzoni.

The Metropolitan Opera Company gave last evening another of the new productions promised for the season, Umberto Giordano's opera of "Andrea Chenier." It indicates nothing, of course, as to the expectations the operatic public entertained for the opera that the house was filled with a large audience on a Monday night. But it was evident that the opera made an immediate and pleasing impression, and met with an unusually warm reception. Several of the most attractive numbers gained applause that interrupted the progress of the drama; and after the fall of the curtain upon the several acts the recalls of the singers had the vigor of a real enthusiasm. A success more than could be attributed to many of the recent new productions at the opera house seemed to have been gained by Giordano's opera.

"Andrea Chenier" is not new to New York, but it was doubtless new to many of the people who heard it yesterday. It was given by Oscar Hammerstein at his Manhattan Opera House thirteen years ago in a single performance very near the close of the season, so that a repetition was impossible, the performance being, as Mr. Hammerstein announced, given in honor of Mme. Eva Tetrazzini and her husband, Cleofonte Campanini. She was the sister of Mme. Louise Tetrazzini, the coloratura soprano, over whose coming to New York had then been recently aroused.

There had been the intention of producing it at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the suggestion of a contest over it had been raised by the fact that both Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Conried claimed exclusive rights to it. But it was not put on at the Metropolitan then, and Mr. Hammerstein delayed putting it on at his house till there was no occasion for any contest. "Andrea Chenier" had been given several times before that in New York, however, at the Academy of Music in 1896, when Colonel J. H. Mapleson was carrying on there the last season of opera he was destined ever to give in New York.

So the opera cannot be called new, even if it is unfamiliar. It was brand-new when Colonel Mapleson introduced it to New York. In 1896 the Fabian School, to which Giordano belonged—with Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini, Citéa and others less known—was the "young" Italian school, and most of the works were known here only by hearsay. Now it is the middle-aged Italian school, whose works are among the familiar operatic favorites, and a still younger school is pressing on its heels rather unceremoniously.

If "Andrea Chénier is likely to cause less stir from any novelty of style and treatment than it did when it was first heard here, it is likely to find a real popularity and to gain immediate favor, for it has musical and dramatic qualities thta should make a real appeal an gain immediate favor. Indeed, the question presented itself strongly during yesterday's performance, why has not this opera been brought out on this stage long ago? It is far and away the best of Giordano's operas that have been heard here, and puts his "Fedora" and "Siberia" beneath comparisons.

Giordano had plenty to say in "Andrea Chenier," was not in the least ashamed to say it in an abundant outpouring of melody, and was able to say it with skill and a sure command of effect. He had the advantage of an excellent libretto by Luigi Illica, writer of many familiar librettos; a libretto based on incidents in the career and fate of the French poet, with some additions of the librettist's own imagining.

André Chénier was, of course, a real poet who took a dangerously active part in the French pre-revolutionary politics, urging reform, but keeping on the side of moderationand moderation was not th eorder of the day. He assisted in defending Louis XIV. before the Convention, got himself into bad odor with the extremists by applanding Charlotte Corday's assassination of Marat, and finally reached the end of his tether when he was on a visit to Mme. de Pastoret at Passy.

The Committee of Public Safety sent eo arrest her, he interfered on her behalf, was arrested, too, and taken to the prison of St. Lazare. Here he wrote verses, bitter and powerful attacks on the tyrants of the day. The Countess de Coigny was one of his fellow-prisoners, and for her he wrote a poem, "La Jeune Captive," which has been much admired. He was arraigned and sent to the guillotine only three days before the end of the Terror.

His fame as a poet did not come till a considerable time after his death. His jailers were not concerned with his poetical productions, and it was not till the old order was restored, so far as it was restored, that his poems first appeared in print in 1820.

It is a remarkable, as extraordinary career, and it is not strange that it should present itself to an operatic librettist as a subject for an operatic book. Illica has treated it with a general adherence to the facts of history and biography, but he has used the dramatic poet's license in arranging Chenier's love affairs for him. Not all this romantic succession of incidents of love and self-sacrifice need be taken as a transcript of reality, and there is, we believe, no reason to suppose that there was a particular tenderness between the poet and the Countess de Coigny. But of course an operatic librettist had to have it so.

The variety, expeditiousness and quickly shifting color and expressiveness of the orchestral party are familiar features of the operas of the school to which "Andre Chenier" belongs. But this one has a substantial quality, a vigor and a pregnancy that all of them have not shown. The composer has allowed himself ample and frequent opportunities for the development and enlargement of the music in a lyric vein and for the attainment of points of climax.

The orchestral part is continuous, picturesque and pointedly expressive, bearing in its rapid flow the suggesti onof the dramatic incidents that take place on the stage. It is skillfully, often brilliantly, scored. The melodic vein is ... and full, if not of profound depth. There are ... striking passages that produce a real impression. The ... shepherds song in the first act and the gavotte danced on the ... give pleasure.

The singers ... opportunity for much more than declamation; there are numerous notable arias of a developed sort. Genard's long and scornful monologue at the beginning; the address that Chenier makes in the ballroom scene, which gained rapturous applause last evening: the an impassioned soliloquy that he delivers in the second act; the song that Maddalena di Coigny sings there, and then their long duet avowing their mutual love, are admirable specimens of their kind. But the finest passage in the opera is Genard's powerful monologue as he stands in the tribunal chamber of the third act, and the subsequent scene there with Maddalena—a scene that might be considered a foreshadowing of the similar one in "Tosca," but with a different outcome and more effectually and potently characterized by the music.

All this is perhaps not strongly original in substance, and partakes of a general family resemblance to much of the music of its school. But it is written with a freshness and sincerity that cannot escape observation, and with well sustained power Giordano treats skilfully in music the effects of animated throngs, as in the ballroom scene of the first act, and especially the scene of the meeting of the Committee of Public Safety in the third. In this last the opera reaches perhaps its highest point of theatrical effect. A part of the effect is gained here and elsewhere by the use of the French revolutionary airs. "La Marseillaise," the "Carmagnole" are heard.

Andrea Chenier," notwithstanding its title, is an opera that strongly favors the baritone and supplies him with a part of peculiar richness and attractiveness. It is, in fact, more a baritone's opera than a tenor's, and the part of Gérard offers greater opportunities than that of Andrea Chenier himself. It was taken last evening by Mr. Giuseppe Danise with great sucess. He showed in it, in fact, a greater and more sus-

tained power than he has hitherto disclosed, and merited the applause that he gained. Mr. Gigli's impersonation of Chenier was admirable in his singing, wherein he showed great power and fire, a warmth and heartfelt quality that was of great value to the effect. His appearance on the stage was not altogether fortunate, especially in his costume in the first act.

Miss Muzio was an attractive and sympathetic Madeleine de Coigny, and sang the music with warmth and power. The remaining characters in a large cast were in the main acceptably represented. Mr. Moranzoni conducted and obtained many finished and brilliant effects in an orchestral part that is full of theme. The women's chorus of shepherdess in the first act was well sung and the choruses in the prison scene.

The scenic pictures have much to commend them: the public square in front of the Café Hottot, the revolutionary tribunal and the prison of St. Lazaire are well represented.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

The performance of the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was in most respects superb; a demonstration of what can be accomplished by perservering and thorough rehearsal under a conductor of high ability. There were a fine finish in the playing of the several numbers, and an evident fulfillment of Mr. Mengelberg's intentions in expression, phrasing, accent, the balance and distribution of tone. To those who know how such things can alone be obtained, it meant long sustained, persistent and concentrated rehearsal.

It is disheartening to thing that the results of all this intensive training, now producing performances of such distinguished artistic value, are to be dissipated at the end of the present season by the dispersal of the organization. But there seems little use in working and paying for artistic results, even of such high value, that are so little appreciated as those presented by the National Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Mengelberg. The audience was small yesterday afternoon, though it was very enthusiastic; and the hall showed a beggarly account of empty seats.

The program began with Corelli's eighth concerto grasso, in which the "concertino" consisted of two violins and 'cello, played by Messrs. Gindi, Bak and Van Vliet, with the accompaniment of string orchestra, harpsichord and organ. Mr. Mengelberg played a modified piano to represent the harpsichord in the "basso continuo," as he did the other day in Badi's orchestral suite. The effect was appropriate and pleasing. The concerto is a splendidly virile composition in eight movements, the last of which, a "Pastorale," is of great charm. The string orchestra had a vigorous and meticular tone, and the solo players quite met the demands of the composition.

Arnold Schoenberg's "Verklarte Nacht" that has been several times announced and putt off, came next. The piece is an arrangement for string orchestra of what was originally a string sextet, and as such was played here by Mr. Kneisel in 1915 and immediately repeated at his next concert. It is one of Schoenberg's earliest works, and shows plainly the influence of Strauss and Wagner; it offers no difficulties at all to the listeners of today in the way of ugliness, dissonance and unintelligibility. The title refers to a poem by Dehmel, that Mr. Gilman prints with omissions in his program notes.

The piece seems now longer than its content justifies, prolix. In certain passages it shows sentimentality and even an almost claying sweetness. But it has conspicuous beauties in development of mood, in delineation of passion, in imaginative power. The Schoenberg of this period had not cast loose from all the teachings of the past, even the immediate past, and there is little to disturb equanimity of the listener. The texture of the composition is complex and the performance showed that the orchestra had mastered it.

The program closed with a vivid and poetically conceived performance of the prelude to "Yohengrin," the "Dance of the Seven Veils" from Strauss's "Salome," played with great incisiveness of Oriental rhythm and an exciting and vehement interpretation of the same composer's "Don Juan." The dance showed already Strauss's growing need of economizing with his ideas, which are flung broadcast so riotously in the symphonic poem, and more recent experiences have proved that he is already beyond the saving grace of economy.

Murray Davey, Basso, Makes Debut.

Murray Davey, basso, who is said to have appeared at Covent Garden and the Paris Opera, introduced himself to New York in a recital with Frank Bibb at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, before an audience small in numbers but great in enthusiasm. He gave his own arrangements of ancient Basque airs, with two original songs and others by Dirk Foch and Mme. Poldowski. Of oratorio and opera, he added selections from Handel's "Joshua" and Bach's "Easter Cantata," Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

New York Trio's Last Concert.

Clarence Adler and his fellow-members of the New York trio, who are Scipione Guidi and Cornelius Van Vliet, first violin and first 'cello, respectively, of the National Symphony, gave their last chamber concert of the season at Aeolian Hall last night. The three artists were heard in works of Mozart and Schubert, producing also, for the first time here, a trio in F sharp major, op. 1, by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, whose "Secret of Suzanne" will be revived at the opera tomorrow night.

George Meader Sings in Town Hall.

George Meader, tenor, already heard elsewhere this season, gave his first program in the new Town Hall last night under conditions favorable to a test of the hall's acoustics, tried hitherto by speakers more than by musicians. Mr. Meader was assisted by C. V. Boe in Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle, as well as in Italian airs of Mozart and Caccini, two songs of Richard Strauss, and others in English by Josephine Uterhart and Louis Koemmenich.

Mischa Levitzki Plays Farewell.

Mischa Levitzki, pianist, who is leaving for a tour of two seasons in which he will visit the Far West and later Australia, made his farewell appearance last evening at Carnegie Hall. A large audience showed much interest in two manuscript pieces of his own composition, entitled, "Invocation and Fairth" and "Valse Sentimentale." There were also two novelties by Dohnanyi, a study oby Scriabin and familiar works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt.

It was first heard here at the Academy of Music, November 13, 1896, when Col. Mapleson presented it. After that it remained in seclusion till the Campaninis had a birthday celebration on March 27, 1908, at the Manhattan Opera House under the consulship of the only Oscar Hammerstein. Cleofonte Campanini, who owned the birthday, conducted, and his wife, Mme. Eva Tetrazzini, carried the burden of the heroine's agonies.

The libretto provides strong emotional situations, such as are essential to the inspiration of the operatic composer, and furnishes also a sufficient amount of pictorial movement to give interest for the eye. The background of the revolution fills the stage with sans culottes, bribboned and cockaded citizens, glimpses of Siyes, Thuriot, Fouque and even the "sea green, incorruptible" one himself. We hear the insane populace trolling the "Carmagnole" and a rumbling bass in the distance chanting the "Marseillaise." We see Republican guards and still more Republican spies.

A minuet graces the first scene, and effective choruses others. But to come to Hecuba, the music allotted to the singers is generally excellent. The dialogue is in arioso form, supple, sinuous, wrought of facile melodic fragments. The vocal climaxes embodying the emotional situations have the vigor of melodramatic utterance and sometimes are genuinely moving. Chenier's recitation in the first scene combines not only individual musical quality but a quick disclosure of the character of the man.

The duet for *Madeleine* and *Chenier* in the second act is dramatic, but is excelled by that in the last act, which is opera music of a respectable order. That large majority of operagoers who find their chief pleasure in hearing the voices of distinguished singers exercised in the delivery of theatrical melody will obtain much satisfaction from the performances of "Andre Chenier." Those fewer music lovers who seek for an artistic dramatic organism when they go to hear an opera will not be wholly disappointed, for Giordano has written not only with understanding of the possibilities of the theatre, but also with sincere feeling, some imagination and lyric art.

Mch 9 1921

Marie Sundelius, soprano; Jeanne Laval, mezzo-soprano, and Charles Harrison, tenor, gave a program of songs by John Louw Nelson in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mme. Sundelius sang the last group of songs, thereby holding a good portion of the audience until the conclusion of the program. She was in good voice, appearing to special advantage in "A Tryst" and "Fulfillment." Mme. Laval's voice is well adapted to the interpretation of dramatic songs. Her numbers were "At the Fair," "Hush Thee, My Darling," "Come and Sing" and "At the Wheel." Mr. Harrison opened the program and sang two groups of the new composer's songs, which are for the most part tuneful and arranged with effective accompaniment.

Mr. Nelson aided materially and artistically at the piano.

car.

CHARLES CARVER IN TOWN HALL RECITAL

Charles Carver, one of the most promising young bassos on the musical horizon, gave a recital of songs in the Town Hall last evening, where he was accompanied by the composer-pianist, Frank La Forge.

Mr. Carver is the fortunate possessor of a bass voice of real musical quality, even to its lowest vibration and his powers of interpretation are on a par with his vocal endowment. Still very young—being now in his twenty-fourth year—he has reached a position that many of his older contemporaries might envy. In 1919 he toured in concert with Mme. Schumann-Heink, which record in itself, speaks well for his ability.

Mr. Carver's program last evening was happily chosen with a view to displaying the beauties of his voice. There were four groups in all, delivered in English, Italian and French.

"Possenti Numi" (Magic Flute), Mozart, was the opening number, with which the singer gained assurance and completely won his large audience. Of the second group "O Speak Not Beloved" made particular appeal, while the French songs by Fevrier, Lapara and Poldowski were equally well applauded. The last group of English songs by Frank La Forge, including "Sanctuary," "Retreat" and "Two Mexican Folk Songs," called for so many extras and acknowledgements that both composer and singer might have held their audience indefinitely had they been so inclined.

Mr. Carver is one of Mr. La Forge's particular "finds," and each is equally proud of the other.

Mch 10 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

THE POLISH JEW, opera in two acts and four scenes, from an Alsatian story by Erckmann and Chatrian, adapted as a play, "Le Juif Polonais," and in English as "The Bells." Music by the Czechoslovak composer, Karel Weis. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Hans Mathis.....Emile Caupolican
Katharina.....Kathleen Howard
Annette.....Raymonde Delaunois
Christian.....Mario Chamlee
Tonio.....Angela Bada
Schmitt.....Robert Leonhardt
A Polish Jew.....William Gustafson
Niclas.....Louis D'Angelo
Night Watchman.....Paolo Ananian
Conductor—Artur Bodanzky

Novelties crowd upon each other's heels at the Metropolitan Opera House. To Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," given there for the first time on Monday, was added last evening Karel Weis's "The Polish Jew." It was given in an English translation of an original German—for though the composer is a Czechoslovak and has produced operas in the tangue formerly called Bohemian, this one is in German. It is a short opera, in only two acts, not long enough to take up a whole evening; and so it was followed last evening by Wolf Ferrari's vivacious little one-act comedy, "The Secret of Suzanne." The original libretto was written by Victor Leon and Richard Pstka. The Enligsh translation is by Sigmund Spaeth and Miss Cecil Cowdrey.

The reception of the opera last evening could hardly be called enthusiastic. There were the applause and the recalls for the principal singers after the two acts that are civil and customary. The dances in the first act gave pleasure, the very effective setting of the dream in the second act was admired. As for Mr. Weis's music there was not much in it that could be found stirring.

"The Polish Jew" is by no means something new; it was first produced twenty years ago and had some vogue for a time in Germany, but it has left no blazing landmarks of trimuhpant success in European opera houses. It is safe to say that before the announcement of its production was issued by the Metropolitan Opera Company very few people indeed who patronize opera had ever heard of the opera or of its composer. And it must be said that the chances all seem to be that both, after the present opera season is ended, will lapse peacefully into the oblivion from which they have been temporarily summoned.

The opera is founded upon that tale by the Alsatian writer Erckmann-Chatrian, from which Henry Irving's play of "The Bells" was derived, the play in which he first appeared before an American audience and in which he made one of his greatest successes. Of the two acts of the opera, the first shows the marriage festivities of Mathis's daughter in his inn, on a stormy Winter's night, which recalls to Schultt, the forester, the murder of a Polish Jew fifteen years before. The jangle of sleighbells without—an illusion of which jangling has tormented Mathis this fifteen years, for he was the murderer then—is a prelude to the arrival of another Polish Jew, who flings a money belt down on the table just as the other one did, of which Mathis robbed him; whereupon Mathis collapses and is led off to bed, and the Jew is taken to another room adjoining.

In the next act Mathis is seen going to bed very uneasily. He wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to wholly unplessant dreams. These are shown in a very effective stage setting of his ghostly trial for killing the other Polish Jew, in which he finally confesses his guilt and falls in a swoon with a great cry. Again his bedroom is seen, and Mathis is found dead in bed.

Mr. Weis has put this to music of a perfectly unexceptionable kind. It runs along harmlessly in that mild post-Wagnerian style that had its vogue in Germans a quarter of a century ago. The orchestra is continuous; it develops recognizable and melodious fragments into a more or less pleasing fabric. The instrumentation is reasonable and competent. The sleighbell motive comes into frequent prominence. It is all as it should be—but it is all ineffective and dull. It rolls out of the listener's one ear as fast as it rolls in at the other because it is so undistinguished, so lacking in originality, so deficient in real power of expression or characterization.

The composer's greatest task and greatest opportunity came in the scene of the trial in the second act. But he has not risen to anw great tragic height or even given any potency of melodramatic expression to what is, after all, essentially melodramatic in its character.

This scene, famous in Henry Irving's performance of "The Bells," as one of the most effective and thrillingly melodramatic passages in modern drama, elapsed without a thrill, without quickening the pulse of many in the audience. It was long, tedious, and for those whose memories take them back to the English actor's extraordinary performance, its failure to arouse emotion signified the failure of the composer at the climax of his work.

The performance, so far as Mr. Bodanzky could contro it, was sufficient. But the cast, it must be confessed, was only moderately competent to interpret the opera on a plane to make it seem any better than it really is.

An interesting appearance was made by Chief Campolican, who took the part of Mathis; he is a real Indian chief, half of South American Indian blood, a member of the Chilean tribe of Aurocauss. He has been educated in the European ways of singing and acting, and is wholly familiar with teh technique of the stage. He is said to have appeared in this country in vaudeville, and to have been a lecturer in the chautauqua circuit. The chief's English is quite without accent, and last evening was the clearest of any heard on the stage. He disclosed a baritone voice of hard and unyielding quality, and was rather apt not quite to reach his upper tones. He sang the music otherwise competently and enacted the part with considerable naturalness in the first act, and not without a good deal of the tragic suggestiveness called for in the ghostly trial scene of the second.

Mme. Decaunois as Annette, Mme. Howard as Katharine, Mr. Chamlee as Christian Brehm, Mr. Leonhardt as Schmitt were in various degrees effective in the other characters; but the average of the singing was not high.

In the merrymaking of the first act there is some dancing that seems less Alsatian than Bohemian; the chorus had some not unpleasing passages which is performed not unpleasingly. Mr. Bodanzky conducted the opera with great zeal and energy and did all that could well be done to bring out its stronger points.

The performance of Wolf Ferrari's trite one-act opera, "The Secret of Suzanne," brought that piece back to the Metropolitan stage for the first time in some years. Nor have Mr. Scotti and Miss Bori been familiar in years gone by as the Count and Countess. They were both capital in their representation of their misunderstanding, and both the music delightfully. It is a useful lesson to have Mr. Scotti's accomplished skill as an actor brought back to the Metropolitan; and it would be enjoyed if it were brought back oftener. Mr. Papi conducted this performance.

Paul Kochanski's Violin Recital.

Paul Kochanski, the young Polish violinist, who has been heard here in a concert with orchestra and in a performance of Bloch's new sonata for violin and piano for the Friends of Music, gave a recital of his own yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He played Nachez's arrangement of Vivaldi's Concerto in A minor, the Chaconne from Badi's D minor's solo suite, three of Kreisler's pleasing transcriptions, a nocturne by Karol Szymanowski and pieces by Glaznoff and Paganini.

Mr. Kochanski had left no doubt in his previous performances of his high abilities as an artist. He showed yesterday the extraordinarily beautiful tone, the brilliant technical mastery of all the problems of the bow arm as well as of the left hand(, the strongly musical feeling that impregnates his performances of whatever school and that makes them of truly absorbing interest. There is a musically aristocratic point of view in his approach to the music he presents; a finer grain in his playing, a distinction, that separate him from many who attempt the violin.

There were great nobility and reticence in his performance of Vivaldi's concerto; a touch of the grand style. His interpretation of Bach's Chaconne was interesting in the varied significances he found in it, though it is perhaps not yet of the highest and most convincing authority. There were great charm and vigor in his playing of Kreisler's arrangements. The nocturne by Szymanowski was heard for the first time in America. The composer is a Pole whose music has not reached this country in large amounts as yet. This piece is a not very important one, but it hints at strong originality and an aggressive individuality, of which more may be and should be heard.

"The Polish Jew," opera in two acts, the music by Karel Weis, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The book is the work of Victor Leon and Richard Batka, and is based on the Erckman-Chatrian romance made familiar to this public in Sir Henry Irving's dramatic version called "The Bells." Karel Weis is a Czecho-Slovak composer who lives in Prague. The opera was not presented last evening in Czecho-Slovak, nor in any related language, but in English. The version was prepared by Siegmund Spaeth and Miss Cecil Cowrdey, who lately endeavored to bring order out of chaos in the extant English texts of "Lohengrin."

Because Sir Henry Irving frequently enacts the role of *Mathias* here, it is hardly necessary to rehearse in detail the story of "The Polish Jew." It is a grewsome tale, replete with memories of cowardly murder, agonies of remorse, the terrors of judgment and other cheering topics admirably suited to the relaxation of nerves strained by prolonged war, the burden of a national debt, with its resultant taxes, the deprivation of accustomed uplifters (served in glasses) and the spectacle of the daily violent crimes officially declared non-existent.

What we all need is feasts of horror graphically delineated in music which

shall heighten the emotional thrill so that when we go home we shall perhaps retire to our couches to pass the night, like *Mathias* in the vain struggles of hideous nightmares. Those who recall Irving's shuddering tragedy will not need to be told that "The Polish Jew" ought to be a $7.70 shocker.

To come at once to the point, it is nothing of the sort. It is without exctpoin the deadliest soporific ever administered to an operatic audience in this long suffering town. It is utterly unworthy of critical consideration, and no solemn reflections shall be bestowed upon it in this place. No one familiar with the lyric stage needs to be informed that a good play does not always make a good opera. Music comes with its superior claim on the attention, impedes the movement of the action and distorts the outlines of the dramatist's picture.

Conventional Material.

In "The Polish Jew" there is almost nothing from which music can develop its type of poetic utterance. Remorse and the fear of punishment are the poorest possible materials for lyric inspiration. The first act provides some conventional operatic material in the shape of a wedding festivity. The composer did not know what to do with it. His ideas are microscopic; his treatment of them infantile. Even the dance is spoiled, for it is entirely wanting in that pictorial symmetry, without which the stage ballet becomes meaningless. There is a feeble and futile attempt to make the thing realistic. The theatre is not the home of realism. The stage is the shrine of dramatic illusion and every one connected with the business of presenting plays to the public, whether spoken or sung, ought to know this.

The illusion in "The Polish Jew" comes in the second act with the murderer's dream of his trial and conviction. What is accomplished here belongs to the scene painter, who has done his work admirably, and the stage manager, who also deserves praise. The music is an aimless and annoying intrusion. It is so bad that it has not even the semblance of an excuse for existence.

This opera is said to have had some favor in Germany. That is the place for it. Possibly there are in that self-contained country not a few persons to whom the drama of cwardly murder, remorse and retribution may have an immediate interest, and as for dull and stupid music, Germany is its heavenly home. It is a pity that "The Polish Jew" is not this morning being propelled eastward over one of the Rhine bridges.

Possibly some day operagfioers will be enlightened as to the reasons for this apparently purposeless production. At present the matter is a mystery. Not only is the opera valueless in itself, but it does not call for singing of the kind which makes a direct appeal to this public, nor does it furnish opportunities for the assembling of a strong cast.

Chilean Indian Sings.

The most important part is that of *Mathis*, the murderer, the role made famous by Sir Henry Irving's art. The impersonator at the Metropolitan is a newcomer called Chief Caupolican, said to be a Chilean Indian. [illegible] gentleman is no stranger to New Y[illegible]k, since he has been heard as a singer in moving picture houses. His performance in the opera was by no means devoid of merit. Indeed, in spite of the narrow range of his powers, he succeeded in making *Mathis* an object of sympathy.

His acting had a certain element of naivete and a note of genuine sincerity. If he had proved to be a singer of high art he might perhaps have accomplished more, but it is extremely doubtful whether the wretched music would have permitted this. What must puzzle many operagoers is his selection for a role which could quite as well have been entrusted to some one of the singers already in the company.

Mr. Chamlee, a tenor of respectable ability, walked through a colorless part and struggled honorably with some hopeless music. Two women appear in the drama, the wife and the daughter of *Mathis*. Mme. Kathleen Howard represented the former and Mme. Raymonds Delaunois the latter. Neither had anything of great importance to do and neither added to such importance as there was. Several other minor artists trotted industriously about in the first act, and still others recited judicial utterances in the second. Mr. Gustafson impersonated the Polish Jew. He was very tall and had a very long nose.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted the performance patriotically, unselfishly and efficiently. He is a Bohemian and doubtless believes in spreading the gospel of Czecho-Slovak art. He will get much more glory from it, however, by conducting the symphonies of Antonin Dvorak, or even by a revival of Smetana's "Bartered Bride." That work contained music which cheered if it did not inebriate.

Mr. Weis's melancholy work was followed by "The Secret of Suzanne," which had not been heard for several seasons and in which Miss Bori and Mr. Scotti did some delightful comic acting. It was originally announced that the charming Wolf-Ferrari operetta would precede the other work, but after two dress rehearsals it seemed to dawn upon the guiding minds that if the Czecho-Slovak thing were not given the precedence no one would remain till it was ended. The public, therefore, had to swallow the bitter medicine in order to get the sweetmeat.

Paul Kochanski, violinist, who made his debut here recently with orchestra and has since been heard as assisting artist in two concerts, gave his first recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. He offered yesterday a miscellaneous list, which included as the principal numbers the Nachez arrangement of Vivaldi's A minor concerto and Bach's chaconne. His performance of these two compositions again gave to him high rank as a technician and interpreter. Breadth, nobility of feeling and power were united with depth of tone, remarkable pitch, accuracy and elegance of taste.

His playing might have had a little more nuance and elasticity, but his general work, and especially in the Bach movement, was that of a player concerned with the spirit of the music rather than with any display as a mere tour de force. Three arrangements by Kreisler were fine examples of violin playing, namely, Francoeur's "Sicilianc et Rigaudon," an allegretto by Boccherini and Pugnani's "Praeludium et Allegro."

A number new to this country was the Polish Karol Szymanowski's "Notturno," a delightfully suggestive and ecstatic picture in modern tonalities and exquisitely played. Glazounov's "Melodie Arabe" followed, and Paganini's "Campanella" served for a more brilliant close. Walter Golde was at the piano.

Opera in Lewisohn Home.

In concert form excerpts from the operas "A Loers' Knot" and "Sakahra," by Simon Bucaroff, were sung in the ballroom of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, 881 Fifth avenue, last night before a large and appreciative audience. The artists assisting Mr. Bucharoff were Misses Elsa Warde and Helen Leveson, Thomas MacGranahan and Edwin Swain. Major Felix Lamond made an address on "American Composers." The entertainment was to enable Mr. Bucharoff to complete his latest opera "La Reine Amoureuse in Paris."

The chasm between unmelodious Indian war-whoops and the smooth strains of operatic singing was bridged last night when Chief Caupolican, a native Araucanian Indian of the Chilian Andes, made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in the leading role of "The Polish Jew."

Every seat in the auditorium, from the starched shirt section to music lovers' roost, had been taken many days in advance, and with one accord they gave the "Big Chief" a rousing reception.

The stentorian voice of his Indian father and the musical appreciation of his French mother have been blended into an operatic baritone of rare richness. The Indian chieftain, is said to be the first of his race ever to have reached this vocal development.

Chief Caupolican's grandfather was the chief conductor of the jangling orchestra of primeval Indian instruments in the foothills of the Chilian mountains. At that time, according to custom, his son—Caupolican's father—was adopted by a French family of immigrants, and was taught the ways and customs of the white man. When he grew up he fell in love with the daughter of the French family, and they were married, the Indian solemnly promising to forsake the traditions of the tribe.

After a son, Caupolican, was born, however, the old chieftain died. The tribe mourned and would not be comforted until his only son, Caupolican's father, promised to come and be their chief and leader. Finally reversing his promise to his French wife, he consented.

The mother, however, took the little son, Caupolican, back to Southern France, where his vocal ability was developed, and later he visited his father's tribesmen in Chile. He afterward became a sailor, saving enough money to come to New York to study. He was "discovered" here by a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mch 11 1921

Mr. Gatti-Casazza shuffles the cards occasionally and deals a new hand to the delight of the public. "Carmen," for example, given again last evening, had entirely new interest because the cards were not all the same as before. One one previous occasion Miss Farrar was indisposed and Mme. Easton leaped into the "deadly, imminent breach," sang a French role for the first time here and achieved a success. Miss Farrar was ill again yesterday and Mme. Easton sang *Carmen* again beautifully as to tone, phrasing and diction, bewitchingly in her first act delineation of the siren of Seville, and dramatically to the tragic end. She is a very fine artist, indeed.

Miss Lucrezia Bori was heard for the first time as *Micaela*, whom she declined to make a lackadaisical nonentity, but transformed into a very human girl, full of spirits and rich in charm, and vocal as a bird. Orville Harrold was a new *Don Jose*, not always smooth in song, but generally so good as to make him a pleasing companion to either dear charmer. Mr. Whitehill had sung *Escamillo* often enough to make the well informed expect of him the excellent performance which he gave.

The minor roles were acceptably filled. The choruses were very well sang and the boy choir, as usual, won the favor of the audience. Albert Wolff conducted.

Plays Beethoven Programme.

A Beethoven programme was Mr. Stransky's offering at the Friday afternoon concert of the Philharmonis Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday. The numbers offered for the public pleasure were the "Coriolan" overture, the violin concerto and the "Eroica" symphony. The solo performer on the violin was Alexander Schmuller, who was introduced to local audiences by Willem Mengelberg, a future conductor of the expanded Philharmonic.

The Beethoven concerto is heard much oftener in these busy days than it used to be in earlier years. Then it was approached with something like awe except by a few of the great ones of the earth. But we have made progress. The violin is no longer regarded as a formidably difficult instrument. Youth handles it with confidence, and out of the hands of babes and sucklings come forth Paganini concertos and even the Bach chaconne. Little boys scarcely out of their teens reel off the masterpieces to the amazement of old men whose wisdom has the shelter of white hairs. Girls whose locks are long and skirts very short evoke thunders of applause and ecstatic comments.

And through it all the Beethoven concerto maintains its place. In the hands of men entirely great it is mightier than the sword. In those of men of small vision it retains its individuality, but sounds like the prattling of little Willie Beethoven before he had breasted lige's tempests. When a violinist plays the work smoothly, accurately, almost impeccably, but with a timid tone and mincing style, it makes the recession into juvenility. Mr. Schmuller played it thus yesterday afternoon. It was as pretty as a piece of artificial ice and the audience lover it. Mr. Schmuller got great glory and for several minutes looked happy.

The overture was also politely performed. As for the "Erolca," it is indeed heroic, for it bears up mavellously under the repeated attacks make upon it in the course of the season.

Schmuller Is Soloist

A Beethoven program was given yesterday afternoon by the Philharmonic Orchestra at its concert in Carnegie Hall. Alexander Schmuller appeared as soloist, and was heard in a performance of the violin concerta in which the high quality of his musicianship was again displayed. Mr. Schmuller is one of the most interesting of the violinists, who have made first appearances here this season.

His small tone is unfailing in limpid purity and silken texture and his interpretations are molded with infinite resource. His playing yesterday was no less mature and thoughtful than that which he has given us on previous occasions. The other numbers on the program were the "Coriolanus" Overture and the "Eroica" Symphony, which had a stirring performance.

Mch 12 1921

Journeying down the centuries of musical history, Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Society Orchestra arrived yesterday afternoon at the port of unformed art, namely, these United States. It was evidently Mr. Damrosch's design to give examples of the craft of as many American composers as possible, and therefore his programme was almost "a thing of shreds and patches."

A more satisfying effect might have been obtained by the performance of two or three large works rather than of several small ones and parts of others. The list comprised Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" in D, the dirge and "Village Festival" from MacDowell's Indian suite, three movements from John Alden Carpenter's "In a Perambulator," Loeffler's "Villanelle du Diable," Griffes's "The White Peacock," familiar excerpts from Mr. Damrosch's "Electra" music and John Powell's "Negro Rhapsody," with the composer at the piano.

The selections were well chosen, but doubtless many would have been glad to sacrifice something else in order to hear again the whole of Mr. Carpenter's captivating portraits of babyhood. This suite belongs to two of the seven arts, for its programme is a piece of delicious literature. And this grand old baby, born with gray hair and philosophising on dogs, policemen, nurses, hurdy gurdies and other important factors in the great struggle of existence, is one of the best creations of American fancy.

Or, perhaps, others would have preferred to hear all of Mr. MacDowell's suite, which some of his admirers regard as his best work. It wears fairly well. The two movements heard yesterday have lost none of their quality of musical suggestion. And Charles Martin Loeffler's devil cavorts as gaily as ever. But the programme left the impression that the foreigners had the best of it. Perhaps this might not have been the case if a more substantial list had been offered. But there are so many American composers, and what is a poor conductor to do? If he leaves any of them out, they must again raise the outcry that there is discrimination against native talent.

Mr. Damrosch might have left himself out. Why should he? It was his orchestra and his concert, and what is more, his music was good. This is no age for false modesty. The programme was well presented and the audience seemed to be pleased, although at no time over excited.

Goldmark's "Samson" Played.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last evening contained one number so unfamiliar as to be practically a novelty, as indeed it must have been to most of the hearers. This was Rubin Goldmark's symphonic poem "Samson," first played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra March 19, 1914. It was in good company with Chadwick's F major symphony and Paderewski's piano concerto with the composer as the soloist.

What was said of the Goldmark work at that time might almost be repeated, but there is ground for suspicion that the score has undergone some revision. The tone poem is a large work, broad in vision, rich in pregnant thematic material and brilliantly written. At the first hearing there was an impression that too much realism of detail had been sought, and this impression remained last evening.

But Mr. Goldmark deserves well of his country. His art has dignity and emotion. His musical portrayal of the scene between Samson and Delilah is a really admirable piece of composition. The exposition of the heroic personality of Samson and the final episode of his blindness and destruction of the temple are well conceived and generally well embodied. In spots the work seems broken and disjointed and this appears to be the result of the intrusion of comparatively unimportant details. The performance was creditable.

The concert began with the overworked "Oberon" overture and ended with the very tired "Pathetic" symphony of Tschaikowsky, which is rapidly acquiring a pathos not contemplated by the composer.

Songs by Mme. Guilbert.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who had not been heard in recital here for some time, gave a programme of "Chansons du Ciel et de la Terre" yesterday in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre before a large audience. Her list of songs came down through French life from the twelfth century to the present time. One especially noteworthy group, entitled "Legendes Dorees" (Golden Legends), she gave on a stage richly hung with steel blue draperies and herself sumptuously attired in golden wrought lace, yellow stuffs of silk and flowing headdress of red. Her speech, whether in French or English, was such as only she can give, and her gestures most descriptive. In this same stage setting followed "The Golden Images" in "Chanteries des Images des Cathedrales," impersonated by students of Mme. Guilbert's school, a number entirely effective and beautiful to the eye.

American Soprano Heard.

Miss Janet Van Auken, a young American soprano from Glen Ridge, N. J., gave her first song recital here last night at Aeolian Hall. In a tasteful list of airs and songs, including Hauser's "There Is a Lady Sweet and Kind" and Schumann's "Mondnacht" she disclosed a good voice, musical instincts and a praiseworthy amount of acquired ability as a singer. She was nervous and this in part may have caused her to sometimes force her upper register to the detriment of agreeable tone. Another year's hard study would have added much to the success of her debut, which was, however, commendable.

Mme. Samaroff's Recital.

Mme. Olga Samaroff continued her series of recitals devoted to the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven yesterday at Aeolian Hall by playing opus 79 in G major, opus 81A in E flat, opus 54 in F major and opus 57, "Appassionata" in F minor. In the last work in the list there was some aggressiveness and not sufficient poetry, but her general performance had her accustomed taste, intelligence and clarity to commend it. Her audience seemed deeply interested in the music presented.

'AIDA' AND 'BLUE BIRD' SUNG.

Renato Zanelli Rejoins the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"Aida" at a special matinee and "The Blue Bird" at night were the opera offerings yesterday. An incident of the afternoon was the return to the company of Renato Zanelli, who sang the role of *Amonasro* as his first work for the Metropolitan this season. Miss Muzio, Mr. Crimi and Mme. Claussen were his associates.

Miss Axman as the mother, Miss Ellis, Mme. Delaunois, Mr. Rothier, Mme. Berat and Mr. Ananian were principals in "The Blue Bird."

Fritzi Scheff Gets Third Divorce, Alleging Cruelty

Actress May Also Resume Her Maiden Name by the Court's Decree

WATERBURY, Conn., March 11.—Mrs. Fritzi Scheff, the actress, was granted her third divorce here to-day. Her married name was Mrs. George Anderson, but the decree, based on a charge of cruelty, permits her to resume her maiden name. Miss Scheff has a summer hove in the adjoining town of Wolcott.

Her husband was a "charming man" when sober, the singer told the court. On three occasions she had withdrawn contemplated actions for divorce because he had promised to do better. She charged that he frequently struck her in the face and blackened her eyes. They were married in December, 1913. The ceremony was performed in the North Avenue Methodist Church, New Rochelle.

In December, 1908, Miss Scheff slipped away to the country home of Rector K. Fox, in Mount Kisco, and was there married to John Fox, the author. In the fall of 1912 they parted. Her marriage to Mr. Fox followed within a few months upon her divorce from her first husband, Friedrich Wilhelm Gustav Carl von Bardeleben, who resigned a lieutenancy in the German army to marry her in 1902, and from whom she obtained a divorce in August, 1908.

Two Sopranos in Recitals.

Frieda Rochen, whose soprano voice has somehow the freshness of Spring gardens, a natural rather than cultivated charm, gave a matinée of pleasant songs at Aeolian Hall yesterday, varied with ambitious airs in Italian, German and French. Francis Moore assisted at the piano and as composer of one American lyric, with others by Rhea Silberta, Ganz, Lieurance and Horsman.

Clara Deeks, soprano, who appeared last evening before a large and friendly house at Aeolian Hall, was assistted by Walter Golde at the piano in an air from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and songs of Mahler, Fevrier and Ravel. Her voice and presence alike had rare animation, a quality of brightness best shown in simpler songs in English by Mrs. Maley, Proctor, Leighter and Schindler.

Mch 9 1911

"Requiem" by Orc

Philadelphia Musical Forc Mr. Werrenrath, Soloists,

A certain discretion marked the printed programme of the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the seventh of its series, in Carnegie Hall last evening. The legend was "Brahms Requiem." It used to be called "A German Requiem." But since the work is in no way connected with the German liturgy but rather with the inevitable reflections of man on death, the nationalism of its original title may be pardoned. Brahms is said to have been moved especially toward its composition by sorrow for the death of his mother.

At any rate he left us one of the most solemn and affecting of all requiem dirges. The work has not been heard too often here. It was first given by the German Liederkranz in 1875, but its first public performance was that of the Oratorio Society in 1877. It was presented by the New York Chorus, Theodore Thomas conductor, in 1884, and by the Oratorio Society in 1891 and 1904. The Oratorio and Symphony societies combined gave a Brahms festival in 1912 and this requiem was sung at the final concert on March 30.

It had not been heard since that time till last evening, when a large audience listened to it with profound interest. The Philadelphia Orchestra chorus, trained by Stephen Townsend, was brought over for the concert, and disclosed itself as a competent organization. The sopranos were not ideal in tone quality, but they held their place in the balance of sound. The choir as a whole sang with much elasticity, with well planned phrasing, good enunciation and a large command of light and shade.

There are only two solo parts in the composition, and these were in the competent hands of Mme. Florence Hinkle and Roinald Werrenrath. The orchestra, like the chorus, had been well rehearsed, and discharged its duties with excellent results. Mr. Stokowski, who had been seen here before as a choral conductor, showed a complete knowledge of the score and a graphic and effective system of directing.

Three Concerts Please.

Flonzaley Quartet Plays and Charles Carver and J. L. Nelson Sing.

Three musical entertainments, not orchestral, took place yesterday. At Aeolian Hall in the evening the Flonzaley Quartet gave its third and last subscription concert. The programme comprised Haydn's quartet in D major, No. 5, opus 64; Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet, opus 131, and Brahms's F minor piano quintet, with Mme. Guiomar Novaes as the assisting artist. These compositions afforded variety and contrast. The backbone of the programme, Beethoven's great quartet in C sharp minor, is one of the pillars of the Flonzaley's repertory and their performance of the work is always remarkable for tonal beauty, with intelligence of plan and a finished style. The house was sold out.

At the Town Hall in the evening Charles Carver, a young basso cantante of Brooklyn, who sang here last season, gave a song recital, assisted by Frank La Forge at the piano. When he was heard here before he disclosed a voice of good quality, range and power, but a varying degree of merit in using it last night in a tasteful list of airs and songs, classic and modern, including Le Forge's "Sanctuary" and two Mexican folksongs, he showed a general gain in vocal technic. Also his phrasing and feeling were good and his diction admirable. His singing was enjoyed by a large audience.

At Aeolian Hall in the afternoon John Louw Nelson, a young American composer, living in this city, gave a programme of his own songs, with himself at the piano, and the assistance of Mme. Marie Sundelius, a soprano of the Metropolitan; Mme. eJanne Laval, contralto, and Charles Harrison, barytone. The songs were for the most part of a light melodic character, very singable and showing some tasteful sentiment when there was not too much sentimentality. Mr. Harrison sang a cycle of four songs on "Flight," with words by C. Gouveneur Hoffman, late of the Royal Air Force, and for one of his encores Mr. Nelson's setting of "In Flanders Fields." Miss Sundelius was much applauded for her group and so was Mme. Laval. The piano accompaniments were not difficult, but Mr. Nelson played them with a pleasing tone and graceful style.

Mch 13 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Mme. and Miss Louise Homer Sing.

Mme. Louise Homer has many friends and admirers in New York. They were present in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon in as large numbers as the capacity of the hall would permit; and then and there those who were not already friends and admirers of Miss Louise Homer seemed to become so.

Mother and daughter gave a joint song recital. Those in the audience who remembered it said "Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior"; as others have probably said before. They did not allow this to interfere with their impartial applause. When it was Miss Homer's turn to sing, Mme. Homer sat down in a large easy chair conveniently situated in front of that part of the audience that was seated on the stage. When it was Mme. Homer's, Miss Homer did the same. At other times mother and daughter sang in duets from the same score. Much pleasure was given to the audience and there was unmistakable evidence of it in applause and response in the form of encores.

There was naturally much interest and expectancy in hearing Miss Homer, who has been singing with her mother in other cities, but had not appeared in New York till yesterday. The voice is a soprano of pleasingly light and buoyant quality; youthful in quality, indeed, to such an extent that it seems hardly matured. Excellent teaching was manifest in her singing, as well as intelligence, sincerity and musical feeling.

It is evident that many of the essentials have been established in her vocal technique. Her diction is beautifully clear and intelligible. Her breath control is such as to give her command of long and well-molded phrasing; and she administers this part of her technique with intelligence and skill. In the "divisions" which occur in Mozart's "Alleluja" she showed an excellent control.

As regards the trill—there is one in Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?"—she has still somthing to master. But she sang that difficult air in a manner otherwise praiseworthy. There was sometimes a tendency shown to miss the exact pitch. Her singing of her father's song, "Specially Jim," had so much of its arch and blithe spirit that she was called on to repeat it. With her mother she sang some Tuscan folksongs arranged as duets by Luigi Caracciolo pleasingly, and they added another of the same collection.

Mme. Homer's voice, which had not been heard here all this season, never sounded richer or finer in color and quality, and her singing had all the best qualities that are remembered in it, the depth and beauty, the breadth and power. They were well displayed in the air "Del mio Care," from Haydn's unfinished Italian opera of "Orfeo." The air as sung suggested how incorrigibly Haydn remained Haydn, and how little of an Italian he was, even in writing an Italian opera.

They were shown perhaps still more in Schubert's sonorous song, "Omnipotence." And quite another side of Mme. Homer's art was disclosed in half a dozen of her husband's (Sidney Homer's) "Mother Goose" songs, merry settings of some of the best known of Mother Goose's verse. The "cumulative" song of "The House That Jack Built" gave special pleasure, as cumulative folksongs have done for so many hundred years. She put a powerful expression into her husband's setting of Joaquin Miller's "To Russia."

TWO VERDI OPERAS IN DAY.

"Rigoletto" and "Don Carlos" Sung at the Metropolitan.

Verdi's "Rigoletto," for the third time, and his "Don Carlos," for the sixth and last time this season, filled a double dsy of opera at the Metropolitsn yesterday. Cora Chase, Mme. Perini, Messrs. Hackett and de Luca were the quartet in "Rigoletto," with Mr. Rothier and others, Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

Historic "Don Carlos" engaged Miss Peralta in the rôle of the French Princess, with Miss Gordon singing the famous air, "O Don Fatale," and Messrs. Crimi and Danise as the ill-fated Spanish Prince and his faithful courtier. Mr. Didur repeated his fine impersonation of Philip II. of Spain, and Mr. Papi directed the effective ensemble.

Give "Concert for Young People."

Loraine Wyman sang and Guy Maier played in a "Concert for Young People" yesterday afternoon, the first of the sort at the Town Hall. Miss Wyman was applauded in her familiar "Songs from the Kentucky Mountains," as well as foreign folk tunes, both Italian from Piedmont and French from Brittany. Mr. Maier at the piano gave Goosens's "Hurdy-Gurdy Man," Lord Berners's "Funeral March for a Canary," Dennee's "Whirling Doll," Dett's "Juba Dance" and Eastwood Lane's novel "Crap Shooters."

Harold Bauer's Last Recital.

Harold Bauer, the pianist, gave his third and last recital of the season at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, before an audience that again overflowed the limits of hall and stage, and that followed two hours of piano music of the utmost poetic beauty with a corresponding appreciation. The admired artist was heard in two sontas, Beethoven's Op. 110 and Chopin's Op. 58, as well as in Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" and ten waltzes, Op. 39 of Brahms.

St. Cecile Quartet in Concerts.

A new concert organization, the St. Cecile Quartet some years ago started within St. Cecile Lodge in this city, completed a week of public appearance on Broadway last evening at the Strand Theatre, and is soon to appear independently in one of the local concert halls. Henri Barron, the opera tenor, was a former member of the group. Homer Burress has succeeded Mr. Barron recently, while the other members are Delos Becker, second tenor; Alvah Nichols, baritone, and James Thomas, basso. The singers have already been heard in other cities.

Mch 14 1921

Erno Dohnanyi, pianist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. His programme was one of liberal character. It contained two Beethoven sonatas, namely, the E flat, opus 31, No. 3, and opus 27, No. 2, known to every schoolgirl as the "Moonlight." There was also Schumann's "Carnival," which is a whole piano recital in itself. But Mr. Dohnanyi added to these a passagaglia of his own make, four short pieces of Bela Bartok and two of Brahms.

Much has been printed about the art of Mr. Dohnanyi, and doubtless much more will be. What seems most imperative is a plea for general recognition of the fact that he is not a mere pianist, with brilliant technic and magical touch. He is a profound musician, who searches out the inner meanings of the compositions before him and reveals them to an audience with clarity and poetic warmth.

Some pianists and hearers doubtless disagreed with the distinguished artist in regard to some of his tempi in the E flat sonata of Beethoven, but there will always be differences of opinion about such matters. What seemed to one listener to have more weight yesterday was a want of beauty in the player's tone at certain critical points and a slight irregularity in rhythm at other points.

But probably the blemishes were so small as to escape general notice. If hearers were not so sure that everything would be just right when Mr. Dohnanyi was playing, these little flaws would not be observed by even one. Meanwhile the serious lover of music can go to this artist's recitals with a certainty that the mere performance is not the ultimate aim of the pianist. Interpretation is his purpose, and he seeks to interpret by beautiful playing. He has grown much since his previous visit, and his arrival at a recent date has brought fresh life and interest into the waning season.

Sings with Philharmonic.

With Joseph Schwarz, Russian barytone, as the soloist the Philharmonic Society gave the last concert hut one of its Sunday series at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Schwarz, recently heard in two recitals, made his first appearance in New York with He sang the "Eri Tu" aria from "The Masked Ball" of Verdi with a rich quality of voice, commendable style and admirable dramatic power and he won much favor from the audience. Later he was heard in "Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire" scene from Wagner's "The Valkyrie," hut while he sang his music with fine feeling some parts lying below his range were not entirely effective. The orchestra, seemingly not in most inspired form, played first Rachmaninoff's second symphony and, after the Verdi air, Grieg's two elegiac melodies for strings, "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring."

In the evening at Carnegie Hall the National Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its regular pair of weekly concerts. Sergei Rachmaninov, as the soloist, played his third piano concerto. The orchestral numbers were four movements from Mozart's Haffner Serenade (music written when the composer was twenty years old for the wedding of the Burgomeister Haffner's daughter, a suite of nine parts from Richard Strauss's music to Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which was new here, and Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" overture.

The Mozart music, scored for some forty instruments, was prominently aded to by several beautiful violin cadenzas, which were written by the conductor, Mr. Mengelburg, and played by Concertmaster Guidi. The Strauss suite, also scored for small orchestra, with the aid of a piano, has an overture, "Jourdain, the Bourgeois," and other titles to its various parts, as "The Minuet of Lully" and "The Dinner" (Table Music and Dance of the Young Kitchen Servants). The music, savoring strongly of Strauss, is yet gay, often melodious and very effective. The concert attracted a great audience.

Symphony Society Concert.

The programme of the Symphony Society concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon consisted of Glinka's "Russian and Ludamilla" overture, Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Roger-Ducasse's spring nocturne called "Ma Chere Maison de Champs," and Chopin's E minor piano concerto. The solo player was Ignaz Friedman. It was a very pleasing arrangement of music. Mendelssohn's A major symphony is not heard too often, and consequently comes with ingratiating elegance before an audience not too eager to leave the springtime and the enchantments of outdoors.

Perhaps it was with a fellow feeling for those longing for the bursting of the buds that Mr. Damrosch put the Roger-Ducasse number on his list. In this one hears birdies of all sorts and conditions imitated by various and sundry instruments, from an oboe to a horn, and listens with keen sympathy to the sighings of melodies that breathe the very heart of the "lodge in some vast wilderness."

Frederic Warren's Concert.

The large audience at Frederic Warren's fourth "ballad concert" in the Longacre Theatre yesterday afternoon gave evidence of the steadily increasing public favor shown the series. The programme as heretofore, instead of adhering strictly to the ballad field, comprised a long and miscellaneous list of good airs and songs by various writers. Norman Jollif, barytone, sang with resonant voice and clear diction the old English tune, "A Sailor's Life." Miss Edith Hallett Frank, a Scottish soprano, gave in native costume, and with a fresh voice and spirited style, such numbers as "Angus MacDonald." George Reinherr, tenor, was heard to artistic advantage in Cecil Forsyth's "The Bell Man" and Miss Frieda Klink, contralto, was much applauded for her delivery of Campbell-Tipton's "Rhapsody." For the last number the four singers gave Wilson's "The Commotion of Love."

By Richard Aldrich.

The National Symphony Orchestra

The National Symphony Orchestra had, as it has not too often had since its career began and not nearly as often as it has deserved, a very large audience for its concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Experienced observers might attribute this in large part to the fact that Mr. Rachmaninoff was the soloist, playing his own third concerto. But no doubt it was due also in part to the fact that Mr. Mengelberg put upon his program for the first time in New York the suite that Richard Strauss has made from his incidental

music to Moliere's play, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

The history of Strauss's music for Moliere's play is somewhat complicated; the outcome for practical purposes is this suite, in nine numbers, with titles referring to their place in the play, but all of them wholly enjoyable by themselves. It may be observed that the original production was given in 1912; that there was revision and remodelling, and that Strauss made the suite for concert performance in 1918. It thus appears that the music was composed before some of the inferior recent productions of Strauss's muse.

Having swollen the modern orchestra to its greatest dimensions, Strauss in this work suddenly reduces his forces to thirty-six, calling, for instance, for only six violins; but also making demands for a variety of Janizary instruments and a piano. His marvellous facility in instrumental combination has not deserted him and his score is full of the most ingenious and captivating effects of color, with the effect of chamber music on a larger scale.

He has rediscovered also a charming melodic vein, that has seemed exhausted in so many of his later compositions for the peratic and concert stage; or else he has taken the trouble to invent melodies that have a value in and of themselves and are not merely plastic material for development and combination. Not that there is not an endless amount of that sorc of thing in this music—Strauss still remains the consummate juggler with tones, even while he is apparently bent n more serious things, and he never quite puts aside his quality as a farceur. Thus he undertakes to unite in the seventeenth century vein two minuets; one being "The Minute of Lully." But gracious and insinuating as the tunes of these are, Strauss does not omit to put in some twentieth century touches at which Lully would have done considerably more than "raise his eyebrows," as Mr. Gilman suggests in his note.

But of course there is no reason why Strauss should laboriously try to take himself back two centuries and a half, and he by no means undertakes to do so. The spirit and charm of the overture depend much on the individual character that Strauss has put into it, including some uncompromising modernities. The section called "The Fencing Master" is full of witty characterizing, as is the eccentric merriment of the "Tailors' Dance," with the final bolero rhythm. The "Courante" is a modern version of the old dance and of the old elaborate counterpoint, in part at least canonic. There is nothing more charming than the serious "Entrance of Cléonte" with the measured movement and its transparent scoring. The introduction to the second act embodies more of the spirit of the "galanterie" of the period, sentimental, delicate, graceful.

The dinner table music is more pretentious. Here some have found "snatches of Rheingold" in reference to the salmon, the bleating of the sheep in Strauss's own "Don Quixotte" when the mutton is passed. The "Rheingold snatches" are not so obvious. The compliments suggested by the 'cello are most sweet. The oboe's citation of "La Donna è Mobile" puzzles Mr. Gilman; perhaps the Countess changed her mind about that second helping of mutton suggested by the bleating brass.

The music, played on the whole with finish and a very commendable mastery of its difficulties and complications, gave pleasure to an appreciative audience. There was the requisite finesse, elegance and point in the performance as well as a duly humorous appreciation of the tongue in the cheek of the composer that is not always absent. The music has a certain fantasy and rococo decoration that is essential to its meaning, and this Mr. Mengelberg caught.

The program opened with four movements of Mozart's "Haffner" serenade, which Mr. Mangelberg also played with a small orchestra, entering into the spirit of the composer as embodied in this music; aperformance finely classifed in tone and rhythmic accent.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's performance came att he end. His playing of his third concerto has more than once been admired and found deeply engrossing, as it was last evening.

Erno Dohnanyi's Recital.

Erno Dohnányi, the Hungarian pianist, gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, an excellent place for piano recitals and a joy and comfort to the eye. He began with his ofn "Passacoglia," op. 6, a piece that makes no slavish adherence to the old form of the dance with "ground bass" and is full of deeply felt and eloquently expressed musical ideas. Mr. Dohnányi's playing of two sonatas of Beethoven, that in E flat, op. 31, No. 2, and that in C-sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, was the cause of deep-seated joy. It was a true interpretation of the works in their immanent spirit, living, plastic, inspiring.

He presented four short pieces of the modernist. Bela Bartok, of which at least one, the "Bear Dance," seemed to be familiar. Bartok is not so modern but that he has musical ideas to express, even if the expression takes a form unfamiliar—and uncouth. There have been much worse modern pieces than the "Bear Dance" and the "Allegro Barbaro" produced even here, in New York. Ito both the E major Intermezzo and the long G minor Rhapsody of Brahms Mr. Dolmanyi put a trifle more of lush sentiment than seemed quite warranted. He closed with Schumann's "Carneval."

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15 1921

The crime wave struck the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with all its deadly weight. There were three murders, a kidnapping, a maiden demented by bereavement and an opium maniac all on exhibition within three hours, to say nothing of some slaughtered music. Of course, the mystery of the chief murder, that of a Polish traveller with a money belt, remained unsolved.

Only one policeman was observed in the course of the entire evening, and although he wiaked within three feet of one of the dad mn he suspected nothing. And he was not a New York policeman either. The thing happened in San Francisco.

Those experienced operagoers who have read this far will know that the evening's cheering entertainment consisted of "The Polish Jew," followed by "L'Oracolo." A considerable number of people seem to have scented danger in the air. At any rate they remained at home, or went to a comic opera, or perhaps even to a play. When people do not crowd the Metropolitan on a Monday evening it means something.

Nothing new can be said about the performance of either opera. "The Polish Jew" is about the sorriest opera that has been product in many years, and a fairly good performance cannot save it. "L'Orocolo," of course, is an established favorite with Metropolitan audiences, and it bids fair to gain new vitality since Miss Bori has returned to the company, for her *Ah-Yoe* is admirable both vocally and dramatically.

Two Chamber Concerts.

The Elshuco Trio gave the last of its three subscription concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall to an intcrested audience. It played Schubert's trio in E flat, Op. 100, and Tschaikovsky's in A minor, Op. 50, in memory of a great artist, namely, Nicholas Rubinstein. Schubert's trio sounds as fresh and as vital as at any time in the last hundred years. Probably nobody who heard it last evening thought of that faint odor of lavender, as of old maids' bureau drawers, which Debussy professed to scent in Schubert's music—or was it only in the songs? There is something more invigorating in it.

On the other hand Tschaikowsky's trio is beginning to "date," or perhaps it began some time ago. The first movement now seems padded in a most unprincipled manner; and the dozen or so variations that make up the second seem very numerous. There are fine moments in both the movements; but they are smothered by the intolerable prolixity—a prolixity that makes Schubert's style seem concise.

The playing of the three musicians, Messrs. Breeskin, Willeke and Giorni was of splendid force and viritity, beautiful in tone and finish; ensemble playing of a high order.

At the same time across the way in the Town Hall, Messrs. Ossip, Gabrilowitsch and Alexander Schmuller were giving a recital of sonatas for piano and violin. They played Brahms's D minor sonata, Op. 108, and Beethoven's sonata in D, Op. 10, and E-flat, Op. 12. Mr. Schmuller iso played the Chaconne from Badl, D minor solo suite for violin.

There was much that was enjoyable in their playing. Mr. Gabrilowittsch is an ensemble player of the rarest qualities; of unerring artistic discernment who makes his part exactly fit the whole, exquisite in proportion, in balance, in tone. Mr. Schmiller's playing, which has become best known here this Winter in concertts with orchestra, seemed to show less of the finer qualities that make for the highest ensemble playing. There was an intelligent, an artistic conception; but there were details that were not always pleasing; a superfluity of fortamento effect; an intonation not always precise, a tone that in more complicated passages lost something of beauty.

Margaret Clarkson's First Recital.

Margaret Clarkson, soprano, gave a matinee in Aeolian Hall yesterday, one of those "first recitals" where the fact that a singer has yet to win artistic self-command is of less immediate importance than it is that she should show signs of individual quality. This Miss Clarkson showed, modestly but expressively, in her simpler songs by Mmes. Beach, Van Rennes and del Riego, Messrs. Forsyth, Osgood and Hageman, the last named her accompanist. An early Italian air of Galuppi led her program; there were lyrics by Russian and German composers, sung in English, with a forced, sharp top-note often to mar them, while in Cooke's "Ol' Car'lina," the low voice and racy humor were to the manner born.

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mch 16 1921

Oscar Seagle, barytone, gave a recital of songs last evening in the Town Hall. His programme was chiefly of lyrice from the rich repertory of France, but the final group comprised numbers by Gatty, H. O. Osgood, Richard Hageman and Lillian Strickland. Mr. Seagle, who is an established favorite in this city, had a large audience, and his singing received much and hearty applause.

It might be profitable to many of the thousands of students of vocal art now laboring here to listen to the singing of Mr. Seagle. Few artists have such command of tone and all its gradations as he has. His voice is not one of ponderous weight nor of great natural brilliancy. But it has a singularly agreeable quality, light, aerial and floating, and this is heightened by a skill in tone production and in breath management which belong only to an artist of fine accomplishments.

Much of the beauty of Mr. Seagle's delivery rests on his knowledge of head tone and his skill in carrying it down far into the medium and blending it with the lower notes. His diction is easy and natural, neat and not overdrawn. In the matter of style he is quite a master. He sings French songs perhaps not exactly as a consummate French chanteur would sing them, but in a manner which creates a charming illusion. There are grace and sentiment in his style and these are what one finds in most of the songs.

If Mr. Seagle seems at times to want deeper notes of emotional utterance, one must remember that the songs do not possess them. In the eleven French lyrics on his list not one was without poetic quality and not one disturbed the equanimity of the hearer's mind. They commanded admiration and left one unmoved. Mr. Seagle could not put into them what did not belong to them. He sang them beautifully, as beautifully as they were made, and that is all that can be expeoted of any singer. The accompaniments were well played by Hector Dansereau.

Musical Art Alumni Concert.

The third of three subscription concerts by the Alumni Association of the Institute of Musical Art for the benefit of the Margaret McGill Scholarship Endowment took place last night in Carnegie Hall. The programme was given by Mme. Hulda Lashanska, soprano, who made her only appearance in recital here this season, with the assistance of Frank

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mch 17 1921

The final concert of the Schola Cantorum season took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The director, Kurt Schindler, had prepared another interesting programme, in which music of Spain was the chief feature. The list began with the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo of the famous "Missa Papae Marcellae" of Palestrina. The performance of these numbers provided opportunity for a revival in the programme notes of the persistent myth about Palestrina's preservation of concerted music in the church. The tale as given from the Schola Cantorum sources is that the church was about to abolish choral music owing to the practice of introducing secular songs into the mass.

There is some foundation for the tale, for the Council of Trent did admonish bishops to exclude from the churches "all musical compositions in which anything impure or lascivious is mingled." The commission of cardinals, which is credited with seeing a great light when it heard Palestrina's mass, had jurisdiction only over some small matters of choir discipline, and if it did hear the Marcelline mass, the work was certainly not written for the occasion, but had been composed some years before.

However, it is a masterpiece of ecclesiastic polyphony, and it was a delight to hear some of its marvellous yet simple voice interweavings once again. Some of the Spanish music on the programme had been heard before, and some was new. Nicolau, whose Good Friday music pleased so much a year ago, was represented by his "Ballad of Montserrat," a song, "The Mother of God," sung by Mme. d'Alvarez, the soloist of the evening, and "The Christ Child Among the Flowers," a chorus for male voices. Noguera's "Sardana of the Nuns" was repeated in response to many requests, and there were several Andalusian and Catalonian folk songs.

Mr. Schindler's chorus sang very well indeed at times and at other times not so well. In the "Gloria" of the mass it was admirable, but in some of the leads in the "Credo" the basses flatted and the general intonation became confused. But it is a good chorus, apparently enthusiastic about its work, as Mr. Schindler assuredly is. The audience was large and its applause was cordial.

Du Carp Piano Recital.

Mme. Marie-Magdeleine Du Carp gave her second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Several simple old Italian and French pieces, a fugue of Bach arranged by Blanchet, and selections from Chopin, Schubert and

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La Forge at the piano. The selections included an aria from Faccio's "Hamlet," Schumann's "Fruelingsnacht," Rubinstein's "Spring's Blue Eyes" and La Forge's "I Came with a Song." The recital was much enjoyed by a good sized audience.

Clarence Loomis, Pianist, Plays.

Clarence Loomis, a pianist and composer, gave a concert of his own music yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He was assisted by Miss Marie Louise Wagner, soprano; Rudolph Polk, violinist, and Hans Hess, 'cellist. The compositions presented were a sonata in E minor for violin and piano, a sonata for 'cello and piano, two short pieces for 'cello and piano and five songs. A small audience was present and rewarded the composer with applause.

Cantor Sirota in Concert.

Gershon Sirota, a Hebrew cantor from the chief synagogue of Warsaw, now in this country for a three months' concert tour, with his daughter, Miss Helen Sirota, a lyric soprano, gave a concert last evennig at the Metropolitan Opera House. Sirota, who was born at Odessa and is now 47 years old, was commanded before the war every year to sing before the Czar and imperial family in Petrograd. Lined up through mistake against a wall in a town near Kiev to be shot by the Bolsheviki in 1919, he escaped death because of the intervention of a servant of the hotel where he was stopping. During the season of 1911-'12 he sang here to a great audience in Carnegie Hall, when the large receipts of the concert went to his favorite charities in Warsaw. Last night he sang to another great audience of the new world, including many of his coreligionists and aroused deep interest and at times tremendous enthusiasm.

Assisted by a choir of boys and men led by M. Machtenberg he was heard in the "Tow F'Hodos," as arranged by Lewandowski, and the Adon Olom" by Sultzer, said to be probably the most scholarly of all composers of Hebrew music. Solo numbers for the tenor included L'Low's "A Duddele." Sirota's strong, fine voice was very impressive, as he used it in the delivery of the imposing Jewish music and his effects seemed wholly authoritative. His daughter's numbers included the "Eli Eli," and by an appealing quality of voice and genuine feeling for the texts she sang, her work gave pleasure. Mr. Natali accompanied her at the piano.

Liszt made up her somewhat limited programme. Her playing had musicianly insight and poetic charm rather than great power or brilliance.

In the Bach fugue, the Dminor prelude, No. 24, of Chopin and his A major polonaise, her fine piano tone, good dynamics and technic were often without the outines drawn by a firm bold hand, while in the master's barcarolle, and what was without doubt, her most successful number, namely his G sharp major nocture ,she did much exquisite work in which a beautiful color was the salient feature. The audience was not large.

"Il Trovatore" at Metropolitan.

The familiar melodies of "Il Trovatore" were sung to a large and demonstrative audience in the Metropolitan last night, with Miss Claudia Muzio and Miss Jeanne Gordon as *Leonora* and *Azucena*, respectively, and with Messrs. Kingston, Danise and Martino singing the chief tenor, barytone and basso parts. The electric sparks flew with fine realism during the anvil chorus. Mr. Papi conducted.

By Richard Aldrich.

The Schola Cantorum.

At the second concert of the Schola Cantorum, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Schindler continued to work zealously the vein of Spanish music in which he has found so much that is of value and interest to music lovers. He brought forward again much that gave pleasure, both in choral and solo form, in art song and folk song. But probably no vein will bear indefinite exploitation; and it might easily have been that after so much of a long program devoted to one style—for, after all, there are the recognizable limits of one style in this Spanish music, differ though it may in the nature and details of separate pieces—some may have gained an impression of monotony.

The Spanish numbers included nine choral ballads, two being for male chorus, and one, a Christmas march, being a Catalonian folk song set for eight part chorus by Mr. Schindler. It is a delightful tune, and was heard with much pleasure, as was the Catlonin country dnce, "L'Hereu Riera," set by

Ribo. The choral ballad in six parts by the Rev. J. Verdaguer, "La Mort del Escolà," has striking and ingenious features; the use of the ostinato figure incessantly repeated, the suggestion of tolling bells, the use of the chord of the open violin strings—though this is not very obvious to the listener—the finely wrought climax with one soprano voice singing a melody high above the chorus.

Ten Spanish songs of varied provenance were sung by Mme Marguerite Alvarez in which she used her deep and rich contralto with potent effect with no doubt an authentically Iberian expression, fiery and languorous; but unfortunately with many faults of vocalism and a too frequent deviation from the pitch.

But it was not entirely a Spanish night. The program began with the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo" from Palestrina's celebrated "Missa Papae Marcelli" for six-part chorus; it was originally intended to give the whole mass, but the program was too long. The choir knew the difficult music and sang it well, with excellent intonation, confident attack and abundant shadings. But music of this kind puts a severe test upon the quality of choral tone, and there was sometimes something to be desired in the purity of what was heard last evening. In the Spanish music the choir sang with spirit and with an understanding of its spirit that Mr. Schindler's enthusiasm and knowledge had imparted to it.

The explanatory and historical note upon Palestrina's mass, in a surprising and lamentable manner, repeated the romantic fable that has been related about the composition for many years, and that the researches of modern investigators have whittled down to a quite matter of fact residuum. The "Mass of Pope Marcellus" was not written for the special purpose of "rescuing church music," but had been composed before the appointment of the commission of Cardinals to look into the matter, and was simply found by them, when they heard it, satisfactory for liturgical purposes. It may also be said that the statement about the "infusion of worldly elements" into the music of the mass is somewhat exaggerated. But here, as elsewhere, the romantic fable is interesting.

Mch 19 1921

Hulda Lashanska Sings at Benefit.

Hulda Lashanska, a soprano of rare public appearances and rarer qualities, both of voice and vocal art, sang in Carnegie Hall last evening at the last of three concerts given for a proposed Margaret McGill scholarship at the Institute of Musical Art. The success of the series has been artistic as well as financial; it was again so last evening, with an added personal touch in the singer's many flowers. Frank La Forge assisted at the piano in two of his own songs, as well as others in four languages, including airs of Handel and Loewe, Spring songs of Schumann, Rubinstein and Josten, and "Pirate Dreams," by Huerter.

Pianist in His Own Compositions.

Clarence Loomis, of Chicago, gave a "composer's recital," the latest among New York's thousand concerts this year, before a small, but friendly audience yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Marie Louise Wagner, who assisted in a half-dozen soprano songs, was called on to repeat the "Rose Fantasia," from a poem of Edmund Gosse. Rudolph Polk was heard with Mr. Loomis in his sonata for violin and piano, while Hans Hess gave 'cello solos, obligatos to songs, and a sonata for 'cello, of which the slow movement found its suggestion in the curfew knell of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

MUSIC GHOSTS HAUNTED MR. LOOMIS'S CONCERT.

Composer-Pianist Assisted at Recital of His Own Compositions by Three Other Artists.

Clarence Loomis, the composer-pianist who, with three assisting artists, gave a concert of his own compositions yesterday afternoon, at Aeolian Hall, is a haunted man. To say that his ghosts are good ones, who stray in and out of his musical canvases with happy unconsciousness, may be nothing more than the implication of the widely read musician, whose imagination is impregnated with echoes. But there was little in an interesting and ambitious programme to indicate conspicuous originality or unusual treatment, unless in the vers libre style of his sonatas, one for piano and violin, the other piano and 'cello.

The setting of Gray's Elegy, used as the second movement in the Sonata for 'cello and piano, which was photographic in its sheer simplicity, found immediate response from his friendly audience.

Of the songs which Marie Louise Wagner translated into a velvety soprano the best were "Dreams," to the words of Edgar Allan Poe, and Rose Fantasia of Edmund Gosse, full of poetry and fire, which won an insistent and deserved recall.

Hans Hess and Rudolph Polk, the 'cellist and violinist, were the assisting artists.

Mch 18. 1921

The historical cycle of the Symphony Society of New York had revolved as far as Richard Wagner yesterday afternoon and Carnegie Hall contained a large, comfortable looking and approving audience, which received the gospel according to Balreuth with moderate raptures. It was an entertaining afternoon. First the guilds assembled in Nuremberg and the masters of the song craft were properly acclaimed.

Suddenly the scene shifted and the howling gales swept furiously around the Cape of Good Hope while Vanderdecken's ship vainly strove to beat to windward. Then Senta told the sorrowful tale and bterayed her mad infatuation for the wanderer of the seas. Again the scene changed and the hammer of Donner was heard smiting the rock. The thunder clouds floated away, the rainbow spanned the mystic Rhine, the gods entered Walhalla, and from the depths below the helpless Rhine maidens pleaded for the return of their gold.

And now the storm raged again and all the Valkyrs went hurtling through the murky skies to assemble on their rock where Wotan kissed the divinity from the eyes of Bruennhilde and left her in firegirt slumber. All that passed between her and the "highest hero of worlds" was confided to the imagination, for the next music was that which accompanied the lifeless body of Siegfried back to the stricken home of the Gibichungs. And finally was heard the great farewell of Bruennhilde before they threw Grane and herself upon the blazing funeral pyre, which reached Walhalla itself.

Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan sang the ballad and the Bruennhilde music. She had just as uncomfortable a time with the former as sopranos usually do. For some reason that song disturbs their vocal poise. However, the audience applauded her most cordially. She is known to be one of the best singers now before the public, so of course what she did was right. The orchestra played with great vigor, frequently with too much of it. But it was Wagner, and his music is to-day the most popular that is heard in the concert room.

Boston Symphony Concert.

The last of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's evening concerts took place in Carnegie Hall last night. The programme consisted of the second symphony of Brahms, Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" and one movement from Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette" symphony.

It was an extraordinary programme, put together apparently without the least thought of relationships, of clashing styles or musical symmetry. Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, perhaps wished to play Brahms and Ravel and had to add something to make the customary two hours of music. He succeeded in doing just that and nothing else.

Mr. Monteux finds himself entirely in sympathy with the exotic music (exotic to a Frenchman) of Brahms, but it cannot be said that he perfectly assimilates it. He has endeavored to do so, and he conducts it with sincerity, with devotion, but usually from without. He is far happier, of course, in the music of Ravel, which is Gallic, Parisian, urban, palpitating with the vivacity and intelligence of the salon. The waltzes heard last evening have moved numerous Frenchmen to extended comment.

There is room for doubt that they will stir the sluggish imagination of American commentators, who are so frigidly matter of fact that a creative critic like the late James Huneker ruffled the waters of all the great lakes. Of a certainty he could have written much delicate and delicious prose about these airy trifles, which are instinct with grace and captivating in badinage. But they do not seem to be worthy of prolonged lyricism. They are pretty and they are admirably scored.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has played better in the latter part of the season than it did in the early days. Possibly it will do still better things next autumn. Meanwhile the note may be made that to-morrow afternoon its final concert will take place.

Plays Beethoven Sonatas.

Mme. Olga Samaroff gave the seventh in a series of eight recitals, at which she is playing the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The works given were the three sonatas, opus 90, in E minor; opus 101, in A major, and opus 110, in A flat major. After the second sonata the husband of the pianist, Leopold Stokowski, conduetor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who at two previous recitals in the series has spoken on the first and middle periods of the great master, addressed the audience on his third and last period. In her performance of the three sonatas, and especially in the opus 110, upon which her husband had dwelt somewhat in his remarks, Mme. Samaroff united apparent devotion, fine technical power and a clear appreciation of the Beethoven scores. The audience showed deep interest.

By Richard Aldrich.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, now on its last visit to New York for this season, gave its evening concert yesterday in Carnegie Hall. Its playing epitomized the success that Mr. Monteux has had in his work so far to bring the orchestra back toward the superlative excellence it had before disruptive forces struck it. That he has wrought much improvement in its playing is evident, even though he has not yet remolded it completely.

The program began with Brahms's second symphony, which Mr. Monteux read with sympathetic appreciation, even though he did not develop certain points and make certain discriminations that have come to be almost traditional and almost expected in a reading of this symphony. But it gave much pleasure, that was made manifest.

The other numbers were Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," brilliant in the opening phrases, uncommonly effective in the mysterious passage suggesting the tomb, but a bit coarse in the violent fortissimo outbursts; Maurice Ravel's instrumentation of his own "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" for piano, and the scene representing "Romeo Alone" in the grand fête at the Capulets, from his dramatic symphony, "Romeo et Juliette."

Ravel's waltzes were played here some years ago. The orchestration conciliates to the ear some of the sourest of the dissonances that are a little uncompromising on the piano, and the orchestral color shows many ingenious and even fascinating touches. But there is something in the incisiveness of the piano that seems needed in these pieces, originally conceived for it, and that the manifold pencillings of the orchestra do not quite compensate for.

The movement from Berlioz's symphony was welcome on the program, for it is one of the composer's most successful orchestral movements—most successful in its seizure of the spirit of the scene, in the musical substance in which this is embodied, and the poetic beauty of the music which did not always present itself to Berlioz in answer to his urgent summons.

'HISTORIC CYCLE' NEAR END.

Damrosch Gives Closing Wagner Program, With Florence Easton.

With Florence Easton of the Metropolitan singing Brunnhilde's final air of "The Ring," and Walter Damrosch conducting this one-time "music of the future" that he so early assisted in bringing to New York more than thirty years ago, the "historic cycle" of the Symphony Society fairly justified its name n a twelfth and closng program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, to be repeated in the same place tonight.

Wagner's music—whose more so?—had made history here. An audience appreciative of that fact and early trained to admiration of that music was present when the "Mastersngers" overture began at yesterday's matinée, and before the several "Ring" excerpts it applauded Miss Easton also in Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman." It was announced that the would open its nexts eason in Carnegie Hall by playing an American composer's work, which has won the H. H. Flagler $1,000 price, the winner to be told at the last Aeolian Hall concert this coming Sunday.

Mr. Flagler, the Symphony Society's guarantor and President, gave $1,500 last Spring for two prizes for symphonic works by Americans, annonymously submitted. More than eighty musical scores have been examined in the competition now ended. The judges, with Mr. Damrosch, were Leopold Stokowski, George W. Chadwick, John Aiden Carpenter and Franz Kneisel.

TWO PIANISTS HEARD.

Mme. Samaroff in Beethoven's Sonatas, and Daniel Wolf, Newcomer.

Two pianists occupied the day in Aeolian Hall yesterday, Mme. Samaroff giving the last but one of her matinées of Beethoven's sonatas, assisted on this occasion by her husband, Mr. Stokowski, while in the evening Daniel Wolf, a newcomer in recital though a resident here for some years, was heard in a program including half a dozen compositions of his own.

Mr. Wolf, a Baltimorean by birth, is a player of quiet manner at the piano and considerable facility of technique. He repeated the last if his pieces, an "Indian Dance," and after Liszt's "Llebestraum" and eleventh "Rhapsody" added another encore. He was also heard in Beethoven's sonata "Quasi una Fantasia," a Chopin group and "Reflets dans l'Eau" of Debussy.

"Andrea Chenier" Repeated.

"Andrea Chenier," the Italian Giordano's interesting opera of the French Revolution, was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening before a brilliant house. Miss Muzio, Messrs. Gigli, Danise, Bada and Didur again sang and acted the leading personages in scenes partly historic and wholly beautiful in the broader Parisian views. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the spirited ensemble, a task of some magnitude in the mob episodes.

ch 19 1921 89

By Richard Aldrich.

Last Concert by Toscanini.

What was announced as the last concert of the orchestra of La Tesla under the direction of Arturo Toscanini was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. For some reason not obvious, the audience was one of the smallest that has heard several concerts given by the orchestra in New York this Winter. Yet the hall is the most suitable place in which it has played; it is the only place, indeed, where its results can be properly heard and appreciated.

The program yesterday was made up entirely of modern Italian music; it must be confessed that so much of one school, even in various ramifications of it, brought something of monotony. Sinigaglia's brilliant and sparkling overture to the opera "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" was already known to New York, the work of a composer not of the newest school, content to work on old-fashioned lines—and with ideas. Also of the older school were the "Notturno" and "Novelletta" of Giuseppe Martucci, piano pieces arranged for the orchestra by the composer; the first honey-sweet in its long and languorous phrases, the second of a fascinating grace and elegance of rhythm and melody.

Known here also since Toscanini brought it (and since others have played it), was Victor de Sabata's symphonic poem "Juventus" and Pick-Mangiagalli's "Rondo Fantastico." The most important of the new and unfamiliar compositions seemed to be Ildebrando Pizzetti's suite, from the music to d'Annunzio's tragedy, "La Pisanella." Pizetti's sonata for piano and violin has been more than once played here this Winter. In the suite he shows imagination and musical inventiveness. In the first movement, "Sui molo di Famagosta," there is an Oriental suggestion, sometimes acidulously worked out in juxtaposition of dual tonalities. The third, representing a dance in which the dancer is crushed and suffocated beneath masses of roses, it uncomfortably realistic at the end, with the snare drum sounding the death rattle.

In "La Ballata delle Gnomidi Ottorino Respigli leaves behind the feeling for beauty that so poetically permeates his piece on the fountains of Rome. He no doubt had to, in representing the torturing of his young women by gnomes, condemned to incessant dancing, "one shrieking, the other gibbering, rounding out the endless hours of a witches' Sabbath." It is morbidly grotesque in its graphic realism. The young woman who shrieked is admirably presented in novel and hair-raising instrumental effects that could have been surpassed only by real shrieks upon the stage. The one who only gibbered is, of course, less noticeable, but the twain give the orchestra a bad quarter hour.

Adriano Lualdi, composer of "the intermezzo of the dream" from the opera of "La Figlia del Re," is a new Italian name. The opera is the one that won the McCormick prize in 1917. There are beauty and serious musical quality in the movement. Vincenzo Tommasini is also little known to this country. His "Serenate" nocturne No. 2, from "Chiari di Luna," was played, effective and vividly colored.

The playing of the orchestra showed its wonderful responsiveness to the manifold and sensitive indications of the great conductor; its plasticity and flexibility and finish under his hands. It showed what can be accomplished by intensive rehearsal under a great and dominating mind, even when the material is not of the very highest quality.

It not only gave great pleasure to the listeners, but also taught all kinds of lessons to orchestral players and conductors whose minds were open to receive them; perhaps even to backers and committees. And it may even have shown some that a season of incessant traveling is not the best regimen for an orchestra; for in respect of technical finish, remarkable as it was, the performance was not quite equal to those which the organization gave earlier in the season.

In the midst of the intermission Mr. Toscanini was brought upon the stage to receive the gift of a gold baton.

GIULIA GRILLI IN SONGS.

Mezzo-Soprano, a Brooklyn Lawyer, Appears in Aeolian Hall.

Giulia Grilli, mezzo-soprano, who is also a practicing lawyer in Brooklyn and an incorporator of the Women's Kings County Bar Association, gave a song recital of uncommon interest at Aeolian all yesterday afternoon. Albert Wolff, the Metropolitan conductor, accompanied her at the piano in his son, "Et s'il Revenait un Jour," one of a French group with airs from "Samson et Dalila" and "Carmen."

Cagliano's "Ariette Cublies" was also played by its composer for Miss Grilli, who added in Italian the unfamiliar Tirindelli's "L'Ombra di Carmen," and songs in English by Miss Zussa, Messrs. Schindler and Spross.

Amy Neill Plays Carpenter Sonata.

Amy Neill a violinist from Chicago, once heard here earlier this season, played a sonata by her fellow townsman, John Alden Carpenter, before a large audience at her recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Francis Moore assisted in Mr. Carpenter's music, as he also did in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," a work oftener given with or-

chestra, and one whose rapid, rhythmic swing overtaxed Miss Neill's present skill as an artist in matters of accuracy, intonation and octave playing. She added graceful pieces by Leclair, Rameau and Mozart and a "Rhapsodia Piedmontess," by Sinigaglia.

Arturo Toscanini and La Scala Orchestra, having returned after a long tour, gave a farewell concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme consisted of Italian compositions. They were Sinigaglia's delightful overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozotte"; a suite by Pizzetti, written for D'Annunzio's tragedy, "La Pisanella"; a nocturne and novelette by Martucci. Respighi's "La Ballata delle Gnomidi," the intermezzo from Adriano Lualdi's opera "La Figlia del Re"; a serenade by Tommasini, Pick-Mangiagalli's "Rondo Fantastico," and Sahata's "Juventus."

Some of this music aroused wonder. Respighi, who wrote the beautiful "Fountains of Rome," suffered a severe attack of modernism when he composed the ballata heard yesterday. Such a conglomeration of ugliness and noise is rarely heard. It cannot be possible that Italians like this sort of thing. If they do, they are preparing to part with their birthright for a mess of pottage, and mighty poor pottage at that.

Mr. Toscanini conducted all the compositions with his visible signs of enthusiasm. What he actually thought of some of them will probably never be known. The orchestra played just as well as it had on previous occasions. The audience was not large, but it was well supplied with men of powerful voice who could shout "Bravo" so as to make the rafters ring.

Miss Farrar in "Manon."

Joy reigned again at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Miss Geraldine Farrar had recovered from an attack of laryngitis and was able to sing in Massenet's "Manon." All the little gerryflappers were present, crowing with delight. They were laden with flowers, and after each act some (flowers, not gerryflappers) were hurled from the balconies to the stage, where the gallants gathered them up and presented them to the fair prima donna, who rewarded her faithful adorers with ravishing smiles.

Miss Farrar sang *Manon* for them in her familiar season of 1920-21 style, and Mr. Hackett as *Des Grieux* endeavored to rival the youthful admirers in the ardor of his passion. Also he sang very well. Thomas Chalmers was again *Lescaut* and Leon Rothier the elder *Des Grieux*. The spectacular glories of the Cours la Reine scene provided a feast for the eye, and Miss Rosina Galli's exquisite dancing was, as usual, one of the most attractive features of the performance. Albert Wolff conducted, and not the least agreeable element in the opera was the excellent playing of the orchestra.

Two Violinists Heard.

Two violin recitals took place last night. In Carnegie Chamber Music Hal Miss Mary Waterman, who was the solo ist at the Kriens Symphony Orchestra's annual Carnegie Hall concert last sprin played Bruch's G minor concerto, an a good list of other selections. He playing showed a genuine violin talent although hard work is ahead of her if she wishes to become an accomplished performer. As it is, she has a large rich tone, much good schooling and fine musical feelling.

In Aeolian Hall Miss Amy Neill, of Chicago, gave her second recital with Francis Moore at the piano. Her numbers included Carpenter's sonata for violin and piano, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and an adagio of Mozart. At her first recital this season Miss Neill played in Carnegie Hall. Last night, in a smaller hall, her tone was heard to better advantage. In her general work she is making progress. Her style gains in authority. She is an interesting player. A large audience applauded her performance.

Miss Grilli's Recital.

Miss Giulia Grilli, mezzo soprano, gave her firs song recital here yesterady afternoon in Aeolian Hall. For the French group in her programme, including his own lyric, "Et s' Il Revenait un Jour," the young artist had the distinguished assistance at the piano of Albert Wolff, the French conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House. In modern Italian songs by Brogi, Sinigaglia, Tirindelli and B. Gagliano, the latter being otherwise the accompanist, Miss Grilli disclosed a beautiful natural voice of moderate power with many of the essentials of a singer to the manner born. She had much charm of person, ease and a grace of style with fine feeling for the spirit of the music. And it was unfortunate that with so much in her favor she should sing as she did with a persistent tremolo and often a false intonation. But these defects she could not evidently avoid, nor were they due to nervousness. That she is a singer of limited feeling and one of gentle rather than deep passion was shown in her delivery, supported by Mr. Wolff's fine piano accompaniment, of the "Mon Coeur s' Ouvre a La Voix" air, though here, as in other numbers, there were always a delicacy of perception and good taste quite unusual. A large and friendly audience heard her recital.

By MAX SMITH.

ARTURO TOSCANINI and his orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, gave what purported to be their farewell concert.

An audience, none too large, but extremely demonstrative, with the Italian ambassador as a distinguished guest, gave the maestro a boisterous send-off after thrilling performances at the end of "The Star Spangled Banner," as orchestrated by De Sabbata, and of the Italian Marzia Reale.

In the intermission a delegation from the Lega Italiana Musicale, comphising Alberto Bimboni, president of the association; Signor Tusco; maetri½, Moranzoni, Papi, and Bamboschek; Gennaro Curci, and Giuseppe Bonfiglio, presented him with a handsome baton elaborately wrought in silver, platinum and gold, and designed by Tusco.

But was this really the final concert of the Scala Orchestra? Was it actually the last opportunity afforded to hear an organization unmatched in this country playing under the leadership of a man who as interpretative musician and artist has not now, and probably never had, an equal?

The sailing date of the ship that will take Toscanini, alas, and his valiant legionaries away from us had to be postponed. It may have to be postponed still further. Will this not give time for another concert, in spite of the engagements in Providence, Quebec and Montreal?

When Toscanini abandoned his post in the Metropolitan Opera House he left a void in the world operatic that has never been filled. And now he is about to leave a void in the realm symphonic that will also yawn wide until he may be persuaded to return.

For quite apart from his virtuoso skill with the baton and in musicianship, there is not one man among his competitors—no, not even Nikisch of the compelling personality—whose artistic character is so incorruptible, whose artistic aspirations are so lofty, whose artistic soul is so pure.

And it is such men we need in America: men who labor not for personal gain or glory, but for the achievement of an ideal; men who turn a deaf ear to the gibble-gabble of hero-worshipping women and pay no heed to tre flattery of foolish parasites; men who would rather suffer physical want and misery than make the slightest concession to the ignorant mob; men, in short, who not only are endowed with superior powers but who are martyrs to the cause which they represent.

During his visit to America Toscanini and his men have been serving two causes, one of them purely artistic, the other patriotic. And how insuiringly they have born those two causes abroad without allowing one to injure the other."

They have shown us, these men of mettle, what Italy could provide in music, creative and interpretative; have shown this with as much devotion and enthusiasm in Tulsa as in New York. Yet in bringing this message across the sea, and in rallying to their colors wherever they went the people of their race, far from the dear motherland, they have scattered blessings no less valuable for us than to the country that gave them godspeed on their journey.

Yesterday's concert, the fifty-fifth thus far, was devoted exclusively to music of Italian origin, all of it modern: Leone Sinigaglia's Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote"; three excerpts in the form of a Suite from the incidental music Ildebrando Pizzetti wrote for D'Annunzio's "Pa Pisanella"—"Sul modo di Fainagosta," "La Danza bassa dello Sparviero," "La Danza dell 'amore e della morte profumata"—a Notturno and Noveletta by Giuseppe Martucci (teacher of Pizzetti, by the way), both originally made for piano; Ottorino Respighi's "La Ballata delle Gnomidi"; the "Intermezzo del Sogno" from Adriano Lualdi's "La Figlia del Re"; a Serenado or Nocturne, entitled "Chiara di Luna," by Vincenzo Tommasini; Pick-Mangiagalli's "Rondo Fantastico" and the tone-poem, "Juventus," by De Sahata.

Without any classic foundation this list of works put the most eager and appreciative auditor to a rather severe test; the more so because many of the contributions, each admirable in itself, were couched in a musical idiom that disclosed conspicuously the influences of the Gaelic school. At times only the genius of the man at the helm and the inspiring response to his demands of the hundred musicians held the attention enthralled.

New to the local public, though already performed elsewhere, was Pizetti's Suite, a group of highly imaginative pieces, exotic in thematic interval and coloring, and peculiarly suggestive, in the final pages illustrating the suffocation of La Pisanella under a mass of roses

Neither Respighi's "Ballad of the Gnomes" nor Lualdi's Nocturne No. 2 had been heard before in America. The former is all that its name implies, a story of abduction and torture, ending in a whirl of vertiginous insanity, told in realistic orchestral sounds, and so horrible (in an artistic sense, of course) that the impressionable listener, breathless as he follows the musical context of Carlo Clausetti's gruesome poem, feels his hair standing on end.

But what, one wonders, would he the effect of this fiendishly difficult work were it put in the hands of another orchestra and another conductor? As played by Toscanini and his men it was a tour de force nothing short of astonishing.

Charming pieces (originally for pianos) and scored with skill are the melodious notturno and the quaint noveletta by Martucci, especially the latter. As a weaver of moods and creator of atmosphere in finely conceived instrumental and harmonic tints, Tommasini, too, reveals surprising mastership in the Serenata.

Mch 20 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its doings in New York for the present season with its concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra has done well this season, and has gone some distance in winning back the high esteem in which it was held for so many years by its New York public. The improvement in its playing under Mr. Monteux's continued direction has made itself felt, and he and his players have found deserved admiration.

The most important number on the program was Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony; a rare appearance now on orchestral programs, but deserving the appearances it gets and not ready yet for total oblivion, to which so many of the composer's works have descended. There is certainly a greater vitality in it than there is in Liszt's vacuous symphonic poem "Orpheus," which also appeared on the program, and whose appearances are even rarer. The other orchestral piece was the overture to Chabrier's opera of "Gwendoline," a highly colored and vigorously dramatic composition, admirably devised as an overture foreshadowing the dramatic action to come.

The music is forcibly expressive and harmonized with great richness, but it is permissible to wish that the second theme, descriptive, as Mr. Hale says, of the hero's vision of the Valkyrie, were a little less obvious, a little less banal.

For the first time, the concert master, Richard Burgin, appeared here as soloist. He played Glazunoff's violin concerto, not unknown here recently. Mr. Burgin's appearance was unassuming, unpretentious; his playing was that of an unusually excellent musician, not, perhaps, in all respects of a virtuoso—it is not expected that a concert master shall step to the front from his desk and return to it, showing all the characteristics of a player devoted to the brilliancy and bravura of solo performances—but of a master of his instrument in tone and technique, wholly competent to interpret all the difficulties of the composition and quite sympathetic with its spirit. Mr. Burgin won much applause by his playing, and a number of recalls to the stage.

Oliver Denton in Piano Recital.

Oliver Denton at his well attended matinee in Aeolian Hall yesterday gave the first public hearing of a pianofortesonata, Op. 2, in B-flat minor, by Harold Morris, a fellow-pianist, who has appeared in the same place this year. Mr. Morris's composition in four movements, culminating in an elegy and a rondo, proved melodious and well made, and the performance was warmly applauded. Mr. Denton also played familiar works by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Chopin.

Matinee Throng Hears 'Lohengrin.'

Wagner's "Lohengrin" in the new scenes and English text of the Metropolitan's most brilliant revival reachd a fourth performance at yesterday's sold-out opera matinee, with Easton and Harrold, Julia Claussen and Whitehill in the leading rôles, and Bodanzky conducting. The opera house was dark last night while the company paid its last visit to Brooklyn this season in Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

Last Symphony Concert for Young.

The Symphony Society, which ends its season at Acolian Hall today, gave there yesterday the fourth and last of Mr. Damrosch's concerts for children, who filled the house. A morning hour of music included the third act prelude from "Lohengrin," a suite from "Carmen," the andante from Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, "Minuet of the Fly," by Czibulka, and coronation march from "The Prophet."

Jean Barondess in Lyric Songs.

Jean Barondess, daughter of the New York labor leader, and herself widely known as a concert soprano, gave a recital last evening in Carnegie Hall with artistic collaboration at the piano by C. V. Bos. Miss Barondess's songs were properly chosen to show her advance as an interpreter of such lyric pieces, avoiding operatic echoes from her seasons in Cuba and Peru. Interesting novelties in her list were Mr. Sodero's "Insonnia" and Russsian songs by Kitaeen, Kopilov and Lapucheene, as well as Jewish folk songs and others by L. S. Weiner, who played his own accompaniments for the singer.

Pavlowa Ends American Tour.

Anna Pavlowa closed her prosperous American tour at the Manhattan yesterday with a crowded house, both afternoon and night, reappearing at the matinee as the dramatic gypsy sweetheart in "Amarilla," and last evening again in the popular "Fairy Doll" and "Mexican Dances." There was a midnight ovation for the Russian star and her companions, including Volinine, Stowitts, Stepanoff and others, who will sail with her after a week's rest for Paris and London, returning in September for another tour to the Pacific Coast and thereafter to Australia.

Mch 21 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Josef Hofmann's Recital.

Another audience as large as Carnegie Hall could hold heard Mr. Josef Hofmann's third recital yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hoffmann played a program that had a sacred but more "popular" character than some he has given; at any rate after he had finished with Brahms's variation on a theme by Handel.

It might be said that he was yesterday in a strenuous mood; that he had fallen to "thinking orchestrally" on the piano, at any rate, to making the piano give out at times all its power, resonance and weight of tone. But fortunately Mr. Hofmann's unfailing sense of euphony would not allow him to demand of the instrument more than it could give. Perhaps he approached now and then toward the limit, but he never passed it, and there was always definite musical beauty and musical value in his tone, ever the most powerful.

There were fire and imposing energy in his performance of Brahms's variations on the theme of Handel's, and some exquisite contrasts of tonal color; a vitalizing rhythmic pulse in the varied rhythmic developments of the twenty-five variations; and all through them, even in the bewildering tempo at which he took some, a polished clearness of articulation. The final fugue was an extraordinary tour de force in the clear exposition of its contrapuntal elaborations and the accumulation of its massive climax.

Notable in his group of pieces by Chopin was a fiery reading of the F minor Fantasie and the B flat minor Scherzo, and a delicate spinning of the web of the D flat waltz at a speed such that it was perfectly recognizable only by those who knew it. Apparently everybody knew it, for almost everybody wanted it again, and Mr. Hofmann played it again and added at the end of the group the Etude in G flat from Op. 25.

In the last group was the sombre and sonorous "Nenia" by Sgambati, impressively delivered; an ingenious and taking "Rustic Dance," Rudolph Ganz; Scriabine's "Languid Dance" that perhaps needs a more morbid spirit than Mr. Hofmann's for the true performance of it, and Liszt's sixth Hungarian Rhapsody with dazzling bravura, and then numberless encores.

5,500 HEAR GALLI-CURCI.

"Hymn to the Sun" Is Warmly Applauded by Hippodrome Audience.

Mme. Galli-Curci, who will make her last New York appearance this season on April 10 at the Hippodrome, returned there last evening to be greeted by an audience that filled all the 5,000 regular chairs in the vast house and some 500 more on the stage. The prima donna, who was in fine form, was uproariously applauded when she introduced midway in her program the beautiful "Hymn of the Sun," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or."

Her favorite "Shadow Song," from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," was among a dozen airs in Galli-Curci's program, which began with a new song, "Now, O Now," by her husband, Homer Samuels, while another of his, "My Shadow," was in a later group. There was also Paradies's "Quel Ruscelletto," Bizet's "Comme Autrefois," from "The Pearl Fishers," and Bishop's "Echo Song" with flute, assisted by Manuel Berenguer.

MENGELBERG'S LAST WEEK.

Dutch Conductor Sails After Three More Concerts.

William Mengelberg began his farewell week with the National Symphony Orchestra last evening in Carnegie Hall, where a large audience showed its de-

sire to honor the Dutch conductor on the eve of his departure. He will sail for Holland next Saturday, after three concerts more. Last evening, for the first time, his Sunday night program included a soloist, Alexander Schmuller.

Richard Strauss's "A Hero's Life," originally dedicated by its composer to Mr. Mengelberg, was repeated as the principal number last night, a performance already described in this place, and again warmly received. Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 began the evening, and Mr. Schmuller was heard in Beethoven's violin concerto.

14,000 at Music Festival.

Fourteen thousand persons attended the Grand Charity Music Festival at Madison Square Garden last night, given under the auspices of the Associated Choral Societies of the Northeastern States of America. The concert was arranged by the United Singers of New York, Brooklyn and Queens County, N. Y., and Newark, Elizabeth and Hudson County, N. J. Yesterday afternoon 9,000 persons attended the matinee concert. Theodore W. Henninger, President of the Executive Board, presided, and welcomed the audience. The proceeds of the concerts will be devoted to the relief of starving children in Europe.

Give Opera in Concert Form.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," which has gone the rounds of the Metropolitan Opera subscription, was sung once again last evening, this time in concert form, to a Sunday night audience that filled the theatre. The solo parts were taken by the Misses Peralta, Gordon and Egener, Messrs. Crimi, Zanelli, Chalmers, Mardones, d'Angelo, Ananian, Paltrinieri and Reschiglian, and Mr. Papi conducted.

By MAX SMITH.

It is regrettable, to say the least, when a man of transcendent accomplishments as a master of the keyboard misuses his powers as did Josef Hofmann yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall at the expense of a composer like Chopin.

He pounded his way through Chopin's Fantasie in F minor, smiting the keys with the sledge-hammer blows of his left hand as if he were seeking an outlet for pent-up anger. He read the Nocturne in D flat in a manner absolutely lacking in sentiment, in sincerity of feeling, in poetry. He reeled off the Valse in D flat major colorlessly and without grace. And he indulged frequently in the reprehensibly inartistic, not to say repulsive, habit of booming or trumpeting out counter themes

The Symphony Society's series of Sunday afternoon at homes came to its close yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The organization gives concerts in Carnegie Hall, but they are little journeys into the world. They lack the domestic feeling and the social character of the Sunday afternoons. Walter Damrosch's bow at the end of yesterday's concert had just a suspicion of sadness. The orchestra stood and received the blessing of the audience. Every one smiled, but probably most had just a little queer sensation in the throat.

After the performance of Beethoven's fourth symphony, with which the at home began, came the treat of the afternoon. A year ago Harry Harkness Flagler, president of the society, offered two prizes, one of $1,000 and another of $500, for short orchestral works by Americans. Mr. Damrosch told the audience about the contest and said that the prizes had been awarded, but the names of the winners were not yet known. Each composition had been signed with an assumed name and the real name was enclosed in a sealed envelope.

Mr. Damrosch had the envelopes in his hand and he asked the audience and orchestra to note that they had not been unsealed. He then opened the first prize envelope carrying the pen name "Cacoethes Scribendi," and found that the fortunate composer was Louis Gruenberg of 107 West 107th street, New York. The second prize was found to have been won by Karl McKinley of Hartford, Conn. The first prize work will be performed at the first concert of the society next season.

After this delightful intermezzo Paul Kochanski, the young Polish violinist who has already been heard with favor, played Max Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia" with orchestra. Mr. Kochanski's performance was one of the best presentations of this composition ever heard here. The artist had some difficulty with his intonation owing to the warm and humid atmosphere, but his reading of the music was most admirable in its beauty of tone, its sensitive feeling, its plastic style and its rhythmic incisiveness. It would be difficult to recall a performance in which the strong rhythm of the final theme was so clearly preserved through all the bravura passages. It was a musical virtuoso's triumph. The concert ended with a brilliant delivery by the orchestra of Ravel's familiar "Daphnis and Chloe" fragment.

Josef Hofmann's Recital.

Something took place at Josef Hofmann's piano recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday which quite possibly was without a precedent at any of the many concerts of the crowded current season now drawing to a close. The entertainment began at the time set for beginning. On the minute of 3 o'clock the famous pianist walked upon the stage and seating himself at the piano played his opening number—the variations and fugue on a theme of Handel by Brahms. In the meantime—namely, some 25 minutes—300 persons, it was estimated were arriving late and then standing, crowded the lobbys, the stairways and the back of the hall instead of enjoying the music from their seats as no doubt they had all hoped to do. The advantages on the other hand of this excellent move for promptness on the part of the management were enjoyed by the earlier comers and at the close of the recital by all concerned. Mr. Hofmann seemed to feel the heat, but his technical achievements were a superb demonstration of artistic power. For the other numbers he played Chopin's nocturne and valse, both in D flat, and B flat minor scherzo, Sgambati's melodic piece called "Xenia," a "Rustic Dance," by Ganz, Scriabine's poetic "Linquid Dance" and Liszt's sixth rhapsody. The day was very warm and the audience of a size to fill all the seats, but there had to be encores, and the valse given with inimitable swiftness, combined with delicacy of touch and color, was twice played.

The Charity Music Festival, held in Madison Square Garden yesterday, offered an afternoon and evening program in which Mme. Marie Rappold, Maria, Elsa and Margaret Hilger and several members of the Associated Choral Societies appeared as soloists, and Paul Engelskirchen and Dr. Felix Jaeger conducted an orchestra of 125 pieces. The proceeds of the affair are to go toward the relief of starving children in Europe.

The Associated Choral Societies is composed of singers from the Northern States of America and was organized in 1850 for the purpose of furthering collective singing among male choirs. Yesterday's festival was arranged by the New York and New Jersey branches and was largely attended by patrons from many sections of the country.

Mme. Rappold's numbers comprised "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" and an aria from "The Fire Cross" by Bruch. The entire program was an excellent one, drawn from standard composers in which the various choruses took prominent part. Theodore W. Henninger is president of the society.

Mch 22 1921

"Madama Butterfly" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was large enough to show that public interest in Puccini's oft repeated work is not yet on the wane. Miss Geraldine Farrar has so often impersonated the Japanese bride, 15 years of age, that the role has become her private property and she wears the robes as one to the manner born.

The perfidious *Pinkerton* of the evening was Charles Hackett. He wore a naval uniform with the air of one who knew the morning watch routine by heart, who could command a gun division, or easily find his own latitude and longitude by observation without the assistance of Marc St. Hilaire.

Vice Consul Sharpless was represented by Mr. De Luca, whose Panama hat was one of the scenic delights of the opera. Mme. Rita Fornia, veteran *Suzuki*, helped Miss Farrar in the flower duet and Angelo Bada, first of *Goros*, was the impressive Japanese marriage broker of early memories. Mr. Moranzoni conducted a performance which was smooth, rich in color and generally meritorious.

Marguerite Dana's Song Recital.

Every prospect pleased at the song recital given last evening in Aeolian Hall by Marguerite Dana, lyric soprano. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers and scenery; the audience was large and friendly; ands the flowers presented to the sinzer have probably never been equalled and certainly never surpassed in number, variety and georgeousness. Mrs. Dana has sung not a little in Canada; it was her first appearance in New York. She did not last evening disclose either voice or style capable of giving great satisfaction in the songs she sang, which included compositions by Bach, Handel, Mozart, a group of Brahms in English, a French group, and another by Americans. Her voice is naturally pleasing, but it is under insufficient control.

Miss Farrar Sings Butterfly.

"Madame Butterfly" was presented before a large audience at the Metropolitan last evening, with Miss Farrar again as the Japanese heroine. Mr. Hackett appeared as the American Lieutenant for the first time this season and Mr. De Luca was the Yankee Consul. The Misses Fornia and Egener, Messrs. Bada, Ananian, Audisio and Reschiglian completed the ensemble, under Mr. Moranzoni's direction.

Canadian Soprano Sings Here.

Miss Marguerite Dana, a Canadian soprano, who has frequently been heard in public in Canada, gave her first recital here last evening at Aeolian Hall. She sang upon a stage effectively decorated with green lights, hanging garlands of green and pots of Easter lilies. The flowers she received were probably the most elaborately beautiful seen in the hall this season. In Handel's "Aria di Poppea," arranged by Bibb, Mozart's "Violet," songs by Brahms and other numbers she disclosed a lyric quality of voice very fragile and without much color, but a naive and charming feeling for sentiment in spite of a very limited vocal skill. Her personality was pleasing and she met with warm response from a large and friendly audience.

Mch 23 1921

By H. T. Finck

Concerts and Operas

Mr. Monteux may not have quite as good an orchestra as Dr. Muck had, but he makes better programmes for those who attend the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra's final concert, on Saturday afternoon, brought Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, which one was glad to hear again, and which was played gracefully; Glazounoff's violin concerto, well played by the orchestra's concert master, Richard Burgin; and between them Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus," the beauties of which were admirably set forth by M. Monteux and his well trained players. It is not, as a whole, one of Liszt's most successful works, but there are pages in it which touch the very sources of musical inspiration. When Wagner first heard this symphonic poem it made so indelible an impression on him that he borrowed one passage in it for his "Parsifal," a quarter of a century later.

Mch 23 1921

William Mengelberg conducted the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall in the final programme of his regular series. He will preside over the same entertainment when it is repeated this evening, and will direct a farewell concert on Friday night. The next morning, as early as the steamer will take him, he will hasten toward home, as all good European musicians do after visiting this country. Mr. Mengelberg will return next season to conduct some of the concerts of the distended Philharmonic Society.

The programme of yesterday consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the B minor violin concerto of Saint-Saens, and Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." A new violinist was heard, one not only pleasing to listen to, but good to see. This was Mme. Renee Chemet, a pupil of Bertheller and a premier prix at the Paris Conservatoire in 1902. She has had much experience, having played with all the leading European orchestras.

She proved herself to be a good violinist, possessed of tone, technic, a certain amount of style and authority. Her intonation was one of her best assets and her dash in bravura passages another. In the cantilena parts of the concerto she disclosed some mannerism, particularly a habit of beginning every phrase moderato or piano and instantly swelling it. But it seems unnecessary to emphasize such minor matters. The chief shortcoming of this artist appeared to be imagination. She played the concerto very well indeed, but with limited exposition of its perfumed sentiment, its Gallic graces and its elegant reflections.

Mr. Mengelberg's reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" was in his most emphatic style. If there was anywhere an accent which he did not strike with force, a subsidiary phrase which he did not lift into the glare of publicity, or a blare of brass which he did not transform into a blast, one hearer missed it. The first movement went swiftly, the funeral march most funereally and the scherzo most roughly. But the public is now satisfied that Mr. Mengelberg is a great conductor and whatever he does is welcomed with acclamations.

Jacobsen's Farewell Concert.

Sascha Jacobsen, violinist, who has been heard here several times this season, give his second recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. He offered an interesting programme, beginning with Mozart's E flat major sonata for piano and violin and followed by D'Ambrosio's B minor concerto. Only words of praise are necessary in comment on his performance. Showing freedom and abandon, it contained also the player's accustomed beauty of tone, excellent intonation and fine command of technic and style. Following a beautiful delivery of the Mozart sonata both he and Emanuel Balaban, who was at the piano, received warm applause. The recital was Mr. Jacobsen's farewell preceding an eighteen months concert tour in Europe. An American artist entirely trained in his own country, he some time ago took his place among the best young violinists now in the concert field. He should take a high rank in the opinion of foreign music lovers.

Beethoven Association's Concert.

The Beethoven Association gave its fifth concert in Aeolian Hall last evening. The programme comprised Beethoven's B flat quartet, opus 130; three songs of Schubert and two of Schumann and the Brahms piano quintet. The association has succeeded admirably in retaining the interest of the musical profession in its high artistic purpose. Without the voluntary cooperation of the musicians such concerts as this organization gives would be impossible.

The Beethoven composition was played by the Letz Quartet. Doubtless no one among the deeply absorbed auditors found anything mystic or puzzling in this composition, which used to be viewed timorously with the Delphic utterances of the master's last period. It sounded clear and beautiful last evening except when the intonation of the players was not all that it might have been.

For the songs the association had the services of no less distinguished an interpreter than George Hamlin, who for years has been one of the foremost exponents of the art of lieder singing. The ubiquitous Conrad Bos was the accompanist. In the presentation of the Brahms quintet the Letz Quartet was joined by Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, who has appeared so rarely as a chamber music player that his assistance might be called a nevent. The audience occupied al lthe seats and the applause was of the kind whose significance cannot be mistaken.

Mr. Mengelberg's Last Program.

Mr. Mengelberg is giving this week his last program of this season with the National Symphony Orchestra. He played it yesterday afternoon and will repeat it tonight in Carnegie Hall. It comprised Beethoven's Eroica symphony and Strauss's symphonic poem, "Ein Heldenleben," for orchestra. Miss Renée Chémet, violinist, was the soloist and she played Saint-Saëns's B minor concerto.

Mr. Mengelberg's idea of Beethoven's symphony was a strenuous one, full of high lights and deep shadows, of contrasts of tempo and dynamics. The first movement was taken at a vivacious pace; the funeral march seemed, especially toward the end, somewhat to drag. Mr. Mengelberg asked a good deal of the brasses, and they blew pretty loudly, sometimes too loudly for beauty of tone, and this was especially true of the horns in the trio of the scherzo. But the performance made its effect with the audience, as such a performance can hardly fail of doing. It was in many ways impressive and there was much applause.

Miss Chémet is a well-schooled violinist, evidently a young one, with some of the qualities that are likely to be mellowed and ripened with increasing years. She played Saint-Saëns's concerto with energy and brilliancy, with an evident delight in its bravura; with ample technique to master its difficulties without a struggle; indeed, with a certain conquering sweep. She has the anxiety to put "expression" into all flowing cantabile passages that results in a good deal of portamento and an almost incessant swelling of the tone on each note. This becomes tiresome, and no doubt Miss Chémet will discover that there is a more potent expressiveness not dependent on this mannerism.

Mr. Mengelberg's playing of Strauss's picture of a hero's life, which we are not allowed to forget is dedicated to him, has before been disclosed and has made a deep impression. It is natural that he should wish to leave this impression behind him as he departs, having accomplished much with the orchestra.

Mch 24 1921

'Rigoletto' Without Gigli.

Tenor III, Chamlee Takes Place in Cast at Metropolitan.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Verdi's "Rigoletto," receiving its fourth performance, was heard by a large audience. On account of sudden indisposition Beniamino Gigli, who was to have sung the part of the *Duke*, was unable to appear and his place was taken by Mr. Chamlee. The other principals were Mr. De Luca in the title role, Miss Chase as the *Gilda* and Mr. Mardones as *Sparafucile*. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mch 25 1921

Massenet's "Manon" was given once more at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast was the same as at the last previous performance. Miss Geraldine Farrar appeared as *Manon*, singing with care, according to her habit since here health has been somewhat uncertain.

Mr. Hackett, who has become identified with the role of *Des Grieux*, was again heartily applauded for his delivery of the "reve" and "Fuyez, dona image." Mr. Chalmers as *Lescaut* and Mr. Rothler as *Des Grieux* were the other principals.

Philharmonic Begins Farewell Series of Request Programs.

The Philharmonic Society began a farewell series of request programs in Carnegie Hall last evening, to be continued this afternoon and again on Sunday, when the local season of New York's oldest musical organization will close with its 1,510th concert in seventy-nine years. The figures alone are sufficiently remarkable. The music presented last night by Mr. Stransky called for no new comment, all being repeated from former composers.

Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" was heard again and heartily welcomed. Brahms, with his second symphony, had led in the earlier requests, but the popular favorite of so many American audiences won out in the long run. For afterpieces there were Wagner's prelude and finale from "Tristan," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." Today's matinee will be all Wagner.

Bonucci Charms at First Recital.

Arturo Bonucci, an Italian 'cellist of whom more is likely to be heard, made an impression of rare charm at his first recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. For delicacy of style, for exquisite fineness of tone, his solo playing recalled the subtle orchestral nuances of another Arturo, lately a guest here. Mr. Bonucci, bowed over a small instrument pegged low on the stage, gave the effect of beautiful miniatures to a concerto of Boccherini and part of another by Haydn, for which he wrote his own cadenza. He was assisted by Frank Bibb also in pieces by Hubay, Debussy and others, with two studies in harmonics and pizzicati of the Roman player's student days at Bologna.

Uncommonly Beautiful Tone Produced by Arturo Bonucci.

Arturo Bonucci, a young Italian 'cellist, was heard for the first time here in a recital given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His programme contained Boccherini's B flat concerto, a sarabande and bourree of Bach, the adagio from Haydn's C major sonata and allegro from his D major concerto and the customary array of miscellaneous short pieces.

This young 'cellist showed not only promise, but attainments already of high value. His tone was uncommonly beautiful, always limpid, smooth and of aerial quality, whether in the low or the high register of the instrument. His intonation was almost flawless in all positions, in double stops and in harmonics. His bowing had elasticity and repose. Indeed, nexibility and continence were combined in a singular degree in all his playing.

It was a genuine pleasure to hear a young artist who knew how to make the 'cello sing all the time and who played musically and without affectations or mannerisms. Musical quality, indeed, pervaded his art, and his knowledge seemed to be founded on excellent schooling aided by a real talent. Mr. Bonucci ha the competent assistance of Frank Bibb at the piano.

The latest Arturo (for Toscanini also started his career as a 'cellist) has very unusual technical facility. This he showed, for example, in two technical studies of his own—the one an experiment in tricky harmonics, the other in pizzicato and "Spring Bogen" effects—as also in a Paganini capriccio transcribed by himself.

The fingers of his left hand—long, flexible fingers—are as accurate as they are quick and nimble. His bowing is peculiarly light and elastic. Rarely does the newcomer miss the correct pitch by a hair's breadth, and rarely does he offend the sensitive ear with a scratch, an unintentional buzzing of the strings or an accidental squeak.

Bonucci draws a beautiful tone from his instrument—a tone distinguished by delicacy, to be sure, rather than power. His pianissimo is particularly remarkable in its fine-spun expressiveness, and he never puts too much pressure on the bow in forte.

Even more notable, perhaps, than his technical proficiency, are the intelligence, the musicianship and the artistic taste that governs his playing. He shows no inclination to indulge in exaggerated sentiment. His portamento is always restrained. His phrasing is immaculate.

Boccherini's concerto in B flat served as an introductory selection. A Sarabande and Bouree by Bach for cello alone, the adagio from Haydn's C major sonata and the allegro moderato from the same composer's D major concerto, with a cadenza by Bonucci, came next in order.

Debussy's "Arielte Oublice" and Faure "Papilion," supplementing Chopin's Nosturine, opus 55, No. 1, and Scherzo, opus 65, in the following group, were both repeated. Numbers by Hubay, Lalo, Fischer and Popper completed the list.

Frank Bibb—the accompanist with the amiable smile—gave excellent support at the piano.

Mch 26 1921

"Parsifal" Is Goo

Mme. Easton and Mr. Ser in Wagner's Festival Drama

Good Friday's magic wove its wondrous spell for a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The sacred festival drama "Parsifal belongs to the day, and since Mr. Gatti-Casazza succeeded Mr. Conreid, who filched the work from its safe deposit vault in Baireuth, he has always caused it to be performed on Good Friday afternoon, except when war's bitterness for bade its presentation.

The performance of the work yesterday had no new features. Mme. Easton was the *Kundry*. To her impersonation of this incomprehensible creation of Wagner she brings all the loveliness of her womanhood and the beauty of her vocal art. If she does not make *Kundry* wholly transparent it is the fault of the dramatist. She goes far toward achieving the complete embodiment of the three separate personalities of the temptress, one for each act.

Mr. Sembach, who has been battling the bronchitis, was the *Parsifal*. His delineation of the character is a good one and he sings the music well. *Amfortas*, the most human creature in the array of strange beings who move through the drama, remains in M. Whitehill's hands, the most consistent and sympathetic figure of all. The gay young flower maidens, who seek so earnestly to tempt *Parsifal* before their immature efforts are to to shame by the art of their most experienced sister, distinguished themselves yesterday by considerable singing out of tune and out of time. But they looked well. Otherwise the entire performance moved creditably.

In the evening "The Polish Jew," followed by "The Secret of Suzanne," furnished food for thought to another large audience. The casts of both operas were the same as heretofore.

Philharmonic's Concert.

The Philharmonic Society gave the last concert of its Friday afternoon series yesterday at Carnegie Hall, when the second of the organization's three request programmes given annually at the season's three closing entertainments was offered. As he had been the evening before, Mr. Stransky was again very warmly applauded as he first came upon the platform, and his orchestra greeted him by standing. The compositions in the list were all by Wagner. The second number, perhaps chosen with reference to the day, and finely played, was the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." Later, from the same music drama, was given the march of the Holy Grail knights. The other selections comprised the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the "Sounds of the Forest" from "Siegfried," the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolda," the "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" from "Rhinegold," Wilkelmj's arrangement of the "Prize Song" and four excerpts from the "Ring" by Mr. Stransky.

Boy 'Cellist Makes Debut.

Maurice Brown, a New York boy not quite fifteen years of age, made his first appearance before a local audience in a cello recital in Acolian Hall last evening. His programme comprised a sonata in G major by Sammartini, a concerto by Jules de Swert, Tschaikowsky's variations on a rococco theme and some short pieces. The boy had a large and friendly audience and was warmly applauded.

He disclosed a genuine talent for cello playing and a proficiency quite admirable in so young a performer. He showed good tone and technic, but his style was naturally wanting in the highest qualities of finish. But his promise is large and doubtless will be realized in time.

Opera records of many years will be broken by the Metropolitan's thirteen crowded performances in nine days for the current Easter crowds in New York. The double events began yesterday, when "Parsifal" was sung for the last time this season at the annual Good Friday matinee, both Miss Easton as Kundry and Mr. Whitehill as Amfortas again giving distinction to the fine English translation by Mr. Krehbiel. Mr. Sembach as the hero, with Messrs. Didur, Blass and others, reappeared and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

"The Polish Jew," also in English, was repeated last evening in its original double bill with the popular "Secret of Suzanne." Mr. Bodanzky resigned the baton to Paul Eisler for the recent novelty, in which Chief Caupolican, a Chilean Indian, gave for the third time his remarkable representation of Henry Irving's famous dramatic rôle from "The Bells." Mr. Papi conducted Wolf-Ferrari's delightful comedy of the smoking wife, sung and acted by Bori and Scotti.

Vast Audience Rises and Shouts Plaudits at National Symphony Conductor.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

William Mengelberg took his farewell of the New York public last evening in a concert of the National Symphony Orchestra. It was the last of his season here of ten weeks, with that orchestra, and was marked by extraordinary demonstrations at its close. The audience was one that filled Carnegie Hall to its umtsoa capacity, and was very enthusiastic throughout.

The program was not such a one as Mr. Mengelberg probably would select for any other occasions, being made up of pieces in which he has achieved some of his most notable and sensational effects in his previous concerts. It began with Bach's suite in B minor, scored for violins, violas, violoncellos and flutes, which Mr. Mengelberg plays in an arrangement of his own, using the modified piano to represent the harpsichord in the "cantinno."

It represents Bach's intentions plausibly, if not accurately, and presents the music in a very effective guise to a modern audience. Then came Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," which Mr. Mengelberg works up very thrillingly, to just the sort of performance it ought to have. Strauss's symphonic poem, "Death and Transfiguration," the prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the overture to his "Tannhäuser." Truly a strange selection, considered merely as a program; but well calculated in Mr. Mengelberg's method of treatment to produce a strenuous evening.

The excitement began after "Les Preludes," for Bach's suite is really too deeply beautiful as music to make an audience stand up and wave, as it did after Liszt's piece. The symphonic poem, "Death and Transfiguration," lends itself to Mr. Mengelberg's most strenuous methods; so does the "Lohengrin" prelude, especially when there are two pairs of cymbals for the two crashing strokes at the climax, instead of one; and this "Tannhäuser" overture when the tambourine player has one in each hand; and then the trumpets and trombones stand up and the eight horns play with their bells up to be sure that that inner harmonic voice shall have the desired undue prominence.

And so when the shouting and the tumult of the orchestra died, the audience began it. Mr. Mengelberg was recalled an uncounted number of times: large quantities of flowers were carried to him. The orchestra gave him a "tusch." Finally, he stilled the tumult and expressed briefly his thanks and those of the National Symphony Orchestra, to whose members he had continually waved a share of the applause, and said that he would say not only good-bye, but "au revoir," whereupon the tumult began again. Again he came out uncounted times, distributing flowers as he passed.

Once more the orchestra took a hand and of its own accord played "The Star-Spangled Banner"; a pity that it did not know "Wilhelmus van Nassauw"! Then more applause and cheering, the audience now standing. The orchestra went out; the stage hands put two green covers on the two harps and turned out one row of lights and then another.

At last Mr. Mengelberg appeared in his fur overcoat and began shaking hands with the people lined up in front of the platform. Then the people found a better way, and began to swarm upon the stage by the steps at the corner; and Mr. Mengelberg learned one of the things that the Presidentof the United States has to endure, so that his conducting arm will need the repose of an ocean voyage.

Orchestral conductors rarely receive so violent a manifestation of admiration. Some in the audience wondered why something of this sort had not begun a little earlier in the ten weeks, after Mr. Mengelberg had begn to get his orchestra in hand and was playing to disproportionately sparse, though generally enthusiastic, audiences.

BOY 'CELLIST MAKES DEBUT.

Maurice Brown, 14, Displays Musicianship of a Mature Artist.

Maurice Brown, a 'cellist, caught young, for he is in knickerbockers and not yet 15, was assisted by Emanuel Balaban last evening at Aeolian Hall in a first recital that would have been creditable to many a mature artist. Though at times rough in tone, the young player has passed his "awkward age"; his large, lean hands, the left especially, with its masterful grip on the strings, bespoke the man and musician. His bow arm, too, would be strong for a fiddler, and already his phrasing is on broad, sonorous lines in keeping with the larger instrument.

A classic 'cello sonata of Sammartini gave most pleasure last night; there was more of the "show piece" in concerto by the Belgian, de Swert, followed by the "Rococco" variations of Tchaikovsky, and lesser works of Bruch, Davidoff and Cottenet.

mch 27 1921

Erno Dohnanyi's Final Recital.

Erno Dohnanyi, the Hungarian pianist, gave his farewell recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where the public interest was not manifested in proportion to the distinction of Mr. Dohnanyi's art. It must be said, however, that his playing yesterday was not in all respects on the high level of what he has done here before. In Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," with which he began, there were especially some wrong notes and a considerable chipping and slurring of the rhythms. The sonata in A flat, Op. 110, was more acceptably played, with many beauties and felicities of expression. Mr. Dohnanyi's exposition of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" was that of a deeply feeling musician. He ended his program with a series of pieces of his own composition.

Mch 28 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Mme. Nina Koshetz's Song Recital.

Mme. Nina Koshetz, a Russian soprano of high reputation in her own country, who was heard here with the Schok Cantorum early in the season, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. There was a large audience present in which there were many of her own compatriots. The greater part of her progam was made up of songs by Russian composers, with operatic airs by Rimsky Korsakoff and Moussorgsky. There were, besides, airs by Handel, Mozart, Brahms, Lalo, Debussy, Samuel Barlow and her accompanist, Frank Bibb. Two of them, Barlow's "Notte Espagnola" and Prokofieff's "Berceuse Hébraique," are without words; and Scriabin's "Devotion," as a note on the program announced, is the only song the composer ever wrote, is unpublished and was given to Mme. Koshetz for her sole use. Many of them are dedicated to her.

Mme. Koshetz sang best, and not unnaturally, the Russian songs, with the spirit native to them, a spirit with which she is obviously sympathetic, in many different manifestations. In these she was often deeply interesting and moving. She was less successful in such songs as the "Ombra mai fu" from Handel's "Xerxes" and in Mozart's "Cradlesong," for which her style and her technical equipment are not fitted; her singing of Brahms's "The Vain Suit" and Debussy's "Mandoline" missed some of their point, although it so pleased the audience that she repeated the last two and the last stanza of Mozart's song. Her voice is powerful but disappoints in its quality, especially in the upper tones; and yesterday there was a tendency to flat in those tones particularly and sometimes in others.

PHILHARMONIC OFF TODAY.

Orchestra Gives Farewell Matinee Before Starting on Tour.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra will start from the Pennsylvania Station at 11 o'clock this morning on a tour of seventy cities to the Pacific Coast, playing the first concert this evening at Allentown, Pa. Josef Stransky and Henry Hadley, conductors, and Felix Leifels, manager, will travel with the musicians, whose number is limited to seventy-five for the tour. The orchestra is due back in New York on June 5.

A farewell Philharmonic matinee filled Carnegie Hall to the doors yesterday, when Mr. Stransky led a final "request" program for the local subscribers. There was a rising recall for the orchestra men, and a presentation of wreaths to the leader, after the popular "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert. Alfred Megerlin played the violin solo passages in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," and there were also Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Wagner's "The Master Singers."

Ruffo Ends Season Here.

Titta Ruffo, heard recently with the Chicago Opera, took his leave for this season at the Hippodrome last night, to return as a member of the Metropolitan company next year. The Italian baritone was in capital humor, despite a scant attendance owing to the short notice of his concert, and his dramatic airs were of unusual variety, including favorites from "The Masked Ball," "The Barber," "The Demon" of Rubinstein and a "Tarantella" of Rossini. C. G. Spross accompanied him at the piano, and Alfred Mirovitch also was heard in piano solos of Bach, Chopin Liszt and Rubinstein.

Russian Soprano Sacrifices Artistry to Interpretation

Miss Nina Koshetz, Russian soprano, who sang earlier in the season at a concert by the Schola Cantorum, gave a recital at Town Hall yesterday afternoon. As before, Miss Koshetz showed herself an inferior singer. Her voice, wide in range and dramatic in quality, is not without beauty, but so poorly equalized and so indifferently trained that it shows to small advantage.

Yesterday her tones were often shrill and tremulous, and her intonation seldom secure. Phrasing, too, was sacrificed to intensity as an interpreter. In a program of Russian, French and German songs she was at her best in the Russian numbers, which included new songs by Saminsky, Prokofieff, Skryabin, Medtner and Rachmaninoff.

Yon Gives Easter Recital

An appropriate Easter concert was etro Yon's organ recital yesterday ternoon at Aeolian Hall. The stage id been transformed into a salon for ie occasion, with rugs, easy chairs, bles, lamps and pots of Easter lilies. r. Yon sought further to gain an artis- ceffect by having the lights low- ed in the auditorium during the play- g of his numbers. Mr. Yon is well nown as an excellent organist, and is playing yesterday was up to its sual standard.

Three Sunday Recitals.

There were three recitals yesterday. In the afternoon Mme. Nina Koshetz, an eminent Russian opera singer and song interpreter, who had her debut recital here at the house of Mrs. Vincent Astor this season and has since sung in several concerts, gave her first public recital before a large and enthusiastic audience in the Town Hall. Her long but interesting programme included a group of German and French airs and songs and a variety of operatic excerpts and Russian lyrics, many of which were new and dedicated to the singer. Mme. Koshotz's delivery had rare sympathy, and if her vibrant soprano voice and her skill were not entirely satisfactory her fine dramatic powers did much to compensate. Frank Bibb was at the piano.

At Aeolian Hall Pietro Yon gave "an Easter concert of organ music." Upon a stage decorated with red and green lights and Easter lilies and with the auditorium darkened he played with his accustomed skill and intelligence a list of organ works, beginning with his own "Sonata Cromatica" and further including Bach's G minor fantasy and fugue and Bossi's "Ave Maria."

In the evening at the Hippodrome Titta Ruffo and Alfred Mirovitch gave a joint recital. The audience seemed surprisingly small. Indeed, the parquet was only about one-third filled. The selections for barytone included arias from Verdi's "Masked Ball" and Rubinstein's "The Demon," and for piano Tausig's arrangement of Bach's D minor toccata and fugue. The pianist played with a hard tone but a brilliant style. The famous barytone, making his last appearance here this season, poured forth volumes of splendid tone, but with little feeling for finesse. He enunciated very clearly and his style was incisive and very dramatic. Both artists were very warmly applauded. Charles Gilbert Spross was at the piano for Mr. Ruffo.

Reinald Werrenrath Soloist At Metropolitan Concert

Reinald Werrenrath made his first appearance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening at the usual Sunday evenin geoncert. His numbers included "Avant de Quitter ces Lieux," from Gounod's "Faust," and a group of songs by Clark, McGill and O'Hara.

Other artists who appeared included Cecil Arden, soprano; Gladys Axman, soprano; Sue Harvard, soprano; Charles Hackett, tenor, and Pasquale Amato, barytone.

Among the soloists were Evelyn Scotney, Gladys Axman and Sue Harvard, sopranos; Cecil Arden and Raymonde Delaunois, mezzo-sopranos; Grace Bradley and Augusta Lenska, contraltos; Charles Hackett, tenor; Pasquale Amato and Reinald Werrenrath, baritones; Giovanni Martino, basso.

The program included the quartet from "Rigoletto" and the sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," the former being sung by Mmes. Scotney and Bradley and Messrs. Hackett and Amato and the latter by Mmes. Scotney, Bradley and Messrs. Hackett, Amato, Marino and Paltrinieri.

Mch 29 1921

Willem Mengelberg having finished his meteoric flight across the local musical heavens, the National Symphony Orchestra in its concert at Carnegie Hall last evening returned to normalcy. Arthur Bodanzky resumed the baton and was cordially received by a small but earnest audience. The orchestra arose when the conductor appeared, and some of the musicians clapped their hands. Mr. Bodanzky having thus been publicly and officially welcomed home, the concert proceeded on its way with Weber's "Der Freischuetz" overture.

The Brahms symphony in D major was the second number, and after it there were several Wagner bits, the "Meistersinger" prelude, what used to be called the "Waldweben," but is now known as "Siegfried in the Forest"; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from Goetterdaemmerung" (why not "Dusk of the Gods"?) and the overture to "Rienzi."

Mr. Bodanzky conducted well. The Weber overture was played with significant accent and color, although the horns maintained their ancient standard of tone (a low one) and the other brass was occasionally raucous. The Brahms symphony suffered from similar defects, if it had vigor and rhythmic incisiveness to commend it. The National Symphony Orchestra, like its artistic forerunner, the Boston Symphony, plays better at the latter end of the season than at the beginning.

Both have profited by long and arduous rehearsal. The New York organization has worked under a master of orchestral technique and is now a fairly good instrument. Mr. Bodanzky will probably not tell us whether he could have accomplished the same results if he had been directing all its operations instead of devoting his time to the opera ("The Polish Jew," for instance) while Mr. Mangelberg got all the wreaths and kisses.

Miss Chapin, Soprano, Sings.

Miss Marion Chapin, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme contained several unfamiliar songs, chosen undoubtedly to lend interest to her entertainment, which was further aided by the presence of Richard Hageman at the piano. Miss Chapin's audience was also one of apparently substantial character and its applause was most friendly.

The singer disclosed some good qualities, of which the most important was the natural beauty of her voice. Her vocal technic, however, did not rise above the medium, for she seemed to have difficulty with her upper tones. Not infrequently she wandered from the pitch, and her delivery had considerable monotony. But she showed appreciation of the content of her songs, and in some of the French lyrics she attained a degree of merit.

Gigli Out of Opera Cast.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening the opera was "L'Amore dei Tre Re," in which Miss Claudia Muzio was again the *Fiora* and Mr. Didur the *Archibaldo*. Beniamino Gigli was to have been the *Avito*, but not having recovered from his indisposition of last week, his place was commendably taken by Giulio Crimi. The audience seemed to enjoy the performance, which was led by Mr. Moranzoni.

A gala matinee yesterday sent several thousand dollars into the opera house Emergency Fund for the benefit of the working, sinking and playing forces of the institution. A capacity audience, that had paid popular prices, was treated to favorite acts from "The Barber of Seville," "Pagliacci," "Il Trovatore" and "Carmen" with the Misses Farrar, Chase and Peralta and Mme. Easton in the chief feminine parts. Morgan Kingston appeared for Mr. Crimi as Canio, and also sang the Enrico of "Il Trovatore." His men associates were Messrs. Harrold, Diaz, Amato, De Luca, Whitehill, Mardones and Malatesta.

By Richard Aldrich.

Mr. Bodanzky Conducts.

Nobody tried last evening to kiss Mr Bodanzky, who resumed his place at the head of the National Symphony Orchestra, at its concert in Carnegie Hall; though the audience—not a very large one, it must be confessed—was extremely cordial in its greeting to him at his first appearance and was persistent in applause then and all through the program, and the orchestra rose in a body to greet him as he entered.

There was a lurking, lingering hope that Mr. Bodanzky would have the resolution to go on in his own way and not try to outdo Mr. Mengelberg in the matters that finally so aroused public interest and caused excitement culminating in the last few concerts he directed. These included such an extreme of strenuous utterance, of dynamic contrast, of dramatic statement and turn of phrase, with many less obvious details, all desirable qualities in orchestral performance, within limits.

Mr. Bodanzky's methods had by no means neglected them. But last night it seemed as if by some contagion he was urged to push them to still further extremes, that sometimes went beyond reason and poise, in the effort to stir his public. He succeeded in stirring his public, but it may be questioned whether it was not at too great an expense in loss of refinement and the necessary fundamentals of beauty. This was conspicuous in the playing of Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz" and Brahms's second symphony.

Both had been heard under Mr. Bodanzky's direction in concerts of the early season. Now they seemed deepened and intensified in their colors almost to the point of garishness, accented in outline to the point of exaggeration. There was a great deal of blaring from the brass, sometimes beyond the limits of tonal beauty; in the overture several of the horns went wrong simultaneously, and in the allegretto of the symphony it spread to the oboes. Partly, perhaps, because there was so much preoccupation in enlarging the volume of tone, the quality suffered; it took as a certain coldness and hardness.

Those whose memories carried them back to the performances of these works earlier in the season found themselves preferring them to those heard last evening. Too much stimulation has its dangers in orchestral playing, as in some other things, and cannot be indefinitely prolonged. Some times there must be a return to soberer ideals of beauty. But stimulation had its effect on the listeners, who were full of enthusiasm.

After the intermission they listened to Wagnerian selections, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried in the Forest" from "Siegfried," his "Rhine Journey" from "Götterdämmerung" and the overture to "Rienzi."

MARION CHAPIN SINGS.

Soprano, Assisted by Flutist and Pianist, Gives Enjoyable Recital.

Marion Chapin, soprano, achieved moments of rare beauty in a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon when she was assisted both by **Richard Hageman** at the piano and by **Daniel Maquarre**, first flute of the **National Symphony**. All three persons were heard not only in Handel's "Sweet Bird," among older and hackneyed airs, but also in an interesting group of modern tone-pictures, including Stravinsky's wordless "Pastoral," Ravel's "Enchanted Flute," and an even more enchanting "Evening Hymn," by Hüe, which the house vainly sought to have encored.

Miss Chapin sang with much distinction of style and sentiment some new French lyrics of Koechlin and Dupon, a novelty from the Japanese by Stinc, and other manuscript pieces by Hadley and Hageman.

Mch 30 1921

Walter Damrosch and the Oratorio Society gave a music festival in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory last spring and the amount of public interest evoked by the venture encouraged the projectors to try it again this year. The local habitation, however, is no longer an armory, but the Manhattan Opera House, to whose walls the solemnities of oratorio are not familiar. The festival began last evening with a performance of Gabriel Pierne's "The Children's Crusade."

This work was first given here under the direction of Frank Damrosch on December 4, 1906, and was repeated twice in the same winter. It was given again under Walter Damrosch on December 5, 1917. The story used by Pierne is a mediæeval legend about a band of children who undertook a crusade in the direction of the Holy Sepulchre. Their leaders are *Alain* and *Alys*, the former a blind boy. The aults in the tale are accessory to the action. Parents, for example, plead with their children not to go, but *Alain* leads them forth, they come to the sea, embark on ships, are overtaken by a tempest and lost. A voice from on high chans "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and the heavenly choir triumphantly sings "Children Who Were Dead Have Risen Again."

The composer has writted a cantata of more than ordinary beauty. Certainly some portions are a little dry, owing no doubt to M. Pierne's desire to avoid the commonplace, but by the quite artistic expedient of writing simple music for the children he has created an atmosphere of tenderness, conveyed to the hearer the illusion of the helplessness of the infant army, and made a powerful appeal to parental instincts. There is much real beauty in the choral parts, especially in the "Libera nos, Domine" in the third part and in the final alleluia

For the performance of the work Mr. Damrosch had brought together a large festival chorus of grown singers, another of children from the public schools, and the Symphony Society Orchestra. The soloists were Mme. Mabel Garrison and Mario Chamlee of the Metropolitan Opera House, Royal Dadmun and Misses Myrtle Leonard, Ada Tyrone, Ottilie Schillig, Jeanne Laval and Adele Parkhurst.

The performance was admirable in almost every respect. The acoustic properties of the auditorium were favorable to clarity and balance and Mr. Damrosch had nicely calculated all his effects to fit the opportunities. The Oratorio choir distinguished itself by unusual elasticity of style and the Misses Tyrone, Parkhurst, Leonard and Laval sang the music of the four women very beautifully. Miss Schillig was not always at her best in the phrases of *Alain*, but she was generally commendable, while Mme. Garrison sang well the music of *Allys*.

But the true stars of the evening were the public school children, trained to the minute, and singing with most delightful suavity, cleancut phrasing, well graded dynamics and excellent enunciation. The effect of the performance as a whole was good and the audience was manifestly much interested.

Letz Quartette Closes Season.

At Aeolian Hall last evening the Letz Quartet gave its third and final concert. The programme, as was evident, served for the Letz players' tribute to the present season's celebration of the Beethoven anniversary. It contained three quartets illustrating the master's three periods, namely, in C minor, opus 18, No. 4; F minor, opus 95, and B flat, opus 130. The Letz musicians made their selections with admirable judgment.

By H. T. Finck

Harpists and Child Crusaders

In all the thirty years of its existence Carnegie Hall never presented so unique and picturesque a sight as it did last night. More than sixty golden harps adorned the stage, like a truncated forest; and when, presently, as many fair maidens in light-colored garments glided in between them and sat down to play, it did seem like a vision of heaven—or was it a new kind of Parsifal garden, with that great harp missionary, Carlos Salzedo, in the centre?

A dozen oratorio festivals could not have kept me from seeing and hearing these sixty harps. Before last night I had never heard more than six harps at once. That was at Bayreuth, in "Rheingold," where the gods march across the rainbow bridge to the iridescent harmonies of the harpists. Last night there were sixty. To be sure they did not play independent parts like Wagner's six harpists—that would have resulted in contrapuntal complexities surpassing those of the sixteenth century Netherlanders.

What the National Association of Harpists did in Carnegie Hall last night was to play, all together, the melody as well as the chords of Handel's familiar "Largo." It is needless to say that a single violin or flute or voice could have intoned the melody more alluringly than all the harps, with their scant power of tone-sustaining; but the chords! How they swelled, and dwindled, and coalesced, and stirred the hearers! The sweeping sound of these harps was as unique and pleasing as the sight of them and their players.

Maud Morgan, who made her début in 1875 with Ole Bull, conducted, and subsequently played a solo. A miscellaneous programme for harps in various combinations followed. This I had no time to hear; but I did remain to hear an entertaining short address by John C. Freund, the witty editor of *Musical America*, who began by saying that this was as near heaven as some in the house probably ever hoped to get.

He dwelt on the career of Maud Morgan, who had done much to make this meeting of harpists from all over the country possible. He amused the audience by telling about the great excitement created by the first appearance of a woman in an operatic orchestra. "What in the name of God are we coming to?" somebody wondered at that time. That the harp has reached its highest perfection in America (Chicago and Cincinnati), and that America altogether leads the world musically, were points also emphasized by Freund.

Harold Morris's Recital.

Harold Morris, a young pianist from Texas, gave his second recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme consisted of three compositions by Mr. Morris, all sonatas. The first, which is in B flat minor, dates from 1914. The second, for piano and violin, and in E flat major, was written in 1919, and the third, in A flat major, for piano, in 1915. The second and third are still in manuscript. Mr. Morris is modern in his tendencies, but not an extremist. His music showed much thought and sincerity of purpose. He was applauded by an audience of fair size.

Harold Morris Plays Own Works.

Harold Morris, a pianist of original gifts, who has before appeared in recital both in this and former seasons, gave a program of his own compositions at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Three sonatas were the sum total, two for pianoforte bearing the opus numbers 2 and 3 and the year dates 1914 and 1915, respectively, the latter of the pair based on rhythms of ragtime. Between these Mr. Morris introduced his latest work, a sonata for violin and piano, Op. 6, vigorously written and performed with the help of Albert Stoessel.

Morris in Recital.

Harold Morris, composer-pianist, was heard in his second recital of the season in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon when he presented a program of his own compositions in which he was assisted by Albert Stoessel, violinist.

Mr. Morris's "Poem for Orchestra" has been played frequently by various symphony orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, and his three Sonatas, presented yesterday, gave further evidence of his skill as a musician.

He has a clear, direct manner at the keyboard and a poetic sense of color and tone. Mr. Stoessel was heard in the Morris Sonata for piano and violin in E flat major.

94

Mar 31 1921

The second evening of the Oratorio Society's festival of music at the Manhattan Opera House last evening was devoted to Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." The forces assembled by Mr. Damrosch for the interpretation of the composition comprised the festival chorus, a boy choir of about 100 voices from the Episcopal churches of Brooklyn, the orchestra of the Symphony Society, and for soloists Mme. Sundelius, soprano, of the opera; Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, contralto; George Meader, tenor; Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, and William Simmons, bass.

A performance of Bach's immortal piece of devotional music offers many themes for comment. The adequacy of the soloists might be the most popular but it is not always of the highest importance. The choral technic and style, the conductor's acquaintance with the traditions, the value of the ensembles—all might be discussed. And naturally there is always temptation to dwell on the singularly poignant and individual beauties of the work itself.

Reporters of many years' service in the field of music easily withstand the temptation to write praise of the work. Music lovers know its unequalled merits; others care nothing about them. It requires both courage and love to present the Passion music in these days. It is not a period in which the austere conceptions of Bach, his reflective and introspective style and his profoundly psychological methods of exposition meet with wide favor.

It therefore was the more gratifying that the concert of last evening brought together such an audience. It was larger than that at the first concert and it complied with Mr. Damrosch's request, delivered from the conductor's podium, that in accordance with the custom established by his father forty years ago there be no applause except at the end of the first part and the end of the work.

The chorus sang well, but owing to some peculiarity in the atmosphere the choral deliveries seemed less clear and accurate than those of Tuesday evening. The soloists were generally good. Mr. Meader's style in the recitatives of the narrator was sometimes questionable. His emotional manner, the tremor of his voice, did not seem called for in the simple statements of the narrative. His enunciation, however, was most admirable and added to the quality of the performance. Mr. Werrenrath has acquired a sort of proprietary right to the barytone solos of the "Passion." He sang them as he has always sung them, with noble dignity, depth of feeling and great beauty of voice. The artistic control of Mme. D'Alvarez must have astonished many of those who have heard her tempestuous delivery of songs in recital. She sang "Grief and Pain," for example, with continence and smoothness, showing a real appreciation of the character of the music.

The Symphony Society orchestra, divided into two bands, one on each side of the stage, played very well indeed. Mr. Damrosch conducted the whole work with repose and abstinence from anything approaching dramatization. About this there will be differences of opinion. There always have been, for the stupendous nature of the drama of Christ's final days and death invites the employment of all possible interpretative resources. But it is just as well to remember that Bach wrote his "Passions" for performance in a church and that the true spirit of the music is devotional.

Under the leadership of William C. Bridgeman, chorusmaster of the Brooklyn branch of the Oratorio Society of New York, the following churches and their choirmasters with their respective choirs, took part: Christ Church, Bay Ridge, Arthur Ramsden, choirmaster; Church of the Good Shepherd, Thomas W. McDonough, choirmaster; Church of the Messiah, George B. Wilson, choirmaster; Church of the Redeemer, Asteria, Herbert R. Ward, choirmaster; Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, Herbert R. Ward, choirmaster; St. George's Episcopal Church, Warren Gehrken, choirmaster; St. Mark's Episcopal Church, E. Scheffield Marsh, choirmaster, and St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Flatbush, T. Allen Cleaver, choirmaster.

The soloists of last evening were Marie Sundelius, Margaret D'Alvarez, George Meader, William Simmons and Reinald Werrenrath.

If Mr. Gatti-Casazza had selected "Madame Butterfly" as last night's offering in the Metropolitan merely as a test of the continued popularity of Mr. Puccini's opera, the result must have been gratifying.

The crowd applauded the familiar melodies with its usual freedom and when Miss Farrar, who was the *Cio-Cio-San*, appeared before the curtain at the close of the first act she was deluged, as in the past, with a Niagara of flowers from the upper reaches of the house.

Miss Farrar's supporting cast was a familiar one, with Miss Rita Fornia and Miss Edna Kellogg completing the feminine portion; with Giuno Crimi and Antonio Scotti as the susceptible naval officer and the resourceful consul respectively, and with Messrs. Bada, Audisio Ananian, Cerri and Reschiglian forming the quintet of simulated Japanese. Mr. Moranoni vonducted.

Mugnone Premier Is Postponed to To-morrow Nigh

"AIDA," Leopoldo Mugnone's premiere, the first performance of the new Italian Opera Company from Italy, conducted by the famous Maestro of Florence and Naples, given under the auspices of the Italian Lyric Federation, Inc., at the Lexington Theatre, has been postponed from to-night to to-morrow night.

Mugnone, arriving in New York at 5 o'clock, Tuesday night, started rehearsing at 6:30. At midnight he said definitely that he could not give "Aida" in forty-eight hours. He demanded another day for rehearsing.

The bearded Italian, who was Caruso's teacher, made another stipulation. He could not give "Giocanda" Saturday night as planned but "Lucia di Lammermoor" instead.

"Aida" is to have in it's cast for the premiere Iva Pacetti, young dramatic soprano from Florence, Italy; Niny Frascani, mezzo-soprano, of Naples; Armando Caprara, tenor; Amleto Barbieri, baritone, of the La Scala Opera House, and Italo Picchi, basso. "Lucia's" personnel is to include Stella Norelli, Mme. Zecca, Fausto Cavalenni, lyric tenor, of Naples; Martellotti, Augusto Ordognez and Italo Picchi.

The first rehearsal, around Tuesday midnight, was exciting. Mugnone has long been known as the most tempestuous, irascible, exacting of all the grand opera conductors. More than once at this first rehearsal he cried out, "No, no, I go back to Italy!" and it was with difficulty that he was led back to the piano. Again when he discovered that, as "Aida" is given in America, a certain few bars sung in the second act are left out, he stopped the rehearsal with vehemence.

"I did not come over here to stab my friend, Verdi," he shouted. "I have too much respect for his masterpiece to omit anything."

So "Aida" will be given fully as Verdi wrote it.

Bach's Passion at the Music Festival.

The Oratorio Society's Festival of Music was continued last evening at the Manhattan Opera House with a performance of Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew." It was given under

The solo singers were Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, Mrs. Marguerite d'Alvarez, contralto; George Meader tenor, in the part of the Evangelist; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, in the part of Jesus, and William Simmons, baritone, who took the place of Nelson Illingworth originally announced. Mr. Werrenrath's singing was of beautiful finish of style and diction, poignant tenderness and dignity. The representative of the Evangelist always has to struggle against the tendency to make his utterances, which are in large part straightforward narrative, unduly "expressive" and even sentimental. Mr. Meader succeeded to a very considerable degree in avoiding this, and his delivery of the recitative was marked by intelligent phrasing and clear ennunciation. Mmes. Sundelius and d'Alvarez both gave their singing artistic distinction, and showed an understanding of a style that presents many difficulties. Mr. Simmons sang intelligently, with not quite so much finish of style.

April 1 1921

"Rigoletto" was repeated last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cast was not conspicuous for novelty. All the singers engaged in chanting Verdi's mellifluous melodies for the delectation of the public ear had been heard before in the same roles. Miss Cora Chase was the *Gilda*. Her imperaonation was quite correct and in accord with the conventions, and her pretty voice was heard with pleasure.

Mr. de Luca presented once more his characteristic delineation of the jester and Mr. Hackett represented the highly reprehensible young duke whose pursuits in life reaembled those of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, but with less retributive results. Mr. Mardones was the impersonator of *Sparafucile*, the forerunner of the modern gunman, while Miss Perini was the *Maddalena*, sister of the bravo and herself the forerunner of a species of siren frequently engaged in assisting the aforesaid gun toter. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

French Pianist Gives Recital.

Leon Sampaix, a French pianist, who at present is living in Ithaca, gave his annual recital in New York last evening at Aeolian Hall before an audience of good size. In pieces by Scarlatti, Liapounov's variations on a Russian theme, Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata and other selections his performance, as when he was heard before, showed good technical ability and a praiseworthy seriousness. More individuality and color would have helped to give interest to his readings.

Leginska Pupil Makes Debut.

Miss Lucile Oliver, pianist, made her debut in a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. She is a native of this city and a pupil of Mme. Ethel Leginska, who has given many recitals here. Mme. Leginska apparently taught Miss Oliver more than piano technic. The young lady wore her hair like Mme. Leginska, bent over the piano like her, raised hands in her way and even bowed Leginska fashion.

In spite of all the moving picture accessories the young woman showed some talent. Her touch had the caressing, sensuous, catlike tread of her teacher at times, and again it had power and brilliancy. Miss Oliver is very young yet, but there were some grounds for hope that she would develop into an interesting pianist—not so interesting as Mme. Leginska, of course. One could hardly expect that.

Miss Lucille Oliver's Recital

Typical of the School.

Miss Lucille Oliver, a Leginska pupil, who gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, was an excellent example of the school which mistakes facility for interpretation and fireworks for soul. Where sound and thunder were the thing Miss Oliver demonstrated a fine ability.

Two Armenian folk songs by Brockway were a ringing tribute to her skill. She was effective in a fantastic scherzo by Leginska, given for the first time, illustrative of Tagore's poem, "O Mad, Superbly Drunk." Macdowell's beautiful "To the Sea" was beyond the young pianist, who in bobbed hair and loose gown was a faithful disciple of the Leginska cult.

Guilbert Sings a 12th Century Song

Yvette Guilbert, who has one more farewell recital before sailing for France, told a matinee audience at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre yesterday she would sing the ma song that she believed had not been sung in 800 years. It was a twelth century "Douce Dame," by Adam de la Halle, in which a lover blew hot and cold between wooing his mistress and watching out for her proper guardian's return, all in the mirth-provoking manner of Guilbert. There were folksongs and medieval Easter legends, and a group of students assisted in some poems of Baudelaire.

Lucille Oliver Makes Her Debut.

Lucile Oliver, a young pianist of natural gifts, overweighted with borrowed mannerisms and affectations, gave a first recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, playing works of Bach, Chopin, Debussy and several novelties. Howard Brockway's "Wedding March" proved the more pleasing arrangement of his pair of "Armenian Folksongs," while Ethel Leginska's "Scherzo, after Tagore," was a turgid bacchanale of disordered harmony and rhythm. The player repeated MacDowell's "Witches' Dance," and though Liszt's "Mazeppa" was beyond her, it, too, was encored with Chopin's "Winter Wind."

Leon Sampaix Gives Novel Program

Leon Sampaix, pianist, who was heard in recital here last season, appeared at Acolian Hall last evening in a program of novel interest, not without its firm basis in a classic sonata, Beethoven's "Quasi une Fantasia," but also inviting the listeners afield to modern France and Russia, he gave Liapaunow's variations on a Russian theme, Rachmaninoff's polka "on a theme by W. R.," Medtner's "Novelette," Glinka's "The Lark," in Balakirew's version, and Karpow's "Etude de Salon," while among more Western European pieces waa Saint-Saën's "Wedding Cake Waltz," once played here by that famous Frenchman

MME. GUILBERT'S FAREWELL.

Gives Last Recital Sunday, but Will Return in Autumn.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert is to return soon to France. For five years she has been one of the distinguished artistic refugees in this city. She will leave for Paris this month, but will return in the autumn. Like others, she has not only learned to know this country during her stay here, but to love it. So she will come back to resume the artistic activities which have occupied her time since her arrival.

Yesterday afternoon she gave at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre the first of two farewell recitals. Mme. Guilbert was at her best in the opening numbers. "Belle Isabeau" was no more entertaining than the preliminary explanation of the singer, which was irresistibly comic. So was the "Douce Dame" of Adam de la Halle, which she had never sung before. The thirteenth century description of the terror stricken lover set the audience in roars of laughter. But Mme. Guilbert is the spirit of ironic gaiety. She is unique. Whether she was rendering songs of the Middle Ages or the more recent centuries, she held her hearers in the happiest thraldom.

The close of the programme was devoted to serious numbers, the poems of Baudelaire set to the music of Rollinat. The less said about that part of the performance, the better for the fame of Mme. Guilbert. She will give her last recital on Sunday.

April 2 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

"The Dream of Gerontius."

The third concert in the "Festival of Music" by the Oratorio Society, now in progress at the Manhattan Opera House, took place last evening and was devoted to Sir Edmond Elgar's cantata, "The Dream of Gerontius." The audience did not wholly fill the house, but showed its interest in the composition by warm applause at appropriate points.

"The Dream of Gerontius" was first produced in this country by the Oratorio Society on March 26, 1903, and has been repeated by it several times since. The work has always made a considerable impression when it has been sung here. It was the composition that first made the composer's fame, the work that lifted him high above the group of Englishmen who had been for so long turning out oratorios and cantatas for the provincial festivals, of excellent workmanship but stereotyped character. It stirred the waters of English musical life as they had not been stirred for long by its fervor and its soaring imagination. In this work Elgar brought in new ideas and aspirations and did something toward vitalizing the oratorio as a form of art with a stimulating touch which, if it be not of genius, is undeniably of a bold and original talent, working for its own expression in its own way.

Elgar's music is on the whole successful as an interpretation of Newman's poem, an intensification of its spirit. It may be that it does not now quite so deeply impress as it did eighteen years ago; that there are pages that now seem bare and dry; that Elgar's melodic inspiration is not always maintained and that skillful craftsmanship has sometimes to supply its place. Yet there is still much in it of great beauty. The mystical atmoaphere of Newman's poem Elgar has succeeded in large measure in reproducing. The music is written with conviction, and its fervor gives the impression of something genuine, deeply felt. The tenor part, which is extremely arduous and prolonged, has much expressive declamation. It is written in the form of continuous arisos, as are the parts for contralo and bass. There is much elaborate writing for the chorus, sometimes in many parts, in the orchestra the composer has used all the resources of modern instrumentation in embracing his effects; and its part is built up of a large number of representatives themes.

The chorus and orchestra gave a performance showing excellent command of the difficulties of the music. It was often deeply effective. It had been announced that, in the part of Gerontius, who has so much of the score to himself, Orville Harrold would appear. Just before the beginning of the concert, however, an announcement was made from the stage that, because Mr. Harrold had been called to the opera of whose company he is a member, to sing in the performance of "Lohengrin" last evening, Mr. Mario Chamlee, also of the opera company, would take his place. It was a singular fact that it did not occur to the publicity department of the Oratorio Society, which has contributed to the newspaper offices much matter on other subjects relating to the festival, to contribute this information also. The announcement of the performance of "Lohengrin" with Mr. Harrold in the cast, was made ten days before the performance of "The Dream of Generations."

M. Chambe sang the music with real intelligence and security, and with a clear and intelligible enunciation of the text. Miss Frieda Klink, contralto, as the Angel and M. Frederick Patton, bass, as the Priest, and, later, the Angel of the Agony, both showed excellent quality of voice and sang their music in admirable style.

'Lohengrin' in English Sung Again.

"Lohengrin" in English was sung for the fifth time at the Metropolitan last evening, completing its round of the seasons subscription, before an audience of great size and eager appreciation. The cast was that heard in most of the previous representations, headed by Miss Easton and Mr. Harrold, while Mr. Whitehill also reappeared, although a printed apology was made for the fact that the baritone was suffering from a cold. Miss Claussen, Mr. Gustafson and others completed the fine ensemble, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Miss Carre Charms Auditors By Her Artistry in Recital

Miss Carolyn Carre, soprano, who gave a song recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, disclosed a voice of unusual beauty and richness. In spite of apparent nervousness during her first group of songs, which included such acid tests as Handel's "Care Selve" and "Quel Farfalletta," she showed ability and excellent training.

In songs that followed by Brahms, Grieg, Straus, Gretchaninoff and other composers her interpretations were both intelligent and interesting.

Rudolph Ganz Is Soloist at National Symphony Concert

Rudolph Ganz, recently appointed director of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist at yesterday afternoon's concert by the National Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. In Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor he displayed the elegance and seasoned musicianship for which his playing has long been admired in this city. The other numbers on the program were Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride."

Two Sopranos in Recitals.

Two aspirants for vocal honors appeared in Aeolian Hall ysterday, and for both singers Coenraad Bos supplied the piano accompaniments. In the afternoon Miss Carolyn Carre, soprano, played a programme of airs and songs, classic and modern, in which neither her vocal equipment nor her sense of style proved adequate for a public recital. [illegible] her delivery the [illegible] were obviously [illegible] in such songs as Strauss's "S[illegible]" [illegible] results were more [illegible] direction.

[illegible] evening [illegible] artist [illegible] Gardner, soprano, who is a [illegible] city. She offered a conv[illegible] chosen list of airs and [illegible] standard German lyrics and [illegible] by Rogers, entitled "April Weather." [illegible] a voice light in volume [illegible] of fairly good quality. She was evidently very nervous, owing to the strain of debut, but was able to [illegible] her hearers by her good instincts for interpretation. She sang with [illegible] understanding of phrasing, a diction [illegible] clear and a fine musical feeling with taste.

Italian Opera Starts With 'Aida'

Leopoldo Mugnone, Director.

A season of Italian opera, conducted by the Italian Lyric Federation, began last evening in the Lexington Opera House with a performance of "Aida." The audience was small in size but plentiful in sound. Its bravi made the rafters ring again and again. But disinterested observers of the proceedings must have wondered what was the occasion of the raptures. There also was room for conjecture as to the purpose and expectations of the projectors of the enterprise, for New oYrk has been liberally supplied with operatic delights ever since the middle of last November, and it is now near the end of a very full season of music.

The chief merits of last evening's entertainment were not to be found among the principals. These, indeed, were of a time honored type, familiar to all who have watched the history of cheap Italian performances in this town. Power predominated, and the refinements of lyric art hid their diminished heads in the background. The singers were not known to local fame. Armando Caprara, the *Rhadames*, possessed high notes of extraordinary vigor, and the *Aida*, Mme. Iva Pacetti, permitted her voice to quiver with emotion when it was heard at all. A remarkable *Amneris* and an equally astonishing *Amonasro* were joined with these others.

The star of the evening was the conductor, Leopoldo Mugnone, a musical director of high standing in Italy, whose knowledge and authority could not be obscured by the unhappy conditions surrounding them. He had a fairly good orchestra and a tolerable chorus, both of which responded enthusiastically to his direction. The orchestra did some excellent playing and the chorus some good inging. The excellence of both were principally in phraing, nuance, well graded dynamics, effective treatment of rhetorical pauses and general clarity. Mr. Mugnone knows every bar of "Aida" and knows it as an artist. His methods are spectacular, but possibly they would be less so in circumstances not so trying as those of last evening. He is unquestionably an admirable operatic conductor. It seemed a pity to see him struggling with adversity.

WESLEYAN SPRING CONCERT.

Wesleyan University's Musical Club gave its spring concert last evening in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria before a large and appreciative audience. In addition to the songs of the Glee Club, several amusing specialties were introduced, including the Wesleyan Midnight Sons Orchestra and Jibers Quartet. The concert was followed by a dance, which was largely participated in by the Wesleyan men and their friends. This concert was the opening event of a busy month for Wesleyan men all over the country, as completion of the Wesleyan endowment fund of $3,000,000 will be made by a final drive April 15 to 25. The drive will be started by a dinner on April 15 at the Hotel Commodore.

"La Boheme" was presented at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon as a special matinee with "Lohengrin" following as the evening bill.

Virtually the same casts that have been heard in these two favorite operas on former occasions this season presented them yesterday.

In the Puccini opera, Lucrezia Bori appeared as the fascinating Mimi, with Beniamino Gigli, Millo Picco, Pasquale Amato and Giovanni Martino as the four Bohemians.

Paolo Ananian was Benoit, the innkeeper, the other principals being Pietro Audisio, Pompilio Malatesta, Marie Sundelius and Vincenzo Reschiglian. The score was conducted by Gennaro Papi.

The Wagnerian opera was sung in English by Orville Harrold, Florence Easton, Clarence Whitehill, William Gustafson, Julia Claussen and Robert Leonhardt. Artur Bodanzky conducted.

CAROLYN CARRE PLEASES IN RECITAL PROGRAMME

Carolyn Carre, soprano, made her appearance in recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall and in an exacting programme achieved a fair degree of success. While she gave ample suggestion of coloratura aspirations, the singer found her best field in the dramatic and her "Chere Nuit" of Bachelet was full of nuances. In the sparkling "Joy" by Rihm her spontaneous and brilliant rendition called for an immediate encore. There were moments when the voice sharped, but there were others, as in Brahms "O, That I Might retrace the Way," when the fullness and purity, and well considered phrasing went far to restore the balance. Handel's "Care Selve" was among the group of classics and Grieg's "The Odalisk" among the moderns. Miss Carre was assisted at the piano by Conraad V. Bos.

April 3 1921

The Bethlehem Bach Choir of 350 voices, under the direction of Dr. J. Fred Wolle, following a custom of several seasons, came from Philadelphia yesterday to sing with the Oratorio Society of New York in a matinee concert of the Music Festival now current at the Manhattan Opera House. A trip of eighteen crowded hours away from the home town included, besides the concert and an earlier rehearsal at the theatre, both luncheon and dinner in the ballroom of the Hotel Pennsylvania and an evening for the entire party at the Metropolitan performance of "Zaza." The visitors left shortly before midnight, due in Bethlehem some two hours later, on a special train provided by Charles M. Schwab.

It was a Bach and Wagner program in which Walter Damrosch had asked his musical guests to assist yesterday afternoon, and to which they imparted an overwhelming volume and vigor of tone wholly appropriate to the music sung. The choir was heard by a large audience in Bach's chorales, "How Shall I Fitly Meet Thee?" "This Proud Heart Within Us Swelling," "O Mighty King, Etornal Is Thy Glory," and "Lord Jesus, Thy Dear Angel Send."

Dr. Wolle's singers gave also two choruses from Bach's B minor mass, "Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi," and "Confiteor Unum Baptisma," while with the Oratorio forces they joined in a grand finale with the "Tannhäuser" pilgrims' march and the cholar "Awake" from "The Master Singers." Florence Easton sang Elizabeth's air from the former work, and with Clarence Whitehill the farewell scene of Brünnhilde and Wotan from "The Valkyrie."

At the dinner at the Hotel Pennsylvania Mr. Schwab praised the singers and declared that through their efforts the choir had become widely known. He considered that the greatest value of the choir lay in the fact that it was a community enterprise, bringing the people of the town closer together in an undertaking that makes for the uplift of the entire community. He also paid tribute to the work of each individual singer.

Mr. Schwab, who was recently elected President of the choir to succeed Dr. H. S. Drinker, President emeritus of Lehigh University, expressed the hope that he would have the pleasure of entertaining the singers on their annual pilgrimage to this city next year.

Mme. Sembrich said that she had heard many choruaes in many lands, but that unqualifiedly she considered the work of the Bach Choir the best she had ever listened to. "I sail you as fellow-artists," said the famous singer.

There were also short talks by Dr. Drinker, Dr. J. Fred Wolle, conductor of the choir, and Professor Raymond Walters of Lehigh University, who presided as toastmaster.

A performance of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" last evening, with Frances Peralta, Marguerite d'Alvarez, Mario Chamlee and Frederick Patton, concluded the Oratio Society's five events of the week, to be followed by performances next Thursday and Friday of Mr. Damrosch'a music to "Iphigenia in Aulia," acted by Margaret Anglin.

THREE RECITALS IN DAY.

Josef Lhevinne, Mishel Piastro and the Selinskys Appear.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, played his last piano recital of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and played in perhaps finer form than his warmest admirers have often heard him. Following Beethoven's E-flat variations and fugue, Mr. Lhevinne gave a superb performance of the Weber-Tausig "Invitation to the Dance," an invitation equally to matinee enthusiasm. He had to remaster, while in a Chopin group, the B-flat minor prelude was also encored, and Liszt's "Valse Impromptu" added at the close.

Mishel Piastro, the latest and most vital of Russian violinists, gave his sixth program here last evening in Carnegie Hall before a tour further afield, playing Glazounow's concerto and pieces by Goldmark, Saenger and Auer, several arrangements by himself, and Sarasate's fantasie of airs from "Carmen."

Max Selinsky and Mrs. Selinsky gave a novel recital for two violins at Aeolian Hall last evening, making their joint début here after appearance earlier this year in London. Their program included a suite by Moszkowski, "Silhouettes," by Paul Juon; Sinding's "Serenade," and pieces by Zilcher, Spohr and Ries.

MAKES OPERA RECORD.

The Metropolitan Has Fifteen Performances In Ten Days.

Two Metropolitan concerts today will complete a series of fifteen performances in the last ten days at that house, probably a new record for an operatic establishment anywhere in the world, while the prosperity of opera often twice daily of late finds no example in the annals of Broadway. Yesterday's pair, both adaptations from famous plays, again sold out the theatre for the fourth hearing of Mr. Wolff's "The Blue Bird" and the sixth of Leoncavallo's "Zaza."

A matinee house including many children enjoyed the Maeterlink fairy story of two babes in a picture book daermland, acted by the Misses Delaunois and Ellis, with the usual large cast, under Mr. Wolff's direction. Last evening Miss Farrar, Messrs. Crimi, De Luca and others, reappeared in the brilliant if yet theatrical piece made from a famous Belasco production in its operatic form by Mr. Moranzoni.

Clara Clemens's Song Recital.

Clara Clemens, known in private life as Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, gave the first of two song rectials in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon which she devoted entirely to the songs of Brahms. The program was a delightful one, containing nineteen songs, many of which are as good as unknown in song rectials, but which suggest how large the treasury of these songs is, upon which song singers have drawn only partially.

Miss Clemens has evidently made deep investigations into it and has discovered many things that are deserving of being more widely known. Such are "The Maiden's Song," "Deception," "Why Art Thou Seeking to Hold Me," that were on her program yesterday.

Miss Clemens has a real appreciation of the spirit of these songs, all of which she sang in English. Unfortunately her diction in singing is not as to made it a matter of crucial importance whether she sang them in English or in German; it was rarely possible to understand her delivery of the words. It is unfortunate, too, that certain technical defects cloud the beauty of her singing. The turning of a long phrase, however, is not one of the things that are lacking in it.

April 4 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

A Bach Concert by Friends of Music.

At the last concert of their season given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, the Friends of Music brought forward again the chorus - has recently organized, in two cantatas of Bach. It is to these compositions that the work of this chorus is to be more particularly directed; a high and ambitious purpose, the carrying out of which will have great possibilities of benefit for the musical public if it is willing to take advantage of them.

Theprogram was devoted entirely to the music of Bach, and comprised the concerto grosso for orchestra in F, in Felix Frottl's revision for modern use; the cantatas "Oh, Hapless Man ("Ich, Armer Mensch") and "God's Time is Best," ("Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit"), Nos. 55 and 106 of the Bach Society's edition. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

The concert gave great pleasure to the lover's of Bach's music who made up the audience, for it was an unusually excellent performance of works not easy to perform well, requiring a special training and a special knowledge of its style. It is the intention to give the chorus—a small body of good singers—this training and this knowledge of Bach's style; and the performance yesterday showed that it had already made good progress in gaining them.

The chorus has been well prepared in these cantatas and for this much credit is due to Stephen Townsend. It displayed a tuly beautiful quality of tone, a suitable balance and, through thorough familiarity with the music, made a fearless entrance upon its difficulties. These were more especially contained in the second and longer cantata—known as the "Actus Tragicus"—one of the most beautiful of Bach's many church cantatas, in which there are a number of singularly beautiful and poetic effects of an exceptional kind; notably in the chorus. "It is the old decree," where, at the close, the tender supplication by the sopranos, "Yea come, Lord Jesus, come!" is united with the rugged proclamation of the lower voices of the common lot of man: and then both are continued with the old chorale tune, "Ich hab' mein Sach' Gott heimgestellt," fragmentarily intoned by the orchestra. The final measure is an expressive little cadenza for the sopranos.

There is an ingratiating solo for contralto, a solo of more lyrical character than is usual with such numbers in Bach's works, his disposition being often to treat the solo voice instrumentally rather than vocally, as might have been observed in the airs for tenor and bass in this cantata, and in the whole of the cantata, "Ah, Hapless Man," which preceded it on the program. This is a solo for the tenor, including a long recitative preceded and followed by airs, and ending with a chorale.

George Meader sang the solo cantata, a difficult and somewhat thankless task because of the frequently unvocal character just mentioned, in a style on the whole excellent: with a flexibility of voice that followed the devious curves of Bach's melody, with skill in expressive phrasing, with clear English diction. Mr. Meader was similarly successful in the other cantata. Miss Marion Telva sang the contralto airs in it intelligently and musically, with a rich voice, and William Gustafson put much vigor into the bass airs.

The orchestra, which was drawn from the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, did itself credit in the instrumental accompaniments and in the concerto grosso, a piece rich in red blood and stoutly melodious, with a tender and poetical slow movement. The solo violin was played by Gino Nastrucci, and in the solo cantata the flute obligato was by Nicola Lancella. The "basso contimo" in the cantatas was represented by the "harpsichord-piano" played by Paul Eisler, and Wilfred Pelletier played the organ. Mr. Bodawzky's conducting of the orchestral and vocal pieces was masterly, deriving the most significant expression from them and presenting them in the full light of their beauty.

The Society of the Friends of Music gave its final concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised three works by the young master Johann Sebastain Bach. They were the sixth Brandenburg concerto and the cantatas "Ah, Hapless Man" and "God's Time Is Best." For the performance of this music there was orchestra, an organ operated by Wilfred Pelletier, a harpsichord played by Paul Eisler, the chorus of the society and the following soloists: Miss Marion Telva, contralto; George Meader, tenor, and William Gustafson, bass. The conductor was Athur Bodanzky.

The young composer, Johann Sebastian Bach, remains young while meteoric musicans grow old in twenty-four hours and greet the dawn with gray hair. Struggle and strife fill the dust of the day and ambition hides the stars of the night, but the poems that will not sing themselves fall into the eternal silences while Bach sings on yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. He apparently knew no ambition except to write honest music and made no struggle doing it. He wrote with the simplicity of genius, just as John Bunyan did, and every time he rose from his desk the world was made more beautiful by another masterpiece.

To listen to the music performed yesterday was to know the ineffable peace of the Sabbath as it was made for man. The Brandenburg concerto was given in the Mottl arrangement, and fresh and sweet indeed it sounded in the comparatively small hall where its wonderful arabesque of voice parts could be traced by the ear without effort. Perhaps had the first allegro been taken a trifle more slowly the voices would have been still better displayed, but on the whole the work was well performed, and in particular the anxious trumpeter must have gone home satisfied that he need not fear to meet his Bach.

Mr. Meader accepted the commission to sing the solos in "Ah, Hapless Man." Many other things are easier to do, and at one moment when the singer's ever lurking enemy made himself felt in the tenor's throat the difficulties became formidable. But Mr. Meader triumphed and finished with an artistic delivery to his credit. The chorus sang the chorale very well, but not at all in the style of Bethlehem. Miss Tolva and Mr. Gustafson were heard with Mr. Meader in the other cantata, which is better known to the majority of local music lovers than "Ah, Hapless Man." It was an afternoon of musical repose and beauty, very precious to those who have suffered from all the tumultuous excitements of the past week or two.

Albert Spalding's Recital.

Albert Spalding gave his second and last violin recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a large audience. Next season this distinguished American artist will play in Europe. Mr. Spalding was at his best yesterday. It is, indeed, doubtful if he has ever before been heard to so good advantage in a recital here. A player known for his fine and scholarly accomplishments, but one less responsive to the quickening beat of dramatic instincts, his delivery yesterday had more fire and warmth, seemingly, than before. At any rate, he stirred his listeners in such a manner that they responded to his performance with much genuinely warm applause.

He gave a delightful rendering of Corelli's "La Folia," as edited by himself, one in which technical difficulties

were thrown off with ease and smoothness, and phrase and accent were finely placed. And so he played again in two numbers which followed, namely in the adagio from Bach's F minor sonata and Kreisler's arrangement of Tartini's variations. In these works, and elsewhere, his admirable command of style prevailed. The bravura touches in the Tartini music caused the piece to stand forth as one especially well delivered.

An effective selection, with organ and piano accompaniment, with Robert Gayler at the organ, was the preludes from "Le Deluge," by Saint-Saens. Following the opening classic group Mr. Spalding and Andre Benoist gave a fine ensemble performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, for violin and piano, at the close of which they received numerous recalls.

National Symphony Concert.

Artur Bodanzky appeared for the first time as the conductor at a popular Sunday night concert of the National Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme comprised Wagner's "Lohengrin" prelude, "Siegfried Idyll" and funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and, Tschaikovsky's "Pathetique" symphony. The "Pathetic" symphony, so hard worked during the season now nearing its end, still has undiminished drawing power, apparently. The audience was large.

In her last recital before sailing for France, Mme. Yvette Guilbert offered one of her select programs at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre last evening to a thoroughly appreciative audience. Most of the numbers Madame Guilbert presented were drawn from a list of songs made familiar to followers of this artist's work in former recitals. Among them were: "Legendes Dorees," "Chansons et Dances du Moyen Age," "Au temps de la Cour de Versailles," and "Modern Songs." Students of the Guilbert School of the Theatre also appeared in "The Golden Images" and "Rondes Populaires."

Joseph Hislop, the popular Scottish tenor who was heard earlier this year with the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House, made his only concert appearance of the season last night at the Hippodrome under the auspices of the New York Caledonian Club with the assistance of one hundred pipers.

Although the program was varied, it was truly a Scotch night and heartily did the audience enjoy such typical songs as "Annie Laurie," "MacGregor's Gathering" and "Land o' the Leal." Mr. Hislop's voice was lovely indeed in the ballads of his native heath and the pipers did themselves proud. Oscar Micastro, 'cellist, and Alberto Sciaretti, pianist, helped to make the entertainment enjoyable.

The program included a group of English songs by S. Coleridge Taylor, Roger Quilter, Harold Craxton, aria from "L'Arlesiana," "Fedora" "Aida" and "Rigoletto" and a small group of Swedish and Norwegian selections by Sjogren, Peterson-Berger and Grieg.

The announcement that Fritz Kreisler was to appear as guest soloist at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, in addition to an important list of Metropolitan stars, resulted in a swarm of applicants for admission at the box office early in the afternoon.

Mr. Kreisler played Viotti's concerto No. 24 in A minor and other compositions, including one of his own, in his customary sympathetic and masterly style. Kathleen Howard sang the carol song from "Carmen," Orville Harrold did the Racconto from "La Boheme," Pasquale Amato sang selections from "Zaza" and "Danza," and the orchestra, directed by Richard Hageman, played the "Otello" overture and other selections from favorite operas.

April 5 1921

Young Violinist Makes His Debut.

Rinaldo Sidoli, a young violinist of Italian parentage, musically trained in New York, and now 18 years old, made his formal début last evening in Aeolian Hall, though he has before now appeared in pupils' concerts. He was assisted at the piano by Edna Sheppard in a sonata of Nardini, the first concerto of Paganini, with Wilhelmj's cadenza, and other pieces by Paganini, Ries, d'Ambrosio, Ernst and Kreisler.

"The Barber of Seville" Sung Again

"The Barber of Seville" was sung for the third time at the Metropolitan last evening, with Cora Chase as Rosina. A familiar cast included also Messrs. Hackett, De Luca, Malatesta and Mardones, and Mr. Papi conducted.

Italian Opera, Lacking Support, Curtails Season

The Italian Lyric Federation, which opened a period of grand opera in the Lexington Theatre with performances Friday and Saturday nights of last week with Leopoldo Mugnone, a conductor of high standing in Italy, as chief conductor, has been obliged to curtail its season because of a lack of public support. A performance of "Cavaleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" announced for to-night under the leadership of Signor Mugnone, has been abandoned. It still is the purpose of the company to give a performance of "Carmen" in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Thursday night, but further than that the Federation had, it was said at the Lexington yesterday, made no plans for the future.

The difficulty, an official member of the Federation said yesterday, had its basis in the fact that no adequate arrangements had been made for an advance subscription during the proposed season of four weeks in New York and Brooklyn. With no such assurance of public support and no guarantee by members of the Italian Lyric Federation, the company found it necessary to rely for its current expenses upon the box office sale, which has been disappointing.

It was made known at the office of the company that all obligations to Signor Mugnone and to the singers he brought from Italy have been met up to the present. The musicians and other singers have been paid, but the future prospects were so gloomy that plans for a rehearsal yesterday for to-night's proposed performance were given up. The federation leased the Lexington until June 1, with the privilege of subletting the house.

April 4 1921

"RIGOLETTO" IS GIVEN WITH PAINFUL EFFECT

"Rigoletto" was produced by the Italian Opera Company at the Lexington Theatre Saturday night with a cast so inadequate, an ensemble so unfamiliar with its music and scenic equipment of such painful lack that even a Mugnone could not save it from near travesty.

The great Italian conductor, who in his day has been the genius of more consecutive productions of Verdi's tragic opera than possibly any living director, in spite of heroic efforts to save it, was forced to see his masterpiece drift upon the shoals. A house two-thirds empty was a damper the borrowed American chorus failed to overcome. In the boxes the "Aida" cast of the opening performance with visible signs of distress watched the disaster.

It is obvious, unless the musical world and the New York public come to the rescue, one of the foremost conductors of his time, and, in the eyes of the composer, supreme in Verdi's operas, through the combination of unfortunate circumstances and ill-judged management will be lost to New York. In the face of overwhelming odds he has fought for a footing for himself and his singers.

With a strange orchestra and chorus "Aida" was produced with four rehearsals, "Rigoletto" with one. The end was in sight last night when the management announced a change of bill for next Tuesday night, when "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be substituted for "Norma," which was to feature the young soprano, Piacetti, the star of the aggregation.

Augusto Ordonez, the Spanish baritone who sang the title role last night, appeared in New York a year ago in Italian opera at the Lexington. In the audience was Galeffi of the Chicago Opera Company, who has sung the role under Mugnone. Fausto Cavallini appeared as the Duke and Stella Norelli as Gilda.

Two debutantes were added yesterday to the long season's list. Carol Robinson, a Chicago pianist, gave a piano recital at the Garrick Theatre, playing with musicianly intelligence and picturesque contrasts a program ranging from Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, to a later triad, Donhnanyi, Debussy and Paderewski. Patricia Ryan contralto, a Texan girl of artistic promise, was heard in an invitation recital at the Biltmore, where she was introduced by Thomas Bull.

April 6 1921

The last concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra's local season took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Stokowski elected to make what the old time racing fraternity used to call a "grand stand finish. His programme was composed of familiar and exciting music by Tschaikowsky, namely the "Pathetic" symphony, the "Nut Cracker" suite and the "1812" overture. Such a programme might be caled a display of virtuosity. The three numbers demanded an exhibition of the brilliancy and scope of the orchestra's technic and sonority. But the audience greatly rejoiced, as was to be expected. The Philadelphia Orchestra has acquired high flavor, and its conductor is declared by his admirers to be the foremost of all the wizards of the baton.

The performance of the symphony did not differ radically from others heard in the course of the season. Naturally Mr. Stokowski had certain stresses of his own, like all other wizards of the baton, he discovered phrases in the inner voices which had to be especially published in order to help him create a "reading." But the fact is that the "Pathetic" symphony has established its own traditions and it is by no means easy to obliterate them.

The playing of the symphony was rather to be praised for its technical excellences, which were of the first order, and which in themselves did for the composition all that was essential. Mr. Stokowski had polished up the work of his men to a high degree of finish and particularly was he successful in keeping the dynamics within reasonable bounds, except in the third movement, when tempests must rage or the whole thing be a failure. Next season we shall have the musicians from Philadelphia with us again for ten concerts and Mr. Stokowski can continue to be the young Siegfreid of the baton to the delight of increasing multitudes.

Louise Stalling's First Recital.

Louise Stallings, soprano, dark and slender, dowered by nature with a low, sweet voice, whose honeyed quality would be cloying but for her varied use of it in modest limits, gave a first recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by John Doane. She sang airs in Italian, German, French and English, the later groups including a charming pair by Fourdrain, and two others dedicated to the singer by Constance Herreshoff.

Miss Stallings's Song Recital.

Miss Louise Stallings, mezzo soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was arranged on conventional lines, beginning with old Italian airs. A group of songs in German followed and was succeeded, as usual, by a group in French and one in English. No protest was made against the singing of German. On the contrary, Miss Stallings was applauded quite as heartily by her decidedly friendly audience as when she sang French or English.

This young singer disclosed not only a voice of good natural quality but some real talent for the interpretation of songs. Intelligence as well as feeling was discernible in her delivery. Her technical equipment, however, did not equal the demands of her programme. Her principal shortcoming is one affecting the quality of her tone. The upper notes, when given freely, showed warmth and purity, but throughout most of her register both of these characteristics were obscured by defective placing.

The result was that the tones were generally dark, sombre and clouded. There is such a thing as placing tone too far forward, and it seemed as if this might be Miss Stallings's trouble. Possibly, too, there was some failure to pronounce vowels with purity. At any rate, when the young woman has learned to brighten the quality of her tone, to give it transparency and lightness, she will be able to impart to her songs a greater eloquence than she attained yesterday. She showed so much promise and so much achievement that there is reason to hope that she may have a successful future.

Violinist and Tenor in Recitals.

Two recitals in adjacent halls drew late-season audiences last evening, Carlo Sabatini, violinist, appearing at the Town Hall, and Franklin Riker, tenor, at Aeolian. Mr. Riker, a singer long familiar to this public, was assisted by Richard Hageman in airs in Italian and French by Donaudy and others, and recent lyrics by Hageman, LaForge, Osgood and Riker himself. Mr. Sabatini heard lately in Carnegie Hall, showed an improvement in tone in a more intimate auditorium, though his phrasing and passage work lacked something of finished technique. He played with Francis Moore the D-major sonata of Beethoven, Mendelssohn's concerto, and pieces by Svendsen and Hauser.

Violinist Gives Recital.

Carlo Sabatini, an "Italian-Viennese" violinist, who made his first appearance here earlier this season, gave a second recital last evening at the Town Hall. With Francis Moore as the pianist he gave first Beethoven's D major sonata. His list further comprised Mendelssohn's concerto a "Romance" by Swendsen and a "Hungarian" rhapsody by Hauser. His playing, as before, showed seriousness with a tone and technic commendable in slow music. His intonation was not perfect. In the andante of the sonata his taste was good, but his general work lacked polish.

By H. T. Finck

Philadelphians Play Too Fast

Leopold Stokowski, the idolized conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was apparently in a hurry to catch a train last night; or else he tried to correct the impression that Philadelphians are slow. At any rate, nearly every number and movement on his Carnegie Hall programme last night was taken rather faster than was desirable for best results. In the allegro molto vivace of the Pathetic Symphony he overlooked the fact that these words refer to the spirit rather than the tempo. However, this movement is so stunning that it overwhelmed the audience—as it always does—and there was tumultuous and prolonged applause for the conductor and his men, who had to stand up. The adagio lamentoso was mournful, but it did not reach the full depths of the tragedy. One would hardly have guessed that, when composing it, Tchaikovsky was overwhelmed with emotion. As he remarked to a friend: "Often during my wanderings, composing it in my mind, I have wept bitterly." Seidl used to weep when conducting it.

The tendency to excessive speed was particularly noticeable in the last of the six numbers from the "Nut-Cracker" suite, which followed the symphony—the "Danse des Mirlitons," or dance of the reeds. It is one of the daintiest melodies ever written, delightfully scored, with flutes predominating, but the excessive speed with which it was taken completely ruined it. The Russian dance "Trepak," another jewel of the first water, was reduced to mere smudges of sound. So our joy at seeing this unjustly neglected suite on last night's programme vanished into thin air. The other numbers, to be sure, were much better done, but they are far less interesting.

If the Philadelphia Orchestra will curb its impetuosity and become more truly Philadelphian in the matter of tempo, it will be better for all concerned. Last night's concert closed the season, and of course Mr. Stokowski's numerous admirers gave him a demonstrative farewell. Next season's Philadelphian concerts in New York will again number ten, and of course there will again be ten sold-out houses.

April 7 1921

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" had another hearing last night in the Metropolitan before a large audience that gave vigorous evidence of its delight over familiar melodies. Miss Claudia Muzio sang and acted the heroine, while Mr. Amato reappeared as the Lescaut and Mr. Crimi as the lover. Mr. Papi conducted.

The popularity of Geraldine Farrar was again attested yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan when she appeared once more as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" with Orville Harrold in the title part. Miss Farrar, as usual when she sings in the midweek matinee bill, was literally showered with flowers which rained from boxes and front orchestra seats.

Leon Rothier was the Mephistopheles, Giuseppe Danise, Valentin; Louis D'Angelo, Wagner; Mary Ellis, Siebel, and Louise Berat, Marthe. The score was conducted by Albert Wolff.

In the evening Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was presented again, with Claudia Muzio and Marion Telva and Messrs. Crimi, Amato, Malatesta, Bada, Ananian, Paltrinieri, Laurenti, Reschiglian and Audisio in the cast. Gennaro Papi conducted.

Leopoldo Mugnone, veteran conductor, friend of Verdi, and for many years before the rise of Toscanini, a powerful figure in the musical life of Italy, is stranded in New York, the victim of ill-laid plans for a season of opera under his direction by the Italian Lyric Federation of this city.

When Maestro Mugnone was approached in Italy last summer by representatives of the federation regarding a visit to America, he says he was told that he would find a superb orchestra and a magnificent chorus waiting his bidding. He was furthermore given to understand, he says, that artists of fine standing awaited his coming to supplement the singers whom he was encouraged to engage to accompany him upon his trip. Forty performances of opera at a leading New York theater and ten in Brooklyn were held out as a further inducement.

When he arrived, he found, it is declared, a scratch orchestra, an indifferent chorus and a few immaturs principals.

Visitor Not Disheartened

"Never mind. We rehearse," he said, optimistically.

After the first performance last Friday evening, however, he discovered something much more disheartening. The management had made no arrangements for advance subscription during the purposed season. No guarantee had been provided by members of the federation. The promoters relied solely upon box office receipts for the success of the undertaking.

Slim attendance at the second performance by the federation last Saturday night brought the truth home to the management and the enterprise was abandoned.

Seen yesterday at the Hotel Langwell, where Mugnone is awaiting the next turn of the wheel of fortune, the maestro lamented the pitiable circumstances which attended his American début.

"It is an irreparable scandal," he explained emphatically. "For years I have dreamed of a visit to America as the crowning achievement of my career. Is it not too bad that my career must end so sadly? For the money I do not care. But I feel so badly for my art."

"But, Maestro," remonstrated his secretary. "You know how to get mad. Why don't you stamp your feet and show your temper?"

Too Downcast Even for Anger

"I feel too bad," answered Mugnone, with tears in his eyes. "I haven't the heart to be angry."

A bellboy appeared with a rosebush from a sympathetic admirer, but Mugnone refused to be comforted.

"In Italy I conducted all Verdi's works. I alo conducted Wagner's operas many times. I have given many concerts, and I had hoped to do the same here," said Mugnone sadly.

There was a touching meeting between Mugnone and Enrico Caruso last Tuesday. When Mugnone saw the emaciated condition of the great tenor, who often sang under hi sdriection during the early days of his career, he burst into tears. Conductor and tenor, however, were soon happily engaged in reminiscenees.

Mugnone is only waiting to learn the financial fate of the artists he brought with him before returning to Italy.

Damrosch Says Farewell to His Oratorio Work

Unless some future descendant of the Damroseh family should take up the baton of the Oratorio Society of New York, the festival to be concluded this evening at the Manhattan Opera House will mark the farewell of the Damrosch dynasty as the head of the Oratorio Society. Leopold Damrosch founded the Oratorio Society in 1873. He was succeeded on his death in 1885 by his son, Walter. In 1899 Frank Damrosch followed his brother as conductor, and in 1918 Walter Damrosch was again appointed director of the society. With the exception of one period of five years the society since its founding has always been under the direction of a Damrosch.

Three years ago, the society finding itself in artistic and financial difficulties, appealed to Walter Damrosch, and although fully immersed in his work with the New York Symphony Orchestra, his old affection for the society prompted him to accept the conductorship for one year, with the understanding that he was to be rcleased and another conductor found. But the one year grew into three ycars, during which the society regained its old position, liquidated a large debt and inspired a renewed life for choral music.

Does Not Begrudge Extra Work

"Although the hundred symphony concerts in New York and elsewhere which I conduct with the New York Symphony Society orchestra more than occupy my time and interest, I do not begrudge the extra labors which my three years incumbency in the Oratorio Society placed upon me," said Walter Damrosch yesterday by way of valedictory.

"It is hardly necessary for me to point out tho absolute need artistically for continuing to support and maintain large choral organizations like the Oratorio Society, and I urged the idea of giving a great choral festival last spring at the 71st Regiment Armory in order to demonstrate to a larger and a new public what could be accomplished in that direction. There is something truly inspiring in the gathering of hundreds of singers thundering out the great choruses of Händel, Mendelssohn or Bach, and while the armory did not prove altogether suitable acoustically, the enthusiasm which was aroused by the performances was ample justification of the gigantic effort. I was personally not in favor of repeating the festival again this year, because I think such festivals serve their purpose better if a year or so has elapsed between them. It is true that a small city like Worcester has a music festival every year, but that is about all they do have. It is like a boa-constrictor that takes one solid meal every six months and lies down to sleep the rest of the time. New York, on the other hand, is one continuous delirium of music throughout the entire season.

Opposed 1921 Festival

"The president and directors of the society overruled my fears, and the success of this festival seems to prove that they were right and I was wrong.

"I personally owe a great deal to the music festival idea because when the first great festival was given in New York, in 1881, I was appointed by my father, although only nineteen years of age, to conduct two sections of the big festival chorus. One of these was the Newark Harmonic Society, which promptly elected me as its regular conductor and with which I gave in the years following in Newark, N. J., such works as 'Messiah,' Rubenstein's 'Tower of Babel,' Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust' and Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.' This gave me an intimate acquaintance and routine in the drilling of choral and orchestral forces, so that at my father's death, in 1885, I was elected conductor of the Oratorio Society and was not only technically equipped as a musician, but had a certain amount of routine in conducting large bodies of executants.

"Although I retire from the active musical direction of the Oratoric Society my interest for it and its welfare remains as great as ever, and as a member of the board of directors I shall continue to take an active part in its future."

April 8 1921

"Tristan und Isolde" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Mme. Matzenauer being engaged in singing German songs in English to the excellent audiences of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Mme. Florence Easton sang *Isolde* to one of the thinnest audiences of the season. It as not this admired soprano's first appearance as the Irish princess, as she has sung it in Brooklyn and also once in Manhattan. But such a lovely impersonation should not be permitted to pass unnoticed even at its third disclosure.

Mme. Easton's voice is not of the type traditionally associated with the role, but she succeeds in making it meet all the demands of the music. It has to be forced sometimes and there were moments of hoarseness in the tones last night, but the soprano's interpretation was so intelligent that only praise can be awarded to it. Her *Isolde* is neither a termagent, nor a half civilized erotic, but a perfectly human woman, astonisited by the sudden bursting of her own bonds of restraint and swept away upon a flood of normal feeling.

The other members of the cast were those of earlier performances. Miss Jean Gordon repeated her creditable *Brangaene*. It is a pity that she has not a larger fund of vocal skill to fall back on and a better command of enunciation, bu the latter is not possible with her method of tone production. Mr. Sembach was the *Tristan* and Mr. Whitehill the *Kurvenal*. The latter singer was hoarse. William Gustafson recited the wearisome woes of *King Mark*. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The orchestra was sometimes too loud. But almost everything is done at the Metropolitan on a tonal scale altogether too large. Refined art and prodigious volumes of sound do not travel in company.

Gustave Ferrari in Songs.

A delightful entertainment, styled "Songs and their interpretation—an hour of talk and music," was that given yesterday afternoon by the well known composer-pianist, Gustave Ferrari, before an audience that filled to overflowing the small ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Mr. Ferrari made some remarks to his hearers on the art of singing a song. He quoted Rossini, by saying that vocal interpretation is made up of three parts, "brains, voice and brains," and he showed how with many singers the voice is first when it should only be the medium of expression. In the vocal part of the programme Mr. Ferrari had the assistance of Miss Loraine-Wyman, soprano, and he himself took part as a singer. The songs in the list included sacred by Mr. Ferrari, with his charming "Le Miroir," Poldowski's "Impression Fausse" and Hahn's "D'une Prison." Hearing Mr. Ferrari sing afforded novelty. He was the accompanist of the afternoon, and he would talk about them and then give, with a barytone voice and much stress laid on mood, enunciation and tone color, his various numbers.

Miss Wyman asked the indulgence of the audience for a cold, but she was well able, in spite of it, to explain and then sing with admirable diction and style such songs as Farwell's negro spiritual, the "Moanin' Dove," or the "Lil' Boy" song of the South, and Mr. Ferrari's arrangement of the Canadian folksong, "Il elait une Bergere." The last named song Mr. Ferrari followed by singing his arrangement of its words in the version used in France—which was an item of interest for comparison. The recital, of an intime nature, was excellently adapted to a room smaller than a concert hall, and the audience was evidently much pleased.

Miss Sparkes, Soprano, Pleases.

Miss Lenora Sparkes, a soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, but one who has seldom appeared there this season, gave a song recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Miss Sparkes was heard in recital here last season, and last evening she repeated the pleasant impression she created before. Her programme included old airs, operatic excerpts and modern songs. In her opening selection her voice was not always smooth, but her tonal quality later disclosed the loveliness of her scale, and her fine phrasing and diction added to the pleasure derived from her delivery.

Miss Leonora Sparkes's Recital.

Miss Leonora Sparkes, for a good many years numbered among the sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall that was heard by a large and friendly audience. She avoided the conventional framework of a program. Interesting numbers of her first group were a melodious Italian song by Wolf-Ferrari and an air from Montemezzi's opera of "Hellera," not much reminiscent of "l'Amore dei Tre Re"; there were Tschaikowsky's "Légende" and the letter aria from his "Eugene Onegin," and groups of songs in French and English. Miss Sparkes's excellent voice and artistic manner of singing have given pleasure in the opera house and in concert. They did so again last evening. There were intelligence, finish of style and warmth of expression in her interpretations, a significant reproduction of the sentiment of what she sings. There was an abundance of applause.

"Tristan" Sung for Last Time.

"Tristan" in English, which was the first of the Metropolitan novelties and revivals last Fall, was heard for the sixth and last time this season at the opera last night. Its announcement in advance as a final occasion attracted somewhat more than the usual crowded house. Miss Easton was again the Irish Princess, Mr. Sembach the overseas fighter from Brittany and Mr. Gustafson the Cornishman who was "third corner" to Wagner's royal love-drama. Miss Gordon and Mr. Whitehill were among the half-dozen others completing an ensamble of distinction, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted a performance musically enthralling to the 4,000 listeners, most of whom remained till the last curtain fell just before midnight.

April 9 1921

'Andrea Chenier' Sung Fourth Time.

Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" was sung for the fourth time at the Metropolitan last evening, when the Italian Ambassador, Signor Rolandi-Ricci, was a guest of Mrs. Gatti-Casazza in the Director's box. The Misses Muzio and Howard, Messrs. Gigli and Danise were among those in the cast, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Miss McNevin's Debut.

Miss Evelyn McNevin, contralto, made her local debut in a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Except for the fact that her third group consisted entirely of songs by Rachmaninov her programme was on long tried lines. Miss McNevin showed much promise. Her voice is one of unusual beauty and volume and she betrayed temperamental qualities of value. She sang with much warmth and with evidences of training in both technic and style.

Her most serious fault was the employment of a method of tone production designed to give the voice the greatest power. This was entirely unnecessary, since there was abundant natural power. This young singer will undoubtedly learn that beauty in song can better be reached by softening her tone. She showed so much real talent last evening that she should have a future.

Evelyn MacNevin in Her First New York Recital

By MAX SMITH.

THERE is one thing about song recitals. You are practically sure of hearing expert accompanists on the piano. Nor are those accompanists ever the losers. They always make money, no matter how much the concert goers may sacrifice.

It was Richard Hageman, highly prosperous conductor, teacher and coach, who gave assistance last night in Aeolian Hall to Evelyn MacNeoin, her first public appearance in New York. And Mr. Hageman quite lived up to his reputation.

As for Mrs. MacNevin, she has a contralto of considerable power. But her tone-production is engulfed in remote cavities of her mouth and the quality of her voice as well as her diction, suffers in consequence. Her voustless, no doubt, was a handicap to the singer. She has much to learn however, both from a vocal and in interpretative points of viles, before she may call herself an artist. Her contribution embraced airs by Handel, Scarlatti and Marcello, a groupf o French songs, a group of songs by Radimaninoff and a group of songs by American composers.

April 10 1921

York. He has this year won a splendid success for the revival of "Mefistofele," which has become a great favorite. It was sung for the seventh time on Saturday night by Easton, Peralta, Perini, Gigli, Bada, and Didur. The afternoon performance of "Carmen" had a cast which included three sterling artists: Farrar, Bori, and De Luca. Harrold was the Don José.

April 11 1921

Miss Braslau Pree

Miss Sophie Braslau, contralto, gave her first and only song recital of the current season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. We are afforded numerous opportunities to hear less interesting singers than Miss Braslau, who bestows upon us the treasures of her art sparingly. Without doubt most music lovers would gladly hear her more than once in a season, for although her art, like every one else's, is imperfect, it is nevertheless especially interesting by reason of certain general qualities and moreover by its own individuality.

The recital of yesterday displayed all the best traits of this singer. In voice and temperament she is preeminent. The voice indeed is one of the few truly great vocal instruments of our time, a magnificent low contralto, with lustrous depths of color and sensuous beauty which lend intensity to every passionate utterance. Miss Braslau slaughters the low register sometimes. She pitilessly forces chest tones, but in this she is only following the example of practically every low contralto within the memory of living music lovers.

But it is none the less to be regretted, for Miss Braslau's interpretations would gain in poetic finish if she would treat the low tones better, and at the same time would lose none of their eloquence. But it is an era of big tone, and since the vocal gods of the public are all of stentorian power, tempestuously trumpeting their emotions to half stunned multitudes, little blame can be given those who emulate their examples.

Miss Braslau is essentially dramatic in song interpretation. She is not so in opera, but her lyrics of pain and passion, such as those in her Russian group yesterday, were sung with real power. Doubtless the surprise of the afternoon to most of her hearers was the way she sang one of her encore numbers, nothing less than that tremendous bravura air "Furibondo," of Handel, which she poured forth with splendid dash and with a facility quite unexpected. It was one of the best pieces of florid singing that the local stage has heard in many moons. Certainly no other contralto since Scalchi has rivalled it.

Among other numbers particularly well delivered were Rachmaninov's "Vocalize" and three admirable lyrics by Gabriele Sibella, entitled "Bacio morto," "Canzonita" and "La Follia." There was excellence too in the contralto's singing of the old cantata 'L'Amorosa Lontananza' of Bassani, whose voluminous publications of cantatas for one voice might well be ransacked by contemporaneous singers. Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole provided judicious accompaniments for Miss Braslau.

Mme. Galli-Curci's Concert.

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci continued her series of song recitals at the Hippodrome last evening with the familiar surroundings and under the usual conditions. The stream of her vocal art flowed placidly through a peaceful programme from the antique French "L'Amour de moi" to the flute haunted insanity of *Lucia*, which terminated the decorous festivities. "La Boheme" and "Linda di Chamounix" contributed operatic excerpts. Sir Julius Benedict's "The Wren" called for further aid from the flute, and there was a song by Husband Homer Samuels entitled "When Chloris Sleeps." Mme. Galli-Curci was in full command of her agreeable tones and the perfect repose of her style did not desert her. The audience filled the auditorium and there was the customary company of devotees on the stage.

The National Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Erno Dohnanzl, who had played before with the National Symphony Orchestra, was again the soloist at the concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. He played Beethoven's concerto in E flat; a beautiful performance in a large mold, of splendid vigor and rhythmic power, without exaggeration; the performance of one versed in the spirit of Beethoven and intent only on the interpretation of that spirit. It gave great pleasure to the audience, which recalled Mr. Dohnanzl several times.

The orchestral numbers were Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride" and Tschalkowsky's Fourth Symphony. Mr. Bodanzky took the overture at a terrific pace—a pace so fast, indeed, that, not through any fault of the string players, the figure upon which the first part is based could hardly be followed except by listeners who knew and remembered what it was. The performance was one of high lights and deep shadows ,as was that of Tschaikowsky's symphony ,in which the phrasing was in high relief, the contrasts sharply marked. The tone of the orchestra left something to be desired here in richness and beauty, when all the force of the instruments was let loose, as it not infrequently was. But the playing of the symphony roused the listeners' enthusiasm, and Mr. Bodanzky had the players rise to acknowledgment.

Sophie Braslau's Recital.

Miss Sophie Braslau, a contralto well known to New York music lovers in the opera and on the concert stage, gave a song recital yesterday afternoo in Carnegie Hall. There was a large audience that was evidently deeply impressed with her singing. Her voice is one of the most remarkable contraltos now before the public, in its deep richness, its range, its extraordinary power, its expressive potency and color. This power is as great in its uppermost ranges as in its lowest tones; and in these lowest tones there is often a singularly masculine quality. The voice has not been heard to better advantage than it was yesterday. And Miss Braslau displayed on this occasion a finer technical skill, a truer command of her resources than she has before, signifying something of an advance in her powers as an artist.

Her program was a characteristic one, departing far from the conventionalities of recital programs. It included a solo "cantata," in the older sense of the word, "L'amoroso Cantananga," by Bassani, a seventeenth century Italian composer, in which Miss Braslau's fervent sustained style was admirably displayed; songs by Wahler, Erich Wolff, Rodmaninoff, Gretchmaninoff and Moussorgsky; three Italian songs by Gabriele Sibella and a group in English by Scott, Kramer, Hageman, Hammond and Kernochan. These songs were all interesting, but the first four groups, at least, suffered from a persistent and pervasive gloominess of mood. This mood was not exactly relieved, but its expression was vivified by Handel's "Furibondo" air which Miss Braslau sang with great power and with no little skill in delivering the rolling "divisions."

Miss Braslau's style has a certain elemental, vehement power rather than refinement and subtlety; and is generally deeply impressive. In her expression of varied emotional moods by a changing color of the voice she showed skill. The Russian songs she sang in their original tongue; in English her enunciation was for the most part clear. Miss Ethel Cave-Cole played the accompaniments with much skill and taste.

GALLI-CURCI SINGS TO 6,000.

Star Is Warmly Received In Popular Program—Other Concerts.

Mme. Galli-Curci, who will be heard once more this season in a classical song recital at Carnegie Hall in May, gave a last popular program at the Hippodrome last evening before an audience of 6,000 persons. Besides her lighter songs in French, English, Spanish and Italian, the singer was warmly applauded in operatic airs from "La Boheme," "Linda da Chamounix" and "Lucia."

Fourteen Metropolitan singers, together with chorus and orchestra, took part in last night's opera concert, which ushered in the final fortnight of the season on Broadway. Nina Morgana made a real success in Verdi's "Cao Nome" air, while Mmes. Scotney and Sundelius, Messrs. Hackett, Chamlee, Diaz, Didur and others were heard in ensembles from "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Mefistofele" and "Coq d'Or."

Thomas Egan, tenor, opened with "The Star-Spangled Banner," a program of Irish melodies at the Lexington last night. To songs of Molloy, Moore and others he added his own, "Are You for Ireland," and also "Soldiers of Erin," an anthem of the Irish Republic.

Frederic Warren and Mrs. Olga Warren appeared in the fifth and last of Mr. Warren's ballad concerts yesterday afternoon at the Longacre Theatre. Assisting artists were Jeanne Laval, mezzo-soprano, and William Simmons, bass.

april 12 '921

The last week but one of the Metropolitan Opera season opened last evening, when Verdi's "Alda" was sung for the eighth time. An audience crowding the auditorium heard the opera, which made a renewed popular appeal by all its splendid settings, spectacular pageants and tuneful and dramatic score. Mr. Moranzoni led a spirited performance, in which the principal singers were again Miss Muzio, in the title role; Mr. Crimi, as *Radames;* Mme. Claussen, as *Amneris,* and Mr. Danise, as *Amonasro.*

Miss Muzio poured volumes of loud tone into her music, though her acting was more commendable. Mr. Crimi, who has been heard in many different roles of late, deserved praise for some artistic singing.

New Russian Soprano Heard.

Miss Henriette Safonoff, a mozzo soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The young woman is said to be a refugee from Russia, like so many others who have been incidental to this busy musical season. Miss Safonoff made known a voice of excellent nature and plentiful power but her method of tone production was not one to give results in the domain of pure beauty. The quality of the tone which she emitted was hard, brilliant and unsympathetic. She showed intelligence in the delivery of some of her numbers, especially those in which she probably had heard eminent artists. Such was the case with Wagner's "Traume." Miss Safonoff sang her German songs with the original text. Conrad Bos was at the piano.

Schumann Club Gives Concert.

The Schumann Club, Percy Rector Stephens, conductor, gave the second concert of its eighth season in Aeolian Hall last evening. The programme was composed of works by American composers. The Schumann Club is a small choir of women, and as there many such in this country, such a concert as that of last night may serve a good purpose in making known available music. A prize offered by the club in 1920 was won by Samuel Richard Gaines with a "Fantasy on a ussian Folk Song." The club was assisted by the New York Chamber MusiRc Society, which played Deems Taylor's suite, "Through a Looking Glass."

april 11, 921

"La Boheme," "Il Trovatore," "Otello" and "Butterfly" Among Operas Represented.

A Verdi-Puccini program held the attention of the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, with Morgan Kingston, Marie Sundelius, Anne Roselle, Charles Hackett, Pasquale Amato, Julia Claussen, Florence Easton and Mario Chamlee as soloists.

The program presented the third act of "La Boheme," sung by Sundelius, Roselle, Hackett and Amato; duet from "Il Trovatore," by Claussen and Kingston; credo from "Otello," by Amato; racconto of Santuzza, from "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Easton; aria from "Don Carlos," by Claussen; recondita armonia from "Tosca," by Chamlee, and duet from "Butterfly," by Easton and Chamlee.

The orchestral numbers were the intermezzo from "Manon Lescout" and overture from "I Vespri Siciliani," directed by Guiseppe Bamboschek.

April 13 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Mrs. Fanny White's Song Recital.

Mrs. Fanny White's name is a new one in New York concert halls; but it was evident from the audience at her recital in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon that she has many friends and admirers in New York. Her recital showed a charming talent, musical feeling, taste and technical skill devoted to the interpretation of French, Russian and English songs, a voice of not the greatest resonance, but not lacking in agreeable quality, used in an effective manner. There were many reasons to enjoy the performance she gave, which had at bottom an essentially musical spirit.

She sang songs by Szulc, Furdain and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—her "Elle et Moi," in which her New England birth and Boston training have not prevented her from giving a very plausible imitation of the French race and spirit; a song full of Oriental fragrance, by Rimsky Korsakoff and others characteristic of Russia by Borodine, Gretchaninoff and Rachmaninoff; an Italian group and a group in English. Mrs. White's French enunciation was beautifully clear and correct and so was her English.

Mr. Frank Bibb played the accompaniments musically and there was an abundance of friendly applause.

BANKS GLEE CLUB SINGS.

Bruno Huhn Leads Concert Ending Club's Forty-second Season.

The Banks Glee Club, led by Bruno Huhn, completed its forty-second season with a public concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, assisted by Marion Telva, the young Metropolitan contralto, and Nina Wulfe, violin. Chadwick's "Song of the Viking", William Hammond's "Lochinvar", Huhn's "Meditation", and others by Elgar, Edward German, E. J. FitzHugh, Brockway and Charles Scott were among male chorus numbers.

Miss Wulfe's solos were from Saint Saens and Sarasate, while Miss Telva had the air from Saint Saens's "Samson and Delilah", Gretchaninoff's "My Native Land", and the song, "Vox Invicta", by Mary T. Salter.

Mrs. White, Daughter of M Jones, Successfully Enter

Mrs. Fanny White gave a song recital yesterday in the Town Hall. This singer is known in private life to many in New York and has enjoyed social distincion for years. She did not appear in public asking any consideration on such grounds, but bravely elected to invite an audience to listen to her as a professional artist. She presented a programme demanding delicacy of style, taste and sentiment. Fancy and humor also found place in her entertainment; but there was no attempt to burden a light voice with the utterance of tragic emotions.

Mrs. White undoubtedly was nervous at the outset, and probably some of her departures from the pitch were attributable to this. But her singing disclosed merits of substantial nature and demonstrated her right to enter the ranks of professional vocalists. The voice is a light soprano of very pleasing quality. Some of its high tones were not entirely agreeable yesterday, but generally it was pleasant to the ear.

The singer showed understanding of the art of song delivery. She knew how to enter into the spirit of both poems and music, and in some instances was entirely successful in creating that somewhat elusive thing called rather vaguely atmosphere. In taste she was admirable, and her diction in the numerous French lyrics was that of a cultivated student of the language. She was skilfully accompanied by Frank Bibb. Her audience was of good size and its applause was most cordial.

Richard Hale in Song Recital.

Richard Hale, barytone, who was heard here in a concert with other artists recently, gave his first song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He offered a comprehensive and well selected programme. His singing showed a voice of good quality and sufficient power, but of a bass rather than barytone range. He often forced his tones beyond their upper limits with a resultant opaque and unsustained quality. His knowledge of styles was generally praiseworthy and so was his enunciation in several languages.

Some of his best work was done in the "Credo," from Verdi's "Otello." His musical intelligence served him well in certain German and French songs, though there might hae been more deftness in use of oice and color. A manuscript song by Robert Nathan, entitled "Last Invocation," words by Whitman, was an interesting number and especially well liked was a olosing group of negro spirituals. Miss Helen Chase-Bulgin, a newcomer here, played the piano accompaniments.

Three Sisters in Concert.

Miss Elsa Hilger, a youthful Bohemian cellist, who was heard in a recital here early this season, gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last night, when she was assisted by her two young sisters—Maria, violinist, and Margaret, pianist. The programme, which comprised standard ensemble and solo works, with Halvorssen's arrangement of a passacaglia of Handel for violin and cello alone, was heard by an approving audience.

Richard Hale, Baritone, Pleases.

Richard Hale, a young baritone of admirable voice, coupled with a genuinely dramatic style still free of operatic affectations, appeared in recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, assisted at the piano by Helen Buigin. Verdi's "Credo" from "Othello" was among his earlier airs. Perhaps the best of his singing was in purly lyric groups, especially the French, of which Debussy's gay "Mandoline" was redemanded. Chadwick's "Ballad of Trees and the Master," Carl Busch's "The Eagle" and Robert Nathan's manuscript, "Last Invocation," were among newer pieces, and Mr. Hale made a popular success of his final negro spirituals, by Guion, Reddick and Burleigh, with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," for encore.

Three Hilger Sisters Give Concert.

Elsa Hilger, a talented young 'vellist, assisted by her sisters, Maria and Margaret, respectively violinist and pianist, gave a joint concert in Aeolian Hall last night, playing together Beethoven's trio, Op. 70, No. 1, and several numbers for varied pairs or solo performers, chief of which was the 'cello concerto in D by Hydn. Violinist and 'cellist were heard in Handel's "Passacaglia," arranged by Haivorsen; the violinist and pianist in Tartini's "Devil's Thrill" sonata, and the 'cellist and pianist in Popper's "Tarantelle."

April 14 1921

The National Symphony Orchestra continued its series of concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. This organization remains in the field after its older brethren have ceased their labors. The programme offered at last night's concert by Artur Bodanzky comprised Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Goldmark's violin concerto, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Gliere's symphonic poem, "The Seasons." The solo violinist was Francis Macmillen, who had been heard once before in the course of the season.

It was on October 17 that Mr. Macmillen played the Goldmark concerto with the National Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Bodanzky conducting. At that time attention was sharply called to the fact that this young American violinist had evidently been studying seriously since his previous appearance. His playing had gained greatly in roundness of tone as well as in smoothness and clarity of style. When he was first heard here he played roughly and his florid passages were often unintelligible.

Again last evening the growth of his artistic mastery was noted. Indeed in the cantilena portions of the first movement his playing was of a high order, while he met the formidable difficulties of the brilliant bravura with commendable skill.

There was nothing in the rest of the concert to demand comment. The entertainment began more than twenty minutes after the advertised time. It is a pity that all concerts do not commence promptly. Those who mean to arrive late will do so, no matter at what hour the music first sounds. Those who wish to hear the whole of a concert should not be made to wait upon the pleasure of those who do not.

"LOUISE" WELL RECEIVED.

Charpentiere's Receives Its Sixth Presentation of Season.

For the sixth time this season Charpentiere's "Louise" was offered at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with a cast comprising Geraldine Farrar in the titular part, with Orville Harrold as Julien, and a cast comprising Mmes. Berat, Delaunois, Ellis, Dalossy, Sundelius, Arden, Perini, Telva, Miriam, Roselle, Axman, Tiffany, Easner, Farnam, Leveroni and Kellog and Messrs. Whitehill Ananian, Malatesta, Laurenti, d'Angelo, Leonhardt, Reschigliau, Dua, Picco, Audision and Paltrinieri. Miss Rudolph danced. Mr. Wolff conducted.

April 15 1921

Mme. Olga Samaroff finished her series of Beethoven recitals yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This was the eighth entertainment in a series in which she played all the piano sonatas of the great master. The numbers heard yesterday afternoon were the famous "Hammerklavier," opus 106; the E major, opus 109, and the great C minor, opus 111. It was necessarily a long recital, and it was unfortunate that it had to be given so late in the season.

The artist suffered one of these misfortunes which can neither be foreseen nor avoided, namely, a lapse of memory. It was after a truly beautiful performance of the adagio of the opus 106 and almost at the beginning of the fugue. She apologized to the audience and left the stage to get the music. When she was warmly applauded on reappearing, she said, "You are very kind and I know it." The incident disturbed Mme. Samaroff so that she id not play the last movement well.

The undertaking was one of serious character and it was carried forward in a serious spirit. Mme. Samaroff is a pianist of more than common intelligence, a devoted student of her art, and a women of alert mind. Her readings of most of the sonatas have been praiseworthy, but it 's not going too far to say that in the course of the entire series she did not reach a higher level than that attained in the slow movement already mentioned.

Operas at Metropolitan.

"Pagliacci" and "The Secret of Suzanne" were given as a double bill at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Both operas received their last performance for this season. The chif

ngrs in th east of Leoncavallo's work ere Miss Sundelius, Mr. Martinelli, ho returned to the forces of the house fter a month's leave of absence, and essrs. Amato, Bada and Picco. Mr. oranzoni conducted. Those in the st of the Wolf- Ferrari opera were iss Bori, Mr. Scotti and Giordano altrinieri. Mr. Papi was the conductor.

Two Evening Concerts.

Two entertainments took place in the oncert field last night. At the Aeolian Hall Miss Mana-Zueca gave a concert f her own compositions. She was assisted by the Beethoven Society, Louis Koemmenich, conductor; the New York Trio; Miss Sonya Yergin, soprano; Laurence Leonard, barytone, and Harold Smith, organist. The composer played he piano accompaniments, a group of piano solos, and sang a group of children's songs. There were further varied numbers in the list for the different orces participating and the audience gave warm approval.

At Carnegie Hall Rudolph Bocheo, a Russian violinist, who played here early his season, gave a second recital. The principal numbers in his programme were Handel's E major sonata, Wieniawski's D minor concerto and the "Caprice Basque" of Sarasate. He was heard by a large audience. Emanuel Balaban was at the piano.

By H. T. Finck

National Symphony Orchestra

The musical public has taken little interest in the concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, wherefore it is not surprising to hear that those scheduled for the coming Sunday evening and May 1 have been cancelled. The last Sunday concert of the season will be given April 24, when Max Rosen will be soloist on a Tchaikovsky-Wagner programme. Next Saturday afternoon and Monday evening Julia Glass will be soloist, playing Schumann's piano concerto, the orchestral numbers being Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Brahms's first symphony.

The distinguished Hungarian pianist, Erno Dohnanyi, has been invited to conduct two concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, the first of which will be given in Carnegie Hall next week, Saturday afternoon, April 23, the second on the following Tuesday evening, April 26. Mr. Dohnanyi is not without experience as a conductor, as he has held this post with the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra for the last three years. At these concerts he will also appear as soloist, playing a Mozart Concerto in G major, which, to the best of his belief, has never been played here. His first orchestral number will be Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn. The third and last number will be his own Suite, Op. 19.

Yesterday afternoon Dohnanyi was soloist, playing Beethoven's fifth concerto in a most ingratiating manner. Mr. Bodanzky succeeded in making Tchiakovsky's adorable fourth symphony seem dull, overlong, and, at times, jazzy. He might have done better with a better orchestra than the one he created. The National Symphony Orchestra includes some forty first-class players among its hundred men. According to common report however, Willem Mengelberg has made it a condition of his returning to New York that seventy-one of these players be incorporated in the Greater Philharmonic. Heaven help us if this is done—and if it is done, have artistic reasons anything to do with it? Twenty or thirty inferior players can ruin the euphony of the whole orchestra, just as one piece of tainted meat will spoil all the soup in the kettle.

Must we give up our dream of a super-Philharmonic? It looks that way unless somebody shows great firmness and business sense in this emergency. I should be extremely sorry not to be able to enthuse next season over the Greatest Philharmonic as the best of our orchestras, as it has been in the past. The Philharmonic now touring the West is a silken purse. You cannot make one like it out of sow's ears. To insure artistic and financial success a great conductor must also have a great orchestra. Mengelberg's failure to have one accounts for his failure to draw paying audiences. The New York public cannot be fooled. It certainly does not want a "Philharmonic" made up chiefly of National Symphony men, whom it refused to hear even under a great conductor like Mengelberg.

April 16 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Miss Augusta Cottlow's Recital.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, a young pianist who has grown up in the New York concert halls and is well-known to New York concert goers, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program had a pleasing unconventionality; it included three arrangements by Busoni, of choral preludes by Bach for the organ; Chopin's three "Ecossaises," trifles that he never intended to publish and that are seldom played, as well as the "Berceuse" and the "Barcarolle"; MacDowell's "Eroica" sonata (to which she added as an encore his "Bre'r Rabbit"); two pieces by Charles Tomlinson Griffes, "The Vale of Dreams," after Poe's poem, and "The Night Winds"; "The Voice of the City," by Frederick Ayers, and Liszt's "Tarantella."

Miss Cottlow long ago established herself as a pianist of sincere and serious purpose and excellent technical accomplishment, whose performances are deserving of respectful consideration. She received such consideration yesterday for her conscientious playing and for her enterprise in looking outside the beaten paths of recital-givers for her program. She played MacDowell's sonata with great spirit and clarity, and into the little piece she added as an encore she put much vigor and characteristic expression.

The two pieces by Griffes have the poetical and imaginative feeling that distinguishes his music, though they are slight in themselves; and Miss Cottlow played them with appreciation of their quality. The piece by Mr. Ayers, an American who lives in the West, has what may be recognized as a distinctively American note ingeniously expressed; a singularly taking little piece suggestive of an original turn of thought from which something more significant and important may be looked for.

CHANGE TO "IL TROVATORE."

Farrar and Gigli Unable to Sing in 'Butterfly'—Harrold in 'Lohengrin.'

With one change of tenor and one complete change of bill, the Metropolitan weathered yesterday the first of three double-opera days, such as have more than once crowded its calendar in the present record season. Mr. Sembach's illness did not prevent a special matinee of "Lohengrin," in which Mr. Harrold was again welcomed by a large audience, while Miss Easton, Miss Claussen, Mr. Whitehill and others reappeared, and Mr. Bodansky conducted.

Both Miss Farrar and Mr. Gigli failed the management last evening, so that it was decided to cancel the season's last performance of "Madame Butterfly." In place of Puccini's opera, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was sung, with the Misses Muzio and Gordon, Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and Martino, and Mr. Papi conducting.

April 17 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Miss Novaes's Piano Recital.

Miss Guiomar Novaes is one to whom added years have brought a new point of view toward music. It was noticeable at her second recital, given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, as it had been at her first, that her style of playing the piano had taken on a deeper feeling, a richer and maturer expressiveness. Miss Novaes, like some others of her kind, begins to "thing orchestrally" on the piano, to demand greater sonorities, a more significant accent, a larger scale of dynamics, a wider range of color than she formerly did. She conceives her music with a greater freedom and with more authority. So it seemed in her performance yesterday of Chopin's B-minor sonata and Schumann's "Carnaval," both superb in many ways and moving on a plane of the highest beauty and eloquence.

An extraordinary tour de force was her playing of a transcription of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, so exquisitely clear in articulation, of a tone so full and rounded even in the greatest delicacy, so rhythmically painted. How gratifying that there was no pedantically minded person there to declare that such transcriptions ar superfluous; that the originals should be heard upon the orchestra, for which the composer wrote them, and as they often enough are heard; that the only real and fundamental reason for making them, and playing them, is to display a virtuoso's powers, and that displaying a virtuoso's powers is not, after all, what music is for!

Miss Novaes has, no doubt, an Iberian inheritance that enobles her to seize and express as few others can the spirit of such pieces as Albeniz's "Erocation" and "Triana," of which she gave a fascinating performance. Needless to say, Miss Novaes was heard by an audience that filled the hall and found all that she did a delight.

National Symphony Orchestra.

At the concert of the National Symphony Orchestra given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall one of the "discoveries" made through the piano playing of the society was brought forward, Miss Julia Glass. She played Schumann's piano concerto. Miss Glass is still a young girl and looks her youth. Her playing of the concerto showed unfaltering confidence, technical security and muscular strength of no mean order. All the notes were clear and perfectly unmistakable. But the notes of Schumann's concerto are not Schumann's concerto. Unfortunately, Miss Glass showed very little comprehension of the poetical beauty of this most poetical of piano concertos.

She has not arrived at poetical insight and imagination. Perhaps she is too young to have developed these qualities which are essential to musicianship. Miss Glass undoubtedly disclosed talents of a certain order and evidences of conscientious application; perhaps what she now rather conspicuously lacks will come to her with increasing maturity. When it does she will read her title much clearer than she did yesterday to play Schumann's concerto.

The orchestral numbers on yesterday's program were Beethoven's overture and "Egmont" and Brahms's first symphony.

April 18 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's Chopin Recital.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch and a very large audience that came to his piano recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon bore up wonderfully in the oppressive atmosphere of the hall. The conditions were not such as to make for an artist's finest results or an audience's unalloyed enjoyment; but they seemed to have little effect on either. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing was of his best. His program was devoted entirely to Chopin; the most important numbers being the sonata in B flat minor, the ballade in A flat and twelve of the preludes.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed, as he has shown before, that he is a pianist untouched by any longing for "orchestral effects" from the piano, whose ideal is a tone of perfect beauty always within the limits of the instrument, ever at its greatest power; and ranging thence downward to a golden gossamer thread of finer spun delicacy, in which the hammer blow is reduced to a minimum.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing was instinct with poetic beauty, now fiery, now of an introspective vein; of transparent clarity and of finely adjusted proportion; playing that reproduced the spirit and the atmosphere of the music, and of an intimacy that was perhaps a little wasted in the large spaces of the hall. That it deeply impressed the audience was evident.

Young Men's Orchestra Pleases.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, founded nineteen years ago by Alfred Seligman and capably led by Paul Henneberg, gave a solitary program in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon among many more ambitious and frequent visitors that have furnished New York's 300 orchestra concerts this year. There was a distinct character to this rarely heard ensemble, an emotional fervor of young artists, controlled and disciplined to produce effects of unity and power. An audience obviously interested in the band's personnel as well as its music was quick to applaud the principal number, the beautiful symphony of Cesar Franck. There were also Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, Bizet's suite from "L'Arlesienne" and Herbert's second 'cello concerto, in which the solo player was Emil Bersody.

Popular Program at Metropolitan.

Popular airs and ensembles from Verdi, Mascagni and Puccini made up the last but one of the Metropolitan's Sunday night concerts last night, on the eve of the closing week of six months' opera season. The Misses Sundelius and Roselle, Messrs. Hackett and Amato sang the third act of "aL Bohème." Miss Easton and Mr. Chamlee a duet from "Madame Butterfly" and Miss Claussen and Mr. Kingston another from "Il Trovatore." Mr. Kingston also gave with the orchestra the prelude to "Cavalleria," Miss Easton an air from the same opera, Miss Claussen one from "Don Carlos," Mr. Chamlee from "Tosca" and Mr. Amato the "Credo" from "Otello."

Czechoslovak Operetta Saturday.

The Commonwealth Centre will give as its third national evening a Czechoslovak operetta on Saturday evening next at the Town Hall. The operetta has many Czechoslovak folk songs and dances, and is by Dr. Vincent Pisek of the Jan Hus Church and Neighborhood House, and is being presented by the Jan Hus Choral Union. Archbishop Alexander, Mrs. J. Gilmore Drayton, Mrs. E. Morgan Grinnell, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. W. Church Osborn, Mrs. Willard Straight, Mrs. W. Jay Schieffelin, Mrs. Samuel Sloan and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie are among the boxholders and patronesses.

IN the famous competition instituted last year by the National Symphony Society the honors of a metropolitan debut with the Orchestra were awarded to two youthful pianist, Mathilde Locus and Julia Glass.

On Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall the second of the twain, to be heard once more to-night, had her turn. A girl of, say, sixteen years, she played under Mr. Bodansky's direction, the solo part of Schumann's concerto as well as might be expected from one of her age possessing talents considerably above the average. There was nothing in her performance, however, to bear out the report that Artur Bodansky had set up the claim of having discovered a "genius."

Truth to tell, the cases of Mlles. Locus and Glass give plausibility to, if they do not actually prove, the contention that the great match which brought the two damsels to the fore was in reality a struggle between teachers and their adherents.

It may be recalled that Miss Locus's proud preceptor, who, by the way, sat at Mr. Bodansky's elbow during the contest, was called to the stage when his dainty little pupil made her appearance as soloist of the National Symphony. Devotees of Miss Glass's teacher, therefore, who, if rumors may be credited, had been recently replaced at Mr. Bodansky's own request by the other expert, saw fit on Saturday to make vociferous, if futile, demands that a similar distinction be accorded to their favorite.

To complete the record it should be said that the thoroughly legitimate part of the programme embraced Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Brahms's Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

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UNDER Gennaro Papi's direction Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" had its last and only performance of the season Saturday night in the Metropolitan.

With several newcomers in the cast—Jean Gordon as Marina, Miss Margaret Farnam as Xenia, Dias as Dimitri, Ananian as Varlaam and Paltrinieri as the Simpleton—the performance, despite obvious shortcomings, afforded enjoyment to those who can appreciate the genius of the great Russian composer.

Outstanding features were Didur's impersonation of the title role, Rothier's Pimenn and Bada's Schouisky. The ensemble was ragged, and even Setti's choristers failed to do themselves justice.

The next-to-last Saturday matinee of the season brought a repetition, also under Papi's direction, of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Signorina Muzio in the title role, Crimi as Des Grieux and Scotti as Lescaut.

April 19 1921

Two Pianists in Recitals.

Two pianists gave recitals last evening, Eleanore Altman at Aeolian Hall and Alfred Boswell at the Town Hall. Miss Altman, who is a New Yorker, included in her program the sonata "Quasi una Fantasia", op. 27, No. 2, of Beethoven, and that in F sharp minor, op. 11, of Schumann, with lesser works of Brahms, Chopin, Moniuszko, Paderewski and Stojowski.

Mr. Boswell, who is a native of Pittsburgh and graduate of Princeton, and whose musical studies abroad were interrupted by war service with the Y. M. C. A., introduced compositions by one of his Swiss teachers, Emile Blanchet of Lausanne, chief of which was a Turkish suite including "The Garden of the Old Seraglio." He gave other works of Bach, Chopin, Liszt, Albeniz and Granados.

'Aida' and 'Carmen' in Farewell Week

"Aïda" and "Carmen," both sung to large audiences, opened the farewell week of opera at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon and night. There was a change in the matinee cast, Mme. Perini appearing for Miss Gordon, who was ill, while others in familiar rôles were Miss Muzio, Messrs. Kingston, Amato, Didur and Gustafson, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Last evening Miss Farrar, Miss Bori, Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and Rothier reappeared in "Carmen," conducted by Mr. Wolff.

Miss Beale's Song Recital.

A song recital was given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall by Miss Kitty Beale, who has sung a few times before in New York. The program was both unorthodox and ambitious, containing, besides Italian, French and English songs, the aria "Chanson Oiseau," with flute obbligato, from David's opera "La Perle du Brésil," and the "Hymn to the Sun," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "Le Coq d'Or," as well as his songs "Chanson Hindone" and "Le Rossignol."

Miss Beale has a voice that might sound more agreeable than it does, and be more uniformly upon the pitch, if it were used in a more judicious manner. She sang with confidence and with evident purpose of reproducing the spirit of the songs.

CONCERT DEBUSSY.

Mme. Delannois in French Program at MacDowell Club.

Mme. Raymonde Delannois, French prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, assisted by M. Frank Bibb, at 8 o'clock this evening at the MacDowell Club, 108 West Fifty-

fifth street, will give a concert of the works of Claude Debussy under the auspices of the Committee for the Diffusion of Modern French Art. The Debussy numbers chosen are seldom-heard lyric poems by Verlaine, Paul Bourget, Pierre Louys, modern chansons and ballades. Tickets are to be had at the office of La France, 220 West Forty-second street.

'Aida' and 'Carmen'

The final week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House began yesterday with an extra matinee performance of "Aida." Miss Gordon, who was to have sung *Ammeris*, was indisposed, and her place was taken by Mme. Perini. The other principals were Mme. Muzio as *Aida*, Mr. Kingston as *Ramfisames*, Mr. Amato as *Amonasro*, Mr. Didru as *Ramfis* and Mr. Gustafson as the *King*. This was the last "Aida" of the season and it was heard by a large audience.

In the evening the final performance of "Carmen" was given. Miss Farrar, recently on the sick list, was able to appear once more to the vividly demonstrated joy of all her youthful admirers who were present bearing their customary tributes of flowers. As in the olden times when Mme. Calve sang *Carmen* and Mme. Eames *Micaela*, there were two prima donnas last evening, Miss Lucrezia Bori impersonating the innocent maiden bringing mother's kiss to the ill fated son.

The cast in general was as strong as the Metropolitan could furnishe—Mr. Martinelli as *Don Jose*, Mr. de Luca as *Escamillo* and Mr. Rothier as *Zuniga*. The performance was not one of the best of the season. It was good in spots, but there was occasionally some singing much off the key. Albert Wolff conducted.

April 20 1921

The sixth and final concert of the second season of the Beethoven Association took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme had been slightly disarranged by the fact that the distinguished Russian pianist and composer, Sergei Rachmaninov, who was to have played a Beethoven sonata with Fritz Kreisler, was suffering from neuritis and unable to appear. The closing number on the list was the "Kreuzer" sonata instead of the one originally announced and the pianist was Harold Bauer.

The opening number was the Mozart D major sonata for two pianos, played by Mr. Bauer and Osip Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Kreisler followed with the Bach chaconne and Mme. Julia Culp six Brahms songs with Conrad Bos at the piano. Only the Beethoven Asociation could bring together such a constellation of concert stars of the first magnitude.

Such combinations do not always produce artistic results of the highest order, but the players and singers who have given their services to the association have taken with them a fine sense of their responsibilities. Certainly anything more beautiful in the domain of piano playing than the performance of Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch last evening it would be difficult to conceive.

The success of the undertakings of the Beethoven Association have been due largely to the artistic enthusiasm and personal diplomacy of the president, Harold Bauer, and the untiring devotion and great popularity of his colaborer, Louis Svecenski, formerly of the Kneisel Quartet. The organization has given concerts of extraordinary interest and has succeeded in keeping them free from any taint of sensationalism. That the good work will continue next season is certain. The music lovers of this community owe the artists who volunteer in this good cause a large debt of gratitude.

Songs by Miss Estelle Liebling.

Miss Estelle Liebling, a soprano, who had not been heard here for some time, gave her postponed song recital last evening in the Town Hall. Her conventional programme contained old Italian airs, French and German songs and among some American selections John Powell's "To a Butterfly," Max Liebling's "Love Came in at the Door and Walter Golde's "Sudden Light." Her delivery had intelligence, taste and fine musical feeling. Her good voice, save a few tones in the upper middle register which were uncertain in quality, was easily and well produced, and in addition, her serviceable technical equipment and appreciation of styles and texts enabled her to present her numbers with creditable results. Mr. Golde furnished artistic piano accompaniments.

April 21 1921

Giulio Crimi in

Replaces Mr. Gigli, Who This Season of (

The final performance of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" for the present season took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Beniamino Gigli, who had recently been suffering from a cold, was not sufficiently recovered to sing and his place had once more to be taken by Giulio Crimi. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gigli will not prove to be one of those singers who are unable to endure the caprices of this climate. The present spring has been especially trying to delicate vocal organisms, and perhaps next year the weather conditions may not be so unfavorable. Mr. Gigli's substitute last evening was also in vocal difficulties and sometimes seemed to be on the verge of disaster.

The cast, except in respect of the title role, was the same as heretofore. Mme. Muzio as *Madeleine*, Miss Dalossy as *Bersi*, Mme. Howard as the *Countess*, and Mr. Danise as *Gerard*, were the principal singers. But Mr. Bada's delightful sketch of the "incroyable" spy was again one of the salient impersonations of the evening. The audience was one of the largest that have been seen in the Metropolitan since the season began.

April 22 1921

The final performance of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The popularity of this opera, which has been large, is undoubtedly due to miss Geraldine Farrar's impersonation of the heroine. The role is one well suited to her methods, which are so familiar to opera goers as to require no further description. Yet there is temptation to dwell on the gusto with which she enters into the riotous moods of the first act and the devotion to realism which leads her to revelations quite unusual on the operatic stage.

In the later scenes, which call for more serious emotional utterance, Miss Farrar has reached dramatic heights which she has not scaled in any other role. On the whole her performance of *Zaza* is likely to remain a feature of Metropolitan seasons as long as it interests her. Mr. Crimi appeared as *Dufresne* last evening. He deserved credit for appearing at all. He was not in good physical condition on the previous evening and he was no better last night. But he pluckily went through with his onerous task.

Mr. de Luca as *Cascart*, Mme. Howard as *Anaide*, Mr. Picco as *Bussy* and Mr. Bada as the concert hall manager were other principals in the cast. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The audience packed the house. It is the final week of opera and the whole town seems eager to hear the last notes of the famous singers.

Mme. Yaw in Recital Here.

Mme. Ellen Beach Yaw, an American colorature soprno, who was last heard here at the metropolitan in the days of the Conried regime, gave a recital with her husband, Franklin Cannon, pianist, yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall before a large audience. In former days Mme. Yaw's fame rested largely upon her amazing ability for reaching high top notes which included E not to say G. Her range was of rather uneven power and her tones without much color. Her voice as heard yesterday did not wholly bear up her former reputation for aerial flights, while some of her lower tones have gained, perhaps, in warmth and power. In such music, for instanee, as Mozart's air, "Il Re Pastore," sung with a violin obbligato played by Andre Polah, her delivery had ease and knowledge of phrasing, though her general style was monotonous. A song by herself entitled "The Skylark," was greatly liked. Mr. Cannon played several groups of piano solos in colorless fashion. Roger Reming was the accompanist.

Woman's String Orchestra Plays.

The Woman's String Orchestra gave its seventh annual concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, conducted by Sander Harmati, of the Letz Quartet and assisted by two other men, players of the double-bass. Emily Gresser and Charlotte Williams, who also appeared as guests, were heard in a concerto for two violins, in D minor, by Bach.

Forty women make up the major portion of the orchestra, which is an outgrowth of the Woman's Orchestra Club of this city. Their performance of a so-called "Little Night Music" of Mozart, catalogued No. 525, was an agreeable introduction to yesterday's audience. There were also Niels Gade's "Novelettes," and descriptive pieces by Grieg, Eugene Goosens and Frank Bridge.

April 23 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

A Verlaine Recital by Poldowski.

"Poldowski," otherwise Lady Dean Paul, a composer whose songs have been known on concert programs for a considerable time, appeared last evening at the Town Hall in a recital that was intended to illustrate three periods in the life of Paul Verlaine, the French poet. She had the assistance of Mme. Cécile Sartoris, who gave an account of the poet's life in its three periods; at the close of each period the composer sang, playing her own accompaniments, settings by herself of several poems of that period. The program was ended with five piano pieces of her own compositions, which she played herself.

The scheme of the entertainment was ingenious and in several ways delightful. Mme. Sartoris spoke with discernment and sympathy of the poet's life and unhappy destiny. Her reading of his verses was in the purest French. There has been ample opportunity before now to hear "Poldowski's" music. It is the product of a notably charming talent, not indeed thoroughly original, and not without unmistakable traces of various influences generally emanating from France; but a personal expression, delicate and individual, full of color and atmosphere and far removed from the commonplace.

As a singer she does not shine; it is the voice of a composer, which is not grateful to the listeners, and the style of one, which is somewhat more so. Her piano playing is considerably better than the playing of a composer, and in her piano pieces, as well as in the accompaniments of her songs, it was of a sort to give much pleasure.

The songs had no little variety of expression, an unfailing musical quality and lyrical beauty. It could not be said that the composer in her singing of them set forth all their quality and beauty. A little too much was left to the imagination of her listeners. It was something of a pity that they were not sung by a singer possessed of a voice and the capacity to remain trueto the pitch.

By MAX SMITH

AS guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, at whose house he had dined, the Prince of Monaco visited the Metropolitan Opera House last night, to witness an entertainment especially arranged in his honor.

Arriving almost an hour late with Miss Osborn, her sister, Mrs. Ralph Saenger, and the French consul, M. Gastan Liebert (Mr. and Mrs. Osborn were unable to attend) he sat in the Morgan box of the parterre tier (No. 35), where the party was joined by Otto Kahn, chairman of the board of directors.

There were no flags, however, to add a festive air to the occasion; nor did the orchestra play a fanfare at his entrance.

Indeed, if the audience had not been apprized in advance of his coming, the advent of his Royal Highness would not have attracted more notice than the presence of our own ex-President, Mr. Taft, who, with his brother, Henry Taft, occupied a chair inconspicuously in the rear of the parquette.

During the first intermission many glasses, of course, were levelled at the Morgan box.

And there was a flurry of excitement when Mr. Taft, wearing his most genial smile, emerged out of the shadows of the golden horseshoe and for fully five minutes engaged in cordial conversation with the distinguished visitor.

Perhaps the Prince of Monaco would have been pleased to hear a complete operatic performance.

At any rate the bill presented last night embraced the second act of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Cora Chaso as Rosina, Charles Hackett as Almaviva, De Luca as Figaro, Didur as Basilis, Louise Berat as Berta and Gennaro Papi at the baton; the coronation scene from "Boris Godunoff," also under Maestro Papi's direction, with Didur in the title role and Bada as Schouisky; the first act of "Tosca," with Claudia Muzio as Floria, Chantlee as Mario, Scotti as Scarpia, Louis d'Angelo as Angelotti, Malatesta as the Sacrestan, Paltrinieri as Spoletta and Roberto Moranzoni in musical charge, and the Bacchanale from "Samson et Dalila," led by Albert Wolff, with Lilyan Ogden, as prima ballerina.

* * *

EARLIER in the day, also before a large, if less fashionable, gathering, Lucrezia Bori had sung her season's adieux at a special matinee of "La Boheme."

After the pathetic death scene of Ninni, the dainty little prima donna, was acclaimed by a throng of enthusiasts for no less than fifteen minutes but refused to emulate Geraldine Farrar's example by favoring her vociferous admirers with a speech.

Mme. Poldowski's Concert.

The composer, Poldowski (Lady Dean Paul), assisted by Mme. Cecile Sartoris, reader, gave a second entertainment last evening at the Town Hall at which she appeared as singer and pianist in various selections from her own works. The larger part of the programme was given over to poems from three periods in the life of the poet Verlaine, as set by Poldowski.

Mme. Sartoris, who is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, spoke on the poet and read in French from his works. A group of piano pieces came at the end.

The exquisite beauty of Verlaine's verses, so excellently paired with the modern French charm and color of the composer's music—Mme. Sartoris's finished diction, and Mme. Poldowski's intimate rather than professional singing were features which united in furnishing an evening at once artistic and pleasurable.

By Richard Aldrich.

Dohnanyi Conducts National Symphony.

The National Symphony Orchestra was unostentatiously put in charge of another "great conductor" for its concert of yesterday afternoon, to be repeated next Tuesday evening. This was Erno Dohnanyi, the Hungarian composer and pianist, who has repeatedly been heard here this season as composer and pianist and had already produced with the Nationol Orchestra his own variations for piano and orchestra, playing the piano part himself.

His program yesterday was made up of Brahms's variations for orchestra as a theme by Haydn, Mozart's piano concerto in G and his own suite for orchestra, Op. 19. In the concerto Mr. Dohnanyi both played the piano part and conducted the orchestra. It was a delightful performance, approaching as near the spirit and style of Mozart as in these days we may expect to approach them.

The orchestra was reduced in numbers about a half; representing thus, no doubt effectively, the orchestra with which Mozart himself expected to play his concertos. It had been made acquainted with Mr. Dohnanyi's purposes and conception of the piece, so that he obtained from it with a few signs and glances a spirited and finished accompaniment. Mr. Dohnanyi's playing was of delightful suavity, warmth and delicate brilliancy, and in the beautiful, slow movement of appealing poetical charm.

Greatly to be admired were the cadenzas that Mr. Dohnanyi contributed, no doubt of his own devising; cadenzas in which the performer's right to exploit his brilliancy of execution, his fancy and ingenuity, was subordinated to the style and spirit of Mozart's music. It is all too rarely that a virtuoso gives so much consideration to the composer whose work he is ornamenting; but perhaps Mr. Dohnanyi is not properly to be called a virtuoso.

His suite for orchestra is a composition of exceptional value in invention, skill and originality; one which orchestral conductors would have profited by attending to before now. In this, as in his other music that has become known here, Mr. Dohnanyi has not strained after current modernities of expression that did not naturally present themselves to him; but the music has the freshness of something truly felt and not laboriously sought for.

The opening andante, with its six variations, shows some original, rich and piquant instrumental effects and some of real eloquence in setting forth the musical idea. One of these variations is notably in the Hungarian style; and this style again appears in a section of the third movement, a "Romanza." But the composer, as Mr. Gilman assures us in his notes, has used no Hungarian tunes; he has simply written, as his right is, as a Hungarian.

There is a boisterous extravaganee in the scherzo, and the final rondo opens with an abundant outpouring of brilliant, fluent, flashing melody; but its interest is not quite maintained to the end. The suite is a significant contribution to modern literature, and its performance under the composer's direction aroused the audience to enthusiasm.

The concert was delayed nearly half an hour in beginning by a controversy between the orchestra and the management over the delayed payment of a claim by the players for extra rehearsals. Postponement of a final settlement of the matter was arrived at only after a discussion which kept the audience waiting.

METROPOLITAN OPERA ENDS RECORD SEASON

Receipts Reported to Be Between $2,500,000 and $2,750,000—Company Leaves for Atlanta.

Metropolitan records are said to have been largely exceeded, as far back as theatrical Broadway's oldest inhabitant can remember, by the opera season that closed with two packed performances yesterday afternoon and night. While official figures are customarily withheld, it was popularly reported and credited that the company's receipts in

six months had been about one-thirt more than last year's $2,000,000 season, or a new top record of between $2,500,000 and $2,750,000.

Three hundred members of the opera personnel left for Atlanta at 1 o'clock this morning from the Pennsylvania Station, where they boarded two special trains that will be routed over the Southern and the Seaboard lines respectively, both due in the Georgia city tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The tenor Gigli, accompanied by W. J. Guard, Secretary of the opera house, left in advance at 3:40 yesterday afternoon, and Charles Hackett followed at 5 o'clock. The opera orchestra, chorus, stagehands and business staff, with others of the leading artists, went on the special trains.

Geraldine Farrar, who goes on a concert tour till May 15, took her leave yesterday at the season's final matinee of "Louise," with Messrs. Harrold and Rothier, Mmes. Berat, Delaunois, Ellis and others. The prima donna's admirers, among whom many young women were in evidence, pelted her with some forty bouquets after the opera's first act, and there was a minor barrage of more flowers before the last act, which was followed by the usual curtain calls. The singer shared both the honors and bouquets with her companions, including Mr. Bamboschek, who conducted at short notice, following the calling of Albert wolff yesterday for France.

Miss Farrar, in a curtain speech just before the lights were turned out to send the matinee crowd away in time for early comers for the evening performance, spoke of the regret felt by herself and all the company over the illness and absence from the stage of Signor Caruso.

"I know you all share our personal feeling at this great artist's temporary withdrawal," she said, "and I'm sure you will join me in hoping for his return to sing again next year."

Florence Easton, Julia Claussen, Messrs. Kingston, Whitehill, Gustafson and Leonhardt sang the English "Lohengrin" at the closing performance of the season last night, before a house sold out at popular prices. Mr. Bodanzky conducted as he did at the revival of this work, which had afforded one of the artistic successes of the year, as well as one of the most interesting experiments in the history of the Metropolitan. Concerning next season, Mr. Gatti-Casazza is expected to issue a statement before he sails for Italy in May.

Since Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso have for years been the foremost box office stars of the Metropolitan, it is easy to perceive the weakness of the season. Invitations to observe the singular art of Miss Chase, Miss Peralta, Mr. Crimi and others among the company have been accepted by subscribers with such gratitude as circumstances suggested.

It would be almost wicked to suggest an inquiry as to whether it is a good thing for an opera house to rest its hopes on one soprano and one tenor, if Mr. Caruso should cease to sing—he will have to do this some time—will the Metropolitan no more be able to boast that it is the leading opera house of the world? Fifteen years ago—but stop! Never say "fifteen years ago" to any one in the Metropolitan Opera House. That phrase is fatally associated with "The Polish Jew," and wise men do not speak any more of that opera.

Record of the Season.

Let us consider the lilies of the field. Here is the record of the season's performances by the Metropolitan company:

OPERAS IN ITALIAN.		OPERAS IN FRENCH.	
VERDI.		GOUNOD.	
Aida	9	Faust	4
Il Trovatore	3	BIZET.	
Rigoletto	5	Carmen	7
La Forza del Destino	3	MASSENET.	
Don Carlos	6	Manon	5
	26	CHARPENTIER.	
PUCCINI.		Louise	7
La Boheme	9	SAINT-SAENS.	
Madama Butterfly	6	Samson et Dalila	4
Tosca	6	HALEVY.	
Manon Lescaut	4	La Juive	2
	25	WOLFF.	
DONIZETTI.		L'Oiseau Bleu	4
L'Elisir d'Amore	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF.	
Lucia di Lammermoor	3	Le Coq d'Or	5
	4	OPERAS IN ENGLISH.	
LEONCAVALLO.		WAGNER	
Pagliacci	6	Lohengrin	7
Zaza	7	Tristan and Isolda	6
	13	Parsifal	4
MASCAGNI.			17
Cavalleria Rusticana	3	WEBER.	
ROSSINI		Oberon	2
Il Barbiere di Siviglia	3	WEIS	
MONTEMEZZI.		The Polish Jew	3
L'Amore dei tre Re	5	HADLEY.	
LEONI.		Cleopatra's Night	3
L'Oracolo	5	BALLET.	
BOITO.		PICK-MANGIAGALLI.	
Mefistofele	7	Il Carillon Magico	5
GIORDANO.			
Andrea Chenier	5		
WOLF-FERRARI.			
Il Segreto di Suzanna	3		
MOUSSORGSKY.			
Boris Godunoff	1		
TSCHAIKOWSKY.			
Eugene Onyegin	3		

Thirty-six different operas at the Metropolitan Opera House (twenty-two in Italian, six in French and six in English) and one

By W. J. HENDERSON.

THE task of reviewing the season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, which now devolves upon the chronicler of musical affairs, need not be taken very seriously. It is usually taken much too solemnly. The performances of opera in this city are indeed accepted as among the best in the world, but the attitude of operagoers toward the lyric drama is not one to urge reviewers to professorial consideration.

The record of the season which ended last night was diminished by the illness of Mr. Caruso. The summary of to-day would be far more brilliant had the popular idol been able to minister to the public joy throughout the series of representations. His removal from the scene of activities lamentably affected the weakness of the company.

It may now be admitted without fear of offence that there has rarely been a greater parade of mediocrity upon the Metropolitan Opera House stage than in the season of 1920-21. Miss Farrar was unable to bring light into the dark places, for throughout the season she was in enfeebled physical condition and her singing was that of a woman feeling her way carefully through every scene.

ballet. This includes thirteen double bills, one triple bill, one benefit performance, consisting of four acts from four different operas, and one performance for the Prince of Monaco. The double bills were:

Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci	1
Pagliacci and Il Carillon Magico	2
Lucia di Lammermoor and Il Carillon Magico	1
L'Amore dei tre Re and Il Carillon Magico	1
L'Oracolo and Pagliacci	1
Cavalleria Rusticana and Le Coq d'Or	1
Cleopatra's Night and Le Coq d'Or	2
L'Oracolo and Le Coq d'Or	1
L'Oracolo and Cleopatra's Night	1
Pagliacci and Le Coq d'Or	1
Il Segreto di Suzanna and the Polish Jew	2
The Polish Jew and L'Oracolo	1
Pagliacci and Il Segreto di Suzanna	1

The triple bill was Cavalleria Rusticana, Il Carillon Magico and L'Oracolo.

OPERAS IN BROOKLYN (Ten Performances)—Faust, Aida, L'Elisir d'Amore, Tristan and Isolda, Zaza, Rigoletto, Tosca, Cavalleria Rusticana and Le Coq d'Or, Samson et Dalila, Lohengrin and L'Amore dei tre Re.

OPERAS IN PHILADELPHIA (Sixteen Performances)—La Juive, Carmen, Mefistofele, La Boheme, Tristan and Isolda, Don Carlos, Tosca, Madama Butterfly, Andrea Chenier, Louise, Rigoletto, Aida, Manon, Cavalleria Rusticana, Il Segreto di Suzanna and L'Oracolo, Faust, Lohengrin.

Two Successful Productions.

The character of this list might well suggest pithy comment, but nothing can be gained by profound discussion. The revival of Verdi's "Don Carlos" was unexpectedly successful. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's judgment in producing it was abundantly justified by its life of six performances, and doubtless it will be presented again next season. The addition of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" to the Metropolitan repertory also proved to be a judicious move. The opera pleased a public which has been asked to consider much dull and superfluous matter.

The introduction of "Louise" to Metropolitan audiences was a creditable enterprise and the production contained some striking merits. The least of them perhaps was the impersonation of the heroine by Miss Farrar. Contrary to all expectations, the role seemed not to fit her comfortably and not till the dramatic last scene did she fit naturally into the action and the atmosphere of the music.

Possibly this might be the place to pause and inquire whether too much importance is attached to Charpentier's opera. That it is a desirable addition to the French list is incontestable; that it is a masterpiece of Gallic art is at least debatable. One thing, however, is certain, to wit, that if the artistic design of the work is not to be obliterated the parts must all be impersonated by singers who are willing to subordinate themselves to the composer's plan.

Miss Farrar showed some reluctance to merge her personality in a dramatic entity. She declined to become a factor. Her clothes were not those of a girl of her class and the contrast between her and the poverty stricken father and mother was ludicrous. But a prima donna must have her way, and it is privately, but authoritatively, declared that the distinguished American soprano obtained Charpentier's permission to dress the part as she pleased. Well, what could the poor man do? If the Yankee pigs wished to give royalties, what else mattered among such creatures?

Translations Into English.

The translation of "Lohengrin" and "Tristan und Isolde" into the English list accomplished one good end. It brought back to the stage two much needed operas. The presentation of "Lohengrin," except in the matter of text, was admirable. The mounting was particularly commendable, and, from a theatrical point of view, effective. The scenery of "Tristan und Isolde" was not so satisfactory, but it never can be. Wagner is partly to blame. The first scene is well nigh impossible. We need no essay on the Viking ship to tell us that the height of *Isolde's* deck tent is ridiculous and that the man at the helm could not see over it.

Nor do we have to be shown that a tent of the right height could be staged and the spectators in the balconies permitted to see the poop deck and its occupants, though the holders of orchestra chairs could not. But the celestial elevation of all kinds of ceilings in stage structures cannot be much changed. Wagner knew that when he planned his first act. The setting of the second act at the Metropolitan is bad. The stage is too full, the action too cramped, the picture too huddled. But musically the opera was well presented. Two *Isoldes* were heard, both good. Let those compare their impersonations who enjoy comparisons.

Finally we arrive at the great artistic triumph of the season, the production of "The Polish Jew." Perhaps some day the secret will be disclosed and we shall learn why this extraordinary piece of deadly dulness was thrust upon the attention of an already overtired public. Mr. Gatti-Casazza could not have deluded himself into the belief that it was a work of merit, likely to interest the subscribers of his list.

Who was the power behind the throne? Who persuaded the impresario to accept the lamentations of Karl Weis? It could not have been Edward Ziegler. He was formerly a writer of musical criticism, and his transformation into a deputy impresario would not so completely have deprived him of his news sense. William J. Guard and Otto Weil have been under suspicion, but have been acquitted on the ground that neither of them had ever heard of the opera till after it was accepted. But the whole subject may be dropped. The opera, like its hearers, fell asleep at the third performance, and all the trumpets in "Lohengrin" will be unable to waken it.

Without doubt one of the most delightful incidents of the season was the return of Miss Lucrezia Bori after an absence of six years. It had been feared, and with good reason, that she would never be heard again. The rejoicing was therefore doubly great when it was found that her beautiful voice had been completely restored to its pristine clarity and luscious sweetness, and that it had moreover acquired a certain mellowness which it had not at first possessed. The singer contributed to the season some of its most admirable vocal art and also some lovely revelations of winsome womanhood.

Of the new singers sufficient has surely been said in the course of the daily reviews of operatic doings. Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe Danise proved to be the most important. Miss Chase was received with the kindness which characterizes New York audiences, but she can hardly be accorded rank equal to that of her distinguished predecessors in the field of florid song. The roster of Metropolitan artists will contain next season the name of the most popular light soprano of the day—Mme. Galli-Curci. It will be interesting to note how she fits into the company. Her merits are now well known and the factitious furore which was so cleverly created over her first appearances here has settled down and been succeeded by a rational enjoyment of her pleasing art.

Titta Ruffo, the possessor of the most extraordinary barytone voice of this day, will also be in the company. Let us hope that no other barytone will wreck his voice by striving to sing as loudly as Mr. Ruffo. With all his faults, he has certain real merits that might better excite emulation.

April 25 1921

The final Metropolitan Sunday concert was given last evening with a long list of Metropolitan artists who have already endeared themselves to the heart of the New York public, save in one instance, that of Grace Bradley, who, although she has been a member of the company during the entire season, has been heard chiefly at rehearsals.

While announced as a "mezzo-soprano," Madame Bradley disclosed a genuine contralto of extraordinary range, power and tonal beauty. The audience wondered why she had been "held in reserve" so long, but it is understood that although she is an American artist she is being groomed for the Wagner operas which will be sung in German next season and in which Madame Bradley is said to excel her youthful contemporaries.

Last evening she sang and looked the ideal Ortrud. She is a pupil of Maestro Sapio and has had operatic training and experience in Europe.

The entire program presented:

Cielo e Mar, from "La Gioconda," Rafaelo Diaz; Depuis le Jour, from "Louise," Miss Miriam; Drinking Song from "Hamlet," Pasquale Amato; O mio Babbino caro, from "Gianni Schicchi," Mary Ellis; Amour veins aider, from "Samson et Dalila, Mme. Grace Bradley; Qui sdegno non s accende, from "The Magic Flute," William Gustafson; Waltz Song of Musetta, from "La Boheme," Mme. Delaunois; Barcarolle, from "Les Contes d'Hoffman," Mmes. Ellis and Bradley; Eri tu, from "Un Ballo in Maschero," Renato Zanelli; Ah, mon fils, from "Le Prophete," Jeanne Gordon; Largo al factotum," from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Amato; Gounod's "Ave Maria," Mme. Delaunois; O ma lyre immortelle, from "Sapho," Mme. Augusta Lenska; Massenet's "Eligie," Alvarez's "Pesares," and Oley Speaks's "Morning," Rafaelo Diaz; Trio, from "Faust," Messrs. Diaz, Zanelli and Gustafson.

April 24, 1921

In the evening Julia Culp gave her postponed recital in Aeolian Hall. As at the Beethoven Association concert last week she was not in such fine voice as in bygone days, but her consummate art gave much pleasure to the many admirers who were present. Her programme included French, Russian, German, Scotch, and American songs.

April 25 1921

An entire Tschaikowsky-Wagner program was directed by Arthur Bodanzky, Tschaikowsky being represented by the overture-fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," and the Wagner numbers comprising the prelude to "The Mastersingers," "Siegfried in the Forest" from "Siegfried;" "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from Dusk of the Gods," and the "Rienzi" overture. Mr. Rosen's interpretation of the Tschaikowsky Concerto gave evidence of a close study of the composer and the worth of an orchestral background.

Music from Zululand Sung at the Town Hall

By GRENA BENNETT.

PRIMITIVE tunes from the heart of Africa were matched with spirituals of the American negro at the Town Hall last night. Zulu musicians and natives of the East and West coasts of the Dark Continent participated in the opening part of the programme. This unique offering included the dramatization of a celebrated Zulu legend with war-songs and chants sung in the strange original texts.

The unusual quality of this quaint music did not lessen the attractiveness of the later selections. These were more or less familiar tunes droned or warbled by the delightful Hampton Quartette of Virginia and other musicians from famous negro educational institutions.

* * *

Mme. Vera Smirnova, singer of Russian and gypsy folksongs, and Miss Galina Kopernak, a musical comedy singer of Russia, assisted by D. Apollon, a mandolin virtuoso; Mme. Orloff, soprano; Mr. Geishtein, barytone; Mr. Bessaraboff, tenor, and a group of assisting artists from the Russian stage and concert hall will introduce this afternoon at the Belmont Theatre the noted Theatre Bi Ba Bo of Russia, which may best be described as a sort of glorified ballad concert and vaudeville. The programme includes musical sketches, selections by strange and unique musical instruments, opera selections and musical and comedy novelties. The ultimate purpose of Mme. Smirnova and Miss Kopernak is to make the Theatre Bi Ba Bo a distinctive feature of New York's musical and dramatic season. The Theatre Bi Ba Bo, besides being highly popular in Petrograd and Moscow, has lately been introduced with equal success in Paris.

April 26, 1921

La Favorita Grand Opera Company, apparently founded partly on the remains of the late Italian Lyric Federation organization, began a brief season at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. Just how long the season will continue doubtless rests with the Italian public, which seems to have an insatiable appetite for Italian opera, no matter how performed. The opera offered for the general delight of the audience was "La Gioconda," which had not been heard previously in the course of the present musical season.

The principal singers were evidently accustomed to the ways of companies summoned from the vasty deeps of experiment and acquainted with the music of the score, though not imbued with its spirit. The whole representation had the dramatic vitality of a Shakespearian reading by a boarding school class. It was soporifically dull, musically frigid and artistically crude. There was much singing out of tune and much eager searching after high tones. The orchestra was rough and blatant and the chorus raucous in tone and uncertain in rhythm.

The title role was entrusted to Mme. Agnes Robinson, who disclosed great experience and a worn voice. Mme. M. Frascani sang *Laura* darkly and Mme. Ellinova *Chieca* depressingly. G. Tomassini made the electric lights look pale with the tones he emitted as *Enzo* and Augusto Ordonez, who had made some impression at the Lexington Theatre, succumbed to the general gloom at the Manhattan. Mr. Picchi, another of the Lexington remnants, sang *Alviso* creditably. The conductor was A. Dell' Orefice, who was to have assisted Mr. Mugnone in the earlier unfortunate season.

American Girl Violinist Heard.

Miss Ruth Kemper, an American violinist who is not unknown here and has played with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital in which she was assisted by Edwin Grasse, composer-violinist, last night in Aeolian Hall. The programme opened with Mr. Grasse's sonato opus 14 for piano and violin in which the oomposer played the piano part. This work, which is written in melodic form and is not without individuality and artistic interest, received a commendable reading. The applause after the close was enthusiastic. Miss Kemper played Bach's E major concerto and other numbers, with Francis Moore at the piano, and in some respects showed interpretative powers above the average.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS HEARD.

As a post even of music week L. S. Camilieri, conductor of the People's Libert yChorus, led Advanced Unit No. 1, a crack division of singers, into the auditorium of the High School of Commerce last night and took the musical trenches by an assault of sweet sounds. Miss Clara Deeks, soprano, and Justin Lawrie were the soloists. Miss Julia Arthur and David Bispham were guests of the evening. The hostess of tho occasion was Mrs. Samuel W. Reyburn. The chorus gave a good account of itself in a demonstration of what can be done with amateurs who have song inside and want to get it out.

April 1926

NEGRO MUSICAL BENEFIT.

Native Africans Appear to Aid Washington Conservatory.

A performance was given in the Town Hall last evening for the beefit of the Washigton Conservatory of Music, intended to be a centre of American negro music and dramatic art. It was by negro musicians and actors, including native Africans now in this country. Miss Kathleen Easmon, Kamba Simango and Madikane Qandeyane Cele. The last two are the ones who furnished the material for Mrs. Natalie Curtis Burlin's book on the songs and tales of Africa, recently published.

The entertainment comprised three divisions: Scenes of natives Africans at home in costume; ante-bellum times in America, and modern numbers. The African scenes included songs and chants in several African languages, among which were the "Eulogy of the King" and the "Elephant Hunt" by Kamba Simango, and a plastic interpretation of an African legend, "The Land of Shadows," by Miss Easmon, to music by S. Coleridge Taylor.

In the American scenes there were work songs and spirituals sung by the Hampton Quartet. The last section included music by Coleridge-Taylor and Harry Burleigh performed by Helen Hogan, Revella E. Hughes and Eugene Mars Martin; an address by Mrs. Harriet Gibbs Marshall, President of the Washington Conservatory; a reading by Charles S. Gilpin of the "Emperor Jones" company and R. Nathaniel Dett's "Chariot Jubilee," sun by the Washington Folk Song Quartet

27, 1921.

Dohnanyi Conducts

Hungarian Composer Also I

Decide Not

There was again a long delay before the National Symphony Orchestra's concert at Carnegie Hall began last evening. The same programme had been given on Saturday afternoon, beginning half an hour after the advertised time, owing to a dispute with the musicians about pay for certain rehearsals. The men demanded a final answer to their contention by Monday, and when the management pronounced that impossible they named last evening as the time.

The point at issue concerned certain rehearsals made while Mr. Mengelberg was conducting concerts. The management contended that as there were weeks in which only two concerts had been given, whereas the contracts allowed for four, the men should concede certain rehearsals in lieu of concerts and without extra pay. The men demanded payment for these rehearsals, and this was refused. Last Saturday they struck, but consented to go on with the concert provided the matter should be settled last night.

The answer given last evening was that there would be no payment. The musicians, therefore, had the option of striking and bringing the season to an end with three concerts still to be given. As they did not wish to forego the salary for these concerts, they decided to play last evening. Erno Dohnanyi, the Hungarian composer, conducted, and also was the piano soloist in Mozart's concerto in G major. The orchestral numbers were the Brahms variations on Haydn's "Chorale St. Anthoni" and Mr. Dohnanyi's suite. The musicians, having agreed to play, did so faithfully and with credit. The audience was not large.

April 29

The Favorita Opera Company presented "Aida" at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. This was the second production in the series. The performance was one of singularly anaemic quality and rude outlines. The cold truth is that there was no singer who revealed the slightest conception of the character of Verdi's music or a vocal art equal to the merest indication of it. All the voices seemed worn and weary with long and hard usage, and in so far as style was concerned the company had only one general idea, which was to make the most of every opportunity for pealing forth a high tone.

Nicola Zerola, who was discovered by Mr. Hammerstein some years ago, was the *Rhadames*. He retained some upper tones, but whatever musical worth the middle of his voice may have had at one time it was not in evidence last evening. A Mme. Darve sang *Aida* in a remarkably pinched and pallid manner, finding free utterance only when she was able to fling wide two arms, throw back her head and address the gallery with a note above the staff.

Mme. Frascani, who sang *Amneris* with the company lately conducted by Leopold Mugnone, was heard again last evening. As before she was sepulchral in voice and depressing in general interpretation. Augusto Ordonez of the former company was the *Amonasro*, and Mr. Picchi of the same organization the *Ramfis*. The conductor was F. Guerrieri, who had many original gesticulations and rivalled Toscanini in that he conducted without a score. The audience, which was small, listened respectfully and gazed with apparent wonder at the motley collection of costumes and the sadly decayed grandeur of the Pharaohs.

Two Sisters in Song Recital.

The Misses Nellie and Sara Kouns, sisters, gave a song recital, with Coenraad Bos at the piano, last evening in the Town Hall. These young American sopranos have been singing in Europe, where they met with much success. Their recital attracted a large audience, and they won a deservedly warm reception. They specialize in duets and were heard in such selections as Dvorak's "The Parting" and an excerpt from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." Each sister also gave a group of solos. Taste and refinement marked their delivery. Their voices, blending as one in lyric timbre, were easily produced, and if as singers they made no pretentions to an elaborate style they expressed feeling and sentiments in a manner simple and of real appeal.

Mar 30 1921

National Symphony

Frederic Jacobi's New Sym

St. Agnes" on Its

The final programme of its season was presented by the National Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The same numbers will be heard on Tuesday night, after which the National Symphony Orchestra will glide away into the dim shadows of the past, a record and a memory, its future and its name merged in a marriage of convenience with the ancient and honorable Philharmonic Society. Not many were present at yesterday's ceremonies, but some of them belonged to that obnoxious brigade of shouters which has recently spread its offensive tactics from the opera house to the concert hall.

The shouters appeared to be present for the purpose of cheering Mishel Piastro's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. It was a respectable performance, but in no manner fitted to stir listeners to unwonted demonstrations. The deeper interest of the afternoon lay in the first hearing of Frederic Jacobi's symphonic prelude, "The Eve of St. Agnes."

What better material could a composer wish than that brilliantly realized dream of the maiden who found her lover kneeling by the side of her couch? Yet when all is considered a love poem is just a love poem, and since music is the food of love composers must play on. Mr. Jacobi has endeavored to express tumultuous emotions, soft and languorous sighings, yearnings and ineffable delight, all in music of the truest modern type, music which seems at the first hearing to ring with the metal of Strauss and Stravinsky. But the symphonic poem is in itself well constructed, it has some pith and point and some imagination. If Mr. Jacobi has not quite found his own idioms nor proclaimed his emotions in overwhelming manner we must remember that he is still young and has time to acquire mature independence.

The other numbers on the list were the "Lohengrin" prelude and the "Tannhauser" overture. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and Mr. Jacobi came forth to acknowledge the applause of the modest audience.

Abram Sopkin's Recital.

Abram Sopkin, violinist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. This young man was born in this city of Russian parents, and first studied with Adolf Weidig. Afterward he was a pupil of Auer and Ysaye. He made his debut in Chicago at the age of 15, playing the Beethoven concerto. These facts may become important if Mr. Sopkin acquires distinction in his chosen calling.

His playing last evening showed him to be a well schooled violinist, though even in technic he could make improvement. His tone had good qualities, but possibly was marred by an inferior instrument. He showed a good command of the finger board, but his trills were not of equal merit. He played Viotti's A minor concerto in a straightforward style with some touches of beauty in the cantilena. But in finish, warmth, and above all in rhythm, Mr. Sopkin can make considerable advances. Walter Golde played the accompaniments.

Last National Symphony Concert

Musical critics could save a good deal of time every year if they had a big stencil for stamping these words: "He has learned all the tricks of the trade, writes fluently, orchestrates beautifully, and makes you think of other composers who impudently said before him what he wanted to say. Apart from that he had little or nothing to say."

This criticism applies to nineteen out of every twenty orchestral novelties produced here. It applies to Frederick Jacoby's symphonic prelude "The Eve of St. Agnes," which was played in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon by the National Symphony Orchestra under Artur Bodanzky. It was agreeable music to listen to, but if the composer has made up his mind, as the programme notes said, to devote himself hereafter entirely to composition, we fear his life will not be a happy one, unless he enjoys composing very much indeed. His piece was well played and vigorously applauded.

The soloist of the concert was Mischel Piastro, who played the Mendelssohn violin concerto fairly well. Wagner, with the "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" introductions, was the Alpha and the Omega of the concert. With a repetition of the same programme next Tuesday the National Symphony Orchestra will cease to exist as a separate organization. Its deficit is said to be $280,000. It wasn't worth so huge a sum, but it gave New Yorkers a chance to enjoy the conducting of Willem Mengelberg, an expensive but worth-while luxury.

Mr. Jacobi was at one time a familiar figure in the Metropolitan Opera House, where he served for a number of years as "Corepetitor." A pupil of Rubin Goldmark, Rafael Joseffy and Paolo Gallico, and subsequently of Paul Juon at the Hochschule in Berlin, he has been devoting himself more recently to composition, and with signal success.

In fact, Mr. Jacobi, who, by the way, was born in San Francisco thirty years ago, deserves to be ranked among the best of our American composers—certainly after a hearing of his symphonic prelude, "The Eve of St. Agnes," produced yesterday for the first time anywhere.

Not that Mr. Jacoby discloses any signs of originality in his musical exposition of Keats's poem. Truth to tell, there are frequent intimations that he is expressing himself in the idiom of others, absorbed in the course of much attentive listening.

Incidentally, too, it may be said those of us who have made the acquaintance of some of Jacobi's earlier works, notably his songs, are inclined to view with a certain apprehension the inclination he now shows to add to his Straussian equipment the manners of the Gallic school. At any rate there lurks in this tendency the suspicion of a desire to follow the fashions of the day.

But while Mr. Jacobi has not yet discovered himself his latest venture not only reveals remarkable skill in construction and in instrumentation, but poetic feeling, imagination and spirit. From a technical point of view the symphonic prelude is admirably wrought, every detail falling cleanly and coherently into a well-knit and finely co-ordinated artistic whole.

After the performance, brilliantly carried out under Bodanzky's stimulating direction, the young composer was called repeatedly to the stage to acknowledge the prolonged plaudits of his admirers.

There was plenty of enthusiasm, too, for Mishel Piastro. But the Russian violinist was heard to better advantage when he made his debut in New York. In the andante yesterday he indulged in whining portamenti. Moreover, his intonation, even in simple cantilena, was peculiarly fluctuating.

* * *

While the National Symphony Orchestra decided this week to see the season through, feeling among some members of the organization is still at white heat.

During the intermission yesterday Charles Kunen, laboring under the impression that Cornelius Van Vliet had described him and some of his colleagues to the representative of the New York American as Bolshevists, hauled off at the first 'cellist and barely missed landing a blow with clenched fist on that musician's nose.

For a moment it looked as if there might be a general mixup in the corridor of Carnegie Hall, where the players foregather in the recess. But Mr. Van Vliet kept his temper and his dignity, refusing to hit back. Instead he notified Mr. Bodanzky that he would not play in the same orchestra with Mr. Kunen. As a consequence the obstreperous little fiddler did not take his place among the second violins in Frederick Jacobi's new work, "The Eve of St. Agnes," nor in the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

Mar 1 1921

Edna Winston, Soprano, Heard.

Edna Winston, soprano, gave a matinee recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, singing airs in French, German and English, and on final recall the Yiddish folksong. "Auf dem Pripichock," familiar to her hearers, who applauded its opening chords by C. F. Bos at the piano. Miss Winston's voice was well suited to little narrative pieces by Binder, Rumshinsky and Schlossberg, not so generally known, and though she developed a hard and heavy style in operatic airs of Ponchielli and Puccini, there was lyric beauty in her "Spring Night" of Schumann and Spross's "Robin, Sing Me a Song."

May 2 1921

Youngest Orchestra Plays.

Some of the youngest children on Aeolian Hall's state this season appeared with Louis J. Cornu's Junior Orchestra in its sixth annual concert there yesterday afternoon, performing Beethoven's symphony No. 2, Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," a "Norwegian Dance" by Grieg and the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius. Joseph Matheieu assisted in tenor songs, including Dr. Drummond's "Wreck of the Julie Plante," and there were also solos by an eight-year-old violinist, Clementine Chappel.

Although the cause was worthy and the program presented three very excellent artists, a small audience attended the Music Festival for the benefit of the Daughters of Israel Day Nursery in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Those who participated were Joseph Schwarz, baritone; Max Rosen, violinist, and Sara Sokolsky Freid, pianist and organist.

Schwarz Thrills Audience.

The picturesque Russian baritone, who made his American debut in a recital here in January and has since been engaged to sing with the Chicago Opera Company next season, sang a group of three songs, including "Across" by Haendel; "Berceuse Jocelyn," Goddard, and "Kol Nidre," an aria from "Rigoletto," and "Hamlet's Drinking Song," by Thomas. He was in splendid trim, and succeeded in thrilling his auditors with the power and rare sweetness of his voice. Mr. Rosen played the Vitali "Chaconne" and a group of Cottenet, Glinka-Auer and Sarasate. Mme. Freid's numbers were taken from Grieg, Chopin, Alkan and Liszt.

Mr. Schwarz was accompanied by O'C. Kuire, with Frederic Persson assisting at the piano for Mr. Rosen.

May 3 1921

WILSON LAMB'S RECITAL.

Wilson Lamb, a negro barytone, gave his annual song recital last veening in Aeolian Hall. His programme included songs by Rachmaninoff, Lully, Brahms and Dvorak, and an air from Verdi's "Ernani." He was not at his best last night vocally, and his voice seemed often of rather dry quality and somewhat husky. He sang all his numbers, however, with dignity and musical [illegible] ing. In selections from Harry Burleigh, such as "Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells," his general delivery was interesting.

May 4 1921

Favorita Company at th Metropolitan and C

When Giulio Gatti-Casazza began his excavations among the Verdian catacombs and dug up the bones of "La Forza del Destino" he doubtless had no thought of precipitating a general reaurrection of defunct operas. But when "La Forza," as the knowing call it, seemed to carry new delights to numerous audiences, the impresarios of the open road pricked up their ears and heard the glad tidings. Here were operas which could be revived with scenery as old aa themselves and with costumes once paraded through the lagoons of Venice or the byways of Padua, while any voices would serve so long as the four cornered tunes of the still unregenerate Verdi could be made recognizable.

Last evening the Favorita Opera Company, which is enjoying a brief season of glory at the Manhattan Opera House, gave "La Forza del Destino." The performance was of the kind which this company made known to its patrons in the first week of its season. The music was all presented in a vigorous manner, with little fuss about delicacies of style or beauty of tone. Most of the singers showed that they had known operatic doings for a considerable period and generally they sang the music fairly well in tune and with passionate pressure upon all high tones.

The principal singers were Mme. Robinson, as *Eleonora;* Mme. Fernanda, as *Preziosilla;* Mr. Tommasini, as *Alvarez,* and Mr. Ordonez, as *Carlo.* A. Dell' Orefice conducted. The audience was not large, but it apparently enjoyed the performance very much. To-morrow evening "La Favorita" will be given.

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ENDS.

Wreath for Conductor Bodanzky at Final Concert in Carnegie Hall.

There was a crowded house in Carnegie Hall last evening for the season's last event among nearly 300 orchestral concerts given in New York since October, and the seventieth performance by one organization, the National Symphony Orchestra, which for reasons told heretofore is to be merged with the Philharmonic next Fall. Mr. Bodanzky, the Metropolitan opera conductor, upon whom had fallen most of the sustained labor of developing the new body of symphonic players during their two years together, was greeted with applause by the large audience. At the concerts' close he reeived a wreath of American beauties, white lilacs and asparagus fern, with a cordial note in appreciation of his services from the Board of Directors. The orchestra ended by playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

The concluding program had been rearranged, in response to many requests, to include Brahms's First Symphony, a favorite of the conductor as well as of the subscribers. It should have been a matter of satisfaction to many of the orchestra's chief sustaining patrons to compare some earlier and tentative performances by the same band with that heard last night of this music with which their mutual association came to a close. Two overtures of Wagner, mentioned in the final program leaflet, were omitted in the house bill, the place of the first being taken by Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," and that of the other by the Symphony.

Of the remaining numbers, which repeated in part last Friday's final matinee, Jacobi's "Eve of St. Agnes", a novelty on that occasion, gained much in smoothness and brilliance, well earning renewed applause for its composer, who was seated behind the orchestra musicians on the stage. In Mendelssohn's violin concerto, too, the young Russian artist, Michael Piastro, played with more confident ease and with a superbly powerful tone that seems to be his alone among the season's newcomers. The player had to be called back from his dressing room to respond to a half dozen recalls.

May 6 1921

John McCormack came back last night. Of course he arrived on the Aquitania several days ago, but not till he set foot once more on the concert stage did he come back, and then it strained the walls of the Hippodrome to hold all the people who wished to greet him. It was a great audience and it represented a noble sum of money. The concert was given by Mr. McCormack to help the fund for the Irish sufferers, and so eager was every one to pay more than the set prices that the receipts reached about $75,000.

When the singer appeared on the stage the audience rose and applauded for a long time. Then entered Justice Victor J. Dowling, Commissioner Grover Whalen and two stalwart policemen with a flag of the city. Judge Dowling made some introductory remarks, after which Mr. Whalen on behalf of the Mayor presented the flag to the tenor. The concert then began with Handel's air, "Oh, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?"

In the intermission Judge Dowling introduced Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, who delivered a brief address, which was followed by a short speech from the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. McCormack sang two groups of songs listed on the programme and, of course, several additional numbers. He had the assistance of Miss Lily Meagher, soprano, who also sang two groups.

Among those in the boxes were Archbishop Hayes, Martin Conboy, Morgan J. O'Brien, president of the relief committee; Edward L. Doheny, James B. Regan, John D. Ryan and Herman E. Metz. A small army of pretty girls sold programmes. They were assisted by Mr. McCormack's two children, Gwendoline and Cyril. It may be added that the famous singer brought back with him all of his delightful voice, all of his excellent art and most of his physical development.

Previous records for benefits include $50,000 raised at a boxing show in Madison Square Garden for the American Red Cross on May 24, 1918, and on Jan. 14, 1921, the Committee for Devastated France received about $80,000 as the result of the Leonard-Mitchell fight. The receipts for this really totaled about $150,000, as Leonard got $40,000 for his end and Mitchell $20,000 as his share.

Last Sunday night the Actors Equity League raised $40,000 in the Metropolitan Opera House, with a long list of stars. During the war the receipts at the numerous benefits were exceedingly large, their totals being swelled by donations.

May 7 1921

An unusual event took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last night when, with the regular season closed two weeks ago, the company again opened its doors for the first of two special festival performances being given under the auspices of the Masonic Club for its fund for the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Hospital at Utica and the charity fund of the Masonic Club.

The opera was "Aida," which was sung with Mme. Maria Escobar in the title role, Gaetano Tomasini as *Radames,* Miss Jeanne Gordon as *Ammeris,* Guiseppe Danise as *Anonasro,* Leon Rothier as *Ramfis* and Messrs. D'Angelo and Bada and Miss Egener in the other parts. The entire orchestra and chorus took part; Miss Florence Rudolph led the ballet. Gennaro Papi conducted.

Before the performance began William J. Guard announced that Mme. Frances Peralta and Morgan Kingston, who were to have sang respective the *Aida* and *Radames,* had fallen victims to colds and their places would be taken by Mme. Escobar, a Spanish soprano, who sang with Caruso in Cuba and Mexico, and Mr. Tommasini. The latter has been heard here this spring with two other opera companies. Both the new artists deserved much credit for stepping into the breach, as they did, and enabling the opera to be given.

The performance was heard by an enthusiastic audience headed by the Grand Master of the State, Robert H. Robinson, who, with his party, occupied the centre parterre box. The auditorium was elaborated decorated. Emblazoned in large gold letters over the proscenium arch were the words, "Masonic Club of New York City." The emblem banners of the Masonic order and the national colors decorated further the drop curtains and a general gala [illegible] e played.

effect was given by the national flags which draped the box tiers.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was played by the orchestra before the performance began.

Miss Rosa Raisa, dramatic soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, and Giacomo Rimini, her husband and a barytone of the Chicago organization, were heard last evening in a concert in the Hippodrome. The programme was one of great variety, embracing operatic airs and duets, as well as songs by Brahms, Rachmaninov and Mana Zucca. "Ernani involami," sung by Miss Raisa, began the list, and "Eili, Eili" ended it. Verdi's "Ernani" is to be revived next season by the distinguished operatic antiquarian Mr. Gatti-Casazza and a foretaste of its dried sweets was timely. Mr. Rimini paid tribute to the sagacity of the Metropolitan impresario by singing an air from 'Zaza."

There was, perhaps, no impressive display of finished vocal art in the proceedings of the evening, but at least there was the pleasure always to be gained from listening to the beautiful voice of Miss Raisa. She has sung through a long and arduous opera season, but her voice sounded as fresh and rich as if autumn were actually (as it seemed to be) lingering in the lap of spring.

There was a very large audience and its enthusiasm was spontaneous. Encore numbers had to begin after the first air on the programme.

Piano Recital by Miss Barasch.

Miss Sarah Barasch appeared in Aeolian Hall last evening in a recital of music for the pianoforte. That she desired to be received as a player of large ambition was demonstrated by her programme, which contained not only Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, but also Schubert's B flat impromptu, Liszt's "La Campanella," the Brahms-Paganini variations and some Chopin numbers, as well as other compositions.

Miss Barasch was unfortunate in that many of the keys of the piano proved to be in other places than those sought by her fingers. Dislocations of this kind are likely to be found disconcerting by both player and listener. In the Schubert music the strange results were mostly found in the bass, which frequently declined to associate itself harmonically with the treble. In spite of this, however, Miss Barasch persevered and her audience, which was entirely sympathetic, encouraged her with generous applause.

Hempstead Girl in Opera.

Miss Lavinia Darve of the Favorita Opera Company, now at the Manhattan, who sang the role of *Aida* Thursday night, will be heard again to-night in the role of *Desdemona* in Verdi's "Otello." Miss Darve in private life is Miss Lavinia Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Edwards of Hempstead, L. I. Miss Darve spent some years abroad and sang in opera and concert in England, France, Italy, Germany and Austria, also in the East and West Indies.

May 8 1921

Among the new orchestral works played the following may be mentioned, though the list is not definitely complete:

By the Philharmonic Society; Alfven's second symphony; Roussel's "Evocation"; Reginald Sweet's "Riders to the Sea"; Mr. Stransky's songs with orchestra.

By the New York Symphony Society: Gabriel Fauré's suite "Masques et Bergamasques"; ballet airs from Rameau's "Dardanus"; John Alden Carpenter's "Concertino" for piano and orchestra; Casella's suite, "Couvent sur l'Eau"; suite from operas of Purcell, arranged by Coates; R. Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony."

By the National Sympony Orchestra: The second series of Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero"; Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra; Johan Wagenaar's "Cyrano de Bergerac" overture; Strauss's suite from his music to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Dohanyi's suite for orchestra; Frederick Jacobi's tone poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes."

By the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "In the Faery Hills"; Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin"; Edward Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, "The Fall of the House of Usher."

By the Philadelphia Orchestra: Casella's rhapsody, "Italia"; Cyril Scott's two orchestral passacaglias and his piano concerto; Emmanuel Moor's "concerto" for string quartet and orchestra.

By Mr. Toscanini's Orchestra from La Scala: Respighi's arrangements of old Italian dances by Galilei and unknown composers; de Sallata's symphonic poem, "Juventus"; Pick-Mangiagalli's "Notturno" and "Rondo Fantastico"; Martucci's "Novelletta"; Pizzetti's suite, "La Pisanella"; Respighi's "Ballata della Gnomidi"; intermezzo from Lunaldi's opera "La Figlia del Re"; Tommasini's "Serenate."

By the Chicago Orchestra: Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "The Garden of Fand."

By the Friends of Music: Malipiero's "Grottesco."

on this page. The lists of solo performers who have been heard in the season, so far as we have been able to recover them, follow:

Violinists

Bloch, Alexander
Borissoff, J. Piastro
Brown, Eddy
Engel, Gabriel
Freeman, Grace
Fuchs, Josef
Gardner, Samuel
Given, Thelma
Gresser, Emil
Gustikoff, Mischel
Jacobsen, Sascha
Jeffrey, Helen
Karekjarto, Decide
Kaufman, Maurice
Kemper, Ruth
Kennedy, Daisy
Kochanski, Paul
Kreisler, Fritz
Kubelik, Jan
Macmillen, Francis
Manen, Joan
Menges, Isolde
Mitnitzky
Morini, Erika
Morrell, Marie
Neill, Amy
Parlow, Kathleen
Piastro, Mischel
Polah, Andre
Prihoda, Vasa
Rosen, Max
Sabatini, Carlo
Schmuller, Alex.
Seidel, Toscha
Selinsky, Marguerite
Selinsky, Max
Sidoli, Rinaldo
Sopkin, Abram
Spalding, Albert
Stoessel, Albert
Stopak, Josef
Teschner-Tas, Helen
Tinlot, Gustave
Torre, Marta de la
Vertchamp, Albert
Vidas, Raoul
Violin, Mischa
Waldman, Josef
Wilkinson, Winston
Williams, Charlotte
Wulfe, Nina
Ysaye, Eugene
Zimbalist, Efrem

Pianists

Acosti, Giulio
Altman, Leonora
Anderson, Stella
Ashley, Phyllida
Bacon, Katherine
Baird, Martha
Bauer, Harold
Beach, George
Beale, Kitty
Berumen, Ernesto
Beverwijk, Everhard
Bilotti, Antonio
Boguslawski, Moissay
Bloch, Mrs. Alex.
Blue, Mary
Brard, Magdeleine
Buell, Dai
Buhlig, Richard
Burnham, Christine
Byrd, Winifred
Cheeswright, F. H.
Clug, Ruth
Cole, Audet
Cooper, Charles
Cortot, Alfred
Cottlow, Augusta
Cowles, Cecile
Denton, Oliver
Dienne, Yvonne
Dohnanyi, Erno
Doolittle, Maud
Du Carp, Marie-Magdeleine
Eschaniz, Pepito
Friedman, Ignaz
Gabrilowitsch, O.
Ganz, Rudolph
Glass, Julia
Godowsky, Leopold
Gordon, Philip
Grainger, Percy
Gross, Walter
Gunn, Alexander
Hawkins, Warner-Heyman, Ruth
Hofmann, Josef
Horvath, Cecile de
Hughes, Edwin
Hutcheson, Ernest
Jacobinoff, Sascha
Jolas, Jacques
Jones, Dan
Jong, Marius de
Kazounoff, Bianca
Kotlarsky, Max
La Croix, Aurore
Leopold, Ralph
Levitzki, Mischa
Lhevinne, Josef
Lisan, Martin
McGlintchie, Constance
Maier, Guy
Meldrum, John
Month, Herma
Mero, Yolande
Mikova, Marie
Mirovitch, Alfred
Moiseiwitsch, Benno
Moore, Francis
Morris, Edward
Morris, Harold
Newcomb, Ethel
Niredghazi, Ervin
Novaes, Guiomar
Oliver, Lucille
Ornstein, Leo
Oswald, Alfred
Oumirova-Spravka, Mme.
Paranoff, Boris
Pattison, Lee
Pillsbury, Agnes H.
Pintel, Jacques
Poldowski, Mme.
Rachmaninoff, S.
Reuter, Rudolph
Reyes, Juan
Rich, Ella Dahl
Robinson, Carol
Romaine, Ninon
Rubenstein, Beryl
Rubinstein, Arthur
Samaroff, Olga
Sampaix, Leon
Scheuermann, L.
Schmitz, E. Robert
Scholder, Harriet
Scott, Cyril
Scoville, Helen
Shattuck, Arthur
Simon, Rosa
Sokolsky-Freid, Sara
Steeb, Olga
Sutro Sisters
Teal, Elsie
Valderama, Carlos
Volavy, Marguerite
Warren, Minette
Wolf, Daniel

Singers

Alda, Frances
Allen, Mary
Alvarez, Marguerite de
Antoniades, Nicola
Armstrong, Marion
Barbour, Inez
Barondess, Jean
Besler, Miss Bobby
Blanck, Margot de
Bodinoff, Florence
Bogislav, Ruana
Bonci, Alessandro
Braslau, Sophie
Burke, Tom
Burmeister, Anna
Calloway-John, Mme.
Campbell, John
Carre, Carolyn
Carrington, Margaret
Catalina, Francisca
Chapin, Marick
Clarkson, Margaret
Clemens, Clara
Crosby, Phoebe
Culp, Julia
Dadmun, Royal
Dale, Esther
Dana, Marguerite
Davenport, Ida
Davey, Murray
Day-Monti, Francis
Engel, Birgit
Elman, Mina
Farrar, Geraldine
Ferguson, George
Finnegan, John
Fitziu, Anna
Frank, Edith Hallett
Galli-Curci, Amelita
Gardner, Elise
Garrison, Mabel
Gauthier, Eva
Gemunder, Tilla
Gibbs, Elizabeth
Gluck, Alma
Gogorza, Emilio de
Graham, Mildred
Greene, Walter
Grever, Maria
Grilli, Giulia
Guilbert, Yvette
Hackett, Charles
Hale, Richard
Harris, George Jr.
Harrison, Charles
Haynes, Lawrence
Helmuth, De Rosa
Hempel, Frieda
Hemus, Percy
Hinkle, Florence
Hislop, Joseph
Homer, Miss Louise
Homer, Mrs. Sidney
Howell, Dicie
Illingworth, Nelson
Johnson, Edward
Jolliff, Norman
Kellogg, Lucile
Kerns, Grace
Klink, Frieda
Koschetz, Nina
Kouns, Nellie
Kouns, Sara
Kraft, Arthur
Krey, Daisy
McCreery, Melba
MacGregor, Knight
McInness, J. Campbell
McNamee, Graham
MacNevin, Evelyn
Madden, George
Mardonez, Jose
Martinelli, Giovanni
Matzenauer, Margarete
Meader, George
Mellish, Mary
Miriam, Alice
Moncrief, Alice
Moulton, Dorothy
Morgan, Marguerite
Morgana, Nina
Morison, Gladice
Murphy, Lambert
Muzio, Claudia
Namara, Marguerite
Neuwirth, Rosalinda
O'Byrne, Cathal
Oumiroff, Boza
Parker, Winifred
Patterson, Idelle
Patton, Frederick
Peterson, May
Picco, Millo
Potter, Marguerite
Power, Nora
Quadri, Therese
Quait, Roger
Quine, John
Radamsky, Sergei
Raisa, Rosa
Reardon, George
Warren
Reimers, Paul
Reimherr, George
Reviere, Berta
Reynolds, Eleanor
Riker, Franklin
Rimini, Giacomo
Robyn, William
Rochen, Frieda
Rogers, Francis
Romero, Alfred
Rosenblatt, Cantor
Ruffo, Titta
Rumsey, Helen
Safonoff, Henriette
Seagle, Oscar
Schillig, Ottilie
Schipa, Tita
Schwartz, Joseph
Simpson, Olive
Sirota, Cantor
Sonin, Frances
Sparkes, Lenora
Stanley, Helen
Storr, Lionel
Sundelius, Marie
Sylva, Marguerite
Tarasova, Nina
Taylor, Louise Darclee
Tempest, Neysa
Tetrazzini, Luisa
Thomas, Edna
Treville, Yvonne de
Van Auken, Janet
Van der Veer, Nevada
Van Kirk, Nancy

Kriger, Elizabeth
Kurz, Selma
Lankow, Edward
Lashanska, Hulda
Lazaro, Hippolito
Lazzarini, Carolina
Laval, Jeanne
Lea, Gladys
Leonard, Laurence
Leska, Leah
Lipkowska, Lydia
Macbeth, Florence
Wagner, Marie Louise
Warren, Olga
Weller, Ida Geer
Werrenrath, Reinald
White, Fanny
Winagradoff—
Woolf, Cantor
Wyman, Lorraine
Yaw, Ellen Beach
Yorke, Helen

May 10 1921

PAY TRIBUTE TO DIPPEL.

Large Audience at Testimonial Concert at Metropolitan.

The Andreas Dippel testimonial concert, with which the Metropolitan closed its doors for the Summer last night, attracted an audience not completely filling the house, but yet of largge numbers for the final tvent in a season already doubly protracted by dramatic and operatic benefit performances. Mme. Matzenauer, among twenty or more artists announced, disappointed the crowd, and Howard Shelley had to tell them that Mmt. Lipkowska and Mr. Kingston were unable to appear, while Mr. Zerola went in person to the theatre to show, in good faith, that he was voiceless with a cold.

The Misses Yaw, Sylva and Sparkes, Messrs. Rothier, Ganz and Kubilik were heard in the early part of the program, in which absentees were more than compensated by frequent encores. Nellie and Sara Kouns sang duets to tht delight of their hearers, who asked for more. David Bispham acted as well as sang "The Seven Ages of Man," from Henry Huss's "As You Like It," with the composed at the piano, and on recall added Verdi's "When I Was a Pagt," from "Falstaff," sung in Shakespeare's words.

Among others in the long bill were Mmes. Claussen, Nielsen, Stanley, Zeppilli and Trentini, Messrs. Blass, Leonhardt, Whitehall and Stracciari. It was said that the Metropolitan, through Chairman Otto H. Kahn of the Board of Directors, had plact the house at Mr. Dippel's disposal as an expression of regard for him as a former associate Director, and that the proceeds of all tickets sold would be added to his fund, for which a like concert was also held recently in Chicago.

IN M...

There was a good sized audience last night in the Metropolitan for the testimonial concert to Andreas Dippel, formerly tenor in that famous opera house. It was a friendly audience that greeted the singers and the concert might have lasted past midnight if all had responded to recalls. Howard Shelly, who acted as master of ceremonics, announced at the beginning as he introduced Miss Ellen Beach Yaw that with so many stars to choose from it was thought best for them to draw lots as to the first numbers and it fell to Miss Yaw, who sang, to start the concert with her own 'The Skylark,' which was full of Vocal gymnastics.

Leon Rothier sang one of the battle horses of the concert stage basso, "Le Cor," responding with yet another, "Les Deux Grenadiers." In rapid succession came Miss Leonora Sparks in English songs; Miss Marguerite Sylva, who included the "Habanera" from "Carmen"; Misses Nellie and Sara Kouns in duos by Delibes and Blangini; David Bispham, who sang "The Seven Ages of Man" from the opera "As You Like It," with Henry Holden Huss, the composer, at the piano. The audience evidently liked this aria, as Mr. Bispham responded with one from Verdi's "Falstaff."

It was then announced that Mme. Matzenauer could not appear owing to the illness of her mother. Others announced on the programme unable to appear were Nicola Zarola, Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, Mme. Helen Stanley and Morgan Kingston. Rudolph Ganz played several piano numbers by Liszt, and Jan Kubelik the violin concerto in D minor by Wieniawski.

Victor Herbert accompanied Miss Alice Zeppilli in his own "Kiss Me Again" and the spring song from his "Natoma." Miss Julia Claussen sang the aria from "Samson et Dalila"; Miss Alice Nelisen and Clarence Whitehill the Mozart duo aria from Friml's "The Firefly"; Riccardo Stacciari Largo al Factotum, from "La ci Darem"; Miss Emma Trentini an "Il Barbiere di Sivlglia"; while Robert Leonhardt and Robert Blass sang a duo from Nicolai's "The Merry Widow of Windsor."

Among those in the audience were Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, who had purchased a box; Mrs. Harry Harkness Flagler, Miss Mary Harkness Flagler, Mrs. A. Harvey Tiers, Dr. Emanuel De Marnay Baruch, Mme. de Cisneros, Mrs. J. Harrison Irvine and Mrs. Charles H. Truax.

Boxes were taken by Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Willard Straight, Messrs. Clarence H. Mackay, George G. Haven and Otto H. Kahn.

May 11th 1921

Mme. Korolewicz-Wayda, Opera, Gives Recital

Miss Mary Garden is not the only female operatic impresario on the records, for there is Mme. Korolewicz-Wayda, who once upon a time was director of the opera at Warsaw, Poland, and if there had not been a war might be still presiding over the quarrels of rival songbirds. However, she is now on this side of the comparatively stormy Atlantic, and last evening she gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall for the Polish Children's Relief Fund.

Mme. Korolewicz-Wayda has Melisande hair and a Mary Garden voice and she sings in a style not wholly unlike that of the Chicago impresario. Her programme was most interesting. It began with "The Tears Have Flowed," by no less a composer than the late Premier of Poland, Ignace Jan Paderewski. Other lyrics were by Kartowicz, Zelenski and Moniuszko. Then followed a group of Chopin songs, after which came four songs composed by Polish soldiers in the trenches in the late war. Folk songs and an air from Moniuszko's opera, "Halka," brought the list to its end. There was an audience largely composed of Poles and the conversation was opulent in consonants, but not one could be heard when Mme. Korolewicz-Wayda sang.

May 13 1921

GALLI-CURCI'S LAST CONCERT

Throng Applauds Her in Songs in Italian, French and English.

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her last concert of the season in Carnegie Hall last evening before a house sold out, with many persons standing and many more turned away. It was a musical audience, and the singer, departing wholly from her operatic repertory, had arranged a program of songs in Italian, French and English, verging upon the florid style only in Bishop's less familiar "Echo Song" and his "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," both with flute and both apparently from forgotten stage works of the English adapter of "Home, Sweet Home."

American lyrics by Murdock and Beecher formed an early group with the gay "Little Bells of Sevilla," by Mr. Samuels, who assisted at the piano and shared the recall. To these Mme. Galli-Curci added a French "Rossignol," while after her "Echo Song," with Mr. Berenguer, the applauding crowd shouted at the first notes of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," a favorite encore of the star. She began the evening with old airs of Pergolese, Paisiello and Paradisi, and later gave modern French pieces by Fourdrain and eighteenth century bergerettes arranged by Weckerlin.

May 14 1921

Bauer and Gabr

What will probably prove to have been the last important concert of the season was that given in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The programme consisted entirely of music for two pianos, and the official announcements told that the entertainment was for the benefit of a French musician. The name of the beneficiary was not disclosed, nor is it essential that it should be.

The record of the beautiful ending of a prolific and too frequently prosaic season should suffice. Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch are no novices in the performance of music for two pianos, nor did they have to make their skill known yesterday. They have been heard in such art several times, and no longer ago than the final concert of the Beethoven Association they played the Mozart sonata in D, which they repeated yesterday.

Their other numbers were a C minor prelude and fugue by Bach, arranged by Mr. Bauer, the familiar variations of Saint-Saens on a Beethoven theme: Schuert's "Impromptu Rococo" and a romance and valse by Arensky. Academic criticism such as prevailed in Germany a generation or so ago condemned Mozart's D major sonata as a rather commendable bravura piece with a tiresome, slow movement. Naturally the academicians admired the first movement because of its more pretentious architecture.

But in these days such a fresh, charming, spontaneous piece of music gives almost unqualified delight, especially when played with such exquisite beauty of tone and finish of style as it was by yesterday's artists. The Saint-Saens variations were performed superbly, not only in all the details of ensemble, but also in the sensitive appreciation of their musical characteristics. The audience, which was of good size, was quick to discern the excellence of the entertainment, and its applause was hearty.

Alfred Mirovitch Plays Again.

Alfred Mirovitch, pianist, made his tenth appearance here this season in a recital announced as his last at Carnegie Hall last night. The Russian artist for the first time included in his program a "Minuet" of his own, together with the G minor prelude of Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky's "Humoresque" and, by request, the Chopin sonata of the "Funeral March." From earlier classics there were a "Concerto di Camera" by Vivaldi, and two Scarletti pieces arranged by Tausig.

KRONOLD JUBILEE RECITAL.

Plays War Elegie in Celebrating 25 Years as Violoncellist.

Hans Kronold, the violoncellist, last night rounded out twenty-five years as a musician who has won far more than ordinary distinction, and celebrated his anniversary by a recital in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria. In a programme which contained so much of the best, Mr. Kronold's own elegie "To Our Heroes of 1918," given for the first time, took rightfully the place of honor. It plays the changes on the pathos and the grandeur of the impulse and the sacrific, and as a brave salute to the men who fell as well as the men who came back will have its niche in the history of the war.

Saint-Saens's concerto in A minor, opus 33; Mozart's Menuett, G major, No. 1; Haydn's "Airs and Variations," Liszt's "Love's Dream" and Kronold's "Melodie Romantique" were among the numbers most enjoyed by a cordial audience.

May 16 1921

Anselma One of Best of Younger Violinists

BY MAX SMITH.

ALTHOUGH he made a somewhat belated entrance on the musical stage, appearing at a time of the year shunned somehow by those who have, or think they have, much to offer, Michael Anselmo played yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall in a manner that entitled him to a place among the most promising of the younger generation of native violinists.

An Italian boy of Sicilian parentage, though born and trained in this country, Michael is just nineteen years old. Of sympathetic personality, and absolutely without pretention in bearing and demeanor, he approaches his task with a straightforwardness that prejudices the listener in his favor.

Anselmo already has acquired considerable technical skill and assurance. His intonation is peculiarly true, and he draws a warmly expressive tone in sustained cantilena, a tone vitalized by a discreetly applied vibrato, happily avoiding the exaggerated portamento (and this bespeaks good taste) favored by so many of the fiddling fraternity.

Julius Schendel provided satisfying accompaniment, devoting himself to his duties with real enthusiasm.

May 21 1921

'LA JUIVE,' IN YIDDISH, SUNG AT LEXINGTON

Great Audience Applauds Jewish-American Grand Opera Company's First Performance.

Halevy's "La Juive," sung in Yiddish, it was said, for the first time in America, drew a great audience last evening at the Lexington Opera House, where with changes of cast it will be repeated this evening. Sixteen performances on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights hereafter are announced, with the further promise that, should the Jewish-American Grand Opera establish itself with the public, it will bring to New York some of the operas of Russia not yet known here, to be sung in Russian.

Last night's crowd burst into shouts of enthusiasm for an operatic performance of more ambitious quality than many given in the past in various languages at the older theatres of the east side. The leading soprano, Ida Bressler, who acted the Jewess, was a young Polish woman who has sung at Essen and Frankfort, while another, Alice Hasler, heard as Eudora, had appeared with the Gallo troupe.

Max Bloch, who sang Caruso's rôle of Eleazar, was a former German tenor of the Metropolitan, from which house also came the conductor, Paul Eisler, who shared the recalls after the well staged second-act scene of the Passover. Leo Fastowsky, a Russian artist, sang Prince Leopold, while James Wolf, a basso of operatic experience at Breslau and Berne, once heard here in concert, proved the new company's first "discovery." His singing of the Cardinal's rôle earning an ovation.

Tonight's cast, with Miss Bressler again, will include Elizabeth Schiller, Simeon Pascal, Tales Longtin, Louis Bauer, and Mme. Lina Coen conducting. Tomorrow, it is announced, the others heard last evening will reappear with a new heroine, Ruth Coleman.

The beneficent ministrations of educational opera do not cease in this town, although the stars of Broadway and even the comets of West Thirty-fourth street no longer shine in the firmament. Last evening in the Lexington Theatre opera emerged in a new wguise, the Yiddish languade, hitherto unfamiliar to the local lyric boards.

The opera selected for the experiment was quite naturally Halevy's "La Juive," in which the persecutions of the Hebrews were set to excellent music by one of their own people. Max Bloch, who used to sing minor parts at the Metropolitan, was the *Eleazar* and Miss Ida Bressler the *Recha*. Miss Alice Hasler as *Eudora*, Leo Fastowsky as *Leopold* and James Wolf as the *Cardinal Brogni* were the other prinelpals.

The performance was in general marked by anxiety rather than confidence. Every one strove earnestly to do well those things which he ought to and not to leave undone anything essential to the general welfare. But in spite of all there were some astonishing departures from the pitch and some entirely novel chords in the ensembles. Mr. Bloch wore an impressive beard, which was indeed the only impressive feature of his impersonation. Miss Bressler sang very luodly and Mr. Wolf very solemnly.

The chorus seemed greatly delighted with its opportunities. Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera House conducted the performance with evident effort. Doubtless everything will go better at the second performance this ecening. The audience last night was large and its applause was hearty.

May 23 1921

Symphonic Gives Enjoyable Music at First Concert

By MAX SMITH.

WITH Helen Osmussen, soprano, as soloist, and John Ingram at the baton, the Symphonic Ensemble of New York, Inc., gave its inaugural concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a gathering none too large, but thoroughly appreciative.

In spite of its name, this musical organization is made up largely, it would seem, of musicians from the borly State of New eJrsey. Mr. Ingraham himself was at one time, if the writer is correctly informed, a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The Ensemble might appropriately be called a miniature symphony orchestra, consisting as it does of thirty men. Run on a co-operative plan, with the management controlled by the members, its main object is said to be the encouragement of American composers and American soloists. The more remarkable, was it that the initial concert, devoted to works of exclusively foreign origin and bringing forward a soloist whose name stamped her as Scandinavian, bore no evidence whatever of that avowedly patriotic intention.

On the whole, however, the matinee proved to be decidedly enjoyable, although it can hardly be asserted that the orchestra played in a manner distinguished by rhythmical precision, purity of intonation and dynamic balance. Truth to tell, there were more than a few ragged spots in the ensemble and freuent lapses from the pitch.

Opening with Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" Overture, the programme embraced Beethoven's Symphony in C major, No. 1, three selections from Debussy's "Children's Corner" and a group of pieces introduced last Winter to the public by Arturo Toscanini and his Scala Orchestra; Martucci's sweetly melodious "Notturo" and three of Respichi's fascinating scored transcriptions of "Antiche Danze ed Arie per Liuto," entitled respectively "Gagliarda," "Vilanella" and "Passo mezzo e Mascherada."

Mme. Osmussen's contributions, sung with clarid beauty of tone and considerable interpretative skill, comprised the "Deh vieni, non tardar" Aria from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," Grieg's "Solveig's Song," and Van der Stucken's "O Koom Mit Mir in die Fruehlingsnacht."

* * *

A W... auto...graphed photograph of

Columbia Concert

The second week of the season of summer concerts on the Green at Columbia University by the Goldman Concert Band began last night, and Edwin Franko Goldman, the conductor, provided another evening of keen enjoyment for the 15,000 or more who thronged the spacious grounds at 120th Street and Broadway. Two marches were played as encores last night—"Semper Fideles" by Sousa and "Sagamore March," which is his own composition—and while the old Sousa swing brought fond memories, it must be added the more modern piece left no regrets. June 14 1921

Frieda Klink, contralto, was the soloist, singing "Habanera" from "Carmen" with good voice. The programme ranged from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C Minor to a Johann Strauss waltz, "Artists' Life," and included the wild gypsy music of the "Rakoczy March," two Norwegian dances by Grieg, the swelling tones of the overture to "Oberon," and "Tannhauser" and "Robin Hood" excerpts.

Columbia Concerts June 26 1921

The third week of the concerts of the Goldman Concert Band at Columbia University begins on Monday with the following programme:

March and Procession of Bacchus, from the Ballet "Sylvia" ..... Delibes
A "Faust" Overture ..... Wagner
Romance in F Minor, Op. 51, No. 5, Tchaikovsky
Excerpts from "Romeo and Juliet" .... Gounod
Fackentanz (Torch Dance) ..... Meyerbeer
Euphonium Solo—"Cujus Animan" from "Stabat Mater" ..... Rossini
Salvatore Cucchiara
Polka and Furiant, from "The Bartered Bride" ..... Smetana
Excerpts from "Erminie" ..... Jakobowski

Wednesday's programme will include "Marche Militaire," Saint-Saëns; "Phedre" overture, Massenet; "Ave Verum Corpus," Mozart; "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Brünnhilde's Awakening from "Siegfried," Wagner; "On the Green," Goldman, and "Reminiscences of Ireland," Godfrey. The soloist will be Ernest S. Williams, cornet.

On Friday the band will play the "Wedding March" overture, nocturne, and scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Suppé's "Beautiful Galatea" overture, Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz, Lampe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin Fantasie," and Helen Stover will sing Schubert's "Die Allmacht."

Young Violinist to Play.

Cyril Towbin, who will play Wieniawski's concerto at the Stadium on Tuesday night, is a young violinist, born and bred in New York and tutored in art here in the city. Now 22 years old, he is said to have shown musical tendencies as a child of 4, while at 11 years he gave his first recital in the Carnegie Lyceum, and at 14 another. At 20 he appeared with the Russian Symphony Orchestra as its soloist in many cities. July 24 1921

Half on a dare from his friends, he decided to compete in the trials of the Audition Committee of the Stadium Concerts. Of 600 persons who applied and 246 who were actually heard Towbin was chosen with seven others to appear with the Stadium Orchestra. He has received his training of late years at the hands of Franz Kneisel.

"THE APOCALYPSE" HEARD.

"The Apocalypse," a dramatic oratorio composed by Paolo Gallico, who won with it the competition for a $5,000 prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs, was recently produced at the federation's twelfth biennial meeting that took place June 7 and 8 in Davenport, Iowa, and neighboring cities in Rock Island and Moline, Ill. A copyright text, privately printed in New York, is in part the work of Mrs. Pauline Foux MacArthur of this city and Henri Pierre Roché of the French Financial Commission here during the war. A prologue and three scenes drawn from the Book of Daniel and that of Revelation are entitled "Belshazzar's Feast," "Armageddon," "Babylon" and "The Millennium." Mrs. MacArthur cites General Allenby's remark, "The battle of Armageddon is on," shortly before the armistice, and she believes that popular value will attach especially to the "Millennium Hymn." July 24 1921

From the women's organization which sponsored it comes a report that "the outstanding event of the biennial at Tricities was the performance of the $1,000 prize oratorio, written in modern style yet with spontaneity and melody. Congratulations alike are due Mr. Gallico for his contribution to the literature of American oratorio, and to the generation for affording the incentive to write and the means to give adequate hearing to such a composition."

HUNGARIAN TENOR TONIGHT.

Sept 4 1921

Kiraly to Open Tour With Recital in Lexington Theatre.

Erno Kiraly, tenor of the Royal Opera House of Budapest, who arrived here last week on the Scythia, will open his concert tour with a recital tonight at the Lexington Theatre. Mr. Kiraly will sing Hungarian folksongs. He will appear in Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, South Bend and other cities in a series of thirty recitals and will give a farewell concert here on Oct. 9, prior to his departure for Berlin. The tour is under the management of Eugene Sipos and Martin Berger.

A fifty-year jubilee in honor of Louis Gerly, Hungarian composer, will be held at Washington Irving High School on the evening of Sept. 18. Among the Hungarian artists now in this country who will appear on that occasion are Louis Rosza, baritone of the Royal Opera House of Budapest, who will appear at the Metropolitan next season; Maria Samson, soprano; Duci Kerekjarto, violinist, and D. S. Antaiffy, organist.

Frances Alda, Giuseppe Danise, Alfred Mirovitch, and Rosina Galli will take part in a free concert Sunday afternoon at the Hippodrome, under the direction of Charles D. Isaacson.

Ada Benefeld, soprano, and Pauls Sakss, tenor, of the Latvian Opera, will give a joint recital Sunday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Sept 5

Little Ida Rosen, Who Disliked Music, Hailed as Musical Prodigy.

When Ida Theodora Rosen listened to the efforts of her five sisters and three brothers to master the violin, she made up her eight-year-old mind that she did not like music. It was only after each of her brothers and sisters had given up the idea of becoming a musician that she decided to try to save the family's musical honor. Now, after three years' hard study, Ida, the eleven-year-old daughter of Copel Rosen of No. 29 Herbert Street, Brooklyn, won a free scholarship in violin, valued at $800, at the New York School of Music and Arts. She will continue her studies under Paul Stoeving, a leading teacher of the violin.

Ida, a modest and exceptionally pretty little girl with an abundance of fair hair, was busily studying when a World reporter called to see her. She said she had no particular liking for the violin or any other musical instrument three years ago, but the fact that her brothers and sisters had failed to please her mother and father in their efforts had made her determined to show them all that she could do better than the rest. She said she had always practised at least three hours a day. She added that she hoped to be a professional violinist some day and appear in public.

Ida has already made her bow to the public as a volinist, and only a few weeks ago she played at a recital at Christ Church, in 36th Street. She is a pupil at Public School No. 110 at Monitor Street and Driggs Avenue

Russian Violinist Takes American Girl as Bride

AFTER circling half way around the globe for a wife suited to his artistic temperment, Mischa Violin, Russian violinist, found her at last in an American girl, Miss Lillian Davidson, formerly of Toms River, N. J. The couple were married several weeks ago and they kept the fact a secret until yesterday.

"Yes, I'm married true enough," Mr. Violin said at his home, No. 240 Audubon avenue, "and I don't mind saying that American women can't be beat when it comes to the wonderful combination of beauty and brains. I've toured through most of Europe, the United States, South America and Australia, but the American girl leads them all. They are so fascinating, they are hard to resist."

Mr. Violin met Miss Davidson during the war when he was enlisted in behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan. At the close of the war he left on a concert tour to South America and Australia, and on his return the couple renewed their friendship and the marriage followed. Sept 20 1921

Mr. Violin has been so busy preparing for a recital at Carnegie Hall Sunday evening, October 9, that he hasn't had time to go on a honeymoon. The couple plan to go to South America as soon as Mr. Violin's concert dates are played.

June 9 1921

Music

Lallah Rookh, an Indian maiden, is on her way to marry the Sultan when she meets the poet, Feramors, who wins her love. Arriving at Delhi, she is overcome with rapture to learn that the Sultan and poet are one person. This play of the Irish poet Moore was enacted—but in music—by the Goldman Concert Band on the Columbia Green last evening. Who could wish a more enchanting stage setting for Rubinstein's Wedding March from "Feramors" than the backdrop and wings formed by the leafy foliage of overhanging trees?

Then the dainty and delicate melodies of the Gounod overture "Mireille!" It is not surprising that such music is sympathetically played by members of a band recruited from the Metropolitan, Philharmonic, Philadelphia, Damrosch, and other well-known orchestras. But it is unusual that a band has the resonance and vibrancy of an orchestra—which probably places the Goldman Band in the position of not having a peer.

The "Petite Suite" is Debussy before he became decidedly impressionistic in style. The two movements played, "Cortège" and "Ballet," have a melodic quality which ingratiates, but of course not to those of the new school, to whom melody and rhythm are bids for popularity and therefore anathema. As the lights glowed more and more brightly in the deepening dusk, Grieg's Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt," was played. It was the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. The second and third numbers, "Asa's Death" and "Anitra's Dance," were well played.

The conductor, Edwin Franko Goldman, gave several of his own compositions as encores, "The Sagamore March," a glowing bit of band music, and "A Bit of Syncopation," which will probably live as dance music, for although "jazz" will go, the primeval in the race will always thrill to the tom-tom beat in dance music. Helen Stover, soprano, sang very well considering the difficulty of filling a vast auditorium of unlimited space with a sky studded with stars for a roof. The evening ended with excerpts from Victor Herbert's "Algeria." The melodies from the latter had the well-known Herbertian swing or—as some would say who relegate melody to the past—the well-known Victorian swing.

July 18 1921

TWILIGHT MUSIC

First of Series of Such Musicales by La Forge-Berumen Pupils Successful Innovation.

An innovation, departing considerably from the well-worn concert path, was introduced in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon when the first of a series of "Twilight Musicales" was given by the artist-pupils of the La Forge-Berumen Studios under the personal direction of Frank La Forge and Ernest Berumen.

The program began promptly at 5.15 o'clock and ran until 6.45, during which period not one auditor left the well-filled auditorium—a fact in itself decidedly complimentary to the artists.

The La Forge Berumen recitals, heretofore given in the studios at 60 West Fiftieth street, have grown in popularity to an extent that makes it almost compulsory to "hire a hall" in order to accommodate the many patrons whom neither time of year nor condition of weather can discourage.

La Forge Quartette Sings.

The program yesterday opened with selections from "In a Persian Garden" by Liza Lehmann, sung by the La Forge Quartette, composed of Charlotte Ryan, soprano; Dorothy George, contralto; Sheffield Child, tenor, and Charles Carver, basso, with Mr. La Forge at the piano. It is doubtful if a better vehicle for the display of the voices of the singers could be found than the diversified sentiment of the Omar Khayyam verses in their beautiful Lehmann settings.

An element of quiet enthusiasm was sustained throughout this number, partly due to the fact that no script was used by any member of the quartette or by Mr. La Forge. This is a feat worthy of note, since in order to present music acceptably it should first be learned.

A New Mezzo-Soprano.

A new mezzo-soprano, Marguerite Schnilling, sand an aria from "Don Carlos" with a sureness of self and understanding of Verdi's intention that would do credit to a more experienced singer. Her voice is of unusual range, melodious and full of power. Miss Schnilling, who is a comparative new comer in New York and hails from Detroit, was recently chosen to sing at the Stadium this Summer, literally over the heads of many others who had gone through routine form to win place on the programs.

Rosamond Crawford, pianist, played one of Mr. La Forge's compositions, "Romance," and Moszkowski's "Waltz in E Major," as she always plays everything—delightfully. She has a splendid command of technique and is an adept at tone work and working up to thunderous climaxes.

Both Mr. Carver and Mr. Child have coached with Mr. La Forge for some time and both add jewels to the crown of their instructor at every public appearance.

Mr. Carver sang a group comprising "Come, My Beloved," by Handel; "Des Pas des Sabots," by Laparra; "Mexican Folksong," and "Maidens Are Like the Wind," by Loewe. His voice is real music, with seemingly no limitation.

A Pleasing Coloratura.

Beatrice Cast, coloratura, sang a group composed of "Fingo Mio Diletto," arranged by Viardot; "Canzonetta," by Loewe ,and "La Primavera d'Or," by Glazounow-La Forge. Her voice is as sweet and pleasing as her personality. Miss Ryan's voice is of the kind that rises clear above all other types and yet blends beautifully in ensemble work. Dorothy George, small as to physique, singe with a power equal to that of the tallest and broadest (both vocally and physically) member of the quartette, which brought the program to a close with two of Mr. La Forge's compositions, "Flanders Requiem" and "Sanctuary."

Concert singers have been particularly busy these last two days. The Julia Culp recital had to be postponed, but that did not create a drought. In Carnegie Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Lydia Lipkowska, formerly a member of the Boston, Chicago, and Metropolitan Opera companies, entertained a large audience with a programme of Russian, French, and English songs. At the same time Clara Clemens in Aeolian Hall appealed to the devoted lovers of Brahms with a second programme of his songs. She was in better voice than at her first recital and made a deep impression with her dramatic intensity and rare art of evoking a mood, as in "Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber." She had to repeat the Serenade. Splendidly impetuous was her way of singing "Longing."

Galli-Curci was one of the Sunday singers. She appeared at the Hippodrome and had a programme that appealed to lovers of florid song. It was not her farewell, as she is to appear once more in May at Carnegie Hall. In that hall yesterday afternoon Sophie Brasiau made a sensation by her admirable singing of a miscellaneous programme of songs by Mahler, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cyril Scott, Walter Kramer, and others. When this admirable contralto left the Metropolitan it was a very great loss to its patrons, and a corresponding gain to concert audiences throughout the country. No other contralto now before the public has such a rich sonorous voice or knows better how to make use of it in artistic ways. She even knows how to do colorature—a rare accomplishment in contraltos to-day. She was applauded by a large and enthusiastic audience.

106 Sept 26 1921

LATVIAN SONGS HEARD.

Concert to Acquaint Americans With New Republic's Music.

Songs of Latvia, sung in the native language by native singers, were heard yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall at a concert arranged by the Latvian National Young People's Association. For the purpose of acquainting American audiences with some of the music of the new, and as yet unrecognized by Washington Latvian Republic, carved out of the old Russian Empire, the association has brought over Ada Benefeld, soprano, and Pauls Sakss, tenor. The attempt to acquaint people here with their music, coming on a warm Sunday afternoon, was bound to be limited, for only a small audience turned out, and it seemed to be made up chiefly of those to whom the songs and music were native. A number of other concerts are to be given in a half-dozen American cities in the pursuit of the aims of the Latvian society.

The program produced an impressive list of Latvian composers, to which were added a number of Lithuanian and Latvian folk songs. Glida's "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" was turned into the native tongue and sung by Miss Benefeld, and stranger still it was to hear the words of "Carmen" in this little known but musical language. An air from "Eugene Onyegin" was sung by Mr. Sakss in Russian, who had another song in Italian, while Miss Benefeld had one Hugo Wolf number in German. While the language is an absolute barrier to American audiences accustomed to western European languages, the songs will hardly fail to be appreciated for their interesting musical quality as they are sung in the Latvian equivalent of "con amore" by Miss Benefeld and Mr. Sakss.

Sept 27 1921

"La Forza del Destino"

Disinterred three years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House for the express purpose—certainly it could be for no other reason—of giving Caruso another vehicle for the display of his glorious voice, now stilled forever, it was to be hoped that "La Forza del Destino" would be returned to the archives where it had been gathering dust for many years. But Fortune Gallo, impresario of the San Carlo Opera forces, decided to begin his season at the Manhattan Opera House with this archaic composition to give his new tenor, Tommasini, an opportunity to skyrocket among the high notes and most satisfactorily. He has a vigorous voice with powerful high tones—which never fail to tickle the ears of the public. He was not always at his ease in acting, but nervousness may have had something to do with that.

Joseph Royer, the new barytone, was also suffering from nervousness, and judgment upon his singing must be deferred until a later appearance. It may be remarked, however, that the voices of the pair blended beautifully in the duet. Bianca Saroya was charming. She has a most pleasing personality and a well-trained voice, and when she did not force it she was much more than satisfactory. She was particularly effective in the church scene ably helped by De Biasi, the well-known basso, whose voice is highly enjoyable. Agnes Kraemer has a voice, but failed to show it except on occasions—nervousness again, perhaps.

Papalardo directed only fairly well, the usually good San Carlo Orchestra dragging considerably under his bâton. Taken all in all it was a highly creditable performance and was heartily enjoyed by one of the biggest audiences ever gathered in the Manhattan Opera House, the seats being filled from pit to dome, with a fringe of people standing ten deep at the back of the house. In all probability the performance of "Rigoletto" to-night will be better and the minor shortcomings will disappear. The San Carlo Opera Company has gained materially in stature since Fortune Gallo first brought it to New York some years ago and is more than welcome as the forerunner of the regular musical season. It is certainly bound to have, and fully deserves, prosperity.

C. P. S.

Bianca Saroya, a young soprano, appeared for the first time in the rôle of the unhappy Donna Leonora, Rosa Ponselle's part at the big house on Broadway. Miss Saroya resembles the Metropolitan singer in appearance, a dark and handsome figure when for reasons known only to the librettist who wrote the mad story of "The Force of Destiny" she appears in masculine attire. Miss Saroya's debut was promising. If memory serves, she was singing in "Fra Diavolo" with the American singers a few seasons ago, since when she has pulled her self up to very acceptable grand opera heights.

Gaetano Tommasini, a great favorite with the local Italian colony, had the Caruso rôle of Don Alvaro, while Joseph Royer, baritone, was his partner in the duet a Caruso-Scotti record has made known to everybody. De Biasi, a veteran of the grand opera stage, is again with the San Carlo company, and sang the bass rôle of the old monk. Others were Natale Cervi as Brother Melitone, Agnes Kraemer as the gypsy girl, Anita Klinova and Joseph Tudisco.

FIRST EVENING MAIL CONCERT HUGE SUCCESS

New York, Sept. 26.—With Charles D. Isaacson as chairman the first Evening Mail free concert at the Hippodrome, yesterday afternoon, was a tremendous success. Samuel Gardner, American violinist, opened the program and played with beauty of tone and much expression, particularly in the number by Saint Saens. Tom Burke, Irish tenor, showed marked improvement since his first appearance at the Hippodrome, and received great applause.

Giuseppe Danise, the new baritone of the Metropolitan, was given a veritable ovation at the close of his first number. His voice is one of rare beauty and richness, and he undoubtedly will prove a big asset to the Metropolitan. Madame Alda was heard to great advantage in a selection from "Madame Butterfly," and she, too, had to give several encores. Alfred Mirovitsch and Rosina Galli were also soloists of the afternoon.

The large audience packed the Hippodrome, and it was necessary to hold an overflow concert in Central Park, where 10,000 people gathered to hear the program.

Sept 28 1921

"Rigoletto"

Joseph Royer was in good voice last night at the Manhattan Opera House, where he sang the title rôle in Verdi's melodramatic but musically pleasing opera, "Rigoletto." He was free from his nervousness of the opening night, and his acting was as praiseworthy as his singing. The Gilda was taken by Josephine Lucchese, who has a sweet voice, but not one that can be called on for feats of strength. The duets in which the two participated were delightful. Giuseppe Corallo, on the other hand, who took the part of the Duke, was happy neither in his singing nor in his acting. Papalardo, who conducted again, failed to rise above the mediocre level of the preceding night. His work was animated, but cannot be termed inspired. As a whole, nevertheless, the performance reflected credit on the company.

The audience once more displayed its love for skyscraper notes, going wild over Josephine Lucchese's achievements in this line. It even forced her to repeat some of them at the end of the second act. Such outbursts do not make for a balanced performance. Special mention should be given to Royer's acting when seeking for his daughter in the Duke's palace. He is a great asset to the San Carlo company, and now that he has found his voice should be able to do himself full justice.

To-night Marie Rappold appears in the title rôle of "Aïda," with Agnes Kraemer as Amneris and Tommasini as Radames.

Sept 29 1921

"Aida"

A full house, with scores standing, greeted the San Carlo Opera Company last evening in its third performance of the season, which was "Aïda." Applause in abundance rewarded the creditable efforts of the cast and Marie Rappold, a guest from the Metropolitan Opera Company, was received with especial enthusiasm in the title part. She was in excellent voice. Gaetano Tommasini sang Rhadames, and was also warmly greeted. His acting left a good deal to be desired, but he sang well. Nina Frasconi was Amneris, Gaetano Viviani Amonasro, and Pietro de Biasi Ramfis. All contributed adequate singing and acting to the ensemble.

The return of the conquering Rhadames lost little of its inherent splendor as presented last evening, and the stage picture was one to be remembered. The settings were for the most part satisfactory, in fact, surprisingly so when the magnificence of the Metropolitan's famous scenery for the opera is one's nearest basis of comparison. The conductor was Carlo Peroni, and he read the score with unusual verve and fire. The conductor was forced to take a number of curtain calls.

More hard work is ahead of the ballet before it can acquire anything like the finish necessary for grand opera. Individually its members danced well enough, but there was little unity and harmony and much confusion in the more complicated dances. The opera this evening will be "La Bohême," with Anna Fitziu as Mimi.

Sept 30 1921

"La Boheme

An artistically satisfying performance of Puccini's "La Bohême" gave evident delight to a crowded house last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. Anna Fitziu, one of the San Carlo Company's guests, sang Mimi charmingly, and looked as well as she sang. The Musetta of Madeleine Keltie was a thing of delight to eye and ear, and her singing of the famous waltz song brought many minutes of applause.

Romeo Boscacci was Rodolfo, and while his voice is one of good quality, he did not follow the example of his historic namesake in his love scenes, which were marked by a lack of fervor difficult to understand in view of the charming singer who was in in the part of Mimi. Joseph Royer sang and acted convincingly as Marcel, Pietro de Biasi did well in the part of Colline, especially in his farewell to his faithful coat, and Luigi Dalle Molle, who was Shaunard, made the most of the comparatively insignificant part. Natale Cervi, who has sung every night this week, did double service as Benoit and Alcindoro.

Bursts of applause followed all the favorite numbers of the familiar opera, and there were armfuls of flowers for Mimi and Musetta, in addition to innumerable curtain calls. Arturo Papalardo won cheers and applause for his reading of the score.

By H. E. Krehbiel

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 29.—The festival of chamber music, of which Mrs. Coolidge is the right royal patron, had its beginning at the Music Hall on South Mountain this afternoon.

It has drawn hither a large number of musicians and music lovers, one at least from across the Atlantic and another from as great a distance across the continent. The former is Mr. W. W. Corbett, whose labors in behalf of chamber music in Great Britain are as notable as Mrs. Coolidge's labors in this country, though of a somewhat different order. He not only encourages an drewards composers in the pursuit of all the forms of musical art, but also stimulates chamber playing in music schools and places instruments from his collection in the hands of ambitious and deserving artists. He will find gratification for his national pride at the third concert to-morrow afternoon when the Elsbuco trio of New York will perform a suite for pianforte and strings, composed by H. Waldo Warner, a member of the London String Quartet, which visited the United States last season. Mr. Warner's suite carried off the prize offered by Mrs. Coolidge for this year's festival.

The visitor from the Pacific Coast is Sir Henry Hagman, of California. Among the other visitors are Charles Martin Loeffler, George W. Chadwick, Rubin Goldmark, Edgar Stillman Kelley, David Stanley Smith, Ernest Hutchison, Pacolo Gailico, Ernest Schelling, Frank Kneisel, Percy Grainger, Louis Soecunsky, Otto Roth, O. G. Sonneck, Carl Faelton, Olive Maud Greene, Amy Neill and a score or so of other composers and performers known throughout the country.

The music hall in South Mountain was completely filled at the first meeting this afternoon when between Beethoven's quartet, B flat, Opus 130, and Brahms's quartet in G, Opus 111, a new work by Professor Smith, of the Music School of Yale University, was given its first public performance. The players were the Letz Quartet of New York, assisted in the quintet by Hugo Kortschak. Mr. Smith's music was subjected to a severe ordeal in being sandwiched between one of the greatest creations of the greatest of all composers and one of the most fascinating works of his artistic associate, Brahms.

The audience, however, was largely of a character capable of judgment without comparison, which would have been invidious, and therefore of appreciation of the meritorious elements which marked the new work. The quartet is in a single movement, passing rapidly from section to section of contrasted mood and tempo and developing at some length a motive from a georgian chant, "Jesu corona," which beautifully harmonized and set for the voices from what might be called the slow section of the piece. This music in its integrity to the hymn formed a lovely interval of repose. At the structure suggested the influence of Beethoven's style as exemplified in the quartet which had preceded it. So much may be said about its fitness in the concert scheme, so much and the fact already intimated that interest in it was not overwhelmed by the music which preceded and followed.

The morning meeting to-morrow will be devoted to music for wind instruments (the Barrere ensemble bring the players) and the work of another American composer, Leo Sowerby, will be consorted with compositions by Mozart, Bach, Domenisco Brescia, Vincent D. Indy and Albert Roussel.

Oct 3 1921

By Deems Taylor

A WEEK-END INQUEST.

The official open season for pianists began Saturday afternoon, when Erwin Nyiregyhazi played at Carnegie Hall. This young Hungarian, who was heard here last season, is mercifully free from platform mannerisms and plays with crispness and rhythmic vigor. His performance of the Brahms F minor sonata was rather matter-of-fact, except in the intermezzo, where he went to the other extreme and lingered rather too lovingly over the lyric passages. He did dazzling work in the octave passages of the Chopin B minor etude, but the nocturne Op. 62 suffered from his tendency to exaggerate the contrast between melody and accompaniment. His tone is big, but as yet rather hard. The Grieg "Valse Melancolique" was charming. His other numbers included more Chopin, a Tchaikovsky waltz and Papa Liszt's greatest contribution to circus music, the Fourteenth Rhapsody.

In the evening Gus Valentine played a harp recital at Aeolian Hall, assisted by Alberto Bachmann, violinist, and Dora Bellini, soprano. Mr. Valentine's numbers included a suite by Pinto, a prelude by Carlos Salzedo and pieces by Carlo and Domenico Sodero, Verdalle and Loukine. Mr. Bachmann played his own Polonaise and "Suite Romantique," and Miss Bellini sang a group that included songs in Spanish, French, Italian and English. All three artists appeared in Gounod's Hymn to St. Cecilia. Robert Gaylor was the accompanist and played the organ in the Gounod number.

An Erratic "Butterfly."

At the Manhattan Henry Hadley spent a harassed afternoon conducting the San Carlo company's performance of "Butterfly." It was a pretty bad performance, though that was hardly Mr. Hadley's fault. Miss Anna Fitziu, as Cio-Cio San, gave a striking impersonation of Miss Anna Fitziu in a kimono, and Giuseppe Corallo did little to raise B. F. Pinkerton's general morale. Graham Marr's Sharpless was better. The rest of the cast and the chorus paddled about the stage in the serene conviction that the way to create a perfect illusion of Japanese life and mannerisms was to bend the knees slightly and walk stoop-shouldered. The chorus distinguished itself by coming in on the second act off-stage finale several bars too soon, leaving the orchestra at the curtain helplessly plinking a pizzicato accompaniment to a hummed melody that wasn't there.

Things went better in the evening, at least so far as the ensemble was concerned. Since the opera was "Il Trovatore," nobody was under the slightest necessity of pretending to act, so the entire cast cut loose and proceeded to give a series of individual song recitals. There was a rather widespread tendency to yell, and the well known art of bel canto came in for a good deal of punishment, but everybody had a goed time, so who cares?

Tommasini Gets Applause.

Miss Ada Paggi made a vociferous Azucena, but fell off the pitch with distressing persistence, as did Mr. Viviano as the Count de Luna and Mr. Tommasini as Manrico. It was Mr. Tommasini's night, though. He rested on his oars until the high notes came along, and then went after them with every ounce of energy he possessed. And he had his reward, for at the finale of Act III. the house roared "bravo!" and "bis!" and all the other Italian equivalents of "very good, Gaetano!" until the management obligingly rang up the curtain and let Mr. Tommasini do the finale all over again.

The one white ray of music in the general melee of noise was the Leonora of Miss Bianca Saroya. Miss Saroya has a soprano voice of extraordinary beauty and freshness. Her coloratura passages were well done, but it was in the legato passages, not the flute-imitations, that she sounded her best. Not only has she a good voice, but she is likely to keep it, for, barring a slight tendency to "spread" her high notes, she uses it extremely well. The voice lacks warmth as yet, but it is the coldness of youth rather than temperamental frigidity. She acted Leonora nicely and looked lovely. She should go far.

Sunday afternoon saw Mishel Piastro's violin recital at Carnegie Hall. His programme included two movements from Bach's third sonata for violin alone, and Sinding's suite in A minor. Unaccompanied music for the violin, Bach or no Bach, seems a good deal like Flaxman's illustrations for Homer—everything done with line Homer—everything done with line that ought not to have to do. Howbeit, Mr. Piastro played the Bach sonata with fine dignity and authority—almost too much authority, for he yanked the broken chords out of the grave movement with almost vindictive force.

His tone, especially on the G-string, is full and round, and his intonation is perfect. What he lacks is tenderness. Kreisler coaxes the violin. Piastro treats it like a trained animal. It does obey his orders, though. His other numbers included Eli Zion, a piece of committee music sponsored by Zeitlin-Achron-Auer, a Rimsky-Auer fantasy on Russian themes that was a bit dull, his own arrangement of Grieg's Lonely Wanderer and a Witches' Dance by Bazzini. Josef Bonime was a good if somewhat anxious accompanist.

David Bispham

Another in the group of great lyric artists associated with opera of the last three decades passed away yesterday when David Scull Bispham, long famous as a baritone interpreter of Wagnerian roles and as a concert singer, died of heart disease in his rooms at No. 145 West 55th Street. With him were Dr. Amsell, the house physician, and a nurse.

For some weeks Mr. Bispham had suffered from chronic myocarditis, his condition during the last few days showing, however, so much improvement that he had insisted on resuming his work as a teacher of vocalization at his studio, No. 44 West 44th Street. The body will be taken early in the week to Philadelphia for burial.

Born in 1857 in South Spring Street, Philadelphia, the son of wealthy Quaker parents of the old school, Mr. Bispham received a liberal education in private schools, finally graduating from Haverford College with a B. A. degree in 1876.

For ten years he worked in a woollen mill owned by his uncle, David Scull. In his leisure time he took part in amateur theatricals and studied singing.

In 1886 he gave up his business connections and went to Europe armed with a letter to Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, on whose advice he went on to Florence, there to study for three years under Vanucinni. He made his first professional appearance in Novvember, 1891, at which is now the Palace Theatre, London, in an opera, "Bejoche." For the next two years he was engaged in platform work as one of the company headed by Sims Reeves.

In his delightfully written autobiography, "A Quaker Singers' Recollections," Mr. Bisphan tells how his long-debated question, whether to continue on the platform or adopt the operatic stage, was decided for him by a planchette board (a predecessor of the ouija) at a seance, held in 1892 a0t which two German barons were present. Mr. Bisphan, who had not asked a question, saw written by an invisible hand the words: "Opera by all means." Asking which parts it was best for him to study, he read the reply: "Amonasro, in 'Aida;' Wolfram, in 'Tannhaeuser' Kurvenal, in 'Tristan,' and Beckmesser, in the 'Weistersinger.'" Under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris, and in a company which included Jean De Reszke, Jean Lassalle and Mme. Albani, he had made a great success as Kurvenal and Beckmesser.

From 1896, when he realized his ambition and first appeared in Grand Opera in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House under the management of Maurice Grau, his fame was established. For the next twenty years he was associated with every kind of baritone part in grand opera, singing in Italian, French, German and English, although he was chiefly identified with Wagnerian roles.

As a founder of the Society of American Singers Mr. Bispham aided largely in the two splendid seasons of English opera given at the Park Theatre.

Oct 4 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

The Casts.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

Santuzza	Bianca Saroya
Lola	Ada Paggi
Lucia	Anita Klinova
Turiddu	Romeo Boscacci
Alfio	Luigi Dalle Molle
Conductor	Arturo Papalardo

"PAGLIACCI."

Nedda	Sofia Charlebois
Canio	Gaetano Tommasini
Tonio	Gaetano Viviani
Silvio	Nicola D'Amico
Beppo	Joseph Tudisco
Conductor	Carlo Peroni

Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Grand Opera Company began the second week of its month's engagement at the Manhattan Opera House last night, a capacity audience as usual being present. The bill called for "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bianca Saroya as Santuzza, Ada Paggi as Lola, Anita Klinova as Lucia, Romeo Boscacci as Turiddu, and Luigi Dalle Malle as Alfio. The work of the principals was uniformly good, but Carlo Peroni, who conducted, seemed to have hard work to coördinate chorus and orchestra. Perhaps that was because Arturo Papalardo was to have conducted but was indisposed.

Mr. Peroni had much better success with his chorus in "Pagliacci," and the whole piece moved with precision and rhythm. Sofia Charlebois made her début in the character of Nedda, disclosing a pleasing voice and much grace of manner. It is a good thing Miss Charlebois does not have a *première* every evening, for the greenhouses would soon be denuded, for a host of bouquets and baskets of flowers went over the footlights to her last night. Gaetano Tommasini as Canio showed again that he possesses a very agreeable tenor voice, and he was properly conservative of it. The great triumph of the evening went to Gaetano Viviano as Tonio, his singing of the Prologue arousing such a furor that it had to be repeated.

Herald Oct 5 1921

Music of Selim Palmgren Brought to Light at Concert.

Percy Grainger, pianist and composer, has also been long noted as an explorer. Having himself been discovered by Grieg, he in turn discovered Cyril Scott and the futuristic music of the percussion instruments. Now he has discovered Selim Palmgren, the Finnish composer, who was born in 1878 and ought to have been found out long ago. Otherwise there is little profit in having been graduated from the Helsingfors University and having studied music under Conrad Ansorge and Ferruccio Busoni of the celebrated Berlin Puppen Allee.

Mr. Palmgren has composed concertos, tone poems, operas and other works, and last evening Mr. Grainger introduced him to an audience in Aeolian Hall for the purpose of removing the lid from some of these too long silent compositions. There were ten preludes, all performed by Mr. Palmgren, who also played eleven other descriptive pianoforte pieces of his own creation. He and Mr. Grainger and two different kinds of pianos were heard in a suite in four parts, entitled "Masked Ball."

It is recorded that currants, strawberries and raspberries are grown with success in Finland, and doubtless Mr. Palmgren's youthful genius absorbed much of the delicate flavors, winsome fragrance and titillating acidities of these captivating fruits. His music sometimes suggested currant tart, sometimes strawberry shortcake and sometimes raspberry soda. Or, to be less figurative, it was generally fanciful, sometimes flimsy and too often intangible, yet it had always a certain grace and elegance and occasionally a well drawn individualistic phrase, which sounded almost as if the composer had said something. This piano music had the lure of the domestic fireside, or the social evening with a few friends at home when Jenny is asked "please to play something." No doubt some of these compositions will find their way into the salons of the prosperous. Especially likely is "Evening Whispers" to acquire a gentle popularity. The most commonplace of all the solo pieces, it was also the most pleasing. Referring to the suite for two pianos, it can be said that the ensemble playing of Messrs. Grainger and Palmgren consisted chiefly of dissembling.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(~~Transmitted from yesterday's last edition~~)

The musical aftermath of the war is to be felt in the season which is now opening, and it is much to be hoped that none of it will be less interesting than that which came under observation in Aeolian Hall last night. It might well be more interesting, though Mr. Selim Palmgren, who gave a concert of his pianoforte music with the help of Mr. Percy Grainger, provided considerable food for reflection. It was his music which invited comment, however, not his playing. As a pianist he gave us nothing which we would not gladly have dispensed with. Last Sunday we attempted to convey an impression made by him and Mr. Grainger in the performance at Pittsfield of a piece for two pianofortes which he calls "A Masked Ball," but the result of our effort after being filtered through a telegraph operator, a typesetter, a copy editor and a proofreader was so confused and bewildering that the offspring was scarcely recognizable by its father. The impression was repeated last night, and so the report may also be reiterated with the needful correction. It was in effect that two pianofortes were so belabored, becudgeled and bethumped as to excite the commiseration of the audience. The poor, unoffending instruments could not resent the treatment bestowed upon them, though their heart-strings seemed nigh to bursting. They showed their white teeth in a complaisant or contemptuous grin, but could not close their mouths nor drop their lids. Had they done this upon the fingers of their tormentors they would doubtless have received as much applause as did their tormentors, and deserved more.

Mr. Palmgren is a representative of the Finnish school of composers, not by reason of anything which we could discover in his music, but because of his birth and artistic environment. This school is affiliated with that of Scandinavia and Russia, though it derives (as the phrase goes) from the Germans, who were the educators of its founders. Racially the Finns are, in all likelihood, Mongolian, and more nearly related to the Magyars than to the Slavic and Germanic stocks which have influenced them for centuries. But in their folksongs they have preserved some strongly marked characteristics, and in the music of the best of their representatives whom we have heard some of the weird and mournful spirit of their national epic is unmistakably reflected. Admirers of the "Kalevala" have felt this while listening to some of Sibelius's compositions, notably the orchestral pieces "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Lemminkainen Returns Homeward."

Mr. Palmgren is far from being a Sibelius, however, and if he commands a national or even a personal idiom we have not yet been permitted to observe the fact. He produced last night several groups of solo pieces—ten preludes, descriptive pieces with such titles as "Evening Whispers," "The Snowflakes," "Caprice Barbare," "Moonlight," "The Pinwheel" and "The Hunter and the Squirrel"—besides "The Masked Ball," already alluded to, and a Neapolitan tarantelle for two pianofortes. In them was discernible a strong and clear sense of purpose, evidenced in symmetrical structure and a proper respect for melody. But it was only in the harmonization, especially the abrupt and restless excursion into musical fields of tonality, that anything like novel utterance could be found. The idiom was sometimes as old as Stephen Heller and the thought and expression less beautiful, at no time comparable with Schumann, from whom he borrowed his poetical formulas. It was unfortunate for him that he compelled recognition of this fact by bringing into juxtaposition two such merely pretty and closely allied pieces as "The Snowflakes" and a section of a nocturne, which he called "Twinkling Stars." The snowflakes twinkled and the stars were flocculent. Had the titles been reversed it would have excited no special wonder. Schumann was the prince of those rare programmatists who proclaimed not the things which he entitled, but the mood and essence of the things, and in this striving, though it was apparent in one or two of his Preludes, Mr. Palmgren lagged far behind him even with the help (which we cannot but feel is purely suppositious, even in the case of the young revolutionaries of to-day) of the potent means of modern harmony.

Palmgren and Grainger Play

With the help of Percy Grainger Selim Palmgren gave a "piano recital of Palmgren compositions" at Aeolian Hall last night, thus virtually opening a new music season in this town and providing an evening of considerable enjoyment and some novel musical experience for an eager and interested audience that filled the hall. Selim Palmgren is the foremost and the best-known of the younger composers of Finland. Born in Bjoerneborg in 1878, he completed the four years' course in pianoforte study at the Hensingfors Conservatory in 1889, and then went to Berlin and placed himself under the tutelage successively of Konrad Ansorge, Wilhelm Berger, and Ferruccio Busoni. He has won international repute as pianist, conductor, and composer. His works include two operas, a symphonic poem, two orchestral suites, several male choruses, many songs, and a large number of piano pieces.

It was exclusively in the last-named category of his productions that he chose to make his New York appearance last evening. There was no work of large dimensions in the list presented, all the pieces being comparatively short, though several were linked in groups with collective titles. Also there was nothing revolutionary and nothing at all startling in any of this music. The short pieces were so many moods, dream pictures, descriptive bits of tone painting, flashes of poetic insight, of gayety, of humor, and one or two subtle and expressive touches on the deeper feelings.

There is unmistakably something of his native Finland in this music—occasional glimpses of that strange land and its inhabitants' heroic struggle for life in a hostile environment, their mythology, the very atmosphere of legend and rune. But there is more of Selim Palmgren. There was abundant evidence in last night's diversified programme that he is a composer of considerable individuality, eclectic in style, but with a musical message of his own—and at times a poet and magician of tones.

Mr. Palmgren began his recital with ten preludes, three of which bore separate titles, namely: "A Vision" (an almost Debussian reverie in shifting tonalities and colorful harmonies), "The Sea," and "The War." The last named was a negligible bit of rhythmic pomp. But "The Sea" was altogether the best of the ten and one of the most impressive offerings of the whole programme—a fine and original musical utterance, big and noble in feeling and movingly splendid in expression. It was an evocation of insight and power, reminding one of Walt Whitman's

> Sea of the brine of life and of unshovell'd yet always-ready graves,
> Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea,

A second group of piano soli brought forward a rather commonplace, but effective, descriptive piece called "Evening Whispers," a daintily dancing "Snowflakes," which pleased its hearers greatly; a wildish "Caprice Barbare," also much applauded, and a nocturne in three scenes: "Twinkling Stars," "The Night," and "At Daybreak." Following this group the demand for an encore was insistent and Mr. Palmgren added the popular "May Night," best known of all his piano pieces.

Percy Grainger's only part in the recital was collaboration with the composer in a performance of the "Masked Ball," a suite for two pianos in four sections: "The Improvisator," "The Dancing Girl," "The Black Domino," and "Funny Folk." This suite proved to be a clever bit of descriptive music, light in fancy but rather heavily scored (if one may use the term for piano music). It was played with more vim and gusto than delicacy of finish, but made such a hit with the audience that "The Dancing Girl" section had to be repeated.

Followed another group of six short pieces, piano solo, headed by a ballade in A minor (in form of a theme and variations), a seriously beautiful and worth while composition, and as pure music the most valuable of the recital's offerings. The set programme ended with a "Tarantella Napoletana," after which, as a crowd surged down to the stage clamoring for more, Mr. Palmgren played as a final encore a very pretty and skilfully fashioned barcarolle.

Mr. Palmgren has won considerable fame as a pianist in the Northern countries of Europe, but he could hardly achieve the laurel here as a virtuoso. His touch is heavy and his style somewhat monotonous. However, his technical equipment is sufficient for the proclamation of his own musical message, and little thought of the performer obtrudes in his playing of his own works, the novel beauty, fresh harmonies, rich and varied tonal coloring of which he succeeded in setting forth last night to the plentiful enjoyment of a large and friendly audience.

G. W. H.

"La Tosca"

Puccini's "La Tosca" was the vehicle for the San Carlo Opera Company singers at the Manhattan Opera House last night, and as usual the S. R. O. sign was out. Arturo Papalardo, the musical director of the organization, who was to have conducted, was still indisposed last night, and the bâton was wielded by Carlo Peroni, who is having a lot of work thrust upon him. He kept the chorus and instruments together better than the night before, but unless Mr. Gallo can secure more robust tenors something must be done with those horns. Giuseppe Corallo, who essayed the part of Cavaradossi, was lost in thin air at times, and his "shrieks" from the torture chamber were all but inaudible. Anna Fitziu of the Metropolitan forces, who as a "guest" artist sang the name part, was in fine voice and showed her familiarity with the rôle. With three soprano "guests" on the week's programmes, it is too bad there are not better tenors to sing with them. Henry Hadley, too, is to be a guest conductor of "Lohengrin" on Friday night. Joseph Royer as Baron Scarpia was very acceptable and sang and acted his part well. The minor parts were capably taken and the performance as a whole was well worth while.

Oct 6 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—Matinee and evening performances of "Hansel and Gretel" and "La Gioconda" by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Casts.

"HANSEL AND GRETEL."

Gretel	Dora De Phillippe
Hansel	Elinor Marlo
Father	Leo De Hierapolis
Mother	Anita Klinova
The Witch	Janet French
The Dew Fairy	May Korb
The Sand Man	May Korb

Ballet of the Angels.
Conductor, Henry Hadley.

"LA GIOCONDA."

La Gioconda	Elizabeth Amsden
Enzo	Giuseppe Corallo
Laura	Nina Frascani
Alvise	Pietro De Biasi
La Cieca	Ada Paggi
Zuane	Natale Cervi
Un Cantore	Luigi Dalle Molle
Isepo	Joseph Tudisco

Incidental Dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

Moved by the needs of a deserving charity, Fortune Gallo, impresario of the San Carlo Opera Company, went roaming yesterday afternoon into foreign realms. At a special matinee at the Manhattan Opera House he gave a performance of "Hansel and Gretel," the best work of Engelbert Humperdinck, who passed away a few days ago. The opera used to be familiar to patrons of the Metropolitan, but the inclusion of it in the repertory of the San Carlo company might be regarded as experimental and probably transitory. Mr. Gallo's loyal supporters are neither little children nor adorers of contrapuntal art.

The performance of yesterday afternoon was crude and rude, but it could not obliterate the peculiar beauty of this unique work. Much of the charm of "Hansel and Gretel" persisted in disclosing itself in spite of bad singing, inefficient acting and orchestral playing of a lame and impotent kind. Doubtless the climax of the matinee for most of the audience came when a small army of children, who had occupied boxes early in the drama, danced. But they cannot be said to have had any organic connection with Humperdinck's opera.

Henry Hadley conducted, and it was clear that he knew and loved the score; but his labors could not transform a workaday Italian opera institution into fairyland. And the stage management, too, was lost in the woods much of the time, even as the children were.

Miss Dora de Phillipe, the veteran *Gretel*, was generally competent in the role she has sung so long. Miss Elinor Marlo was a new *Hansel*, and me with some merits. Janet French impersonated the dreadful old witch who was defeated by the cunning of the children. Leo de Hierapolis was the *Father* and Miss Anita Klinova the *Mother*. Miss May Korb appeared as both the *Dewman* and the *Sandman*.

H.Z.K

After a long absence it was heard again yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan Opera House. The best of Mr. Gallo's forces might profitably have been enlisted in its performance, but they were not, and the representation, which was in English, was an impotent affair. Only Miss Elinor Marlo, the representative of Hansel, was equipped with the needful voice and dramatic skill, though Miss de Phillippe seconded her acceptably in the latter element. As for the rest, including the orchestral music and the stage setting, it was too crude and slipshod to deserve a single word of commendation. It was a charity affair, and may be spoken of charitably for the sake of the generous and affectionate feelings which even the mere thought of the opera can evoke. Mr. Hadley conducted in a good though hopeless cause. After the opera a stageful of big and little children with long legs and short skirts pranced around for twenty minutes in a laughable imitation of a ballet.

"La Gioconda"

Ponchielli's lurid opera strained the resources of the San Carlo Company at the Manhattan last night. Long waits between the acts indicated unaccustomed struggles with the scenery, and the *corps de ballet* had its troubles with the finer points of its rôle. These defects were forgotten when Royer made his appearance as Barnaba. He revealed himself again as a sterling singer and actor. Elizabeth Amsden gave a satisfactory rendition of the title rôle, and Bozcacci and De Biasi were pleasing in their respective parts of Enzo and Alvise. Not so much can be said for Nina Frascani, who essayed the part of Laura. Both her acting and her singing were reminiscent of a cruder stage, nor is her voice all that it might be. The chorus did well and Peroni's conducting also deserves a word of praise.

MUSIC OF FIVE MASTERS GIVEN AT PIANO RECITAL

Steinway Hall Was First Concert of Series.

A piano recital of representative selections from compositions of five of the great music masters was given in Steinway Hal yesterday afternoon at the first of a series of concerts by well known instrumentalists and vocalists. Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist, was the soloist and her selections were the "Fantasia Fuga" of Mozart, the "Impromptu in G-major" by Schubert, Handel's "Gigue," "Prelude in B-minor" by Chopin and the Wagner-Liszt "Liebestod."

The concert hal also is the art gallery for the large Steinway collection of paintings of great masters of music which eventually will hang in a new Steinway Hall. Modern American artists have painted the portraits or allegories with the intent of creating musical visions or of depicting the personal characteristics of the composers. Each is a striking color study. The Chopin canvas by A. I. Keller pictures the episode of "The Raindrop Prelude" with Mme. Sand introduced. The Wagner-Liszt portrait shows those composers together in their younger years and is by N. C. Wyeth. There also is a portait study of Liszt by John C. Johansen. Charles E. Chambers is represented in the gallery by his conception of the Townsend is a portrait called "The Fire Fuge." While the fifth composer represented in yesterday's recital—Schubert—is depicted in portrait form with an allegorical background suggested by the story of the Earl-King. The painting is by Harvey Dunn.

The gallery includes many more paintings than those illustrated in yesterday's recital selections. These are a lifesize portrait of Wagner, an allegorical portrait of Mendelssohn by Carl Anderson, a portrait of Rubinstein by F. Louis Mora, a colorful fantasia of "Aida" by Henry McCarter, a portrait of Berlioz by Harvey Dunn, and one of Beethhoven by N. C. Wyeth.

Admission to the recital is by invitation on application to the Steinway office.

Elizabeth Amsden appeared for the first time this season with the San Carlo Opera Company in the title role of Ponchielli's "Gioconda," which was given last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. Miss Amsden has sung with the Boston and Chicago opera companies and has just returned from two years of operatic adventures in Italy. Well versed in operatic routine, she is a distinct addition to the company. Her voice has gained in color and her acting in grace and spontaneity. Her companions in the cast included Romeo Boscacci, Joseph Royer, Pietro de Biasi, Nina Frascani and Ada Paggi.

The opera this evening will be "La Traviata," with Josephine Lucchese in the title role.

Oct 7 1921

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Violetta ..... Josephine Lucchese
Flora ..... Anita Klinova
Annina ..... Anita Klinova
Alfredo Germont ..... Motteo Frascona
Gastone ..... Luigi Dalle Molle
Griogio Germont ..... Gaetano Viviani
Baron Doupohl ..... Joseph Tudisco
Doctor Grenvil ..... Natale Cervi
Incidental Dances by Sylvia Tell and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor, Arturo Papalardo.

A laurel wreath was placed yeste... on the marble bust of Jenny Lind, in the Aquarium, to commemorate the 101st birthday anniversary of the famous singer. The remembrance came from Frieda Hempel, in Europe, who appeared as the Swedish Nightingale at the Historical Centennial Concert.

Oct 8 1921

'LOHENGRIN' AT MANHATTAN

Eleanor de Cisneros, Aura Fitziu and Graham Marr in Wagner Opera.

"Lohengrin" was sung at the Manhattan last evening—and a good part of the night—in the language in which the great Italo Campanini once sang Wagner's hero of the swanboat in New York. True, there was an exception, and not a Teutonic one. Graham Marr, a Princeton man whose opera career has been in England, diverged from the rest of the cast by delivering Telramund's villainies in fairly plain English.

Eleanor de Cisneros, who from early Metropolitan training went to Italy and then back to Hammerstein's company here, was easily mistress of Ortrud's plotting in Italian. Anna Fitzziu, comely as Elsa, had before been heard in that tongue, and Henri Scott as the King likewise was a linguist able to cope with those to the manner born, who were Boscacci as Lohengrin and Dalle Molle as his Herald.

Henry Hadley conducted the orchestra with due care for voices and for the Manhattan's magnifying acoustics, winning from the meloudious score variety without mere noise. The performance was, in fact, of unexpected musical merit, as may later be recognized by less accustomed audiences when Mr. Gallo's company takes it afield on the San Carlo trail. The opera was well staged and the audience, though not the largest of the past fortnight, held its places past midnight for the finale.

ning was marred by the men's chorus, which sounded as if it were composed of real courtiers instead of singers. But on the whole "Lohengrin" enhances the reputation of the San Carlo Opera Company.

MAIKKI JAERNEFELT SINGS.

Finnish Soprano Pleases Her Countrymen at American Debut.

Maikki Jaernefelt, who is Mrs. Selim Palmgren in private life, made her American début as soprano in Aeolian Hall last evening, following by three days the concert of her husband, the Finnish composer and pianist, who also accompanied her on this occasion. The pair are musicions, both of them, more in the manner of interpreter and advocates, than of executant and virtuoso.

They gave pleasure to many of their countrymen here, as they are expected to do in other cities, by bringing forward Mr. Palmgren's arrangements of folksongs of Finland, sympathetically sung by his wife. Mme. Jaernefelt in other tongues was most successful in the serious "Preghiera" of Tosti and "Ruhe, Meine Seele" of Strauss. Her style is robust, not without vocal warmth, and she achieved no mean feat in allaying in English an entire group of Lieurance's American Indian songs.

A Finnish Soprano

Billed on the programme as Maikki Jaernefelt, the name under which she has been winning enviable success as a concert singer for perhaps a quarter of a century in Northern Europe, the wife of Selim Palmgren, Finnish composer, made her first New York appearance in a song recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Accompanied on the pianoforte by her husband (who had given a recital of his own piano pieces in the same hall only three days before), she sang a varied and unusual programme of songs in many tongues—Finnish, Swedish, German, Italian, and even English—and made a decidedly favorable impression as a well-equipped and sincere vocal artist of serious purpose. Indeed, her audience, which was large and cordial, including a considerable number of her compatriots, became more and more friendly as the recital proceeded, and the singer herself, becoming more at home in the friendly atmosphere, surpassed her earlier efforts in beauty of voice and interpretive art, until the prolonged and hearty applause compelled her to repeat each of half a dozen songs.

Mme. Jaernefelt-Palmgren has a soprano voice of robust quality and large volume, for the most part well placed, tending a bit to shrillness in its highest tones, but of a fine flute-like quality in the middle register. And she uses it in the main with artistic intelligence, but in songs of dramatic import, of which there were several on her programme, she becomes so eager to convey the whole emotional content of the composer's purpose that she too often sacrifices tonal beauty in the effort. For instance, in her opening selection, Senta's Ballad from Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," and again in Schubert's "Erlking," her declamation was startlingly explosive, and the utter lack of restraint produced too many rough spots that lessened the enjoyment of her very sincerity of effort. Her phrasing and enunciation suffered deplorably. In songs of less dramatic intensity she showed that she understood and valued legato and a sustained smoothness of style, and there were moments of high delight in her singing of Caccini's "Amarilli," Richard Strauss's "Ruhe, meine Seele," Merikanto's "Cradle Song," Sibelius's "Black Roses," and particularly in a group of movingly beautiful songs by her husband. This group by Palmgren included a charming "Spring Song," another entitled "Mother," and two effective arrangements of Finnish folk-songs—"By the Stream" and "Polska." A group of American Indian songs by Lieurance was sung in English.

The recital gave considerable musical enjoyment to the large audience that heard it. G. W. H.

"Lohengrin"

"Lohengrin" was sung in Italian and English last night at the Manhattan Opera House. Graham Marr, the Telramund, sang in English and the others in Italian. Mr. Marr's enunciation was as good as his singing and his acting, which is high praise. Anna Fitziu had the part of Elsa. She made an appealing heroine and sang with the sweetness which has delighted previous audiences at the Manhattan. Ortrud was represented by Eleanora de Cisneros, whose acting of this Lady Macbeth character was rather more effective than her singing. Her voice was not adequate to all the demands of the rôle, although she won applause by her dramatic rendition of one or two notable passages. Henri Scott was a capable King Henry and Luigi Dalle Molle an undistinguished Herald. Boscacci shone brighter as Lohengrin than as some other personages he has essayed, acquitting himself very satisfactorily.

Hadley conducted with his usual skill and gave the performance not a little of its excellent quality. The eve-

Oct 9 1921

'TALES OF HOFFMANN' SUNG.

San Carlo Company Also Give 'Aida' With Marie Rappold.

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," once a battlehorse of Hammerstein opera war, was added to the San Carlo Company's series at the Manhattan yesterday as its fifteenth production in thirteen days. The droll opera was also the second French work, besides two others from German composers, to vary an Italian repertoire, and as such, some allowance was again due to a composite cast using different texts.

In French, Arnold Becker accomplished the machinations of Dr. Coppelius and the mortal villainies of Dappertutto, while De Biasi as Dr. Miracle cajoled in Italian the singing girl in the last of these Anatolian affairs. The three heroines were the Misses Lucchese, Keltie and Charlebois, and the hero Mr. Sclarretti, while Elinor Marlo—a recent Hansel—was the poet's boy companion. Others were Frances Morosini, Miss Klinova, Messrs Cervi, Dalle Molle and Tudisco, and Mr. Peroni conducted.

Marie Rappold was a guest in "Aida" last night, with Tommasini and those who sang with her before. Despite the weather, there was a capacity house.

"Hansel and Gretel," instead of "Lohengrin," is to be sung at next Saturday's matinée. By general request also, the opera that night will be "La Gioconda."

ALFRED MIROVITCH HEARD.

Russian Pianist's Playing of His Own Minuet a Novelty.

Alfred Mirovitch, a Russian pianist who has won audiences in the larger field of popular concerts, reopened Carnegie Hall with a recital yesterday after nearly a week's pause in the early season's events there. His matinee showed no mood for trifles. Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, already announced by others, was preceded by the Brahms-Handel variations, and followed by Chopin's F-minor fantasie, his own minuet and two arrangements by Liszt and Tausig.

Mr. Mirovitch's playing is frank, forceful, clear; his playful treatment of the minuet was a novelty, like the music itself. The wide-spread chords, ornamented with little fluttering trills, suggested the crinolines and flounces of those who might have danced his measures. The piece should be popular. An original "Spring Song" was omitted, doubtless in deference to yesterday's wintry gale.

Oct 10 1921

Middleton Superb

Galli-Curci Sings

A long series of busy musical days was ushered in yesterday with three concerts. In the evening Mme. Galli-Curci, prima donna of two opera companies, ravished the souls of as many persons as could be crowded into the Hippodrome to hear her interpret the woes of no less than three demented heroines. Amina, Lucia and Ophelia discoursed pellucid babblings, musically embodied in floral song, which Mme. Galli-Curci carolled in her accustomed smooth and ingenuous manner.

Good old Arditi's "Il Bacio," long associated with the art of Adelina Patti, was also on the programme, together with other delicate morsels of vocal melody suited to the gentle flow of Mme. Galli-Curci's singing and to the temper of a highly receptive audience. Homer Samuels continued to officiate at the piano as chosen accompanist of the famous singer.

In the afternoon in Aeolian Hall Arthur Middleton, barytone, gave a song recital. The programme began with two airs of Handel and one of Mendelssohn. A group of Italian and French lyrics was succeeded by one of German songs, while the numbers with English text by latter day composers, from Forsythe to Speaks, came at the end.

Mr. Middleton has always been a stalwart singer, inclined to aggressive proclamations alternating with whisperings and tender mezza voce effects. His understanding of songs is always clear and is published in a direct and comprehensible manner. His treatment of words is conspicuously good and usually he phrases with as much regard for the poetic as the musical sense of a song.

The most noteworthy shortcoming of Mr. Middleton's art is the tone itself. His voice is naturally beautiful, but he deprives it of much of its quality by a method which seems continually to seek to substitute mere force for resonance. Hence he often fails to get the power he desires and conveys to the observant hearer the impression of prodigious labor with little result. This was the case yesterday in "Arm, Arm, ye Brave" and in Hugo Kaun's "Der Sieger." It is questionable whether the "Staendchen" and "Wie bist du meine Koenigin" of Brahms are suitable to Mr. Middleton's style, but he sang them with sympathy

and the audience liked them. But the number which seemed to give the deepest thrill was Millotti's "Povero Mariner," a sentimental and lachrymose Italian song.

The remaining concert of the day was the violin recital of young Mischa Violin at Carnegie Hall in the evening.

Mischa Violin, the young Russian pianist, who gave his first recital in Carnegie Hall just a year ago, was there last evening in a program consisting of compositions by Vieuxtemps, Bazzini, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Godowsky and Saint-Saens.

Mr. Violin has much to commend him; his style is assured and his command of chromatics, harmonics and other technical features of fingering and bowing give him a dignified standing among artists. His program opened with the Vieuxtemps Concerto in D minor, followed by a group of excerpts from Wagner-Wilhelmj, Godowsky and Bazzini. Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso" was the third and final number.

Joseph Adler gave able assistance at the piano.

In the evening Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci made her first appearance of the season in the informal setting of the Hippodrome. Her program was light and included songs by Fourdrain, Hahn, Rogers, Carpenter and three operatic arias—"Ah, non creda," from Bellini's "Sonnambula"; the mad scene from Thomas's "Hamlet," and the mad scene from "Lucia." Although her voice was not at its best the usual agreebale features of her singing were in evidence, among them the softness and purity of her extreme upper notes. There were other features, as familiar if not so agreeable—wanderings from pitch, and a marked tendency to slur, particularly unfortunate in the opening bars of Hahn's "D'Une Prison." At times, too, Mme. Galli-Curci appeared scant of breath so that she cut jhrases in half t oremedy the deficiency.

At the same time, in Carnegie Hall, Mischa Violin, a young violinist of the unconventional variety, was giving a recital. Mr. Violin was heard here last season, and his playing has not soared to greater eminence, although from the size of the audience that crowded the hall it would apear that he has many enthusiastic admirers.

Oct 11 1921

Miss Mina Hager Interests Her Recital Audience.

Miss Mina Hager, a Western contralto, gave a recital of songs yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Her technical equipment proved slender, but her artistic ideals were undoubtedly of the highest. She showed herself to be that marvellous rarity, a singer willing to subordinate herself to the purposes of the composers represented on her list. She really seemed to be present solely to introduce and interpret unfamiliar lyrics.

In so far as a thin and unsteady voice and a want of communicative power would permit her she discharged her self-imposed duties most commendably, and she resented to her hearers some vocal music not heard every day and quite worth hearing. Pergolesi's "Salve regina," beautiful in the classic Italian style, began her concert. She sang Poulenc's "Le Bestiaire," six delicious portraits of beasts and fishes with pertinent comments, and Jorn Ireland's extraordinary "Marigold," a set of three utterly modern creations.

The last group consisted of six songs by John Alden Carpenter, of which the "Berceuse de Guerre" ought to hold its place in the repertory of all dramatic sopranos. Miss Hager read it intelligently, but it needs the big emotional note to do it justice, an dthis could not be sounded by her pallid voice. It is sufficient to say of this young contralto that with her insignificant vocal material she did what some far more pretentious singers cannot do, she interested an audience by song interpretations showing understanding, taste and sensibility.

MINA HAGER MAKES DEBUT.

Young Contralto Gives an Artistic Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Mina Hager, a young contralto from the West, heard for the first time at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, gave the most interesting song recital of the new season and the first one to throw emphasis, not on the personality of the singer, but on the composers of the songs. Her light but telling voice seemed itself enriched in the noble Latin of Pergolesi's "Salve, Regina," arranged by Fred Stock, or the fervent "Youth's Spring Tribute" of John Ireland, to a poem of Rossetti. She caught the humor in Poulenc's French beasts of "The Cortege of Orpheus" and Carpenter's "Sleep, My Honey, Sleep," a cubist coon song.

It was a program without one hackneyed number. Few singers could have followed the discords so skilfully played by Frederic Persson in uncharted harmonies of the modernist majority. Miss Hager not only kept to pitch like a beacon in storm, but made all she did seem humanly interesting and artistically worthwhile. Only twice she gave an encore, Franz's "Bitte" and a Czechoslovak folktune "Live, Love, Die."

"LUCIA" AT MANHATTAN.

Viviano Pleases Audience With Brilliancy of Upper Tones.

The third week of the San Carlo Opera Company's seaso nat the Manhattan Opera House began last evening with a performance of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Miss Josephine Lucchese, the ingenuc of the company, endeavored to voice the woes of *Lucia* in her most gentle accents and with a colorature too often discolored. But nevertheless when, with the assistance ofa maniac flute, she delivered the "mad scene" the audience apparently went crazy with delight.

The hero of the evening was Gaetano Viviano, who sang *Enrico*, and who gave the audience great pleasure by the power and brilliancy of his upper tones. Romeo Bosacci as *Edgardo* and Pietro di Biasi as *Raimondo*, were the other principals. Carlo Peroni conducted.

"Lucia di Lámmermoor"

Josephine Lucchese sang the florid part of Lucia in Donizetti's best known opera last evening at the Manhattan Opera House, and her colorature work won much applause, part of which at least was deserved. Miss Lucchese is a personable Lucia, and her acting is acceptable, but her voice is not yet big enough for the part. It is a true voice, with a great deal of sweetness, and promises to develop into one of beauty, but is still light for the demands made upon it. Others of the cast were Gaetano Viviano, who acted and sang well, and Giuseppe Corallo, as Edgar, who was also heartily applauded. The orchestra is improving. Peroni softened the horns last evening and gave a musicianly reading of the familiar score.

Oct 13 1921

By MAX SMITH.

BEFORE a large and demonstrative audience "Carmen" was sung for the second time at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon, and once more in Italian, save for Arnold Becker, the Zuniga, who confined himself to the French text. There was a new cigar girl in Nina Frascani, wife of Gaetano Tommassini, who also impersonated Don Jose for the first time here. And the twain gave a stirring demonstration of how husband and wife may be artistically at one on the stage.

MME. NINY FRASCANI

A most acceptable Carmen was Mme. Frascani, one time associate, by the way, of Enrico Caruso in Buenos Ayres. And her husband's impassioned delivrey of the Flower Song—a real lover he seemed—evoked a riot of enthusiasm that compelled Carlo Peroni, the temperamental conductor, to bring the performance to a brief halt.

Signor D'Amico replaced Viviano in the role of Escamillo. Madeleine Keltie sang the music of Micaela. Joseph Tudisco as Dancairo, Natale Cervi as Remendado, Luigi Dalle Molle as Morales, Frances Morosini as Frasquita and Anita Klinova as Mercedes completed the cast.

* * *

ANOTHER sold-out house rewarded Fortune Gallo for the evening's performance of "La Boheme," in which Bianca Saroya appeared as Mimi, Giuseppe Agostini (instead of Boscacci) as Rodolfo, Madeleine Keltie as Musetta, Joseph Royer as Marcelio, Pietro de Biasi as Colline, Molle as Schaunard and Natale Cervi as Benoit and Alcindoro. Carlo Peroni officiated again at the baton.

Oct 14 1921

Randall Hargreaves's Singing of English Ballads Enjoyed.

Randall Hargreaves, an English baritone, now resident here, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night before an audience that must have found something to enjoy in his pain English ballads and much to admire in trained oratorio style in an air from Handel. He s yet a young man, for all his white hair, and he began as boy soprano at St. Paul's, London, under Stainer. His light, limpid voice is "very mellow," as Thomas Edison was quoted regarding him, but it was not on this occasion "rch in overtones," as Mr. Edison had said it was.

The singer was most notable for the ense of style, especially the calm, sustained and unforced manner of Schu-rt's "Death and the Malden," in its ginal tongue, or the American Chad-k's "Ballad of Trees and the Mas-r" and old English love songs of Mor-y and others. His French was singularly dry, possibly due to a touch of cold, though Lullys "Bois Epais" was of musical distinction, and there were usual selections from Goring Thomas, d'Hardelot and Franck.

Anna Fitziu Again Sings 'Butterfly.'

Secretary of Labor Davis and Consul General Bernardi of Italy were guests in two opposite stage boxes, marked by American and Italian flags, at the Manhattan last night, when Mr. Gallo's San Carlo company repeated "Madame Butterfly," with part of the proceeds going to the fund for the unemployed. Anna Fitziu again sang the Japanese wife and Graham Marr the Yankee Consul, while the young tenor Corallo took the role of Lieut. Pinkerton with considerable promise, a good-looking big fellow with good vocal material, not under full control. Peroni conducted a naturally smoother ensemble than that of the first week's matinee.

Oct 15 1921

Edna Mampell, Contralto, Sings.

Edna Mampell, possessor of a bell-like contralto voice that she contrives to make the vehicle for delicate shades of expression, gave pleasure to a large audience at Aeolian Hall last evening in a score of songs for which accompaniments were played by C. V. Bos. The singer notably avoided the convention l "organ tone" effects of deep voiced Amazons of old. She sang wholly modern lyrics, in German by Brahms, Strauss and Reger, and in French by Delibes, Duparc, Laparra and Chausson, with a Russian folk s g and ot by Rachmaninoff and Moussorgsky. MacDowell's "Sunrise" and Sarpenter's "Slumber Song" were among her English pieces as were an Irish tune arranged by Fisher and others of Mowrey and Bantock.

Francis Macmillen Plays to Throng.

Francis Macmillen, cited like Schelling, Spalding and other Americans who served as interpreters in the war, and except for two appearances with the National Symphony last season practically unheard here in five years, gave a violin recital last evening, the first of five he plays in New York, that filled the Town Hall to overflowing and left no doubt of the player's welcome. Mr. Macmillen has gained during these silent years in stature as an artist. He played with an authority, sincerity and vigor delightful to observe, assisted at the piano by Richard Hageman in classics of Mozart, Handel and Lalo, as well as fiddler's show pieces by Valentini and Wieniawski and lighter airs of Pierne, Sinding and Arensky.

Oct 16 1921

Three Operas in Day at Manhattan.

Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" was sung to a full house at the Manhattan yesterday among three operas completing the San Carlo Company's third week. The Misses de Phillippe and Mario were applauded as the babes in the wood, guarded by the bobbed-haired angels, who marched to Henry Hadley's baton. Viviano, Miss Carlebois and a new tenor, Remo Andreini, followed in "Pagliacci," led by Edward Lebegott. In the evening, "La Gioconda" was repeated, with Miss Amsden, Messrs. Tommasini, Royer and de Biasi, Mr. Peroni conducting.

By H. T. Finck

Elly Ney Plays Beethoven

Elly Ney, the German pianist, who made her American début on Saturday in Carnegie Hall, is said to be a grand-niece of the great Napoleonic field-marshal. That doesn't prove that she must be a great artist. But the fact that she is on the list of Philharmonic soloists this season does indicate that she must be a somebody, for that list is one not easy to get into. In Germany she is esteemed as one of the leading pianists of the day; like half a dozen others, she has been foolishly called the female Paderewski.

It was not wise for Mme. Ney to devote her whole programme to one composer even though it be Beethoven. Perhaps it was done to emphasize the fact that she, too, was born in Bonn. Punsters have referred to her as a bonnie lassie, and she certainly pleases the eye as well as the ear. From her instrument she evoked lovely tone colors, although Beethoven is not, on the piano, so great a tone-colorist as Chopin and Liszt and others who learned from these two men the subtle use of the sustaining pedal for commingling tones and overtones into ravishing new tints.

On the intellectual side Frau Ney's interpretation of Beethoven's music was also admirable. Her numbers included the "Moonlight" sonata, which owes its popularity largely to a misname not given it by the composer; the "Appassionata," happily so named; the Hammerklavier sonata; "Andante favori," and six variations, opus 34.

These presented a bird's-eye view of Beethoven's genius from start to finish. Technically there was nothing to harass the pianist. More difficult were the problems of interpretation; these she also mastered to the satisfaction and delight of a large audience. A more searching analysis of her style of playing had better be deferred until after her second recital, two weeks hence, when she will play Chopin, Schubert, and Brahms.

Seldom-Heard Violin Number

By H. E. Krehbiel

The first number on the program of the recital given by Josef Stopak in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon piqued (American novelist's English "intrigued") the curiosity of students of violin music. We cannot recall that we ever saw it on a local program before. It was set down thus: "Sonata in G minor, Eccles-Salmon (1670-1742.)"

A natural conclusion from this was that the composer of the piece was Solomon Eccles, or Eagles, a musician who lived in London in the reign of Charles II. He was an eccentric individual with a screw loose in his intellectual apparatus, somewhat larger than is ordinarily found in musical geniuses. He turned Quaker and eased a torturing conscience by burning his music books and instruments and taking up the honorable trade of shoemaking. During the great plague he ran naked through the streets of London town with a brazier of burning brimstone on his head. He went to the West Indies with George Fox in 1671 and a year later to New England, and in the New World seems to have resumed the wicked profession which he had spectacularly renounced when he made a bonfire of its implements on Tower Hill.

But the dates attached to the sonata do not fit him, for he was born in 1618 and died in 1683; moreover, it is not of record that he composed any sonatas. A greater likelihood is that the work which we heard yesterday was written by his son, Henry Eccles, who was a member of the King's Band for sixteen years prior to 1710, when he went to Paris, became a member of the French King's violins, and in 1720 published twelve solos for the violin ("written in the style of Corelli," says Mr. Hadow in Grove's "Dictionary"). He is said to have died in 1742.

If, nevertheless, Solomon Eccles wrote the sonata, some enterprising historian ought to hurry forward with the suggestion that it may possibly be an early example of American music. But whether written in New England or the West Indies by Solomon Eccles, or in Paris by his son, the sonata was well worth hearing, especially its gay and sparkling finale. Mr. Stopak played it, as he did the Saraband (with its variation) and Bourrée, from Bach's solo suite in B minor, like a painstaking scholar who is earnestly reaching out for the laurels of virtuosoship.

In his reading of it, as well as the Bach piece, there entered an awkwardness of cadence due to the fact that he never applied the mordent at the end of a trill. Whether or not in this he was adhering literally to the text of the composer we are not in a position to say. Appeal would have to be made to the original editions of the compositions.

By Deems Taylor

PIANO, VIOLIN AND VOICE.

Elly Ney chose a terrific programme for her first American appearance; not only was it all-Beethoven, but almost all-sonata. There were three—the "Hammerklavier," the "Appassionata," and the "Moonlight," with an Andante and a set of six variations thrown in for good measure.

Beethoven was deaf when he wrote the "Hammerklavier" sonata; to which fact the only comment that suggests itself, to one reviewer at least, is that Beethoven was lucky. If this be treason, make the most of it. Miss Ney, however, played it with deep sincerity and almost too much devotion; for in spots, notably in the adagio sostenuto, she seemed so anxious to avoid doing anything that wasn't Beethoven that she left out all the Ney; and as there isn't enough Beethoven in the adagio to go around, the net result of her self-abnegation was to leave stretches where there wasn't much of anybody. She played the final fugue, however, with tremendous bravura, pouncing upon the fierce trills and scales with electrifying intensity.

The rest of the programme was bet Beethoven and better music and allowed her to reveal herself more clearly. Her technical equipment is almost flawless. She has enormous strength, which she doesn't abuse,

and a compensating delicacy of touch that makes her pianissimi almost soundless. And she knows what a good many pianists don't know—when to keep her foot off the damper pedal. In other words, she can only play a true piano legato without using the pedal to blur the succession of notes.

She plays with great earnestness and without mannerisms; in fact, there were times on Saturday afternoon when she seemed to be playing for her own satisfaction rather than befor ean audience in Carnegie Hall. The only doubtful weapon in her armory is tone, an dthat was greatly handicapped by an instrument whose treble register was almost devoid of resonance and whose bass was barely in tune.

Of her versitility no one can speak as yet. Beethoven is great; but the Matterhorn is not all of the Alps. One thing is certain—she is an artist, extraordinarily well equipped and utterly sincere.

Josef Stopak nearly had to postpone his recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday on account of tonsilitis, but his playing showed no signs of indisposition. This young violinist plays well. His programme began with the Eccles-Salmon Sonata in G minor, written in the eighteenth century, and he played it with a fine serenity and great tonal beauty. He was equally successful in Sinding's A major concerto, especially in the andante movement.

Stopak's phrasing is exceptional; he punctuates more like a singer than an instrumentalist, and very effectively. He is at his best in lyric moments. In rapid passages he is still conscious enough of his technique to allow that consciousness to affect the size of his tone. The rest of his programme included two movements from the Bach B minor unaccompanied sonata, pieces by Granados and Juon, and, for those who like ice cream and fireworks, Wienlawski's Couvenir de Moscou. Charles Harr played the accompaniments, particularly the important piano part in the Sinding concerto, with excellent taste and rhythm.

John McCormack gave his first recital of the season at the Hippodrome last evening, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. It was virtually the first recital by the tenor since his European tour, for, with the exception of one appearance for charity last spring immediately after his return to America, Mr. McCormack has not sung in New York for almost a year. It was said that all the songs on the program were new. Whether any one of them had been sung here before is of little importance. It was their first performance by Mr. McCormack, and he is to be thanked for enlarging his repertoire. Few singers of his widespread popularity are as industrious, as painstaking in providing audiences with variety.

The songs included a serenade from "Rimsky-Korsakoffs "Night in May," Rachmaninoff's "To the Children," Tscherepnin "To Music," Vassilenko's "The Reapers," Phillips's "How Dear to Me the Hour,' Shaw's "The Palanquin Bearers, "Harrison's "On the Beach at Otahai," Russell's "Vale" and four Irish folk songs.

Many of them were pleasing, and one or two especially in the group by Russian composers are valuable additions to the singer's repertoire. Two at least had the merit of genuine distinction. These were "Gioite al Canton Mio," by Jacopo Peri, and "Alma del Core," by Antonio Caldara.

Unfortunately, Mr. McCormack was not at his best. His mastery of singing has often been praised in this journal. But last evening, whatever the reason, his voice was in poor condition, and failed to respond to the demands made upon it. His singing was surprisingly throaty and labored and the singer's repeated resorting to falsetto did not improve matters. Singers are human beings. They have their good and their bad days, but it is a pity when an artist of Mr. McCormack's calibre falls so conspicuously below his usual average of excellence.

DAMROSCH ON WAGNER.

1,600 at Aeolian Hall Hear Lecture on "The Rhine Gold."

Walter Damrosch "on the bench," surrounded by 1,600 musically inclined New Yorkers as "the jury," staged graphically at Aeolian Hall yesterday what he described as "not the 'Return of Peter Grimm' but that of Richard Wagner." Under the spotlight in a darkened hall, Mr. Damrosch gave something like his 1,001st lecture in opening a series on the music dramas of "The Nibelung's Ring." He spoke, like a Scheherazade of Norse mythology, to rapt attention such as had marked the early Wagner enthusiasm of a generation ago in private homes here and at old Daly's Theatre, now vanished as completely as the rainbow bridge to Walhalla.

The speaker, who had played a large part in the first Metropolitan performances of "The Ring," could refer to time's changes in interpretation of "The Rhine Gold," which was yesterday's subject; especially, in a Shavian sense, to some of that prologue's characters as the "proletariat" of the age. Laughter and applause punctuated his remarks, as the full house and stage crowd "assisted" in an informal matinee, while Mr. Damrosch at a grand piano added his persuasive representation of the music of Wagner.

An interruption cocurred when a woman fainted in the balcony. It was late in the lecture, at a point where Mr. Damrosch spoke of the "Curse of Alberich," comparing the Nibelung's primeval role to that of Herr Stinne's in financial reconstruction of his people.

Oct 18 1921

Bronislaw Huberman, Violi[illegible] Art After [illegible]

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall last evening. Mr. Huberman has been absent many years. He appeared here as a juvenile prodigy on November 26, 1896, when he was said to be 16 years old. His best asset at that time was a tone of splendid breadth and quality. He played with dash and enthusiasm and occasionally with genuine warmth. He phrased well and except for an over fondness for detached notes bowed commendably. Such was the record made by the present reviewer in 1896.

Mr. Huberman returns to us in what should be the fullness of his artistic stature. He was heard in a programme which should have disclosed him completely. He played (with Paul Frankel) the "Kreuzer" sonata, Bach's unaccompanied chaconne, the Tschaikowsky concerto and some short numbers.

His playing showed that the foundations of the youthful talent had served for the superstructure of the mature art. The dash, incisiveness, brilliancy and insistence were still there, but coupled with a firmer command of resource. The technic was noteworthy for the skill of the bow in detached notes, the general accuracy of the finger work and the power, if not smoothness, of the tone.

It would be gratifying to add that the readings were such as to command unqualified praise. But there was much surplus of energy in some parts of the Beethoven and effeminacy of sentiment in others. The chaconne was played with such an exhibition of labor that it seemed as if the violinist must break his back and his Bach at the same time. There were some fine moments in this performance, but they were few. The audience recognized the great effort of the violinist and rewarded him with prolonged applause.

SAN CARLO IN "AIDA."

Third Presentation of Well-Known Opera This Season.

"Aida" was presented by the San Carlo Opera Company for the third time this season at the Manhattan Opera House last evening with Marie Rappold in the title role. The cast was virtually the same as on former occasions, with Nina Frascani as Amneris, Gaetano Tommasini as Radames and Gaetano Viviano as Amonasro. Pietro De Biasi was Rsmfis, Natale Cervi the King, Joseph Tudisco a messenger and Anita Klinova the Priestess. Carlo Peroni conducted.

MISS BACON IN RECITAL.

First Fall Appearance at Aeolian Hall Pleases Audience.

Katherine Bacon, a pianist familiar to concert goers of last season, gave her first Fall recital iu Aeolian Hall last night. Miss Bacon is at all times interesting. Her playing is scholarly and true to text. In the more ponderous passages she displayed a fine understanding of technique and pedal work, and a delicacy of shading was developed in her second group of Chopin, though there was frequently a lack of sentiment.

Miss Bacon's program opened with Mozart's "Rondo in A minor," followed by the Brahms "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel," which was presented in brilliant style. The Chopin group and compositions by Ravel, Albeniz, Arenski and Liszt completed the program.

Oct 19 1921

Colored Lights F[illegible] Congregation t[illegible]

A service of lights and shadows was held in old St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie yesterday. It was the first of its kind in New York where lighting devices remindful of the theater have been used in an appeal to the religious emotions of the congregation. The auditorium was packed for the trial of Claude Bragdon's system, which he says will correctly interpret the ritual of the church and in time have greater emotional appeal than music. He prophesied the coming of a "light organ," more sensitive and more effective than the musical instrument now in universal use.

"There is nothing spectacular or revolutionary about this lighting device," Mr. Bragdon said in explaining its purposes to the gathering. "That would be extremely out of place. It is merely a first step toward that new thought of the possibility of light as a medium of expression, the logical outcome of which would be a 'light organ,' an instrument on which an infinite variety of effect in mobile colors could be obtained with an artist at the 'keyboard.'

"You can see that there is nothing spectacular about this, although some expected to see aurora borealis effects. In Montreal the use of this lighting system in churches was described in the newspapers as 'ping prayer and red hymns.' I thing an improvement on this headline would be 'ping prayer for pale people.'

"Our object is to put scientific advancement in the control of light into the service of the church as it has been put into the service of the theater. This is achieved by the use of color mediums, whereby the color and the lights may be controlled, and by the use of dimmers whereby the lights may be raised and lowered by imperceptible gradation. We use a spotlight, with the pulpit as the focal point. The choir may be illuminated independently of the body of the church.

"It is the beginning of a new art of greater power than music to move those subject to it. The time is not far distant when 'light organs' will be as much a part of the church as the musical organ is now. Light symphonies will be played from a printed score and great artists will be developed who will produce a more perfect art of light than the music produced by Mozart and Beethoven. We have been crying for light; for spiritual light, and when that light is vouchsafed us, as we hope it soon will be, music will be inadequate to express our emotions. We will need the new art of light to express our joy."

Mr. Bragdon told of a "light organ" now in course of construction. He described experiments which he has conducted with it in a small concert hall. It is especially designed for buildings which will be constructed solely for the playing of "light" symphonies where the audience may be "bathed in light expressing emotion of which music is incapable."

The "score" for the Episcopal service yesterday morning was largely impromptu. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of the church, conducted a "Service of Love." The operator worked the switches according to his interpretation of the service. During the sermon the blended lights were so dim that a velvety darkness seemed to envelop the congregation.

The lights are concealed in large circular lanterns, designed by Mr. Bragdon. Four are suspended down either side of the church and four are in the back of the auditorium. Two large central lanterns hang in the center.

The direct rays are blue, amber, green and red, subject to many variations and secondary tints. The blue and green rays are the cold, crystalline lights which predominate in the less emotional stages of the service. A warm rose and amber suffsion indicates the rising fervor of the ritual. Violet rays produce a sombre atmosphere. Chancel lights are orked independently of those in the body of the church. The altar and sanctuary are clearly etched by force of contrast.

The general illumination, as explained by Mr. ragdon, is provided by the chandeliers containing reflectors which direct the light downwards, thus giving an "atmosphere of mystery and infinity." Being against the dark background of the wall, they have a mysterious quality entirely different from the ordinary type of chandelier. If desired, the whole interior of the edifice is in darkness with only the altar illuminated by a concealed spotlight. In the same way the precaher may be made to stand out as a solitary figure, while the members of the congregation sit in the shadow of the pews.

Oct 19 1921

Stokowski Leads His Musical Forces in Brahms and Debussy.

It fell to the lot of the Philadelphia Orchestra to usher in the long series of orchestral entertainments with its first concert, which was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. The profound devotion of the conductor, Leopold Stokowski, to Brahms was shown in the selection of that master's Second Symphony to begin the programme. Mr. Stokowski made his first marked impression on local music lovers some years ago by his reading of the C minor, and in each successive season Brahms has been conspicuous in his concerts. The other numbers were Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and a new composition, variations on a Berlioz theme by Walter Braunfels, a German born in Frankfort in 1892.

The variations were first performed by the Berlin Philharmonic under Arthur Nikisch a year ago and had their first hearing in this country in Philadelphia last week. A consideration of them may be made at a later time. At this moment there is doubtless a more general curiosity about the Philadelphia Orchestra and the blond and still young wielder of its baton. Discussion was animated at the close of last season and restless seekers after new gods declared that Mr. Stokowski had ceased to feast on Freia's golden apples.

Last night youth followed where he trod, but the calm contemplation of maturity soothed the fevered brow of ambition. It was a noble orchestra that Mr. Stokowski confronted when he lifted his baton to begin the Brahms symphony, an orchestra increased upon a foundation of ten basses instead of eight as last season, with wood winds doubled and all the players seated in a new distribution. The second violins had been moved over to positions behind the first, while the violas occupied the centre of the stage and the cellos were where the second violins used to be. The wood winds had gone over to the right of the audience and the brasses formed a glittering line in the rear.

Doubtless ears attuned to celestial harmonies heard new combinations of tones and overtones; but the earthly motal must have thought that it sounded much like the old Philadelphia Orchestra, only more so. It was a splendid and inspiring quality of tone that this orchestra produced, and its technical finish showed advance, if anything, over its former glorious achievements.

Brahms temps to philosophical analysis by conductors and every wielder of the sacred stick comes into the world to preach his own Brahminical gospel. Much might be said about Mr. Stokowski's reading, but to what purpose? That he construed Brahms according to his own ideas is a matter of course. What can Brahms do about it? He is dead, and "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—of the dead there is nothing but bones. If a conductor by making his own tempi and his own nuances can clothe the bones with living flesh, then to him the honor and the glory. Mr. Stokowski's orchestra played his reading of Brahms superbly.

But in the performance of the Debussy music there was more finish. It was exquisite. One involuntarily recalled Kipling's reference to the gentleman called Robert Louis Stevenson, "who makes most delicate mosaics in words and files out to the finish of a hair." It was very beautiful, very languorous, very elegant. But perhaps they were hothouse grapes.

By H. T. Finck

Flinging Pots of Paint

Ruskin exercised his lunar-caustic wit on one of the artists of his day by accusing him of flinging pots of paint in the public's face. In music this flinging of pots of paint has long been customary. Orchestral coloring has become the fashion because it is so much easier to learn how to startle the public with brass choirs and drums and shrill wood-winds than by means of genuine melodies, which are increasingly difficult to invent. Most of the modern German orchestral repertory, from Strauss to Schönberg and beyond, is of the paint-pot-flinging order.

A good—that is, bad—specimen of it was played here last night under Leopold Stokowski by the Philadelphia Orchestra, which opened the season in Carnegie Hall. It is called "Fantastic Variations on a Theme by Berlioz," and was composed by Walter Braunfels, who has written two operas and many other things which have made him prominent among German composers of the day. "He has dared," in the words of Lawrence Gilman, "the appalling task of setting to music a text from the tremendous sixth chapter of the Revelation of John, for tenor double chorus and orchestra."

Of a very different order is his set of variations on Berlioz's Song of the Flea, from his "Damnation of Faust." The vulgar humor of the poem is reflected in the music of Berlioz, which afforded but a feeble thread to hang on a heavy orchestral score. Heavy Herr Braunfels's music is; dull, too, and monotonous. It is not worth while attempting to describe a composition so utterly uninspired. One wonders why Mr. Stokowski chose to fling it in his public's face. As an attempt at humorous music, it is a ponderous failure; and it is needless to say that it is much too long.

Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphian [illegible]sicians did more than justice to [illegible]eo-German score.

[illegible] were also much applauded by [illegible]arge audience after the performance of Brahms's second symphony and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," which was most delicately played. The second Brahms symphony seems to be aging, except in its glorious first movement. Mr. Stokowski's rearrangement of the orchestra, with the brasses

n the centre and the violoncelli on he right, was disturbing and secured o audible advantage. There are reasons for the usual arrangement of he orchestral families which cannot e so easily brushed away.

HEAR SWITZERLAND'S SONGS.

Mme. Hugli Heard in Folk Music of Helvetian Republic.

A novel and pleasing form of entertainment was given last night in Aeolian Hall when Mme. Ethel Hugli assisted by Miss Jessamine Harrison-Irvine at the piano gave a "song-lecture" with the folk songs of Switzerland as her subject. The hall was decorated with the national Swiss and American flags and the audience, if not large, was deeply interested.

Mme. Hugli, an American by birth, has spent years in Switzerland, where she has collected the folk songs of the little Helvetian Republic. She said the Swiss are an essentially singing people. Their folksongs vary in language, as is known, according to the country they are near—Italian, French, &c. In one section the original Swiss—the source of various languages of northern Europe—is preserved.

The songs Mme. Hugli sang were of war, love and nature. She delivered them with a pleasing voice and admirable yet simple feeling.. She described the different songs before she sang them and these remarks added greatly to the entertainment.

Ethel Hugli Sings Swiss Folk Songs.

Ethel Hugli, singing under Swiss and American flags at Aeolian Hall last night, and further honored by attendance of Helvetian Republic officials in New York, gave a program of folk songs that carried some hearers back to rare recitals of Mme. Sembrich or Yvette Guilbert. Lyric "wild flowers" of the lips, plaintive even in dance-measure, the tiny tunes were tri-lingual, according to their sources in Italian, French or German-speaking Cantons. Some were quaint soldier songs, such as "Le Soldat Fribourgeois" and "Ticinesi Son Bravi Soldati"; others had faint "Yodel" echoes, recalling the old bellringers.

The singer, an American married abroad, was accompanied by Mrs. J. H. Irvine in a presentation of these songs of Switzerland sustained with pleasant voice and simple explanation of the subjects in English.

MISS LOVELL GOOD IN SOME NUMBERS

If Marion Lovell had been announced as a soprano pure and simple, or even lyric or dramatic, and if she had sung only numbers 11, 12 and 13 of her programme as she sang them at Aeolian Hall, she would have been a great success.

It was her first appearance in New York, and she came as a coloratura. She sings all the coloratura arias," said the advance notices sent by her booking agents from Boston. So she does, it seems; but she should not. Not in public, that is to say, until she has learned to step smoothly up her cadenzas instead of scrambling first and saving her voice for the end. However, she sounds as if she might easily be taught.

In her three good numbers, which were not coloratura arias, her tone seemed to be good from the bottom of her range to the top; she enunciated very well indeed; and her expression of feeling was effective. In the other numbers she was good only in spots.

Her three good numbers in succession, however, were worth hearing. In the Russian folk song arranged by Schindler she flirted in spirited and delighted fashion with the three cavaliers and in particular with the third—"He's not married, yet!" The "Slumber Song," by Gretchaninow, established her diction. And when she sang Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," the tragic grief which she put into the phrase "Ich winde sie nimmer mehr" drew well merited applause.

A Worthy Violinist.

It is refreshing to hear an American violinist of worth these days, when the concert stage is overcrowded with Kochas, Mishels, Josephs and the like from foreign shores, and such is Roderick White, who gave a program in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Marcel Hansotte, pianist.

The first impression one gets of Mr. White is that he is a thorough student. And the impression is strengthened after hearing him play. His style is dignified and convincing, and hs tone broad and grant. His program opened with the Schumann "Sonata in A Minor," in which the piano part was played with artistic feeling by Mr. Hansotte. Henawski's "Concerto in D Minor" and compositions by Handel-Pochon, Kreisler, Chopin-Auer and Ambrosia" and Mr. White's "Spanish Serenade" completed the program.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Faust .....Guiseppe Corallo
Mephistopheles .....Henri Scott
Marguerite .....Sofia Charlebois
Valentine .....Graham Marr
Siebel .....Ada Paggi
Wagner .....Luigi Dalle Molle
Martha .....Anota Klinova
Conductor—Henry Hadley.

fect was not happy. Safia Charlebois, who took the place of Anna Fitziu as Marguerite, and Graham Marr, who was the substitute for Royer as Valentine, gave a creditable if not distinguished rendition of these rôles, but Corallo, who sang instead of Boscacci, was a most uninspired Faust. The performance was redeemed, so far as a single actor could accomplish the feat, by Scott's appearance as Mephistopheles. His acting ws spirited without being overdone, and his singing was worthy of much better support. Crippled as the cast was, there were moments which deserve high praise. OneOne of these was more than a moment. It was the scene in which Marguerite makes her prayers before the church, triumphantly observed by Mephistopheles. The chorus acquitted itself much better than has sometimes been the case. Hadley conducted effectively, although the brass broke away once or twice and drowned out the singing

Oct 20 1921

MISS CASE SINGS

Miss Anna Case gave her annual fall song recital last evening in Carnegie Hall before an audience which plainly adored her. Small blame to any audience for that, for surely if "a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see," then a good look at Miss Case ought to make the whole world happy.

Also it is pleasant to hear her sing. It is no news that she has a beautiful voice, nor will an yone be astonished at reading that she sings with much charm, sometimes with delightful fancy, and not infrequently with serious feeling.

She presented a very well arranged programme last evening. It was not too wide in scope. It contained no songs imposing too great a tax on Miss Case's dramatic powers nor too heavy a demand upon her voice. But it embraced lyrics merry and sad, sportive and reflective, coquettish and melancholy. The young singer moved with ease and confidence through her list and evoked frequent and hearty applause.

In some of her lighter numbers Miss Case indulged in considerable facial play, gesture and pose. Disciples of Mr. Kipling may shake their heads and say, "But is it art?" It may be confessed that acting is out of place in song recital; but neither Miss Case nor any other concert singer can be severely censured for yielding to an insistent public demand which has grown up under the influence of vitiating agencies not necessary to mention.

Perhaps more regrettable was the fact that too often Miss Case's tones were somewhat pinched and that there were a few which (to put it mildly) were beside the pitch. But on the whole she sang pleasingly and earned her laurels, her chrysanthemums and autumn leaves.

Shows Poor Judgment in Opening Program With Group of Lugubrious Classics

Miss Anna Case, in her recital of songs in Carnegie Hall last night, provoked the wish that she had begun her singing with the end or one of the middle groups o fthe program instead of the first group. Appreciation of a laudable desire to do deference to the ancient classics is not a specific somnoleney, and Miss Case compelled her listeners to grow sleepy by administering four peculiarly lugubrious airs and a heavy-hearted Swedish folksong with only a single moment of cheer—that devoted to Bach's "Patron das macht der Wind."

An art much more refined, finished and versatile, a voice much fresher and an emission of tone les tremolant, could alone have justified a succession of such airs as she chose from Lawes, SScarlatti, Boretti and Stradalla. Poor judgment was displayed in their unrelieved jjuxtaposition. It was inevitable that even lovers of seventeenth century music should grow weary and willing to forego the songs which were announced to follow.

GERTRUDE ROSS SCORES.

Phenomenal Contralto Makes Debut at New Tivoli Theatre.

Gertrude Ross, a young American contralto "discovered" by Bill Guard, the voice scout of grand opera, last night made a sensation at the new Tivoli Theatre in Eighth avenue and Fiftieth street, where she is singing nightly under the direction of Jino Allesandri, the orchestral conductor of the new house. Mr. Guard and other musical attaches of the Metropolitan attended last night's performance and gave Miss Ross an emphatic ovation.

Miss Case, in keeping with a day when New York had greeted Italy's General, sang three Italian airs of Scariatti, Boretti and Stradella, all of a single style. These she varied with an old English air of Henry Lawes, a Swedish folksong in its original tongue, and Bach's "Patron, Das Macht der Wind," so mischievously given that it was at once repeated. So was the plea of a captive butterfly in Nerini's "L'Insect Alle," though there was more musical quality in his "C'Est Noel," or in the velvet high note of Weckerlin's "Chantons les Amours de Jean," Moret's "Griserie de Roses" and Debussy's "Nuit d'Etoiles."

"Anhelo," a song of longing, that Miss Case herself wrote to Spanish words, came too late for many hearers, after other groups of Strauss, Schumann and Schubert, Chaminade and John Powell.

Gallo's Singers Heard in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"—Saroya Repeats Former Success.

The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" was again presented at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. Bianca Saroya repeated her former success in the role of Santuzza in the Mascagni opera, in which Agnes Kraemer apeared as Lola, Anita Klinova as Lucia, Menotti Frascoria as Turiddu and Luigi Dalle Molle as Alfio. Edward Lebegott directed the orchestra.

Madaline Keltic gave a pleasing and satisfactory interpretation of the character of Nedda in "Pagliacci," Gaetano Tommasini was Canio, while Gaetano Viviano was the trouble-making Toni aud Nicola D'Amico and Joseph Tudisco were Silvio and Beppo respectively.

Carlo Peroni conducted.

Oct 21 1921

'Marche Francaise' Is a Feature of Mr. Damrosch's First Programme.

The Symphony Society began its series of orchestral concerts yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Roger-Ducasse's "Marche Francaise," the Tschaikowsky violin concerto and Rachmaninov's second symphony. The solo violinist was Paul Kochanski. It was a solemn programme, holding the auditor in sober mood from beginning to end. It was refreshing on leaving the hall to find that the sky had cleared, the sun was shining and the breeze was fresh and invigorating.

War music seems to be the principal industry of French music manufacturers just now. And they make it in the most poignantly modern style, with all those strange scales, those chords that used to be discords till the new harmony laid down the principle that anything that will sound at all sounds right, and those wails and snarlings of instruments which fill the soul of the contemporaneous masters of score with thrills indescribable.

Roger-Ducasse has written a patriotic march, dedicated to Clemenceau and Foch, and presented as his entire programme "Calm of Peace—Call to Arms." Some other more helpful, though anonymous, authority has supplied a whole story of soldiers marching gaily down the Avenues des Champs Elysees (presumably toward the Strassbourg statue) and then the sudden outbreak of the clangor of war, the lull of a momentary belief that it cannot be true, and then the trumpeting and bass drumming of the veritable thing.

It is as good a programme as any other. The music is genuinely French of to-day. It is crowded with deliberately made effects, distortions introduced to escape the obvious, uglinesses paraded, like the celebrated blue tomato of Matisse, because they are unreal and polyphony amazingly entangled in the labyrinth of its own inconsequence. But when all is ended the hearer realizes that there has been neither much uoint nor counterpoint.

The hard worked Tschaikowsky concerto had a sad time of it till the first movement was finished because Md. Kochanski's violine declined to stay in tune. The other two movement went better, but the young Pole has played better than he did yesterday. Doubtless the troubles of that first movement disturbed his eyuanimity.

Rachmaninov's second symphony is well known to the more determined music lovers. It is a very fine composition, but much given to lamentation. When it occupies a leading plac in a symphony programme it suggests urgent need of a little Mendelssohn as relief. The work was smoothly performed, and on of those who heard it was the distinguished composer himself.

As for the orchestra, it need not be discussed now. It looked like the orchestra of last season. There were very few changes. It sounded the same and that is a good hearing, as the Scots say. Father Damrosch, benign, paternal, amiable and smiling, received the cordial welcome of a large audience, and hearty applause when he brought down his baton for the last chord.

FOUR MUSICAL RECITALS.

Illingworth, Ganthier, Akimoff, Naier and Pattison Heard.

At the Town Hall yesterday Nelson Illingworth, Australian basso, with Coenraad Bos at the piano, held the profound attention of a large audience by his singing,as is his wont of German lieder in English. His remarkable understanding of text was again a feature of his art.

In the evening at the same hall Mme. Eva Ganthier sang a varied programme of new modern songs and gave pleasure by the exotis color of her style and fine phrasing.

At the Aeolian Hall in the afternoon Messrs. Maier and Pathson appeared in one of their brilliant two piano recitals. Among the noveities in their list was one by Bax called "Moy Mell," which had modern style. Bach's C minor concerto the two pianists were accompanied by the Durrell String Quartet, a new musical body here composed of young women with Miss Josephine Durrell, first violin. The quartet's contribution was conscientious but without distinction.

At Carnegie Hall in the evening Alexander Akimoff, a bass from the Petrograd opera, made his first American appearance in a varied and interesting list of operatic airs and songs. He disclosed a rich powerful voice, which he used with dramatic effect in the aperatic selections but with little finesse in the songs. His audience was large.

A Very Great Vocal Artist

Since Maurice Renaud moved his audiences to tears by his emotional and infinitely tender singing of the song of the Christ Child from Massenet's "Juggler of Notre Dame," nothing quite so thrilling in the way of dramatic song has been heard here as Nelson Illingworth's rendering, in the Town Hall yesterday, of Loewe's "Erlking." Were it always sung that way, Löewe's setting of Goethe's poem would be as popular as Schubert's. Like Renaud, like Calvé, like Farrar, Illingworth knows how to act with his voice. There was little gesture or change of facial expression, but with his voice alone, subtly modulated in consonance with the changing words, he hypnotized his hearers like a Hindu magician till they felt as if they actually saw and heard the frightened child in the consoling father's arms as he rides at midnight unable to see the ghost which lures the child to its death. It was one of the most wonderfully perfect things heard here in years and the audience was correspondingly enthusiastic.

The same rare art was brought to bear by Mr. Illingworth on Schubert's fourteen Swansongs which opened the recital—songs that are rarely heard, because with all their melodic simplicity they are emotionally far beyond nineteen of every twenty public singers. In "My Abode" (Aufenthalt) the singer achieved as great a triumph as in the "Erlking." He also sang modern songs by Strauss, Moussorgsky, and Sinding, winding up with Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," which Mr. Illingworth sings as effectively as Plançon or Chaliapin. He is a very great artist. His art has often been compared to Ludwig Wüllner's, but he has a better voice.

While he had only two ultra-modern songs in his programme, there was another singer in the same hall, in the evening, who has for some years made a specialty of the latest lyric products, introducing novelty after novelty, about a hundred of which would furnish forth as much music as a single one of Shubert's lieder. Eva Gauthier is this singer's name. She seems to have quite a following, and sometimes she sings quite well, which is rather surprising, because the kind of vocal music she specializes in is usually very unkind to the voice. The most interesting number on her list last night was Henrietta's "Song to the Lute," partly because it was agreeable to the ears and partly because it occurs in Korngold's opera, "The Dead City," which is to be produced in a few weeks at the Metropolitan.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Barber of Seville," by members of the San Carlo Opera Company.

The Cast.

Count Almaviva .....Romeo Boscacci
Bartolo .....Natale Cervi
Rosina .....Josephine Lucchese
Basilio .....Pietro de Biasi
Figaro .....Joseph Royer
Bertha .....Edith Mackie
Fiorello .....Joseph Tudisco
Conductor.....Carlo Peroni

Mr. Illingworth can not take rank with the prime singers now before the public. His voice is uneven in quality—raucous in its low portion; colorless in the high notes; but not without charm in its middle register.

American Defence Society Protests Gadski's Concert

The following protest against Mme. Johanna Gadski's scheduled return to the American concert stage at Carnegie Hall on October 30 was received by THE NEW YORK HERALD yesterday:

"TO THE EDITOR: We understand that the American Legion and various other patriotic societies feel concerned at a concert being announced to be given by Mme. Gadski at an early date, with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of which Josef Stransky is leader. We agree with those societies who deprecate the desirability of any countenancing of the proposed concert by Americans.

"AMERICAN DEFENCE SOCIETY."

The American Defence Society, of which Elon H. Hooker is chairman, bases its protest on stories current in 1916 and 1917, before Mme. Gadski's departure from the Metropolitan Opera, regarding her attitude toward the United States. It was then reported, and always denied by her, that at a dinner given by her in her home New Year's eve 1915, Otto Goritz, German barytone, sang a parody making sport of the sinking of the Lusitania.

Her husband, Capt. Hans Tauscher, agent of the Krupps in this country, was tried on a charge of conspiracy to blow up the Welland Canal and was acquitted. He was among the Germans who left the United States with Count von Bernstorff when diplomatic relations were broken.

Mme. Gadski continued to sing at the Metropolitan until April 14, 1917, when in "Tristan und Isolde" she made her last appearance. Her coming concert will be the first time she has sung here in public since then. She has arranged for it herself by renting Carnegie Hall and engaging the Philharmonic. Circulars sent out by S. Hurok's Musical Bureau, 47 West Forty-second street, announce an all Wagner programme, including selections from "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Die Walkuere" and "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Hurok said no protests had come to him.

At the office of the American Defense Society it was said that a good many letters deploring the concert had been received, notably one from Ralph P. Ross, treasurer of the Charity Organization Society of Paterson, N. J., who lost a son in the war.

Inquiry by this newspaper indicates that none of the other New York organization from which, iw anywhere, action might be expected, have registered disapproval. The American Legion has done nothing and expects to do nothing about the concert. William F. Deegan, first vice-commander of the State organization, said:

"We have received some letters. Two came in this morning. But the legion has important work on hand, such as finding jobs for ex-service men and looking out for the disabled, which will keep us busy. We are not censors of public entertainment. If the public wishes to hear Mme. Gadski it is none of the legion's affair as an organization. Possibly certain individual posts may make a protest, but I have not heard of any having done so."

Josef Stransky, Philharmonic conductor, said: "This has nothing to do with me. The directors made the engagement for the concert while I was in Europe and I am merely doing what I am directed to do."

An attempt was made to rent the Metropolitan Opera House for Mme. Gadski's concert, but it was found to be unavailable.

New York Symphony Concert

Three days ago the orchestral concert season was opened by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and yesterday Mr. Damrosch's first symphony concert took place at Carnegie Hall; so a season which a few months ago threatened to be without orchestras, thanks to musical union troubles, is now in full swing, with the same orchestras, the same men in the usual places, the same programmes—or very nearly so. With Mr. Damrosch this means, as a rule, a French novelty, and yesterday's programme presented one by Roger-Ducasse, a "Marche Française," which was not a march at all, but a symphonic poem.

At the first brightly effective measures of Mr. Ducasse's composition one felt like exclaiming that here at last was a modern French composition which had eschewed the vagueness of the present day French school, but it soon lapsed into the usual routine of endless unrelated sounds. According to the programme notes these indicated the calm of peace at first, then the call to war. A slight quotation from the noble Marseillaise, the sharp ruffle of snare drums and the squealing of fifes—and a great deal of noise—these were its main characteristics. It would be wiser if the pigmies of today did not try to put France, the France of the great war, into tones. Not even the mightiest of the great composers could have accomplished the task.

The violinist Paul Kochanski gave a finished performance of Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, playing the canzonetta with particular charm, and the concert ended with a good performance of Rachmaninoff's well-known second symphony.

By MAX SMITH.

WALTER DAMROSCH, second in line of conductors among whom, only the other day, Leopold Stokowski took the lead, started the season of his New York symphony yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with a novelty—a thrilling work by Roger-Ducasse entitled "Marche Francaise."

With a dash and energy that took his admirers by surprise, he wielded the baton as if he were fighting the battle anew to make the world safe for democracy. And his valiant cohorts, more efficient, it seemed, than ever, met every one of his commands with inspiring eagerness and elan. More devoted, surely, the French soldiery could hardly have been to their Marshal Foch, to whom, as also to the Tiger Clemenceau, the new score was dedicated.

The composition is a tone-poem, and obviously so, bearing the dates 1916 to 1920, and the sub-titles: "French March—Calm of Peace—Call to Arms." Elaborately orchestrated, with a sarrusophone and a military drum to add realism to the strenuous ensemble, it illustrates the onmarch of the troops, the calm before the storm and the final victorious struggle.

Ominous rumblings, roars, blares, crashes, the screaming of woodwind, the buzzing of strings, the fanfares of trumpets create an unholy yet well-ordered din hardly less earsplitting than the famous battle of Strauss's "Heldenleben," and the brazen proclamation of a phrase from the "Marseillaise," "Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!" remind the listener what it is all about.

Tame in comparison sounded Tschaikowsky's violin concerto, which came next in order. But Paul Kochanski, making his first appearance of the season as soloist of the occasion, played his part well, impressing his auditors with his straightforward musicianship and the warm appeal of his tone, although he was technically not at his best.

Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2 in E minor brought the matinee to an impressive close.

Oct. 22 1921

By MAX SMITH.

LYELL BARBER, American-born and American trained, made a propitious debut yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a gathering of appreciative listeners. Barely beyond his teens, to judge from his looks, though thoroughly versed in the mechanics of the keyboard, he claimed modestly enough, but convincingly, a place among the most promising of the younger native pianists.

That Barber is by no means a novice was quite clear. Without the experience gained by public appearances in the West he could hardly have faced a New York audience with so much assurance and polse. His playing is clean-cut and direct; his touch crisp and sensitive. Outstanding features of his facile technique are the fleetness of his fingers and the resiliency of his wrists.

As an interpreter of music Barber is still immature. There were times yesterday when he hardly penetrated below the surface. In Chopin's Fantasy in F minor, for example, he was far beyond his depth. His performance had glibness, but little more. To Tausig's Etude de Concert, on the other hand, he did full justice, as also to Nerini's "Ronde des Lutins," which he was asked to repeat.

His programme embraced the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Mozart's Sonata in C minor, a Nocturne and Polonaise by Chopin, Sgambati's "Melodie Poetique," opus 36 and the Pabst's Paraphrase on Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin."

Lyell Barber, pianist, was heard in a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. After the prelude and fugue in A minor of Bach as transcribed by Liszt the young artist played Mozart's sonata in C minor. Chopin was represented by a polonaise, nocturne and fantasia. The other composers who contributed to the programme were Tausig, Sgambati, Nerini and Pabst.

Mr. Barber proved to be a player whose chief merits were smoothness and fluency. He possessed accuracy of finger work and a tone generally normal, though little varied. In respect of interpretative enlightenment he had not much to offer.

Miss Ethel Grow Appears at Town Hall and Miss Helena Marsh in Aeolian Hall

If it were necessary to do more than deprecate the fact that such singers as Miss Ethel Grow and Miss Helena Marsh had yielded to the desire to give song recitals in New York, it would probably be necessary to analyze their artistic shortcomings, which are great, as judged by the standard which ought to prevail in the concert rooms of the metropolis. But neither the ladies nor their friends, nor the general public, would profit by the discussion. It would not even act as a deterrent on the scores of singers who will follow in their errant footsteps between now and next June. In behalf of Miss Grow, who sang in Town Hall, it might be said that her gift of voice, and of Miss Marsh, who held forth in Aeolian Hall, that her youthful enthusiasm, deserved to be paired with better understanding of the fundamental principles of song than either of them disclosed—better undersanding and riper capability.

Miss Ethel Grow, contralto, gave her first song recital here last evening at Town Hall. She is an American artist who comes from the West. She sang Beethoven's "The Praise of God," airs by Handel and other numbers with a certain knowledge of routine performance, but without any marked purity of style or finished diction. Her powerful voice, no longer in its first freshness, has evidently seen much service, but there was some dramatic quality, also effective use of it, especially in the lower register.

Lyell Barber, a young American pianist, made his first appearance in New York at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Evidences of unusual talent and excellent training were immediately disclosed in the first number on the program, Liszt's arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor. Mr. Barber's touch is agreeable. It has both mellowness and strength. He has a fine mastery of technique as well as interpretative intelligence and taste. Included in his program were Mozart's Sonata in C minor, a Polonaise, Nocturne and Fantaisie by Choppin and lighted pieces by Tausing, Sgambati and Nerini.

Miss Helena Marsh, contralto, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. The singer was formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company, but has lately determined to seek for more exclusive laurels in the exacting field of the platform. She was heard last evening by an audience of unusual size and brilliancy.

The programme embraced old Italian airs, old Scotch songs, lyrics from Scandinavia and Russia, French songs not only by French composers but also one by Mrs. Townsend, an American composer, and other numbers. It was an exacting list.

The contralto suffered somewhat from nervousness in the early part of the vening, an dthis gave rise to some difficulty in keeping tones steady. But in spite of this Miss Marsh succeeded in winning much applause, and flowers were thrown from the boxes for her delivery of the old Scotch song "Turn Ye to Me." This young singer possesses a voice of excellent natural quality.

Lyell Barber, Young Pianist, Pleases

Lyell Barber, a young Lochinvar from the West, where he was born in Bloomington, Ill., and has appeared these two years as a pianist in Chicago and with orchestra in Minneapolis, held a first New York audience's attention at his matinee recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. He has fluent and accurate finger technique, his impetuosity restrained, however, by an idealist's reverence for the classics, which as yet he hesitates—like the first restorers of Greek statuary—to color with individual fancy. Mr. Barber gave pleasure in a sonata of Mozart in C minor and the Bach-Liszt A minor fugue. He played a little Chopin, more showy concert pieces by Tausig, Sgambati and others, and proved his Russian training with Lhevinne in the "Eugene Onegin" paraphrase of Tchaikovsky-Pabst.

Oct 21 1921

By Deems Taylor

ENTER KOCHANSKI.

Walter Damrosch wasted no time in preliminaries at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon when the New York Symphony Orchestra played its first concert of the fiscal year. To usher in the brand new season he had his men play a brand new piece—a "Marche Francaise," by Roger-Ducasse. It is a march only by reason of the fact that it is written in 2-4 and 4-4 time; in reality it is rather a concert overture or a short symphonic poem.

The opening steps briskly enough, with shiny brass fanfares, much strutting in the strings and incidental small quarrels among the woodwind. The pace slackens and a second theme appears, broad and pensive, rising through the brass clarinet, the celli, the flute and the strings. A pistol shot roll on the snare drums interrupts all this; the horns begin a frantic "ostinato" bell-figure; trumpets and trombones call "Aux armes, citoyens!"—and the trouble starts. From this point on we have battle music of the usual sort—that is, the string players are visible, frantically and inaudibly sawing their heads off while the brass and cymbals have it all their own way.

Harmonically the new work leans to the whole-tone system, but not pedantically, and there are more tunes in it than is usual in pieces of this sort. It is frankly "occasional" music, as journalistic as a communique; but it is at least music and has its moments. The composer dedicated it to Foch and Clemenceau. The Marshal should like it immensely, but the Tiger might read German propaganda in an overfrank reminiscence of Tristan near the end.

The outstanding figure of the afternoon was Paul Kochanski, who played the Tschaikowsky Concerto with the orchestra. He is curiously hard to discuss. His technique is not flawless, and yet to say even that of the man is unfair; for so utterly does he make it a means to an end, to the making of music, that only when he makes a slip is one conscious of his technique at all. He made the concerto a thing of brave beauty, with moods of triumph and unutterable tenderness. Here is a man. His playing, his personality are marked by the proud humility that is the sign of the real interpreter. One concerto does not make a repertory; it is impossible to say how far he goes. But he is probably a great artist.

Throughout the afternoon Mr. Damrosch's men acquitted themselves well. The "Marche Francalse" had a really brilliant performance. If the brass sang a bit too fervently, they sang in tune at any rate. The programme ended with Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony. The composer himself came in to hear it and sat modestly downstairs (in U15 to be exact), obviously hoping not to be noticed. There must have been traitors in the box office, though, for Mr. Damrosch swooped down upon him at the end and dragged him up to the platform to be cheered by audience and orchestra alike.

MAIER AND PATTISON

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison played musical gaiety and intelligent happiness yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall as if they felt that way themselves.

As they played a Bach-Bauer Fantasia and Fugue in A minor on their two pianos at the same time, the music might well have been the feeling of a man who attempts to tell someone else in words just how he feels, then recognizes the futility of the attempt, presents a platitude in a mocking instructive tone and sets out for a walk in autumn sunshine with a cool breeze blowing on him.

Let it be a man who has had many pleasures of all kinds in his life, and under the influence of his present feeling, it them rise out of his memory again to please him in complicated patterns. As he steps along, let him have the impression at times that he could take six league strides if he wished; or that his fingers could skip and run separately; or that he would like to toss huge boulders and uproot trees in play. This is the mood in which high-spirited armies are led to imaginary victories and mythologies are written. And this mood in a high degree, emerged from the fantasia as Messrs. Lee and Pattison played it.

The remainder of the programme was equally well interpreted, against an unobtrusive background furnished at times by the Burrel String Quartet. Two "Jeux de Plain Air" by Jacques-ferre were particularly well played and well interpreted. In formal passages of formal movements, the tone was rough enough in spots to support a suspicion that these two young men do not care so much for formal music. Blame them for it if you wish. They are good.

Australian Singer Wins A Respectful Hearing

Nelson Illingworth, a tall, lanky Australian baritone who looks strikingly like a younger Abraham Lincoln, was respectfully listened to while he gave a song recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. The respect was not given because of the beauty of his voice.

He seems to have only two tones in his lower middle register that are mellow and expressive and the remainder of his voice is less than commonplace, but his appearance and his facial interpretations rivet attention.

He is so tall that he could sit comfortably on the edge of the concert piano without raising his toes off the platform. And when he sings, he raises his eyebrows, and frowns and smiles, and registers complex emotions in the manner of the movie screen or the melodrama.

When he sings a tender passage he throws back his head, raises his eyes and looks entreatingly down his nose. In Heine's "By the Sea," he interpreted the phrase "beyond the dim horizon" by furling bushy eyebrows close down over peering eyes and striking a forward attitude, with rigid arms in a position which would just fit the opening swing with a farm scythe.

Nevertheless Mr. Illingworth did not seem ridiculous. Perhaps it was because he looked so much like a younger Abraham Lincoln; or perhaps because he was so naively in earnest. Only a few applauded him, but all watched with interest.

Oct 23 1921

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS.

Damrosch Gives a Symphony Feast —Other Musical Events.

The Symphony Concerts for Children, latest and "youngest" among the various series conducted by Walter Damrosch with the orchestra of the Symphony Society, began a fifth season yesterday morning in Aeolian Hall, which was filled at 11 A. M. with eager boys and girls, suggesting the "shining morning face" of the lad in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

Mr. Damrosch set before these "scouts" of future music a classic feast of wood-wind melody, Beethoven's Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony, his trio for oboes and English horn, flute airs from "Carmen" and "Orpheus," of the polished French school, with others for clarinets from Lalo's "King of Ys" and Liszt's "Tasso," and for the melancholy bassoon in "Midsummer Night's Dream." There will be two more of the children's mornings before Christmas, and a fourth and final one in March.

The Commonwealth Centre gave an evening of Hungarian folksongs and dances by young people of the First Magyar Church, in East 116th Street, as the first of its "national" benefit performances at the Town Hall last night.

At Carnegie Hall, Cecil Arden, soprano of the Metropolitan, headed an evening program of Ionic Lodge of Free Masons.

Christiaan Kriens, well known as a leader of orchestra and chorus, gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall last night, assisted by Francis Moore in a sonata of Handel and manuscript pieces of his own.

SAN CARLO OPERA ENDS.

Four Weeks' Receipts at Manhattan Reach About $130,000.

With two crowded performances of "Carmen" and "Trovatore," in which Miss Ferrabini and Mr. Tomasini respectively sang the title rôles, the San Carlo Company closed its month of opera at the Manhattan yesterday afternoon and night. Many of those attending had subscribed through the four weeks here, and there were intimations that a much longer subscription series of popular opera may be offered next season.

Fortune Gallo, for nine seasons the company's director, said the receipts in New York would figure about $130,000. Casual observers admitted the record would approach six figures, as the Hammerstein house has a capacity at popular prices of between $20,000 and $30,000 a week. More than $5,000 was received at single performances of "Forzo del Destino," "Trovatore," "Aida" and the double bill, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Three benefit performances marked the engagement here, materially aiding the fund for orphans of Italian soldiers, the local Home for the Blind and, on Thursday last, the Italian Hospital, an occasion distinguished by the presence of General Armando Diaz. The 120 singers and staff, leaving today, will open their tour at Quebec tomorrow in the presence of Gov.-Gen. Byng.

Oct 24 1921

Gruenberg's Prize Music Given by Symphony Players

By H. E. Krehbiel

An audience in attendance on the first Sunday afternoon concert for this season of the Symphony Society heard a "prize composition" in Aeolian Hall yesterday. It was a symphonic poem entitled, "The Hill of Dreams," and in writing it Mr. Louis Gruenberg was awarded with a fee of $1,000 by Mr. Harry Harkness Flager in the recommendation of an admirably competent board of judges. Under the circumstances we may assume that it is a fair illustration of the creative capacity of the composers who are resident in America to-day. To that extent it is American, and to that extent only, for to attempt to find in the music anything distinctively national, anything in any manner racy of the soil, would be futile. It's matter ad manner, its contents and expression are like those which would have been expected by the judicious observer, had the composition borne an English, French or Italian hallmark. Its language was that which the young toilers up Olympus are making the world over, when, in what they would have us believe are 'dreams and visions" they try to tell us of 'things that no gross ear can hear."

Memories of Green Hill

With a continence for which we feel grateful, Mr. Gruenberg, though following in the footsteps of the programatists, refrains from telling us what it is to which he sought to give expression. The subject was suggested to him, he says, by memories of a green hill far away in the outskirts of Vienna, where on in his student days he used to lie, "listening to the faint, elusive harmonies of the wind and dreaming, always dreaming." The hill became to him symbolic of youth's hopes and aspirations, and to these he tried to give musical utterance. Fit subjects these for musical expression—a program with which no one will wish to cavil. But hopes and aspirations, like everything that may be set down as the poetic content of a musical composition, merit expression in plastic ideas—in musical thoughts in themselves beautiful, in themes which burgeon and blossom under the dew and warmth of creative imagination.

Such themes are growing more and more rare as the composers of to-day pursues the things which can be reached by sheer mastery of ingenuity and skill in the technics of the art—especially in the use of instrumental color. Therein lies the originality, if not the excellence, of much of the music which has of late come out of "progressive" Italy.

Mr. Greenberg sometimes dreams ingratiatingly under the influence of the murmurs which wakened tender memories in the mind of Siegfried when he lay on a hillock under the branches of a tree in the forest—the hum of insects, the twitter of birds and voices of the mysterious creatures that lurk under gnarled roots and mossy recesses. Then he dreams loudly, like the crack of doom, with shriek of trumpet and boom of drum and rattle of hard sticks against resonant blocks of wood.

The transitions are sometimes gradual, sometimes sudden; the music drops from a din to sounds that woo the ear, or grows from a screen song to a honific din. So there is plenty of contrast in dynamics—plenty of contrast, too, in color—a plenitude, too, of ingenious and fanciful workmanship. But the beautiful and pugnant idea—for that we reach out in vain. It is a "kind of excellent dumb discourse," for through the music sounds wo cannot find meaning in it, beauty of thought, beauty of logical exploitation, growth, blossoming fruitage. The composer was rewarded with applause which brought him to the platform. We fear that he, Mr. Flagher, the public and the art of music have already received all the reward which the composition will bring them.

String Quartet Given

The concert began with a performance of the theme and variations from Beethoven's String Quartet in A, Op. No. 5, and ended with a performance of Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. Mr. Damrosch did not attempt the experiment, sometimes made with string quartets, of invoking the aid of the double basses as well as the violoncellos. He merely substituted choirs for the four solo instruments which were in the composer's intention. Performances of this character are common enough. They raise esthetic questions in the minds of musicians, but do not disturb the multitude of concertgoers, by whom they are always accepted gratefully when the music is beautiful and the performance good. This was the case yesterday, but the loss of the distinctive element in chamber music, the individual utterance of the various instruments, the characteristic proclamation, the elasticity—must have been deplored by every lover and knower, especially by every pratitionr of chamber musii present.

De Luca, Mina Elman and Piastro at Hippodrome

Giuseppe de Luca, the Metropolitan barytone; Mina Elman, soprano, and Mishel Piastro, violinist, were the soloists at the Hippodrome Sunday evening concert. Miss Elman sang the aria "Pace, Pace, mio Dio," from Verdi's "Forza del Destino," and shorter songs by Mozart, Haydn and Bemberg. In the softer passages her voice was clear and pleasant, but it became strained and metallic when loud or dramatic singing was required. Still, the audiencedidnot seem to mind this and was eager for encores.

Mr. De Luca and Mr. Piastro gave pleasing performances. Mr. Piastro's tone was generally good, while his technique was finished, dealing skillfully with the rapid runs and profuse double stops of Wieniawski's Fantasie on "Faust." He also played Auer's arrangement of "Eli Zion" and Sarasate's "Gypsy Airs," with Schubert's "Ave Maria" among the encores. Mr. De Luca gave especial pleasure with the aria "Dio Possente," from "Faust," and "Visions Fugitives," from Massenet's "Herodiade," closing with "Largo al factotum," from "The Barber of Seville." His voice was of its usual quality, powerful and dramatic in the first two numbers, while Figaro's aria was a spirited finale. Francesco Longo played the piano accompaniments.

Nyiregyhazi in Recital

Erwin Nyiregyhazi gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall in a program of Liszt, Chopin, Grieg, Tschaikowsky and Schubert. As before, his playing was fiery and expressive, sometimes violent, marked by extensive use of the pedal and preference for the bass clef; a style, however, well adapted to the sonorous Liszt and Chopin numbers to which he wisely devoted the greater part of the program. In the Schubert A flat impromptu, however, Mr. Nyiregyhazi showed that he could play with much smoothness and delicacy when he so wished.

Miss Morini Warmly Greeted

Miss Erika Morini gave her first recital of the season last evening at Carnegie Hall. The justly celebrated young violinist was warmly greeted by a large audience. The chief number on her program was Saint-Saen's Concerto in B minor, and there were pieces by Thome, Brahms, Mozart and other composers.

If Merle Alcock only had the interpretative equipment of an Elena Gerhardt what could she not have accomplished with the lieder of Schubert and Franz that opened her programme yesterday afternoon in Town Hall!

She sang the music of those two masters well, with Kurt Schindler as her coadjutor at the piano. But somehow she failed to stir the pulses of her auditors.

In the less consequential contributions that followed—in John Prindle Scott's "The Old Road," for instance, which distinctly verges on the banal, she seemed more at home. And here, too, there was more spontaneity of feeling and warmth in her voice of resonant velvet.

Is not this voice, by the way, a mezzo rather than a contralto? And would not some of her songs have been heard to better advantage in higher keys?

By Richard Aldrich.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

The New York Symphony Orchestra began its series of Sunday concerts yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where the audience was such as has heard these concerts in that hall for the last nine seasons—an audience that filled the hall and that showed ample appreciation for an excellent performance. The orchestra never sounded finer in its quality of tone, and has not often played better than it did yesterday, or so well. There seemed to be an immediate result here of the conflict that was carried on last season, and after the season closed, in regard to the number and duration of rehearsals. The issue of that conflict was fortunately on the side of artistic rectitude, in that it makes possible panistaking and thorough preparation of the concerts, and hence finely finished and artistic performances. This, as Mr. Flagler declared last Spring, is the only sufficient reason that exists for "subsidizing" a concert orchestra; and it means the maintenance of standards that no lover of orchestral music could see lowered without a feeling of dismay.

Yesterday's program comprised the andante and variations from Beethoven's string quartet in A. Op. 18, No. 5; a symphonic poem, "The Hill of Dreams," by Louis Grünberg, that won the Flagler prize of $1,000, and César Franck's symphony in D minor.

Mr. Grünberg is an American citizen of Russian birth, 37 years old, who received his musical training in Vienna and Berlin, and who has produced a number of compositions, including a prize-winning "Scene de Ballet," for piano, an opera, a symphony, a string quartet, a piano concerto, a violin surte. All this experience did not seem to be embodied in the symphonic poem played yesterday. The piece is somewhat diffused and has not all the concentration, the feeling for form, however free, that should result in the most effective and most convincing presentation of the composers' ideas.

He is not lacking in ideas of an engaging sort; he has something to say not without individuality and a paternal accent. His piece is imaginative, with only the suggestion of a program; the "Hill of Dreams" being the memory of a real hill that he knew in his student days, recalling blue skies, warm sunshine and upland air and symbolical to him now of the hopes and aspirations of youth. There is something of this youthful and buoyant quality in the music. Mr. Grünberg has not sought to follow in any of the most modern paths, either in this dramatic invention or in his feeling for harmony. The influences to which he has been submitted are of an elder sort, and will recall Wagner or sometimes Strauss.

But there are many unskillful passages in the orchestration; a good deal that is cloudy, thick and rough. There are pages in the music that are of confused and uncertain effect. It is a pity, for orchestration is commonly supposed to be one of the things that can be taught and can be learned; and there are young men with less to say than Mr. Grünberg who can say it more effectively and with at least the air of more authority. The composition was cordially applauded; the composer was called to the platfrom to acknowledge it, and recalled.

The performance of Franck's symphny was an unusually fine one, in which the spirit of the music was recaptured, giving it eloquence. It was rich in orchestral color and resonance, finished in detail. Mr. Damrosch conducted with much zeal. The movement from Beethoven's quartet seemed unnecessary; there are orchestral pieces might be played. And then, the performance was not quite so finished as to justify the playing by a string orchestra of what was meant for a string quartet.

Oct 25 1921

English and American Performers in Recitals.

Two violinists were heard here yesterday. Harold Berkley, a young English performer, gave his first recital in this country at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. He played two concertos, one by Bach and Wieniawski's second, Reger's unaccompanied B minor prelude and fugue, an dsome other pieces, all well selected to show comprehensively his artistic powers.

He is a well trained violinist, with a bowing full of spirit and a tone if without great body or much sensuous warmth yet of good quality. In the Bach music he showed understanding of classic style and in that of Wieniawski a reliable technic and appreciation. His intonation was always delightfully accurate. Altogether he gave the impression that he knew what he was about, and he was able to hold interest even without high lights.

In the evening at Town Hall Michel Gusikoff, a former concert master of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, who gave a recital here a year ago played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (its third hearing thus far this season), first, fourth and fifth movements; Tartini's "Devil's Trill," arranged by Kreisler, and shorter works. He showed good feeling, poetic sentiments and frequently a lovely tone. His technical ability and elegance were insufficient in some of the more difficult passages, but there was always good taste.

MISS SCHILLIG IN SONGS.

Soprano Gives Recital and Shows Advancement in Art.

Miss Ottilie Schillig, who gave a recital of songs yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, had already made herself known as a singer of good qualities. Her entertainment effaced none of the pleasant memories of previous seasons, but suggested that she was unacquainted with the acoustic properties of the auditorium. She gave much more voice than was required most of the time and thereby dimished the variety and color of her tone.

It is a pleasure to listen to a soprano who has such a full, resonant voice, so well produced, as a rule, and so marked in its individuality. Technically Miss Schillig was commendable when she was first heard here, and she has made improvement. She has advanced more slowly in the interpretive field. She shows inteligence and sentiment, but she has not yet mastered the art of imparting eloquence to every song by the use of subtle nuance.

Her programme calls for no special comment. It contained good songs, but made no revelations. Conrad Bos, accompanist of every day, was at the piano and bestowed some of his best art on the accompaniments. The audience was one of size and warmth of approval.

Edmond Clement

Edmond Clement, who was at one time a popular idol among the music lovers of this town, has returned and gave his first song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. He had not been heard here since early in 1913, when he gave concerts similar to that of last evening. It was even before 1913 that he sang at the Metroolitan Opera House, where his *Chevalier des Grieux* in "Manon" was regarded as the last summit of excellence byall those who had never heard or had forgotten Jean de Reszzzke.

M. Clement put a group of ocra airs in the middle of his programme last evening, the flower song from "Carmen," the dream from "Manon," and a less familiar excerpt from "Griselidis." The audience made him sing "Le Reve" a second time. His delivery of it was not as finished and delicate as it was ten years ago, but it was correct in style and fragrant in sentiment. The manner of his presentation of this number should have been a lesson in style to some of the singers and teachers in the audience.

M. Clement was less successful in the "Carmen" air. In the first place he was hoarse, and in the second his voice is less fluid than it used to be. There were vocal subterfuges in the flower song such as the tenor would have scorned had he been in perfect command of his powers. It is unnecessary to make a catalogue of the Debussy, Cesar Franck and other songs on his list.

His singing throughout the evening was, as it used to be, conspicuous for the extraordinary ability of the artist to carry down head tones and to cross them with the medium whenever it suited his purpose. This feature of his technic should be carefully observed by every student of singing. His taste in phrasing and nuancing were always admirable, but last evening taste had to yield at times to the vocal exigencies of the moment. M. Clement was heard by a very large and enthusiastic audience.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

It is only when a really fine artist gives a song recital in New York that the professional observer and recorder of musical doings is permitted to realize that there is a large public in the metropolis capable of appreciating what is good in that field of art. It is not the public which gathers in Aeolian Hall, Town Hall or Carnegie Hall at nine out of ten of such affairs, but vastly different in appearance and conduct. Understanding looks out of its eyes before the singer appears on the platform; appreciation is proclaimed by the first demonstration of approval. The atmosphere in Aeolian Hall last night was life with gladsome anticipation long before M. Edmond Clement, who was announced to sing threaded his way through the peop. who, because there was no place for them elsewhere, crowded the stage. I. was evident that the gathering was one of amateurs in the best sense, who held the singer in grateful and gracious memory. His welcome was almost embarrassingly long and cordial; it might have unnerved a man less appreciative of its sincerity or less conscious of its meaning. As it was it was a delightful reunion of a refined artist and cultured art lovers. Each intimation from the pianoforte that the song about to be sung was one in which he had been heard before was greeted with a sign of welcome.

Mr. Clément sang all the pieces set down on his program with the same exquisite finish of style, the same delightful art which holds all thought of art aloof, the same purity of diction, the same blending of poetic and melodic declamation, the same charm of voice and manner which won the admiration of music lowers when he sang at the first season of opera at the New Theater and has kept them his devotees ever since. When loveliness rested upon all that he did it is unnecessary to particularize; it will serve to characterize the spirit of the evening to record that after singing César Franck's exquisite "Mariage des Roses" he was asked for more and again more, and gave it, and after two performances of the dream song from Massenet's "Manon" and an air from the same composer's "Grisélidis" the list had to be extended again. Repetitions and additions were the order of the day.

English Violinist Plays in Aeolian Hall—M. Gusikoff and Anna Pinto.

Harold Berkley, an English violinist of ability, was cordially received by a matinee audience at his début in Aeolian Hall yesterday. He presented himself in Bach's A minor concerto, assisted by Marion Kahn; an unaccompanied fugue in B minor by Reger, the second concerto of Wieniawski and lesser pieces, including a "Humoresque" by Kolar.

Michel Gusikoff, a violinist already familiar here, was assisted by Emanuel Balaban in a recital last evening at the Town Hall. His program included the Tartini-Kreisler "Devil's Trill," Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Kramer's "Elog" and an "Aria Espansivo" by Foch. Mr. Gusikoff is concertmaster of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Anna Pinto, harpist, appeared at Carnegie Hall last evening in a joint concert with John Finnegan, Dora Bellini and others. Besides a "Lake Scene," from her own "Adirondack Sketches," she played a new suite, op. 6, by Eugene Goossens, for harp, flute and violin, with Sarah Possell and Lucille Collette.

GIRL PIANIST IN RECITAL.

Miss Drury at Fifteen and Miss Arnold Heard.

Two pianists played yesterday afternoon, both very hard. One was Miss Norma Drury, said to be fifteen years old, who appeared in Aeolian Hall. Miss Drury will probably play better when she is twenty. She possesses talent, temperament and technic, but she could hardly be expected at fifteen to "read" such compositions as Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and Beethoven's "Sonata Appasionata."

No official information was given as to the age of Miss Juliette Arnold, who recited in Town Hall. As she did not appear as a juvenile prodigy but merely as a pianist it made no difference how old or young she was. Miss Arnold was heard last summer at one of the Stadium concerts, when she performed the first movement of the Schumann concerto, Hanry Hadley conducting.

The young woman apparently has a penchant for Schumann, for she filled the central part of her programme with him yesterday. It would be difficult to guess what characteristic of Schumann's music most strongly appeals to this young aspirant for honors. Certainly "Warum" and "Traumeswirren" and "Das Ende von Lied" sounded most matter of fact as sheplayed them. Her technic was commended last summer, and may be again—with reservations. Unfortunately technic is excessively plentniful.

Miss Drury at 15

Miss Arnold Plays Agreeably; Miss Liebling Sings

A young pianist of unusual promise gave her first recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday. She had not been announced as "The Paganini of the Keyboard"; she had not employed a private press agent to beget intetest in her recital, two points already in her favor. Her talent was permitted to speak for itself, and it spoke volumes.

It is said that Miss Norma Ddury is now fifteen years old. Although her long, black hair still is permitted to flow unconfined except for a restraining barrette, the mature length of her white satin dress disclaimed any desire to proclaim herself as a prodigy and her appearance as well as the maturity of her present attainments suggested that a few more years might be added to the given number without detracting from the truth.

Not for some time has a young and feminine pianist of kindred power and originality been heard from. Miss Drury's tone is warm, full-bodied, her technic highly developed. As an interpreter she thinks for herself and time will broaden her range of self-expression. Youthful exuberance, no doubt, led her yesterday into the pitfalls of sometimes playing too fast and too loud, as in Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy," although in the "Fugue" that followed she gained in poise. In tone, technic and temperament she is for her years a prodigy. Time should make her a virtuoso of the first rank.

At the same time in Town Hall another young pianist, Miss Juliette Arnold, gave a recital. There are many agreeable qualities in her playing, an agreeable touch, nimble fingers, thoughtfulness, taste and intelligence in interpretation. In a program which included Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 3; a group of pieces by Schumann, and others by Chopin and Debussy, she was pleasing, if a trifle conventional.

Miss Estelle Liebling soprano, sang in the evening at the same hall. In a program of German, French and English songs, she displayed a sympathetic voice, no little skill and much artistic sincerity as an interpreter.

Author of 'Madelon,' War Ballad, to Sing Here.

On a mission of creating a greater interest in America in the songs of France, Lucien Boyer, author of "Madelon," France's famous war song, arrived on La Lorraine yesterday. Mr. Boyer, who has received many decorations for his unique war work, will remain several weeks in the United States and will take back with him a number of American songs for translation into French.

He was met at the pier by Messmore Kendall, president of the Capitol Theatre, who while abroad recently induced Mr. Boyer to come to America. While here he will make his only public appearance at the Capitol Theatre during armistice week celebration and will sing "Madelon" and other of his composi-

Oct 26 1921

Mme. Luella Meluis, Singer With Exquisite Gifts, Arouses Too Great Expectation by Advance Notice

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

It is not at all unlikely that had the lady and her manager spared the labor and money expended on some of her publicity material at least a few of Mme. Luella Meluis's auditors would have found a larger measure of enjoyment in the concert which she gave in Carnegie Hall last night than they did. The measure was not a small one, but it would have been enhanced by the element of surprise. If it be true that blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed (one of the latter-day beatitudes which every reviewer carries in his consciousness when he goes into a recital room to hear a stranger), it is equally true that disappointment shall inevitably come if they expect too much. It may have been interesting, even if little instructive, to know how Mme. Meluis looked on the steps of her villa at Nice, taking a matutinal promenade on the Pont Alexandre, strolling near the Arc de Triomphe and standing before the Grand Opéra in Paris; but the pretty pictures conveyed no notion of the quality of her voice and art. Nor was it especially indicative of her gifts and achievements to read that at Nice the Duchess of Marlborough had exclaimed, "Did one ever hear anything more heavenly!" That a lady at Monte Carlo had declared that after fifteen years of musical study and of hearing all the great artists during that time, Mme. Meluis was to her the most thoroughly enjoyable; that Jean de Reszke had pronounced her voice only comparable to that of Patti; that Kate Rolla had said that she revived the days of Jean de Reszke; that Princess Murat had protested that she could hear her again and again, and that Amherst Webber (whom we remember only as a concert accompanist, but who seems now to be a "great Wagnerian artist") had proclaimed that she was destined to go down in history as one of the world's greatest artists.

Highly Unimportant if True

All such amiable pictures and utterances are disposed of by the observation—highly unimportant if true. Good wine needs no bush, and when bushes are employed in such profusion one is apt to say, with the Germans, whose proverbs at least were not all discredited by the war, that one is in danger of not seeing the forest because of the trees.

In spite of many discouragements we are still hoping to see the end of such bizarre and old-fashioned puffery, and when we see it employed in behalf of an artist whose art is sufficient to commend her it seems doubly deplorable. Concertgoers in New York whose memories go back a little more than a generation may recall a visit from the once redoubtable pianist, the Chevalier de Kontski. In the days when Liszt was grand ducal chapelmaster in Weimar the chevalier once came into the presence of the undisputed lion of that day, togged out in a bewildering Spanish costume, and presented him with a book of instruction entitled "L'Indispensable du Pianiste." "My dear friend," said Liszt, "when next you want to practice humbug be a little less rococo. For my part, and I am not entirely inexperienced, I know of only one real *indispensable du pianiste*, namely, a respectable pair of trousers."

Introduction Too Pretentious

The significance of this story lies in the application of it. Mme. Meluis provided a great pleasure for her judicious hearers last night, but the pleasure would have been greater had she not too greatly irritated the critical faculty by the pretentiousness of her introduction. She has a voice of great purity and beauty. She has learned much of the art of vocalization. She is exquisitely musical, so far as the emission of tones, their pitch and their suave and equable blending into the lines are concerned. Her command of most of the technical elements is great, though her trill is still in a rudimentary stage. But song to her seems to consist in little else than the linking together of lovely sounds. The word seems to be a negligible quantity, though there is not the slightest necessity that it should be. Once, and once only, in all that we heard of her singing the articulate word was blended in exquisite wedlock with the tone—and also with the pianoforte accompaniment, which Mr. Hageman played like a poet. It was in a shimmering, iridescent, flocculent Italian song entitled "Fiocca la Neve" by a composer named Cimara. In her pieces of larger form (Pamina's air from "The Magic Flute," Constanza's air from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," the bell song from "Lakmé") her indifference to the meaning of the text led her also into indifference to the musical as well as the dramatic phrase. She overlooked the beauty and effectiveness of half-voice echoes—which was as inexplicable as surprising. Inexplicable because such effects would have been peculiarly ravishing from a voice as lovely and well schooled as hers. Here she provoked the reflection that she was less musician than vocalist—a deplorable reflection, for it is within her power to ravish the expectant fancy as well as the sense-perception of her hearers. We do not see why she should not be a consummate artist, for her vocal gifts and aptitudes are great; but we cannot convince ourselves that she is what she might and ought to be.

Oct 27 1921

Redferne Hollinshead's

Redferne Hollinshead, a Canadian tenor, and a recruit from the musical programs of motion picture houses in this and other cities, gave a recital at Town Hall last evening. It would not be fair to say, upon only one hearing, that the change from motion picture palace to concert hall is not a wise one for this singer. Many singers, winners of fameand fortune in concert and grand opera, have known equally modest beginnings. For example, there is the case of Mario Chamlee, and, more recently, that of Vincente Ballester. Still, if Mr. Redferne is to continue along his present path he should renovate his style. His voice is pleasing, although light, but he is too fond of indulging in falsetto, and, above all, too sentimental in his singing.

His program, on the whole wisely chosen, was not too ambitious. There were light songs by Burleigh, Hahn, Weckerlin, Tosti, Godard, one or two sacred numbers by Mendelssohn, two operatic aris from Ardin's "Antony and Cleopatra" and Goldmark's "Koenigin von Saba." All these were well enough. On the other hand, Allitsen's "There's a Land" and "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" from Herbert's "Naughty Marietta" savored strongly of the music hall.

It is as dangerous for a singer to be overamiable as it is for him to be overintense, and in this instanee if Mr. Redferne will abondon his falsetto leanings and acquire a little vocal sturdiness his pleasant voice, clear enunciation and sincerity should make him as successful in the concert hall as he has been in the picture houses.

Luella Meluis, the American coloratura soprano, a recent pupil of Jean de Reszke, whose voice the French pedagogue, has pronounced as "only comparable to that of Patti," will make her New York debut on the concert stage in a recital in Cargenie Hall Tuesday evening.

Mme. Melius, who is a native of Wisconsin, will be recognized by patrons of the Palace Theatre as the charming Luella Chilson-Ohrmann, who sang there two seasons ago. Since that period she has been abroad, studying with De Reszke. Last Winter the report came back to New York that she had scored almost an unprecedented success at the French watering places, where she sang in "Lakme." In private life Mme. Melius is the wife of W. F. Melhuish, a New York broker.

Oct 26 1921

The Letz Quartet began last evening in Aeolian Hall the fifth of its annual series of subscription concerts. Quartets are subject to both disorganization and reorganization and it not infrequently happens that the readjustment extends to a 50 per cent. basis. Last evening the Letz Quartet introduced to its audience a new second violin, Edwin Bachman, and a new cello, Horace Britt. The other 50 per cent. of the body was the same as last season.

The programme comprised Beethoven's C major quartet, opus 59, No. 3, and the Cesar Franck piano quintet. In the latter the members of the quartet had the assistance of Harold Bauer, whose devotion to his art was shown by his readiness to make his first appearance of the season as an ensemble player and thereby forego the greater public splendors of a solo reentry.

The newly constituted quartet sounded much as its 50 per cent. predecessor did. There were much beauty and transparency of tone, excellent balance, precision and unanimity, and also some uncertainties of intonation and not a little dryness of style. But with well placed dynamics and clear delivery of the voice parts a quartet can accomplish much, and the performance of the third of Beethoven's Rasoumosky quartets interested the audience.

As for the admirable quintet of Cesar Franck, it served at least to suggest that its composer has earned the right to some rest and refreshment. He has been much overworked. He is especially difficult, too, for the tender youth whose first musical adventures have been among the impressionistic water sports conducted by Ravel, Respighi and others, and which sometimes suggest that the water has been introduced through an atomizer. Franck is severe food for the newest generation of concertgoers, even when Harold Bauer plays the piano part in the quintet.

Redferne Hollinshead

The Canadian singer Redferne Hollinshead, "the phenomenal concert and oratorio tenor of international reputation," was heard in Town Hall last night by an audience much interested in his voice and his singing. There are certainly few tenors who can sing a natural high D as he does in "Tutto a perdito" from the opera "Antony and Cleopatra," by the Bo-

emian composer Ardin, which he fea-
ures. He boasts of an agreeable
ght voice absolutely free from bari-
nal alloy and he knows how to use
in a variety of songs—songs by
Burleigh, Hahn, Godard, Mendelshohn,
Schubert, Handel, Herbert, and others.

Oct. 29, 1921

By Richard Aldrich.

Mme. Ney's Piano Recital.

Mme. Elly Ney gave her second piano
ital last evening in Carnegie Hall
lding the attention of a considerable
dience by an interesting program that
nt outside the beaten track. Mme.
y discloses very considerable charm
much that she attempts; perhaps she
less well equipped to show the larger
nificance that belongs to Brahms's F
nor sonata, with which she began, in
ich the first and last movements were
t built up with a wholly satisfying
nse of their breadth and their points
climax.

A group of short pieces, including
ahms's own arrangement for piano
o of his four-hand waltzes, Op. 39;
ar of Schubert's short and poetic
ces and Tousig's arrangement of his
ur-hand "Marche Militaire" dis-
ayed Mme. Ney's most ingratiating
alities. The "Impromptu" in F
nor and the "Moment Musical" in
sharp minor are never played by
anists in public, and Mme. Ney's
licately, brilliant and really poetically
t playing of them gave a new sensa-
on to hardened concert goers. After
em she added a transcription of song,
Frühlingsglaube." The third part of
r program was devoted to Chopin's
elve Etudes, Op. 25.

Mme. Ney has a fluent and rippling
uch, with the effect of transparent
licacy in music that requires it. She
d not last evening produce tones of
eater force and power that were
easing to the ear or effective in the
velopment of her climaxes. Her
chnique is generally brilliant, but
ere are occasional singular lacunae;
d in her rhythm now and then the
rious effect of a dropped stitch. She
however, an interesting pianist that
s something to communicate out of
e common run. Some of her manner-
ms at the piano seem needless, but
ey do not often extend to her playing.

By H. T. Finck

Elly Ney Not a Paderewska

Maybe it was because of her hirsute
ureola that admirers of the German
pianist, Elly Ney, have called her the
emale Paderewski. Her playing does
not in any way resemble his, least of
ll in its lack of repose. Paderewski
s above all things a pianistic orator
who knows the value of a pause. No
ne can be more impetuous if feverish
aste is called for; but at other times
epose is one of his chief assets in
he technique of emotional expression.
He thrills with eloquent flashes of
ilence; he keeps his hearers in eager
uspense by dwelling on lovely details
efore proceeding. He used to be ig-
norantly censured for making emo-
ional pauses in Beethoven's sonatas,
ut we know that Beethoven himself
id that.

Elly Ney, at her second Carnegie
Hall recital last night, made only one
f those lingering pedal effects with
which Paderewski enchants his hea-
rs. Much of her playing was over-
asty, breathless, precipitous. Pauses
here were none—not even, sometimes,
etween several consecutive pieces. If
he only knew how much her playing
oses by this! It takes much of the
poetry especially out of Chopin.

His set of twelve études forming
pus 25 suffered particularly from this
reatment. It made them seem, lit-
rally, "studies" instead of the poems
ve know them to be. She played them
brilliantly, however, and the audi-
nce enjoyed them. Whether it en-
oyed her performance of the pon-
derous, dull, and empty Brahms sona-
a in F minor, which opened the re-
ital, I cannot say. I made allowance
or it in timing my appearance in
he hall. Mme. Ney will find, as Jo-
effy and Bauer and others have found,
hat you cannot lure real Americans
o a concert hall with Brahms.

How dull, too, and utterly unwaltz-
ike were the Brahms "waltzes" from
pus 39—except the last one she
layed, in which Brahms showed de-
ightfully how like Schubert he could
ompose—the same melodies, the
ame harmonies, and modulations.
Equally enjoyable were the Schubert
"Musical Moments," three of them,
he F minor Impromptu, and the
Tausig arrangement of the popular
Military March of Schubert. These
were a real treat even though they
were not played à la Paderewski.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted by request from yesterday's last edition)

Mme. Elly Ney gave a second concert
f pianoforte music in Carnegie Hall
st night, and by her selection of
ieces as well as by her performance
f them provided pleasure of a rare
kind for her audience. She presented herself as an interpreter of three master poets in the world of musical sound—Brahms, Schubert and Chopin. From the works of the first she selected the Sonata in F minor and a majority of the waltzes composing his Opus 9, which she played without pauses. Her Schubert pieces were three of the "Moments Musical" (in A-flat major, F minor and C-sharp minor) and the Impromptu in F minor; to these she added the "Marche Militaire" in the transcription written by Tausig, and, when recalled after the group, a transcription, evidently by Liszt, of the song "Frühlingsglaube." The Chopin numbers were the twelve studies, Op. 25.

To the degree that a reproducing musician can penetrate to the heart of a composer's works and republish his message he is an artist. Failing to do that, he is little more than a handicraftsman; but he cannot so penetrate and so publish without mixing with his proclamation some of himself—his own personality. Thence comes the vitalizing element; it is thus that he becomes himself a creative artist—a recreator. Mme. Ney is an interpreter of this order, and therefore she is an artist. She is not heard with pleasure because of her fine command of the mechanical part of pianoforte playing, but because she apprehends the beauty of the composer's purposes, with their burden of beauty and expressiveness, and makes her hearers comprehend as well as apprehend them. So she presses the truism of reposefulness, beautiful symmetry and varied loveliness of tone upon nearly everything that she plays. Not everything, but nearly everything.

Sometimes she puts a little too much of herself into her interpretation, following in this the example of the men whose transcriptions of Schubert she played last night. Sometimes, like the transcribers, she makes a break in the pure line of melody. Tausig made a glittering show-piece out of the march, but the original march as Schubert wrote it for two players is far more eloquent, because of its purer song, than the transcription, with its lead of shining ornament. So, too, with the paraphrase of the exquisitely soulful song of the rapture of spring. Some of its ecstasy might have been retained in a transcription if its melodic line had been preserved by the transcriber and also by the performer. The performance of those pieces was brilliant, but not comparable in sheer beauty with the charming impromptu, and especially with the "Moments Musical" in A flat and F minor. Yet the recital was delightful.

Oct 28 1921

Salvi Plays to Large Audience.

Alberto Salvi, harpist, played to a large audience last evening in Aaelian Hall, presenting his own arrangements from Chopin and Debussy, as well others doubtless originally for harp by Schuecker and Aptommas, a concert waltz by Hasselman and others. It was genuine music of the moderns, as in Tournier's "Feerie," of wierd vanishing effect, a far cry indeed from the old tinkling harp repertory. In Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," the player's virtuosit was applauded.

PHILHARMONIC

Under the masterly direction of Joseph Stransky, the Philharmonic orchestra opened its New York season with a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, where an exceedingly large audience was on hand to welcome a favorite leader and his exceptional organization of musicians. Throughout the program there was ample opportunity to judge of the quality and timbre of the various choirs which form a merger of the National Symphony and Philharmonic bodies and leave little to be desired in the way of improvement.

John Powell, artistic exponent of the piano forte, was soloist of the night, playing the prelude and fugue by Daniel Gregory Mason with orchestra accompaiment. This was the first performance in New York of the Mason work, and Mr. Powell's correct reading was generally blended with the enthusiastic ensemble of instruments. For the most part, the composition is rather noisy. It is full of dash and go, and it was not the fault of Mr. Stransky that it did not go better with the audience, which was moderate in giving applause.

Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" and the prelude to the "Meistersingers," with which musicians and auditors were much at home, completed the program, which will be repeated this afternoon.

By MAX SMITH.

CARYL BENSEL gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian with John Doane as her assistant at the piano. She was heard by an audience, which included evidently more than a few friends.

CARYL BENSEL

As has been said before, a pleasing presence and a winning personality count for a good deal on the concert platform. Caryl Bensel has those valuable assets; also considerable intelligence and what is usually called feeling.

Her vocal equipment is rather limited. Her tone-production in the lower register has a tinge of throatiness and in higher flights is somewhat strained. Yesterday, moreover, because of nervousness, perhaps, she suffered from shortness of breath, clipping short for that reason the final notes in many phrases. Nor can it be said that her diction was clearly defined in French, German, English or Italian.

Neverthcless Caryl Bensel gave pleasure, especially in the German songs, into the spirit of which she entered sympathetically. These included Jensen's "On the Manzarenes." Schumann's "Widmung," Jos. Marx's "Janinlsiches Regenlied," which had to be repeated, and Strauss' "Caecilie," with Schumann's "Ueber'm Garten, durch die Luefte," added for good measure. Rubinstein's still beautiful "Es blinkt der Thau," was also effectively interpreted, making one of the most agreeable contributions of the afternoon.

Oct. 29 1921

MISS NEILL, VIOLINIST,

Miss Amy Neill of Chicago gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. She had been heard here last season and the season before that. The impression which she made two years ago was almost negative; that of last season was almost positive. Progress had been accomplished and there was gain not only in technic, but also in style. Miss Neill performed Mr. Kreisler's version of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" last night with a certain amount of dash and occasional flashes of brilliancy.

The young woman has not yet solved the numerous problems of violin tone, but it seems as if she might at least avoid the fundamental mistake of holding her violin too low. Surely Leopold Auer, who was one of her masters, must have emphasized the importance of holding it high. Miss Neill appeared to need the support of her left elbow against her body and that position of the arm brought the left wrist too low. The best tone is not to be obtained in this way.

In phrasing Miss Neill left much to be desired. Except in the incisive rhythms of the familiar Bach gavotte she seemed unable to give her melodic lines a clean carving against the general musical background. In her double stops, too, there was much complication at times both for herself and for her hearer. Francis Moore played the accompaniments well and the critical ritual must be completed with the daily chant—the audience was large and enthusiastic.

Her program included Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, Paganini's concerto in D, and two groups of smaller pieces, classical and modern. The two major compositions were presented with much of the characteristic style they demand; no doubt not with all. The time will come when Miss Neill will play Tartini's work with a riper and richer beauty, and Paganini's concerto, which she grasped firmly in a technical way, with somewhat more of scintillating dash—perhaps; it may not be of great consequence whether she does or not, for she may find more important matters to attend to, in a musical way. If she goes on as she has begun, she will at any rate play as an artist.

Oct. 30 1921

BY RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Marjorie Squirers's Recital.

The considerable success that she is said to have had in the West was amply justified by Miss Marjorie Squires, an American contralto, at her first New York recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. She has a voice of the true contralto, quality of beauty, richness and powerful sonarity, which she controls with an intelligent mastery of the technique of her art and uses with a very considerable artistic skill and insight. Her singing was a sort that gave pleasure in an interesting and discriminatingly chosen program.

She began with airs by some of the elder Italian operatic composers, Peri, Rontard and Rossi, including the "Invocation or Orpheus" from the "Enridice" of the first named. Songs by Brahms and Strauss she sang with true dyric feeling and fine taste, and the latter's "Cäcilie" with vehement power. To this she added his "Ständchen," somewhat mistakenly, we think, for this song is not fitted for so heavy and dark-coloured a voice as Miss Squires's, and is not most characteristically represented by such a voice. Also there is needed for it and for the "Cäcilie," somewhat greater skill in the accompaniments than her accompanist, Mr. John Doane, showed.

The air "Adrien, Forêts," from Tschaikowsky's opera, "Jeanne d'Arc," seems today a cold, pompous imitation of the grandest kind of French grand opera, an air such as would nowadays be thought to be most inappropriately assigned to his French peasant heroine. Miss Squires did all that could be done for it in an imposingly powerful and dramatic delivery—"dramatic" in the sense in which the aria is composed and hence completely suited for it. A final group included songs by Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Alice Barnett and Cecil Burleigh.

TRY OBOE, SAYS DAMROSCH.

Young People's Audience Cheers Plea for Rare Works of Composers.

Walter Damrosch, who, with his brother, Frank, has done monumental work for the appreciation of music in New York, extending now to a second generation, was greeted by another season's sold-out house at the opening in Carnegie Hall yesterday of the twenty-fourth year of the Young People's Symphony Concerts.

Paul Kochanski was solo violin in Vivaldi's A minor concerto, revived by Nachez, and Wieniawski's "Russian Carnival," while the orchestra of the Symphony Society also played Weber's overture to "Freischuetz," two movements from the symphony of Franck, a "trio" for oboes and English horn by Beethoven, and a suite from Bizet's "Carmen."

Beethoven's "fine trio," so nominated by Grove, gave Mr. Damrosch the opportunity for his most apt and applauded speech of the day. It was to be wished, he said, that more young New Yorkers would study some instrument other than piano or violin. [Loud cheers.] To all who might do so, especially in performance of rare chamber music, he promised the joy of discovery of untold riches locked up in old scores of the great composers.

Cameron McLean and George Kanakes Appear at Aeolian Hall.

Cameron McLean, a Scottish baritone, sang in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, his program ranging from old Peri's "Orfeo," transcribed by Floridia, to a modern "Impression Basque" by Fourdrain, a version of Loewe's ballad, "Edward," in original Scotch, and "Sea Fever," by John Ireland. He proved a mature artist of strenuous method, which he put to good account in music of vivid characterization.

Hall's week of recitals last night, following an appearance in opera at the Park. He sang in Greek, French and Italian, as well as airs from "Gioconda" and "L'Africaine," and duets from "The Barber" and "Rigoletto" with Grace Hoffman.

Oct 31 1921

Greet Gadski After 5 Years

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted by request from yesterday's last edition)

Mme. Johanna Gadski's concert took place in Carnegie Hall last night. The lady received a stupendously vociferous ovation, but the building withstood the shock and our political institutions remain in undisturbed security. The audience was large; so would it have been just as large, indeed, had the Philharmonic Society given a concert of Wagner's music on a Sunday without the aid of the singer who had planned it wisely to serve the purpose of a re-entry on the local concert stage after an enforced absence of four and a half years. But it was almost exclusively German, which would not have been the case under ordinary circumstances. And it had obviously come together to do just what it did—pay tribute to a German singer because she is a German. It paid the tribute persistently throughout the evening, and noisily, by repeated salvos of applause, by lining the stage along half its length with bunches of gorgeous flowers, by cheering and shouting. A few individuals in one of the upper galleries sought to stimulate the enthusiasm by uttering shrieks which were too frenetic to be intelligible. One portly gentleman who occupied a seat near the stage stood up during the rounds of applause which greeted the singer on her first appearance, but nobody followed his example.

Elizabeth's Song Opens Program

At the concert of the Teutonic-Sinn Féin Alliance in May, 1917, Mme. Gadski sang an excerpt from "Tristan und Isolde," which began with the words, "Who was it dared to mock me?" Some good people thought the scene had been chosen because of the protests which had been uttered against her during the concluding weeks of her engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. Perhaps it

was; at least, the excerpt was as unfit for concert use as that which she sang from the same act of the opera last night. But on this occasion her opening song was more apposite and more appealing to the ears and intellects of her hearers. It was Elizabeth's greeting to the hall of minstrels in "Tannhäuser." But the audience was not in the mood for thought and discrimination. It was Gadski; it was German — that sufficed. The concluding incident was illustrative of the artistic taste of the multitude. The singer had concluded her set program with a performance of Isolde's swan song from Wagner's great love drama. In its concluding measures her voice, which had taken on a grandeur, tranquillity and beauty unmatched in the preceding songs, blended with the transfigured harmonies of the orchestra, and freighted the air with puissant and thrilling loveliness. It was the irresistible effect which this song of songs, this supreme canticle of love, always makes in concert room as well as theater. A true artist, a conductor imbued by the feelings of a priest at the altar in the temple of art, a cultured audience, would have closed the concert while such a benediction rested upon it.

Gives Extra Number

But this was not to be. The multitude applauded, Mme. Gadski returned to the stage, Mr. Stransky stepped to his desk and raised his baton. There was to be an added number. The baton descended and from the band came sounds imitating the neighing of the horses of the Valkyrions. Frantic shrieks of delight greeted the sounds, and once, and then a second time, Mme. Gadski sang the only song of the evening in which all the words were distinctly audible. It was that charming bit of sentiment which five years and more ago the admirers of Mme. Gadski's art demanded from her indiscriminately at song recital:

"Ho-yo-to-ho,
Ho-yo-to-ho,
Yo-ho!
Ho-yo-to-ho,
Ho-yo-to-ho,
Ho-yo-to-ho,
Yo-ho!
Ho-yo-to-ho!"

We know one musician who refused to permit Mme. Gadski to commit such an affront to Wagner at a concert which he conducted. His name is Emil Paur, and when he told us of the incident he won more of our respect than he had ever had before. But it happened in Pittsburgh and before the war.

programme. The orchestral numbers were the "Meistersinger" vorspiel, "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal," introduction to the third act of "Tristan und Isolde" and prelude to the same work, followed, of course, by the "Liebestod," sung by the soprano. Her other contributions were "Dich Theure Halle," from "Tannhaeuser;" *Elsa's* dream, from "Lohengrin;" *Sieglinde's* "Du Bist der Lenz," from "Die Walkuere," and *Isolde's* narrative, from Act I.

Mme. Gadski was last heard here in opera in "Tristan und Isolde," on April 13, 1917. Rumor at that time had it that her indiscreet utterances in behalf of her country had precluded the renewal of her contract, but critical opinion seemed to indicate that she had outlived her artistic usefulness. It was clear last night that the interval of rest had done Mme. Gadski good and her voice, always one of excellent natural quality, was in better condition than it had been for several seasons before she retired into temporary obscurity.

Zimbalist Charms

Efrem Zimbalist gave his first recital of the season here yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. In the years in which his playing has matured, concert-goers have come to know that from him they will hear velvety smoothness of tone, technical accuracy and well thought out interpretations, tempered by restraint and serenity of feeling. These satisfying qualities were in his playing yesterday as they have been in the past. If he is not one who often strikes sparks or flames with feeling, his virtues are such as to command high esteem.

His program yesterday was fitfully interesting, opening with the Suite in A minor by the Norwegian Sinding, one of the foreign contingent lately arrived at our shores; giving a first hearing to a concerto composed by Ernest Schelling, which provided ample opportunity for both violinist and pianist to display virtuosity. It was, as might be expected, especially grateful to the pianist, in this case Harry Kaufman, who proved fully equal to the occasion, handling his part with something more than mere dexterity. The concerto wanders from conventional paths, but it is music in which there is little inevitableness, its greatest strength lying in its emotional ebb and flow. Its last movement, a presto with rhythms characteristically Spanish, seemed the most effective on a first hearing. Both players gave it expressive utterance throughout. Other numbers were the Saint-Sëens "Havanaise," a caprice credited to Saint-Saëns-Ysaye and a fantasy by Mr. Zimbalist on themes from "Coq d'Or." There was a large audience.

Giovanni Martinelli yesterday afternoon at the Hippodrome made his first New York appearance of the current musical season. Mr. Martinelli, at the start of the Summer months, was asked by Impresario Gatti of the Metropolitan Opera House to take especial care of his voice in view of the added burden to be laid on his shoulders through the death of Caruso. That this request has borne fruit was shown by the popular tenor at yesterday's concert. The freshness and vigor of his voice delighted a large audience, which came to enjoy a program of distinct operatic atmosphere.

With Mr. Martinelli were Miss Nina Morgana, soprano, also of the Metropolitan, and Vasa Prihoda, the Bohemian violinist, who played the Vieuxtemps "Concerto in D Minor" and three short pieces. Miss Morgana sang two arias and a collection of songs. Both artists were received cordially.

Mr. Martinelli depended, for the most part, upon arias. He sang the "O Paradise" from "L'Africaine," "Cielo e Mar" from "Gioconda" and "Celeste Aida" from "Aida." Besides this, he used two shorter arias for encores, "The Stars Are Shinning" from "Tosca" and the familiar "La Donna e Mobile." He also added two American selections and a Neapolitan song. The concert closed with a duet from "Rigoletto."

GERMAN SINGERS HEARD.

Ten From Stuttgart Opera Open Tour at Lexington Theatre.

Ten singers from the Stuttgart Opera, here on a pioneer tour under the name of the Schwaebischen Liedergruppe and the leadership of Karl Kromer, gave their first concert before a full house of their former countrymen at the Lexington Theatre yesterday afternoon. A big American flag was unfurled over the stage while "The Star Spangled Banner" was first played by an assisting orchestra, followed by choruses in German by 150 men of the United Singers of New York.

Theodore W. Henninger, President of the local body, made an address of welcome to the visitors in their own tongue, praising the Suabian songs and closing with the sentiment, "Gott erhalte Deutschland." The guests gave a number of German part-songs, chiefly by one composer, Silcher, and Mr. Kromer directed two airs of his own. The party was announced to reappear next Sunday with the Mozart Verein at Yorkville Casino.

The singers featured Swabien lieder by Karl Kromer, who directed, and by other composers of that German principality. Selections by Wagner, Humperdinck and Meyerbeer were also presented. The audience was evidentally composed of fellow countrymen of the musicians.

DAMROSCH PLAYS WAGNER.

Haitovitch and Kerekjarto, Violinists, Also Heard.

Walter Damrosch spoke and played for two hours to a crowded Aeolian matinee on "The Valkyrie," to be revived at the Metropolitan this season. Long as the lecture was, his hearers' attention was as unflagging as his own.

Abraham Haitovitch, the blind Russian violinist, gave a matinee in the Town Hall yesterday, playing with rapt and appealing beauty the D minor sonata of Brahms, Paganini's concerto in D major and the "Hebrew Melody" of Achron.

Duci de Kerekjarto, the Hungarian violinist, appeared last evening at the Lexington, with L. J. B. Gluzek, cello, and Gaspar Szanton, tenor, in a program ranging from Paganini to "Pagliacci."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Efrem Zimbalist's Violin Recital.

The high esteem in which Mr. Efrem Zimbalist is held by New York lovers of violin playing was shown yesterday, as it has so often been shown before, by the crowded house that greeted him at his recital in Carnegie Hall. The hall was filled and there was much appreciation of his playing and much enthusiasm for it, eminently deserved. Mr. Zimbalist played with all the beauty and vibrant warmth of tone, the breadth of style, repose and unobtrusive, matter-of-course command of the transcendent technical difficulties of his instrument that are remembered as characteristic of his playing.

The principal number on his program was Ernest Schelling's violin concerto, an interesting contribution to the literature of American music, worthy of a rehearing. It was first played in New York in January, 1917, by Fritz Kreisler, to whom it is dedicated. He played it with the Philadelphia Orchestra; and it was a pity that the orchestral accompaniment had to be represented yesterday by a piano transcription, for the orchestral color is quite as important in this as it is in most concertos. It is the latest product of a talent for composition that has often been admired for its freshness and originality. It was written for Mr. Kreisler, who offered the composer such advice as to some of its technical construction as great violinists have before offered to composers who were writing concertos, as David to Mendelssohn, Joachim to Brahms and Bruch.

The three movements show a spontaneous inventiveness, a true originality, which, while it may not sound great depths and does not undertake to, is manifested in a certain joyousness and elasticity that do not often find a place for great seriousness. The themes are clear in outline, rhythmically incisive, imaginatively treated in development. The first movement is riotously brilliant; the second has poetic beauty, an intimate fervor; in the last place there is the suggestion of a dance tune in the first theme, of a Spanish rhapsody in the second. The whole pulses with vitality and movement and there is a true sense of climax. The solo player is kept almost incessantly at work, and great demands are made upon his technical resources and his brilliancy of style.

Mr. Zimbalist played the concerto with immense nerve and gusto, quite in the spirit it demands, with a glittering sweet and power. And the accompaniment, which presents extraordinary difficulties in the piano transcription, was superbly played by Mr. Harry Kaufman. The piece and Mr. Zimbalist's performance of it were received with great enthusiasm, and he was several times recalled.

The program began with Christian Sinding's suite in A minor, the composer of which is now in this country; a suite whose three movements are obviously intended to suggest the style of the Old Régime in music, and which do so successfuly, not without an admixture of modern spirit. Mr. Zimbalist did much for its interest in the breadth and dignity of his playing of the last two movements and the persevering volubility of the first "perpetuum mobile."

Saint Saens's "Havanaise" is a worthy piece, but never quite so interesting as it is expected to be. The "Caprice," arranged by Ysaye, is elaborately difficult, hardly so effective as to justify the difficulties. Mr. Zimbalist closed with his own fantaisie in "Le Coq d'Or," in which clever use is made of the most outstanding melodic material of the fascinating work.

Nov 1 1921

Strauss Leads Phil.

Richard Strauss, famous German composer, reappeared before American music lovers in an orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall last night. He conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra in performances of his "Don Juan," "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and "Symphonia Domestica."

The programme as at first published began with "Also sprach Zarathustra," but the composer after arriving here saw a great light. The ponderous musical description of the development of the human race from the Cebus Azarae, the Cynopithecus Niger (see Darwin's "Descent of Man," chapter 1) or some other prehensile peripatetic, to the "Ueber-Mensch" of Nietszche, was put aside for the instrumental delineation of satiated sensuality, a composition much more familiar and grateful to the indulgent but already too much lectured public.

Richard Strauss is an experienced and competent conductor. When he was here before he had misfortunes. That previous visit began with an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall on February 27, 1904, when he conducted "Ein Heldenleben." Herman Hans Wetzler conducted "Also sprach Zarathustra" and David Bispham sang three songs. Later in the series of concerts Dr. Strauss conducted "Don Quixote," and in the midst of one of the variations the orchestra became so entangled that it came to a dead stop. Such a catastrophe seemed to be inconceivable with the organization which Dr. Strauss commanded last evening, when he was received by an audience commensurate with his artistic importance and was applauded with fervor.

Dr. Strauss naturally looks older than when he visited this city before. His hair is grayer, it is shorter and it occupies a smaller area. His face is fuller and ruddier. His form is still slender, tall and erect. He walks with elasticity and conducts with a steady flow of magnetism and occasional flashes of energy.

But as a conductor he does not belong to the motion picture class. He presents to the eyes of an audience a figure of dignity and force. He possesses a clear and decided beat, uses few graphic gestures, gives entrances in an unmistakable manner, indicates accelerandi and ritardandi with directness and confronts an orchestra with an authority which commands respect.

There is nothing new to be said at this moment about the compositions on the programme. "Don Juan" is familiar to all music lovers. "Til Eulenspiegel" is heard less frequently and not often as Dr. Strauss conducted it. He took the general tempo somewhat more slowly than is usual here and with most excellent results. He made no attempt to emphasize his effects. He did not make the clarinet shriek the famous last squeal of Til. He caused the passage to be played normally and thereby gave it a legitimate musical character. He treated the fortes with discretion, seeking for true sonority rather than noise. A scathing, though unconscious, comment on the readings of many other conductors was made by a lady who said to her companion, "It didn't sound loud enough." Dr. Strauss had misconceived the true dynamics of his own brilliant extravaganza.

The eminent composer evidently cherishes a deep and lasting affection for his history of papa, mamma and the baby, entitled "Symphonia Domestica." It has surely one exquisite passage, but paterfamilias quite as surely overestimated the degree of public interest that could be aroused about some of the prosaic details of his daily experiences. Of the three works on last evening's list the "Symphonia Domestica" seems least likely to survive the period of its creator. It was not without reason that Ernest Newman took it "to be the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius."

The orchestra discharged its duties with enthusiastic devotion to the composer and with high honor to itself. Dr. Strauss was manifestly well pleased with the results which he obtained. The entire evening was one of artistic importance and interest. The audience was thoroughly representative of the musical culture of the city and its applause was bestowed with discrimination as well as warmth.

ELSHUCO TRIO'S CONCERT.

Plays Prize Winning Work of H. Waldo Warner.

The Elshuco Trio gave its first subscription concert of the season at Town Hall last night. The programme comprised two trios—Brahms's in C minor, opus 101, and Saint-Saens's, opus 18, in F major, and between these two a suite by H. Waldo Warner which won the $1,000 prize this autumn at the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival and was played there by the Elshucos.

Mr. Warner is the viola player of the London String Quartet. A fantasy by him based on an English Berkshire folksong was given here last year at one of the London Quartet's concerts and was much liked. His new suite proved to be a very pleasing work as a whole and the scherzo especially so. Very Very skilfully written in modern harmony without being extreme the music has delicate imagination, galety, charm and fanciful effects, all quite delightful. The composition was performed with rare finish, dash and brilliance by the three players, Messrs. Breeskin, Willeke and Giorni.

OSWALD'S PIANO RECITAL.

South American Again Welcomed Here at Town Hall.

Alfredo Oswald, a South American pianist, who gave two recitals here last season, was heard yesterday at Town Hall in a short, interesting list of pieces ranging from an allegro by Della Claja, 1671-1755, and an andantino by Rossi, 1620-1660, down to works by Liszt. He included among his selections pieces by his father, H. Oswald of Brazil. These were an impromptu and the "Il Neige." In an Italian concerto of Bach, a sonatine by Ravel and music by Schumann, his playing was straightforward and clear, his technic reliable and his musicianship of solid character. The seldom heard "Characterstueck" No. 4 by Mendelssohn he played with finger work admirably equalized.

Alfredo Oswald's Piano Recital.

The program which Alfredo Oswald gave at his piano recital in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon offered a refreshingly new glimpse into the pianist's concert repertory. Mr. Oswald comes from South America, though he is of Italian stock. This was his first public appearance in New York. His style is peculiarly crisp, his finger work fleet and clear, his command of piano technique ample. He did not show yesterday great poetic gifts nor a command of beautiful nor varied tone, but there was that in his playing which both interests and gives pleasure.

He began with an allegro by Della Cicla, a name unknown to most—music suggestive of the style of his contemporary, Domenico Scarlatti, and played by Mr. Oswald with much brilliancy and dexterity. He followed with that trite "Andantino" attributed on the program to M. Rossi, as it is in the modern collections of old pieces where it mostly appears. Now, Rossi flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, while his piece is obviously in the style of a hundred years and more later. This group was closed with Badi's "Italian Concerto," a delightful work that would repay more general attention to it on the part of pianists. Yet we cannot believe that it is quite such a businessike proposition as Mr. Oswald made it out

o be in his neat and dexterous performance of it. He was successful in the delightful "Sonatine" of Ravel, though somewhat more of poetical suggestiveness and tonal coloring would have befitted it. To close with he gave Schumann's "Novelette" in D, op. 21, No. 4, which also rarely detains the attention of pianists, the well-known Romance and the favorite of Mendelssohn's "Characterstücke."

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

We thought that there could be little purposo in going to the concert in Carnegie Hall last night beyond the gratification of a curiosity to look upon a great composer in the flesh. Mr. Strauss speedily put that notion out of our noddle. Two of the compositions which he played have been made as familiar as household tales to the local patrons of symphony concerts. They were "Don Juan," one of his most admirable creations, and "Till Eulenspiegel," which has long seemed to us the finest thing which he has composed, the most spontaneous and the most ingenious, the most exquisite in humor, the clearest in line, the richest in color, the most poetical in feeling, the most ingenuous in pathos. Its fun has often seemed to us boisterous, a forerunner of the vulgarity which marks some of the scenes of "Der Rosenkavalier"; but we know now that that impression was created by the manner in which, as a rule, it has been played.

Under the continual, careful, unconstrained, unaffected direction of its composer it became a thing of iridescent loveliness, full of delicate witcheries, pellucid as the waters of a mountain brook, sparkling as a mountain cascade. Toscanini once presented it with much of the same clarity and beauty ef detail, but he did not have the co-operation of a virtuoso orchestra such as the Philadelphia band became under the inspiriting guidance of the composer. It marked high tide in the evening's enjoyable offerings.

The "Don Juan" was brilliantly performed, and so was the "Sinfonia domestica," which brought the concert to a close; but the performances brought no new preachment, no revelation of things hitherto concealed. They revealed, outside of their music, only the fine, strong power of Mr. Strauss as a conductor. We had been taught something of his puissance as an interpreter when he was here seventeen years ago; but not much. His attitude toward his own compositions then seemed to us one of indifference. Almost we were persuaded that he thought contemptuously of his hearers, considered them unsusceptible to artistic inpressions and merely commercially minded, like himself.

He assumed a different posture last night, as well he might, for he was honored by the presence of an extraordinary audience; one so numerous that it could not have been accommodated within the walls of Carnegie Hall had not the fire laws been impudently violated; an audience of cultured music-lovers largely composed of practitioners of the art, dilettante and professional. Its taste and its knowledge were evident from its rapt attention, its discriminating silences and discriminating expressions of approval. There was no rude boisterousness in its greeting such as rasped the nerves of the decorous in the same room on Sunday evening, but it was cordial in the extreme, glowing and irresistible as a stream of lava hot from a volcanic crater, yet it proclaimed only honor for the artist—not a political or national tone could be heard in it unless one chose to perceive a dissonance in the circumstance that one of the two magnificent floral offerings laid at his feet was decorated with what may have been German colors and were certainly not American.

For some reflections prompted by the music there is no time for present publication. There will be ample opportunity hereafter.

Oct-30'921

dame Gadski

By H. E. Krehbiel

The announcement, flamboyantly made, that Johanna Gadski was to give a concert with the help of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall at which only music composed by Richard Wagner would be performed brought a storm of protests into the editorial rooms of the New York newspapers during the last fortnight. So far as The Tribune is concerned the letters, with a single exception, were not published for reasons which we purpose setting forth after reviewing their contents, prefacing the discussion with the explanation that no letter has received consideration of any kind which was anonymous or whose writer could not be identified. To the credit of all our correspondents it must be said that they stood out fairly in the open.

The letter to which The Tribune gave publicity was an official utterance from the American Defense Society. It expressed sympathy with the concern felt by "the American Legion and various other patriotic societies" over the fact that such a concert was to be given and deprecated its countenancing. Thus far the society acted strictly within its privileges, but it did not confine itself strictly to fact when it said: "We wish to recall the fact that Mme. Gadski gave an entertainment in 1915 on the night of the sinking of the Lusitania at which she toasted those who had committed that act." To this we shall return presently.

One, a man, who was a professional singer before and a soldier during the war and who disavowed prejudice against German music, directed attention to the Gadski pictures and her exclusively German program and added: "Of course, we all recall her husband, Captain Tauscher, who was a German spy and perpetrated acts of treachery. It is also remembered that Gadski, herself, in an entertainment at her home, drank to and toasted those who sank the Lusitania. At that same affair, Otto Goritz, German barytone, composed and sang a song while standing on Mme. Gadski's dining table, toasting those who committed the horrible act of sinking the Lusitania." The depth of the resentment of this writer was indicated by a protest against the talking machine company which purveys her records.

A third, again a man, wrote:

"That her husband, Captain Tauscher, applies by letter for citizenship in these United States is or would be funny if it did not make us pause and think that perhaps we are poor fools and easy marks as individuals and as a nation. This, added to the flaunting of Mme. Gadski's Teutonic features on huge posters in all public places and her offering, contrary to her previous habit, an entire program in German, suggests that we, the people of these United States, are Germany's only conquest in the war.

"Can it not be shown decisively to Mme. Gadski that she is persona non grata to us? That we do not condemn German music because it is made in Germany, but that we refuse to recognize a German singer who in her house, paid for by American dollars, toasted those who planned the sinking of the Lusitania, and who permitted in this same house the planning of acts of violence against this country?" Here we find recognition of a distinction which might be made between music and its singer.

Another ex-soldier, after reheasing a recital of incidents in a manner approaching truth, but not quite reaching it, says:

"The people of the United States have been shocked into an awakening in the last seven years to the true meaning and significance of Prussian 'Kultur.' No product of this 'Kultur,' such as Mme. Gadski is, can have any place in the development of the æsthetic life of the American nation. We are highly satisfied in witnessing the art of nations and individuals who are not proven capable of the deliberate murder of innocent non-combatants and of the innumerable atrocities of which the imperial German government and its armies and navies will stand convicted throughout history. We realize that there are those who maintain that America should be among the first to forgive and forget. But those of us who saw active service in France cannot forget some of the horrors which were burned upon our memories there. Art as such may be international. But the spirit of the people who made those atrocities possible was national, and any offspring of that spirit should not receive welcome into the United States.

"There were many German artists who, by force of circumstances found themselves in the United States during the years of the war, who by their dignified loyalty to their sovereign were not conspicuous in any ill-advised or misguided attempts during their residence in an enemy country to hinder the progress of the part that the United States took in the war. Against those persons these remarks are not directed. Mme. Gadski or those of her ilk must not hope for any support now from the American people, whom she reviled so disgustingly just a few years ago. Their wares may be vended elsewhere, not here. She is persona non grata to the United States."

Here, again, a line is drawn between a body of art, and even a body of artists, and a single individual who has made herself obnoxious.

A correspondent from Washington Square asks the question, which seems to have considerable pertinency: "How is it that the Philharmonic Orchestra, whose board of directors is made up almost entirely of prominent and influential citizens of New York, is allowed to appear with a singer who gave an entertainment in 1915 'on the night of the sinking of the Lusitania?'" etc.—quoting the letter from the American Defense Society.

Three women are less argumentative, but more sentimental and emotional. One thinks that she is expressing the feelings of the American Legion, "as well as the mothers and sisters of those members," when she says: "It shall not pass!" A second asks: "What have our American mothers to say? Is our American Legion on guard? Can it be possible that we have so soon forgotten the incident of the closing of the Lexington Opera House to Goritz & Co. and the reason therefor?" A third contents herself with the expression of a wish: "I trust that the best seats will be reserved for those whose relatives were lost with the Lusitania."

The Facts About the Gadski-Goritz Dinner

So much for the contents of the letters deserving of consideration which had been received up to Wednesday last. Concerning those which profess to state facts, something must be added for the sake of the verities of history. Incidents are referred to which have never been set forth with exactness and the recollection of which has grown vague and distorted. The entertainment at which Mme. Gadski's guests made merry over the sinking of the Lusitania did not take place on the night of that catastrophe and crime, but on the following New Year's Eve—that is, some seven months later. The horror of the incident is not lessened by that circumstance; on the contrary, it is intensified. Goritz, the active offender, who wrote and sang a parody on Von Scheffel's beautiful poem, "Behüt dich Gott, es wär zu schön gewesen," applying it to the frustration of the hopes of the Lusitania's owners, crew and ship's company to carry help to the Allies, was but giving voice to that moral callousness and arrogant contempt for American feeling which he and all German sympathizers felt then, felt when the attempt was made to revive German operatic performances in New York two years ago and feel now.

The Activities and Trial of Hans Tauscher

The correspondent who connects the application of Captain Hans Tauscher for the rights of citizenship in the United States with Mme. Gadski's concert project might be suspected of a lack of gallantry and of using a non sequitur as an argument. On the contrary, the head and front of Mme. Gadski's offending is associated in our mind with the incident of Tauscher's arrest and trial for conspiracy with England's enemies to blow up the Welland Canal. He was acquitted under circumstances which reflected upon the intelligence of a jury and, in the opinion of men of legal mind who do not believe that judicial ethics have reverted to what they were before the days of Coke, besmirched our War Department. The chief ordinance officer of our army was guilty of writing a letter to the judge before whom Tauscher was on trial, vouching for him, and though the letter was ruled out, after it had been read, as improper testimony, two of General Crozier's subordinates were permitted to testify in Tauscher's behalf. He was acquitted, though the Assistant United States Attorney denounced the verdict in open court and declared that Tauscher had escaped punishment because of the credulity of the jurymen. That was not all. Herbert Smyth, who was Tauscher's counsel, admitted that he had offered before trial to plead guilty if assured that his punishment would consist only of a fine. This, he said, was not a confession of guilt, but an act due to the state of public feeling in America against those charged with complicity in German plots. Tauscher was acquitted, but as he had come to New York in disguise immediately after the declaration of war in 1914 and reported to Captain von Papen, so he departed the country secretly when Bernstorff received his walking papers. During the time of American neutrality he was openly a German agent. If he is under indictment for espionage, as a dispatch from The Tribune's Washington Bureau states, it is a piece of monumental effrontery that he now asks permission to make his home in the United States hereafter. He was not joined in what appears now must have been considered an exile in Germany by his wife. Mme. Gadski has lived in New York ever since she was dropped from the roster of the Metropolitan Opera House, and that she purposed from the first to remain here is a fair deduction from the fact that she bought the apartment in which she lives.

Mme. Gadski and the Destruction Of American Powder Plants

How does all this affect her desirability among us as an artist? We quote from an interview with Mme. Gadski published on April 1, 1916, two days after the arrest of her husband:

"How far would my love for Germany carry me? Could I bring myself to be a spy? Well, I am a woman. I cannot fight in the trenches. Maybe the ethics of war do not bind my sex so tightly. But yes—if that is being a spy—I could blow up munition plants and be glad. I could go from one to another singing, for I would know that with each one sent into the sky the lives of so many hundreds or thousands of my fellow countrymen would be saved. I would only want to know that I could warn the workers in time to save themselves. There, tell them that!"

We cannot condemn a German woman's patriotic devotion; we cannot think that Mme. Gadski's conduct under the experiences of the war entitle her to the regard of the American people. On May 27, 1916, in company with Otto Goritz, she sang at a concert of the Teutonic-Sinn Fein Alliance in Carnegie Hall; on January 22, 1917, at a concert given by "The Evening Mail" and on May 11, 1917, The Tribune announced her withdrawal from the Metropolitan Opera Company. Her contract had lapsed, and she had not been re-engaged, though it was the purpose of the management to continue German performances in the next season. So far as Mme. Gadski was concerned, the management had been compelled to give heed to the public voice, though it was not till four or five months later that the determination was reached to discontinue performances in German.

Some Musical Critics And Their Attitude

Thus far in the discussion of the case presented by Mme. Gadski's intention to re-enter the American concert field and the protests which her act have called forth we have tried to confine ourselves to a presentation of facts. We do not conceive that the question of the propriety of performing music by German composers in general or Richard Wagner in particular enters into the case in the slightest degree. Certainly not so far as the writer of this article and the attitude of The Tribune during the war are concerned. If there is anything tragic or even pathetic in the expressed indignation of the persons who have

written their protests to this newspaper and others there is compensation for the observer in the satyr-play which others, whose Teutophilism is so rampant that it makes them contemners and calumniators of things American, have staged. Before the letter of the American Defense Society had been made public a German propagandist paper had already prepared an article containing complimentary abuse of three music reviewers who had refused to join in the silly crusade against German music when it was raging. German editors, even when they write in English, run true to form in their display of arrogance and mendacity. Apropos of the Gadski concert Messrs. Henderson, Finck and Krehbiel are described as persons who, had the Allied armies entered Berlin, Leipzig and Vienna, would have vented "their fury upon museums, mausoleums and memorials to eradicate the last trace of the barbarian Beethoven, the Hun Wagner, the uncivilized Schubert." And finally comes the war cry: "See that it (the Gadski concert) is made an event. Come forth out of your cyclone cellars, ye faint of heart and downcast. Hail the great German singer and show your contempt for those who spat upon your gaberdine and plucked your beard when spitting and plucking was permissible under the espionage act." For those who understand something of the psychology of the German character as developed during the last generation two words of comments will suffice: *Echt Deutsch!* Now let the work of reconciliation proceed.

WZ 1921

"A Notte Alta"

The second concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra's subscription series, which took place in Carnegie Hall last evening, was made especially interesting by the appearance of Alfredo Casella, one of the now famous group of new Italian composers, who have abandoned the flesh pots of opera and have gone in for those subtly spiritual impressions which are the daily intel-artistic food of the "moderns."

Mr. Casella was introduced as both composer and pianist, playing the piano part of his own composition entitled "A Notte Alta" and Cesar Franck's symphonic variations. The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's seventh symphony and the familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Casella's piece was heard for the first time anywhere. It is still in manuscript. The composer says it is not programme music, but he supplies a dramatic synopsis, which must be given.

"The solemn, mysterious opening—suggesting deep night, a night of winter, clear and cold—discloses two motives, [illegible]h set forth by the piano alone; they [illegible]t the two human actors in the [illegible] which is abou to unfold itself. [illegible]st of these themes, grave and [illegible]rated, personifies the man; the [illegible] melancholy and capricious, the [illegible]a. Now begin the action of the [illegible]a. We have been aware only of the [illegible]e and lovely night, cold, splendid, [illegible]man, indifferent to early ills. But [illegible] night is like a vast and mysterious [illegible]ple, whose secret depths are gradu[illegible] revealed as by the opening of innu[illegible]rable doors, and when a certain point has been attained we hear out of the heart of the luminous darkness a word of infinite sweetness, the most enrapturing that can be uttered. A long ecstasy follows the avowal.

"A profound shudder—violent, tragic, abrupt—thaverses the orchestra. When calmness has again returned we hear once more the mysterious harmonies of the opening and the two essential themes. There is a heartbreaking farewell. The lovers part and the sound of diverging footsteps dies away in the immense silence. The night is once more calm and undisturbed. Ethereal harmonies symbolizing the deep, enigmatic indifference of Nature to human emotions conclude the poem."

It is impossible to describe the composition. It is laudably short. It is scored with all the cunning of the contemporaneous painter in tone colors. It has exceedingly brief themes. It has nothing corresponding to the ancient notions of thematic development. The orchestration is a profound expanse of black night. The piano part twinkles upon it in starry points of infinitesimal light. There are many clouds. There is even mist, presumably rising from the rivers. Just where the word of infinite sweetness is spoken must be left to divine imagination. And it is all ecstatically modern and ineffably precious.

This is only a first impression, and music of this type being all impressions cannot be subjected to the cold processes of mortal analysis. At any rate, it is seriously meant, it is not commonplace; it is aristocratic, and it is the perfection of the new technic. We are to hear much more of Mr. Casella in the course of his present visit. He will perhaps endure further scrutiny.

It would be profitable to say much about Mr. Stokowski's reading of Beethoven's seventh symphony; but this may not be. Suffice it to say that there was a vast display of readin, some praswor-thy and some that might have been Beethoven gasp and stare. But when Walther von Stolzing said that his master was Walther van der Vogelweide and Hans Sachs averred that he was a good master, Beckmesser settled the subject by saying: "But a long time dead."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

Again last evening, as it did the evening before, the Philadelphia Orchestra played in Carnegie Hall, this time under the direction of Mr. Stokowski, its own conductor, and in the second concert of its regular New York season. The program comprised Beethoven's seventh symphony, Alfredo Casella's "A Notte Alta" and César Franck's symphonic variations, both for piano and orchestra; and the three familiar orchestral excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Mr. Casella himself was the soloist.

Mr. Casella's composition appeared to gain a certain importance from the fact that, being still in manuscript, this was the first performance of it. Mr. Casella is known as one of the foremost and most revolutionary of the revolutionary young Italians; and this piece, as indicated by its date, represents him in his most recent and most revolutionary style. It is difficult for us to characterize this music suitably, though Mr. Gilman does so in the program notes, eloquently and at length. It is difficult to see anything in it that bears much recognizable relationship to music as it has hitherto been known. Not to put too fine a point upon it, and without offence intended to the distinguished composer who sat at the piano, it seemed supremely feeble and supremely silly.

We are aware that such terms, or worse, have been used in the past about music that has since been recognized as of beauty and importance; but this fact does not prove that there is no such thing as feeble and silly attempts at music that is no music; nor does it necessarily imply that hard names applied to it will be invalidated by greater "vision" in the future.

Mr. Casella is probably a good musician; he is a good pianist, and Mr. Gilman records the fact that, educated in Paris, he has "saturated himself in half a dozen musical styles, and has discarded them one after another." In all kindness we strongly recommend him to discard one more, and that is the one represented by "A Notte Alta."

The audience seemed to be largely composed of those orthodox who are "scandalized," in Mr. Gilman's phrase, by such doings as "A Notte Alta." It listened with a painful courtesy and attention; its applause afterward seemed to denote indifference and disapproval rather than scandalization, and might fairly be called half-hearted.

Mr. Casella played Franck's beautiful variations well, though with a somewhat crosper touch and style, with less saturation of tonal color than they well deserve. It is music of lovely imaginative power, carrying in its themes the fragrance of folksong. A pit ythat the final section has a touch of that commonplace that occasionally wormed its way into Franck's finales. A pity, too, that this work had not been a little more thoroughly rehearsed.

Mr. Stokowski gave a carefully finished performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony that had some peculiarities of his own in the tempo and in the treatment of the instrumentation; but was charged with color, accen and life.

Ferenc Vecsey's Violin Recital.

Another volinist and grown-up "infant prodigy," returning with a reputation, made his appearance in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and was heard by a large audience with evidences of admiration. He is Ferenc Vecsey, Hungarian by birth, who played in Carnegie Hall fourteen years ago next January, in a white sailor suit with knee breeches, brilliantly in the most technically difficult pieces, and without evidence of being spoiled by excited adulation. He is now a dignified young man of 28, with a European reputation, still retaining simplicity of demeanor and an unassuming manner before the public.

Mr. Vecsey has gone far in the development of his technique, which is extremely brilliant and accurate. Brilliancy, accuracy and a high development of technique are not uncommon possessions of well trained and taltented young violinists today and need not be a cause of excessive wonder. More elusive and less obvious qualities are the onea that call for tributes of respect and admiration, musical feeling and penetration, an understanding of the rarer qualities of style and taste, the possession of eloquence and imagination. Mr. Vecsey is not deprived of these qualities, but they are not so predominant in his playing as to make its profoundly engrossing to stir deeply the enthusiasm of musical listeners.

He played Tartini's sonata called "The Devil's Trill" with a good deal more of musical feeling than is sometimes put into it, even if the sentiment sometimes verged upon sentimentality. He gave an excellent performance also of the "Chaconne" from Bach's D minor solo sonata, seeking to find in it clearly musical expression rather than a series of difficult technical formulas. In Vieuxtemps's concerto in D minor he shone in technique and tone—but how intolerably empty and feeble the show pieces of this and other composing violinists of that period now sound! Mr. Vectey's tone, indeed, is one of the most remarkable features of his playing—powerful, full, warm, skilfully modified in expressive quality, only sometimes injured in beauty by a tendency to press it too hard for sonority.

The program was ended with three of Mr. Vecsey's own compositions, all entitled caprices. It is probable that he will prove an addition of some importance to the throng of visiting violinists. He wil lbe advanced in the general estimate of his importance, probably, if he shows a more penetratng and more appealing emotional quality in his future appearances.

Daniel Wolf Plays His Own Sonata.

Daniel Wolf, pianist, once heard in his own compositions last year, added one yesterday, a sonata in F sharp minor, at a matinee recital in Aeolian Hall. His progra mwas quantitatively two-thirds Chopin, but qualitatively still Wolf, with a dash of Cyril Ccott and Debussy. He has well in hand the minutiae of technique, such as equalized scales in thirds, like confetti sprinkled light down the keyboard; yet all this is not now vitalized by the poetic imagery that is Chopin. Mr. Wolf is young and earnest, and what he attempted, rather than achieved yesterday, should commend him.

Edmond Clement Sings Again.

Edmond Clement, the French tenor, whose admirers again filled Aeolian Hall and all its stage last night for the second time in less than a week, is a rare example among songbirds this season, for, in spite of New York's welcome, he was announced to sail forthwith for Paris while many here still clamored to hear him. His program, in part repeated last night, included many redemanded songs, like Weckerlin's "Filles de la Rochelle" and an air from the monastery scene of Massenet's "Manon," which he encored with the same opera's earlier romance of the "Dream."

Ferenc Vecsey gave a violin recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, after an absence of sixteen years. Like Bronislaw Hubermann, Vecsey first presented himself to the American public in the capacity of a prodigiously talented child. He was then called Franz von Vecsey, and though his age was not mentioned he was twelve years old, two years the junior of Hubermann. For a year or more after enjoying the tutelage of Hubay and the vigorous championship of the veteran classicist, Joachim, he had kept the European capitals in a ferment.

Daniel Frohman, who also brought Kubelik to America, heard him in London, and undertook the management of his American tour. He played for the first time here in Carnegie Hall, on January 10, 1905, having the assistance of an orchestra conducted by Nahan Franko. His pieces were a Vieuxtemps concerto, Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasia," and solos with pianoforte accompaniment, among them the Air by Bach. Dressed in a white sailor suit, he made an exceedingly juvenile appearance. The tour lasted until April, when he gave his final concert in New York, again with an orchestra, and played the Beethoven concerto.

An Amazing Child

The circumstances that on the same day an affected little miss of eleven years gave a pianoforte concert in Mendelssohn Hall led The Tribune's reviewer to write a brief disquisition on the public performances of prodigies, in which their parade was deplored and attention called to the multitude whose names are recorded in history who went into oblivion before they reached maturity. The writer admitted, however, that Vecsey was in a different class from the many. He was recognized as a phenomenon from a technical point of view, in which respect he invited amazement by playing music which had always caused vast labor to mature virtuosi with an ease and composure that must have been maddening to them. He played with amazing purity, with a volume and quality of tone that were ravishing, but, after all, like the boy that he was. All the talk that had come from Europe about his capacity for emotional expression was set down by the reviewer as balderdash. "There is not a nuance either of tempo or expression in his playing which does not proclaim itself as mere imitation. The miracle is that he can imitate as well as he does. Musically he is still a boy, a boy full of the greatest possibilities, chiefly because he does not yet know the tricks of the virtuoso as at least two of his prodigious predecessors — Bronislaw Hubermann and Florizel Reuter—know and practice them."

Delightful in Maturity

The violinist's playing is as delightful in his maturity as it was amazing in his prodigy days. His tone is still ravishing in volume and quality. He does not debase his art by extravagant mannerisms, by any exaggerated simulation of intensity. His poise is in itself imposing, his technic of the highest caliber, his musicianship of the purest type. In Tartini's famous sonata his trill was marvelously even, both in sturdy passages and in fine-spun pianissimo. In this work, as in Bach's Chaconne, in Vieuxtemps's Concerto in D minor and in three caprices of his own writing Vecsey revealed himself an artist of the first rank. Perhaps the sobricty of his playing will not win him the popular acclaim that invariably goes out to more spectacular violinists, but he is the more to be appreciated by the discerning because he does not make an immediate appeal to the gallery.

At Town Hall in the evening Miss Lillian Gustafson, a young American soprano of Swedish parentage, who is not unknown here, gave her first song recital in this city with Kurt Schindler at the piano. Her interesting programme contained classic airs, German lieder and many lyrics from Scandinavian composers, among which were three interesting new songs by Sibelins. She sang with a voice of lovely quality, deficient in color, not always steadily produced, but always true to the pitch. She is a singer of charming gifts and with further study and experience she will, no doubt, develop into an artist of repute.

By MAX SMITH

AN infant prodigy when Daniel Frohman, years ago, introduced him to the American public, Ferenc Vecsey, now in his early thirties, made his first appearance here as a full fledged violinist yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

Sitting in one of the lower tier boxes, Mr. Frohman probably thought of the boy in velvet knee-breeches who surprised music lovers with the largeness of his tone and the vigor of his bowing. So did presumably one of the local musical critics, to whose vitriolic pen, consistently opposed to the exploitation of children, the manager at the time had ascribed in large measure the youngster's failure to win the success he had hoped for.

In the meantime Vecsey has had a brilliant career abroad, where he takes rank, it would seem, among the foremost of his profession. His technical accomplishments, indeed, are formidable, and he still draws a big tone from the fine instrument he has at his disposal.

He will have to disclose something more, however, than he did yesterday if he expects to take Americans by storm. For throughout the afternoon his playing was peculiarly lacking in temperamental warmth, in vigor, in vitality. Always was there the impression of a man grown almost callous to the emotional appeal of music, fulfilling his task conscientiously, but in a manner devoid of spontaneity and spirit.

For faults of intonation (more marked, strange as that may seem, in simple cantilena than in difficult double stopping) the weather may have been responsible in part. There was no excuse, however, for the mawkish portmaneti for which, like so many fiddlers, alas, he showed an undue fondness.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

We are not all versed in the terminology of the turf, so we cannot tell whether our expectations of Mr. Casella at the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra last night were left at the post or whether he took the bit in his mouth and ran away with them. From what we have read about the young Italian revolutionary and the music of his which we had previously heard we had conceived some notions about him and were equally prepared to have them confirmed or confuted; but what we heard was neither confirmation nor confutation of anything which we had dreamed of in connection with the æsthetics, the science, the philosophy, the metaphysics, the theory or the practice of music.

In Mr. Gilman's apologia for the Italian coterie to which Mr. Casella belongs, which was put before us in the annotated program, we were led to expect something in the nature of musical metempsychosis, a rebirth of classic Italian ideals, a return to the aims, if not the methods, of Monteverde, Caldara, Scarlatti, Pergolesi and the qualities of "grandeur, severity,

robustness, conciseness, sobriety, simplicity of line, plenitude, plastique et équilibre architectural, vivacity, audacity, and a perpetual quest of novelty," as an unnamed author was quoted as having said in characterization of the school which is no school. We found plenty of audacity and some evidences of a quest of novelty in the humorous pages of Stravinsky, but the discovery did not seem a fitting reward for our patient research.

Thoughts Evoked by Title

Noting the pretty title of Mr. Casella's composition, "A Notte alta," we lost ourselves in a pleasant dream of a night illumined by

"the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,"

and when we read the program which Mr. Casella wrote to expound the significance of his music we thought the night, though dark and chill, might after all be transfigured like that of Schönberg's sextet, for a man and woman, and passion and parting were to be in it. We were told to observe a drama and hear how harmonies calm and "ethereal" symbolized "the deep, enigmatic indifference of Nature to human emotion." We listened intently, as we hoped without prejudice, but what we heard turned our fancies far away from those professed by the composer. We didn't seem to be out in the nocturnal open at all, but in a deep, dark, dank cellar, filled with grumblings, groanings, and occasional sounds of noxious gases escaping from a pipe.

A French critic long ago said that the ethereal, cobwebby sounds which Berlioz invented to help give musical delineation to Queen Mab, as Shakespeare described the fairy, reminded him of an ill-greased syringe. When Mr. Walter Damrosch produced Mr. Casella's war "Films" a year or so ago we thought that the limit had been reached in the effort to depict the moving of heavy artillery by reproducing a mimicry of clanking, clashing, squeaking noises; but the terrestrial machinery of the Big Berthas was better oiled than the celestial mechanism of this "Notte alta." We should try to tell what the piece is like if we could. It is easier to say what it is not like.

New Form of Noises

It is unlike anything that has been identified with the concept music as it has existed in the past; unlike the concept which prevails throughout the world outside of the heads of Mr. Casella and his confrères. An Italian, toward the close of the period of which Mr. Gilman talks in his program notes, defined music as consisting of "vaghezza, chiarezza, e buone modulatione"—beauty, clearness and good, or correct, modulation. Such elements have no existence in "A Notte alta." They are not striven for, but striven against. Deep and gloomy noises compacted of harsh dissonances and weird instrumental colors, out of which emerge distorted phrases, standing for themes of a sort which dart upward in lurid shrieks and are sprinkled occasionally with a dissonant pianoforte arpeggio—of such is the texture of this music. When it was over it seemed for a moment as if the audience had been stricken mute. Then there came a few handclaps and there was enough applause to show the visitor the courtesy which he would better have deserved had he presented himself only as a pianist—as he did afterward in César Franck's symphonic variations.

The performance of Beethoven's symphony in A major, No. 7, was not edifying. There were strivings for preciosity of detail which marred the dignity of the work and too little graduation of nuance between fortissimo and pianissimo.

MAY 3 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Erika Morini's Violin Recital.

The great abundance and frequent manifestation in the New York concert halls of marked talent in violin playing have been already a notable feature of the season. Addition to them was made last evening in the recital in Carnegie Hall of Miss Eriki Morini. She is a young woman who attracted considerable attention last season at her first appearances here by the early development of a very considerable talent that promised much. Miss Morini's playing last evening indicated that the promise was well in the way of fulfillment.

She had shown before, besides a well developed technique, an eager disposition to seize and assimilate to her own way of thinking all music of all styles, an impetuous and wilfull spirit that carried everything before it. She seemed in this recital to have moderated her natural impulses to the extent of allowing the character and style of the music to have its nfluence on her performance of it. That is something gained in the progress of an artist. There were more poise, a riper judgment and a greater finish in her playing than she showed last season. There was a more uniformly fine quality of tone.

This was manifested in her performance of Vivaldi's concerto in A minor, with which she began her program; music that must be played decently and in order, with clarity and repose; and so she played it. The "agitato assai" of the last movement was something of a temptation to her; for Vivaldi's agitation, even great agitation is not to be envisaged as the agitation of the men of today. But Miss Morini was not too much beguiled, and gave the concerto a performance that really had some relation to the style in which Vivaldi wrote. Also to be commended was her playing of Bach's G minor solo sonata, especially in its clearness and accuracy of intonation, and in a real dignity of conception.

Her other numbers were by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Godard Moszkowski, and included Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise."

MAY 4 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its first visit to New York in this season yesterday and played last evening in Carnegie Hall to an audience whose numbers gave reassuring evidence of the esteem in which the organization is held here. Mr. Monteux conducted and gave a program that included Beethoven's "Erioca" symphony, Rimsky Korsakoffs tone picture "Sadko," the first two of Debussy's "Nocturnes" ("Nuages" and "Fêtes") and Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan" that the composer had conducted here earlier in the week.

The orchestra has advanced in technical precision; but though the quality of its tone is now brilliant and powerful, it has not quite regained the beauty that it once had. Mr. Monteux's playing of the symphony was brilliant and powerful and marked by technical precision. It was expeditious in tempo and also somewhat rigid in that particular. Mr. Monteux also showed in it a strong prediliction for sharp contrasts in dynamics; his loud was very loud and his soft very soft. Whatever Mr. Monteaux did or did not do in this performance, he at any rate adhered closely to the letter—so closely that in some respects he failed to illumnie the spirit of the composition except so far as high lights contrasted with deep shadows may have done so. But the performance made its effect with the listeners.

"Sadko" is easily Rimsky-Korsakoff; it is his Op. 5, and pas produced in 1867, when he was 23 years old, and it cannot now rank with his most successful orchestral compositions. Yet there are premonitions in it of the real Rimsky-Korsakoff, notably in the finely conceived introduction, a suggestion of which returns at the close. The performance of it was vivid and strongly rhythmical. In the "Nocturnes" the tangible picturesqueness of the "Fêtes" was more successfully conveyed than the elusive suggestion of the "Unages"; it may be thought, also, that Debussy himself was more successful in the former and that even the most faithful interpreter is bound to be also.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Damroscr devoted the program of the New York Symphony Orchestra's second concert to the music of Beethoven and Wagner. Beethoven was represented by portions of the incidental music to Goethe's "Egmont"—the overture. Clärchen's songs and the brief passage representing Clärchen's death—and the fifth symprony, an interval of just one week having elapsed since its last previous performance. Wagner was represented by the dance of the apprentices from the third act of "The Mastersingers," the "Siegfried Idyl" and "Brunnhiide's Immolation" from the last act of "The Twilight of the Gods." Clärchen's songs and Brünnrilde's great apostrophe were sung by Miss Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The orchestra gave a good account of itself in the overture and the symphony, which latter had a less sertnuous but no less musical performance than it had a week ago. The "Siegfried Idyl" was played with delicacy of outline and of color; but the most faithful reproduction of its spirit cannot make it seem much less than about twice too long, exquisite as it is as music.

There was much vigor and color in the performance of the dance from "The Mastersingers." Miss Easton sang with much beauty of tune, finish of phrasing and clearness of diction. In the songs from "Egmont" it might almost have been wished that her diction were not so clear, for it exposed pitilessly the ineptitudes of the English translation that she used.

Frieda Klink, Contralto, Pleases.

Frieda Klink, who with Helen Stover and Ernest Williams had been heard as rotating stars of last Summer's open-air concerts at Columbia, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted at the piano by C. V. Bos. Her voice is a true contralto, of emotional quality in Grieg's lyric, "In Time of Roses," yet evaporating as a toneless clatter in his "Thy Warning" immediately after. Dramatic stress and demands of agility fall heavily on a rich, low voice in youth; they may come later, and meanwhile Miss Klink was well able to give pleasure in a score of modern songs, including several of Respighi, Bantock and Strauss.

"... ...h" Tonight for Vassar Fund.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town again yesterday and began a new season here with its concert in Carnegie Hall last night. The programme was various. It consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Rimsky-Korsakov's tone picture entitled "Sadko," Debussy's two nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fetes" and Strauss's "Don Juan." M. Pierre Monteux continues to be the conductor of the Eastern organization.

There is much discussion of readings. Something might be said, therefore, about M. Monteux's reading of the Beethoven symphony. The hero's bones were certainly rattled over the stones on the way to the cemetery. But in the funeral march, as in the other movements, the reading might easily be resolved into its fundamental element, namely, technic.

The Boston orchestra is a very fine body of players. But it will not be heard at its best till its pristine transparency of utterance is restored, and that will not be till some such perfection of balance as Mr. Gericke maintained is recreated. At present the orchestral tone is too ofen thick and muddy and this is partly because there is too much insistence on the strings and often doubling of the wood-winds where the balance would be better and the tone more beautiful if the doubling were omitted and the strings allowed to play with more repose and more elasticity of wrists.

The best achievement in the symphony was the delivery of the scherzo, which had brilliancy, spirit and certainty. The horns in particular appeared to have unshaken confidence. The audience reacted—that seems to be the fashionable word—to this performance and applauded vigorously. Since reactions have been introduced it becomes proper to mention also complexes and it may, therefore, be added that M. Monteux seemed to have too many of them in the finale.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

It is possible that other persons besides this reviewer who attended the two orchestral concerts given in Carnegie Hall yesterday went away away from the second in a somewhat confused frame of mind—feeling somewhat divided, as a salt mackerel would be justified in saying of itself. It was vexing to reflect that so little pleasure had been derived from the performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony by the Symphony Society in the afternoon, which had so much of general excellence in it, and so much from the performance of the "Eroica," by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the evening, which was so sadly misconceived in respect of tempi. Perhaps the mass of symphonic music which we have been obliged to hear within a week and the contrast between the methods of five conductors—Messrs. Stransky, Strauss, Stokowsky, Damrosch and Monteux—had disposed our mind toward paradox. We were compelled to think too much of the music makers and too little of the music.

Contrast in Two Perfotmances

When Mr. Damrosch put the pregnant theme of the Fifth Symphony before us, strong and clean-cut in outline, we wondered why Mr. Stransky had blurred its outline by proceeding to its iteration without giving us a chance to take a mental breath after the grim and stern hold, and we felt beholden to Mr. Damrosch. When we listened to the dainty filigree work of Mr. Stokowsky in the Seventh Symphony we felt that it only marred the effect of the whole. Last night Mr. Monteux worked out the details of the magnificent first movement of the "Eroica" with equal finesse, but played it with a feverish haste which left us time only to marvel at what we are inclined to set down as the most marvelous free fantasia in all musical literature. We were robbed of the privilege of hearing the heart-throbs in Beethoven's tragic proclamation. If conductors continue to play Beethoven with the apparent purpose of showing how different they can be in their readings, it may become necessary before long to try to remove some of the glosses and let the original text shine through.

Miss Easton Sings

Mr. Damrosch devoted his program to Beethoven and Wagner, playing, besides the symphony, the overture to "Egmont" and the pathetic between-acts music delineation of the death of the heroine of Goethe's tragedy, having Miss Florence Easton sing the heroine's two songs, which she did with fine intelligence and feeling. In the second part of the concert the audience heard the merry dance of the apprentices from Wagner's "Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyl" and the last scene of "Götterdammerung," in which Miss Easton sang again. The Idyl coming in the same week with Richard Strauss's "Sinfonia domestica" prompted the reflection that Richard I made better music for his baby than did Richard II. But would that some conductor had the hardihood to curtail this pretty bit a full five minutes' worth or more. He might thereby win the gratitude of Wagner's ghost as well as his audience.

Mr. Monteux and the visitors from Boston put a better foot forward in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" than they did in the "Heroic" symphony, and probably a still better foot in Debussy's "Nocturnes" and Strauss's "Don Juan." As to that we make no deposition—for reasons which may be left to the readers' imagination. The composer conducted the work in the same room last Monday evening.

FOUR MUSIC RECITALS.

Two Violinists, Pianist and Contralto Heard.

Bronislaw Huberman gave his second violin recital yesterday at Town Hall. In Brahms's G major sonata, opus 78, in which Paul Frenkel played the piano part, the violinist's performance had exquisite tonal shadings, tender sentiment, though at moments this was excessive, and a technic beautifully polished. He gave a performance also of Bach's unaccompanied sonata in G minor, one which needed more classic poise, but was interesting because of its general superiority in interpretation. Mendelssohn's concerto and some shorter pieces followed.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday Miss Phyllida Ashley, a pianist from California, who played here once last year, gave a recital before a large and friendly audience. Musically gifted, as was shown by her good piano tone, dynamic power and intelligence, she too frequently allowed the good features of her playing to be marred by many false notes and an unfinished style.

In the evening at Aeolian Hall Miss Frieda Klink, a contralto, who has sung here with success in recital and as soloist, gave a programme of airs and songs with Coenraad Bos at the piano. Her performance gave unusual pleasure. She has a fine voice, admirably controlled, and she knows how to deliver a song with dramatic effect and excellent taste.

At Town Hall in the evening Miss Ruth Ray, a Chicago violinist, who has been heard here before, gave a recital. Her good tone and musicianly accomplishments were well displayed in a list of comprehensive works, including a suite dedicated to herself by Leo Sowerby, played in New York for the first time. Her work was warmly applauded by a large audience. The interesting Sowerby music was received with genuine enthusiasm.

MRS. ERNEST BIARDOT DEAD.

Retired Singer and Pianist Devoted to Welfare Work.

News of the sudden death yesterday morning in the French Hospital, following an operation, of Mrs. Ernest Biardot of 140 West Fifty-eighth street, will come as a shock to many friends in the musical and social world in which she was well known. She was not only a concert singer of ability, but an accomplished pianist, and played formerly both as soloist and an accompanist under her maiden name of Emma Dick. She was for many years a voice pupil of Osoar Saenger, and later, of Mme. Lankow, and had finished her musical training in France, having studied twelve operatic roles with Jean De Reszke. During the Grau regime at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Biardot was engaged for two years but she did not fulfil her contract having decided to retire from the stage.

Mrs. Biardot knew many leading concert and operatic stars and was well known at the Metropolitan. Mme Marie Rapold and Antonio Scotti, of the company, were among her friends. Her husband, formerly president of the France-American Food Company. Her birthplace was Huntington, Ind.

Four recitals were given yesterday at the neighboring concert halls in Forty-third Street. In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall the favorable impression made by Miss Phyllida Ashley's playing last year was renewed in another piano recital. She gave an excellent performance of a program which included Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata. Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," three Chopin numbers, ...rewski's "Theme Varie" and ...t's "Tenth Rhapsody."

Miss Ashley's playing of the Beethoven sonata was particularly commendable. In this, as in other pieces, she combined technical proficiency with interpretative eloquence.

A curious effect in lighting was the order, both in the afternoon and for the evening recital. An orange light was shed upon the stage while the audience sat in partial darkness.

Miss Frieda Klink, contralto, sang to a crowded house in the evening at the same hall. Her voice, an imposing contralto, dramatic in quality, was displayed with rare skill in a program of songs by Respighi, Grieg, Massenet, Fourdrain, Strauss and other composers.

At Town Hall in the afternoon Bronislaw Huberman gave his second violin recital of the season. His program included Brahm's Sonata in G major, Bach's minor Sonata for violin alone, Mendelssohn's Concerto, Beethoven's Romance in G major and two of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, arranged by Joachim. Mr. Huberman appeared to better advantage in the smaller hall. His tone, which had seemed lost in the depths of Carnegie Hall, now seemed sufficiently full and smooth, while his technic was undeniably skillful, especially in the Presto of the Bach Sonata. His mannerisms, however, were still in evidence and often gave his performance the appearance of effort. On the whole, he was at his best where a light and delicate touch was required, as in the finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto.

Another violinist, Miss Ruth Ray, played in the evening at the same hall. Her broad, virile tone is but one of many points in her favor, while she has a sound technic and considerable brilliance and temperament to burn. A feature of her program was a suite in three movements—Romance, Capricietto and Poem, by Leo Sowerby, winner of the American Prix de Rome. The work is dedicated to Miss Ray, who played it con amore.

Nov 5 1921

Miss Farrar, Clad in Turkish Trousers,

An audience that completely filled the grand ballroom of the Biltmore was attracted to the first for this season of the Biltmore musicales, which was held there yesterday. The artists were Miss Geraldine Farrar of the Metropolitan Opera, Miss Ada Sassoli, harpist, and Mr. Edgar Schofield, barytone. Mr. Claude Gotthelf was at the piano.

Miss Farrar received a rousing welcome when she came on the stage to sing her first number, a group of French songs by Ferrari, Chaminade, Hahn and Massenet. Her costume was novel and startling. It was of china pink chiffon edged with silver fox, with a long coat of the same material. The medium length skirt disclosed a pair of white and silver Turkish trousers which fell to her ankles. Her 1820 hat corresponded in color and material with her gown and was topped by a sweeping plume.

For her second number Miss Farrar sang the "Hananera" from "Carmen," and her last group of songs, sung in English, included compositions by Tschaikowski, Schumann, Dvorak and Gretchaninoff.

Mr. Schofield sang "O tu Palermo," by Verdi, and several English songs. The numbers played by Miss Sassoli were familiar to her concert repertoire.

Many in the audience stood when she appeared. It is the custom to so dress her at the morning musicales. The reason that prompts that peculiar practise is to get a better view of her gorgeous costume. Yesterday she wore a gown composed of yellow floating draperies, short enough to reveal voluminous trousers of silver cloth. A picture hat of amber with huge plumes of the same color made a frame around her dark hair, coiffed low.

[illegible] a group of

BORIS HAMBOURG PLAYS.

'Cellist Gives Recital of Unfamiliar Music.

Boris Hambourg, known here as 'cello recitalist, and in recent seasons as a member of the Hambourg Trio, gave a programme of music for his instrument yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Hambourg has given historical recitals in London, and it is his custom to choose seldom heard works from the old 'cello literature, wherein he has made researches. Yesterday he began with one such a sonata in F major by the Venetian Benedetto Marcello, who lived 200 years ago.

This music was well adapted to the 'cello, and Mr. Hambourg played it with charming simplicity and taste. He also gave Bach's G major unaccompanied suite, in which his tone might have had more variety; D'Albert's 'cello concerto in C major and some short pieces. The concerto, heard D'Albert works, which contains beautiful passages and some incoherency, was played here eight years ago by Miss Beatrice Harrison at a Philharmonic concert. It seemed to need yesterday an orchestral accompaniment.

TWO SOPRANOS HEARD IN LONG RECITALS

Mme. Graham and Miss Alma Simpson Entertain.

Two song recitals invited the consideration of music lovers yesterday. Both took place in Town Hall. In the afternoon Mme. Mildred Graham, soprano, disclosed her gifts and accomplishments in a very exacting programme, embracing songs of varied styles and a large range of expression.

Mme. Graham is a singer equipped with a naturally good voice, which is something the worse for wear, but which retains a middle scale of pleasing equility. She was not always able to produce a satisfying tone, but she sang with musical intelligence and a knowledge of interpretative methods so that she was often interesting.

In the evening the singer was Miss Alma Simpson, soprano molto sfogato, who gave her annual song recital, assisted alternatively by an accompanist and a mechanical piano. Much of Miss Simpson's singing was singularly confidential. She appeared to be desirous of confining her tremblingly emotional communications to friends in the front row. In this she had pronounced success.

Her interpretation of Mozart's "Das Veilchen" was lachrymose in the extreme. But it seems hardly worth while expending phrases on a recital which was of such extraordinarily small artistic value.

In Aeolian Hall Miss Edna Fields, officially described as a mezzo-soprano contralto, gave her first song recital on any stage. She disclosed a voice of middle range, powerful, vibrant and easily produced. But she showed little knowledge of song interpretation. Indeed, she seemed entirely lost in the shadows of Forty-third street. The bright lights and gay operettas of Broadway beckoned to her.

The second of a series of Friday noon-Day Musicales, under the direction of Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, and Ernesto Berumen, pianist, was given yesterday in Aeolian Hall with Mr. Berumen, Jean Johnson, mezzo-soprano; Rosamond Crawford, pianist, and Fenwick Newell, tenor, and Kathryn Kerin and Marion Carley in the capacity of accompanists, contributing to the program.

An Ignace Friedman record played by the Duo Art piano served as an introduction for the artists, among whom Miss Johnson was first to appear. Two group numbers were allotted to her—the first comprising four French songs and the second, two in English. Of the first group the singer afforded most pleasure in "Carnival" by Fourdrain, although Auberts's "Vielle Chanson Espagnole" was delightfully given with good diction and a voice of exceptional sweetness and warmth. Miss Carley was her accompanist. "By the Waters of Minnetonka," Lieurance, and "O No, John!" Somerset, were accompanied by the Duo Art piano.

A featured number was Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," played by Mr. Berumau and Miss Crawford at two pianos. So perfect was the ensemble of these very splendid musicians the effect was as though an individual artist had manipulated the keys. Mr. Newell sang an aria from "Le Roi d'Ys" by Lalo and "How Much I Love You," by La Forge. Further than being the possesser of a charming voice, this young tenor is gifted with an unusual degree of personality and knows how to present his songs. Miss Kerin played her usual excellent accompaniment. Mr. Berumen and the Duo Art piano also played three selections by Brahms, Godard and Dambois, the Duo records having been made by Harold Bauer.

Nov 6 1921

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES ORGAN-ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Monteux's Programme Is Cleverly Selected and He Conducted in Masterly Way.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon gave the first public performance of an arrangement for organ and orchestra made by Wallace Goodrich of Massachusetts for Cesar Franck's organ chorale No. 2, in B minor. The organ played below and through the orchestra in great surges, to which the orchestral voices gave a complex coloring; and in the solo passages the organ raised Franck's kindly, compassionate melody against rolls of thunder, softened and rounded as if by distance—like a merciful Judgment Day. The general effect of the Goodrich arrangement, however, was more magistral than masterly.

The concert opened with Brahms's great symphony No. 3 in F major, opus 90, which expresses in four movements a complete cycle of aesthetic experience. In the first movement, beautiful impressions arise and escape until every sense seems to have been visited and stirred and left sublimely content, unmarred by the shadow of a philosophical speculation. The second movement might well be an approbation by the mind, on considering the pleasure which has just preceded—a devout approbation. The third movement turns the intelligence outward from its senses and its approval of them, and explores in lonely fashion among tenuous, mystic possibilities. And finally, the fourth movement deserts the third as a futile undertaking and returns to the tangible things, ceremonies, majestic pageants, gayety, power, rivalry and sensuous pleasure.

Pierre Monteux, who arranged his programme as excellently as he conducted it, followed the Brahms symphony with Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde," as a recreation. The ballet music was so descriptive and so well played that the eyes alone seemed to be occupied, and the ears were rested by the time the Franck chorale was undertaken. The concert closed with Berlioz's resounding overture to "The Roman Carnival."

String Quartet of London Delights

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Begin[illegible] yesterday's last edition.)

The lovers of chamber music renewed a pleasant acquaintanceship when the London String Quartet gave a concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It is seldom that foreign visitors introduce themselves with so serious a message as did the British gentlemen a year ago. Though complete strangers to our public, they challenged not curiosity but attention and interest of the highest sort with a proclamation of the evangel of Beethoven. It was an appeal to the elect instead of to the great body of seekers after musical entertainment—venturesome, but, to their credit and the honor of their audiences, successful. They are here again, and were welcomed yesterday as tried and proved friends of pure music by an audience capable of giving appreciation and glad to show it.

Premiere of Warner Composition

A Haydn quartet (in B flat, Op. 64, No. 3) opened their list, and Schubert's posthumous work in D minor, with its transfigured variations, closed it, or, rather, would have closed it had their playing not evoked a demonstration of delight which led to the introduction of a novel feature in concerts of this character, a demand for more. To this they responded by playing a piece which sounded like a sequel to the middle number of the scheme which had already produced a call for a repetition. This middle number was a set of five short pieces entitled "The Pixy-Ring, a Fairy Suite," composed by Mr. H. Waldo Warner, the viola player of the quartet, last summer, which had its first public hearing on this occasion.

Mr. Warner seems to have been hobnobbing with fairy-folk a good deal of late, for we thought we detected some of the doings of Cluricaune and Shefros, Robin Goodfellow and the Korrigane in his pianoforte trio, which won Mrs. Coolidge's prize of $1,000 and was played at the recent Berkshire Chamber Music Festival. He is obviously on good terms with the Good People and does not let "Pouke nor other evil sprites" fray him with things that be not. Fairies are to him the winsome creatures that they were to Mendelssohn and Weber, though they speak a different dialect. In his suite they dance in the moonlight, play games under toadstools with kinsfolk as well as grasshoppers and field mice in the light emitted by glow worms to the music of bluebells. Like the Leprechaun of the Emerald Isle they are not at all averse to a wee nippie themselves, nor grudgeful of it to a "man of middle earth" who chances to fall into their company. So we judge at least from the fourth scene, in which a human clown sings a ditty to them, to which they give a tricksy variant which makes him somewhat heavy of tongue and slumbrous.

An Alluring Suite

The suite is program music, of course, but of a kind as alluring to the fancy as it is gratifying to good taste, for though it is as full of novel instrumental effects as the efforts at descriptive orchestral music by the young Italians which we have heard recently it differs from these efforts by being delightfully idiomatic, clear in structure and suggestive in its themes. No one familiar with the viol family could fail to be charmed by the ingenious manner in which harmonics, pizzicati, muted tones and the device of bowing near the bridge *(sul ponticello)* were combined to give the music elfish color. But this was not all, for there was charm also in the subject matter of each of the movements and its harmonic treatment. No prettier tribute could have been paid to the work and its composer than the audience paid it, by permitting all the movements to be played before applauding, and then calling the composer and his companions to the platform again and again until an obvious desire was gratified by a repetition of the finale. There was a healthy British tang in this fairy dance and in the folksong-like tune which was the burden of the movement delineative of the human being who becomes "Pixy-laden."

It was somewhat of a pity, we thought, though we could not but admire the frankness of the confession, that when the quartet played the supplementary number, which was Spaight's "Puck," it should have disclosed that there was another Englishman who handled a palette similar to Mr. Warner's.

The precision of the players, their perfect intellectual and emotional accord, their mastery of equable nuance, were in all the music admirable. Wherein they left some desires unfulfilled was in their tenuity of tone, their overfondness for mezzo-piano and a want of warmth, lusciousness and volume as a normal outgiving.

Nov 7 1921

Friends of Music

By H. E. Krehbiel

It seems to be a difficult matter accurately to adjust the purposes and the doings of the Society of the Friends of Music so that they may be in perfect accord. To give a hearing to music of the highest type which does not fall within the scope of other concert organizations or ordinary concert givers, that ostensibly is its mission, and it is at once a beautiful, a lofty one, and one which would make for the increase and refinement of popular knowledge and taste. The program of the concert in Town Hall yesterday afternoon was almost ideal. The overture to "Genoveva," by Schumann, was, perhaps, unnecessary, for the reason that it lies properly within the field cultivated by symphonic orchestras, but it is seldom heard and is beautiful.

The Concerto Grosso, by Handel, for two violins and violoncello as the concertino and a string band, was decidedly to the purpose, not only because of its beauty, but also because it belongs to an archaic class of compositions rarely represented in the schemes of orchestral concerts, and also because, well played by a small band in a small room, it is more effective than under the inflated conditions which prevail at symphonic concerts. It is chamber music, and should be heard as such. The church cantata by Bach, "Gott soll Allein mein Herze haben," was also well chosen—or would have been well chosen had it been performed by a proper and adequate apparatus. But in it the organ is extensively used obbligato, and for the noble instrument for which Bach wrote a cabinet organ was a poor substitute, offering neither variety of color nor the diapason tone which would have made good the absence of all the wind instruments of the band except the oboes, which were but little in evidence.

The style of the work is that of the old Italian solo cantata and in view of the fact that it is largely based upon a concerto which Bach wrote for violin, and also for clavichord. The monotonous tone of the instrumental part militated greatly against its effect, nobly as the vocal part was sung by Mme. Gerhardt. That, indeed, was a notable achievement, as was also, we think, the interpretation of the work by Mr. Bodanzky, while the singing by the choir of the stanza from Luther's hymn, "Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist," though not exactly uplifting, was creditable to the choristers and their trainer, Mr. Stephen Townsend. Mr. Wilfrid Pelletier played the organ part and Mr. Paul Eisler accompanied the recitatives in Mme. Gerhardt's arioso and siciliano discreetly upon a makeshift harpsichord. Who the solo players in the Handel concerto were the program neglected to tell us—which was a pity, for the character as well as the excellence of their work deserved recognition.

The customary sheet of words was also wanting, because of failure of delivery by the printer, the audience was told. This must have been disappointing to the listeners who were unfamiliar with the German language in respect both of the Bach cantata and the songs by Mahler, which brought the concert to a close. Those familiar with the German tongue, however, had no need of the printed words, for Mme. Gerhardt's enunciation and diction were exemplary; had she merely read the text she would have made ravishing music. The titles of the Mahler songs were a bit confusing. They were settings of excerpts from the collection of German folksongs made by Clemens Brentano and his brother-in-law, Von Arnim, called "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," a collection which has a parallel in the history of English literature in Bishop Percy's "Reliques," though it contains four metrical romances.

If Mme. Gerhardt adhered to the list of songs as printed in the programs, some of them are queerly named. It is scarcely likely that anybody would give a title like "Das Irdische Leben" to the wondrously pathetic miniature ballad which lovers of folksong know as "Das hungernde Kind" ("The Starving Child"). The strong infusion of the folksong spirit in Mahler's genius made him singularly felicitous in his settings of these traditional texts. To us there seems to be more and truer feeling in any one of his "Wunderhorn" songs than in the most ambitious of

s symphonic movements. There is enuine spontaneity in their humor as ell as their pathos. Their performice by Mme. Gerhardt was perfection, nd so was their accompaniment by the rchestra as far as Mr. Bodanzky could ake it so. The tone of his woodinds did not stand a severe test, howver.

The Mahled cycle of children's songs hardly deserved all the earnes work that was lavished upon it. There were moments of felicitous orchestration in the five movements, bu the music itself was either uninteresting or else suggested a page from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Choc olate Sold er," the Handel concerto grosso, "Die Meistersinger," "Hansel und Gretel"—all these and more received their meed of the sincerest form of flattery.

There is no reason why the orchestral introduction, considering its origin, should show any uplifting religious significance; nor does it show more than the nobility and deep musical beauty that are stamped upon it by Bach's genius. The airs have a tender expressiveness, more than some of Bach's airs for solo voice which he treats in a way that offers great difficulty to the singer. Mme. Gerhardt delivered them and the recitatives in a beautifully artistic and expressive manner, with a clear diction and (except for one slight slip in an entrance) without signs of distress in managing the difficult phrasing. And the final chorale, harmonized with the supreme loveliness of the master magic, was sung by the chorus with much beauty and homogeneity of tone—with a quality, indeed, that prompted the wish to hear it in some of the cantatas wherein Bach made more use of the chorus.

Mme. Gerhardt also sang with much variety of expression and mood the settings by Mahler. With all the persuasiveness and ingenuity, both in the melodic time and the elaborate orchestral effects with which he has sought to follow the simplicity and naïveté of the verses, there is a haunting feeling that his pursuit of the waif is at times somewhat labored, and suggestive rather of sophistication.

ch vigor in Handel's

or 1732. Then followed Handel's concerto grosso in C major No. 7 (one of those which appeared to Romain Rolland to possess "but a moderate interest") and five songs from Gustave Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," which some music lovers believe to be the best thing Mahler ever wrote.

M. Rolland might possibly have found a little more interest in the Handel work if he had heard it yesterday after the Bach, which was presented to the audience in a style suggesting the aridity of a desert, with Miss Gerhardt's singing of the recitatives as the only oasis. The chorus treated the chorale well as far as dynamics and tempo were concerned, but with a melancholy tone quality.

The orchestra was depressing at all times, and especially so in Handel's music. The concertino of two violins and cello played grimly indeed, while the whole body of strings secmed to need dusting. The most thoroughly enjoyable part of the concert was the Mahler songs. Miss Gerhardt is not a singer of finesse. She labors too much and has a narrow range of vocal color. But her voice is excellent in quality and she sings with intelligence. She brought a nice appreciation to Mahler's lyrics and sent the audience home in a pleasant humor.

SOPHIE BRASLAU AT CARNEGIE.

Miss Braslau's programme at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon was an interest ng one. She began with an eighteenth century cantata for solo voice, "Didone," by Benedetto Marcello, and went on to songs by Hugo Wolff, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff Respighi and Sibella. Three songs by Werner Josten, sung in German, disclosed a young composer of dec de lyric and dramatic gifts. She also sang an American group of uneven merits, which ncluded John Carpenter's rather Gallic "The Lawd I Smilin' Thro' the Do'," and Maximillian Pilzer's "Fairy Land."

Miss Braslau's voice is warm and beautiful as ever in its middle regis-

ter, and seems to have grown in power. She abuses it unmercifully, however, forcing her chest tones up so far that she is already losing flexibility and control in her upper register. She seemed to have nothing in her high tones yesterday between a full fortissimo and a pallid mezza voice that hovered perilously on the brink of falsetto. Her voice is naturally very dark in color, and she darkens it even more, especially in her lowest register, where it becomes almost baritone in quality. All these abuses of course produce the sort of heavy, throaty voice that audiences associate with contralto singing. Yesterday's listeners, consequently, had what they wanted, and gave every sign of being delighted with it. Miss Braslau has grown considerably in interpretative power, and gave her German group superbly. The French and Italian numbers were rather overdone. Respighi's "Se Un Giorno Tornasse" displayed a real Caruso sob at the end. One waited for shouts of "Bis!"

terday. Miss Braslau might well have been overwhelmed by her reception. She sang, in her serious and resonant fashion, a rare "cantata" for one voice on the woes of "Dido," by old Benedetto Marcello, and preceded a Moussorgsky group with the so-called "vocalize" or song without words, subtitled, "The Cry of Russia," by Rachmaninoff.

Werner Josten and Hugo Wolf were two composers out of the hackneyed order, at least of recent years, and among present novelties were Max Pilzer's "Fairyland" and Jennie Prince Black's "My Birdeen." Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole played the accompaniments. Miss Braslau at one point adding for encore Beethoven's sonorous and hymnlike "Praise of God in Nature," befitting the Indian Summer day.

Russian 'Cellist Fills Town Hall.

Yasha Bunchuk, a Russian 'cellist, said to be a protege of the composer, Glazounov, made his first appearance here last evening at the Town Hall, before one of the largest audiences that has filled that auditorium this season. It was thronged as if the Mishas and Sashas and Toshas of Russia fiddledom were playing, instead of a solo 'cello, the less favored instrumental "tenor" rather than "prima donna" of the string choir. The newcomer showed himself a player of powerful tone and good technical equipment in Saint Saens's concerto and a 300-year-old sonata of Eccles. He was assisted in two Jewish song-melodies by their composer, B. Levenson, and by Gregory Ashman also in pieces by Rachmaninoff and Glazounov, Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and his own arrangement of Zimbalist's "Orientale."

John Corigliano at Carnegie Hall.

John Corigliano had distinguished help of a fellow countryman and artist, Gino Nastrucci, first violin at the Metropolitan Opera, as one of a string quintet that accompanied Mozart's concerto in E flat, with which the young player opened his violin recital at Carnegie Hall last evening, and in which, indeed, there was realized some of that intimacy of effect that marked Mozart's own simpler age. Mr. Corigliano is a Brooklyn youth of twenty, who has twice before appeared here. He gave, with Francis Moore at the piano, a concerto, opera 25, byrleigh, and pieces by Burmeister, Israel Joseph, Dirk Foch and Kreisler.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT

Hulda Lashanska Is the Soloist at Aeolian Hall.

The Symphony Society held the second of its crowded Sunday afternoon concerts in Aeolian Hall yesterday, when Mr. Damrosch brought forward the fourth symphony of Brahms, music restful and refined, if also melodiously enriched like Corinthian capitals, concealing strength amid beauty. From the orchestra's newer productions of recent years there was also revived Ravel's "Tomb of Couperin," which in antique guise lays a bouquet of Elysian dances to the memory of friends fallen in the war. In place of another such, Roger-Ducasse's "Marche Française," there was played in closing the "Rumanian Rhapsody" of Enesco.

Mme. Sembrich was among those who heard with pleasure the soloist of the day, Hulda Lashanska, a young soprano who appears infrequently, but who recalls something of the art of Sembrich to concert-goers of earlier days. While Mme. Lashanska's singing lacks the agile ease of more constant use, the suggestion of distant bell-tones in the voice is matched by delicacy of style rare in modern interpreters. She, too, omitted a program number, the "Loreley" of Liszt, substituting an air from an opera, "Hamlet," by Franco Faccio, who with Boito fought in Garibaldi's army, and adding later Debussy's air from "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Nov 8 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Silvio Scionti's Piano Recital.

Silvio Scionti, a pianist evidently Italian, who appeared last evening for the first time in the Town Hall, is a young man of considerable attainments, though they are not such as to enable him to cope altogether successfully with the most arduous tasks he set before himself. He was somewhat overweighted by Bussoni's elaborations of Bach's Chaconne for violin solo and Liszt's sonata; nor did he find all the substance that there is in Chopin's Barcarolle. He got certain finely felt effects in all of them: they they require a larger view than he is at present able to take of them.

On the other hand, into Beethoven's so-called "Andante Favori," into Brahms's capriccio in B minor, into Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," which he gave as an encore, he put much charm. His program contained two pieces that were set down as "first performances"—Alfredo Casella's "Sonatina" and Leo Sowerby's "Fisherman's Trune."

Mr. Casella's composition is clearly in his latest style, that in which he favors so strongly the minor ninth and other such exquisitely acidulous dissonances. It is in three movements, an allegro con spirito, a minuetto and a finale, in which a precipitate and boisterous opening merges into a march, "grave and solemn"; the last named representing, according to a note on the program, the entrance of a Chinese guard, dig a Chinese doctors and a venerable old man named Altoum—a "vision of Oriental splendor, music through which shines "the glitter of jewels and the rustling of gorgeous silken robes."

There is, indeed, color and suggestiveness in the piece, and the impression of musical effect to a considerably greater degree than there was in the composer's "A Notte Alta," which he played here recently with the Philadelphia Orchestra; though there is a certain self-consciousness about it, a feeling that the camper is achieving a tour de force, rather giving a natural expression. He was present at the recital, and Mr. Scionti, who played the piece brilliantly, tried to make him take some of the applause, which was considerable, to himself.

Mr. Sowerby's piece seems to indicate that Percy Grainger has been visiting Chicago. It is a tune in the heartiest of folk song manner; a good tune well carried through, harmonized with a somewhat ostentatious avoidance of the obvious. Mr. Scionti played it in the way it should go and pleased the audience with it.

Edwin Hughes's Piano Recital.

Edwin Hughes, an American pianist who has often played in New York, presented some unusual numbers on the program of his recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It has rarely occurred to any pianist to play Beethoven's polonaise, Op. 89, and perhaps never to play Czerny's etude in B flat. The polonaise has a certain brilliancy, but it contains much of either Beethoven or Poland. Czerny's etude, on the other hand, is full of Czerny and little else, and while it is undoubtedly valuable as a technical study—Mr. Hughes's technique seemed to improve on the spot further value in it. Yet it made a hit with the more juvenile portion of the audience, and in deference to their wishes Mr. Hughes repeated the last section of it.

There was very different matter in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 109, of which Mr. Hughes gave a creditable performance, though he did not rise to the height of the music's elegance at all points. A minuet by Zanella, two nature pictures by Fannie Dillon, John Carpenter's "Tango Américain," Albeniz's "Seguidilla," and Liszt's "Sonetto di Petrarca, No. 104" and "Mephisto Waltz" made up the rest of this unconventional program. Mr. Hughes has a clear, brilliant touch, a not wholly infallible technique and a sense of rythm that sometimes is not quite satisfying, as in Weber's "Perpetuum Mobile," and certain passages in Beethoven's sonata.

While Mr. Hughes plays with artistic taste and discrimination, he never puts a tax on the emotions of his listeners—at least not in his public recitals.

But compared to Raymond Havens of Boston, who contemporaneously in Town Hall yesterday afternoon addressed himself to an appreciative gathering, he seemed like a glowing wire.

Conventionally considered, Mr. Havens managed the apparatus under his fingers well enough, though his phrasing did not fulfill demands as satisfactorily as his technique. When a man in the flesh and blood, however, cannot provide as much musical pleasure as a highly developed mechanical reproducing instrument, one may well wonder what particularly important function he has undertaken to fulfill.

MME. MACGUIGANS RECITAL.

At Carnegie Hall last evening Mme. Madeleine MacGuigan gave a violin recital. This player, said to be a pupil of August Wilhelmj, was heard here two seasons ago. Of diminutive stature and charming personality, she held the rapt attention of a great audience while she performed Paganinis difficult D major concerto with excellent tone, a remarkably fine technic and, when needed, much sentiment.

She is by no means a finished artist, as her style needs more brilliance and more finish. But she seems to show growth in these matters since she was heard here before. There was no work in her list putting to the test her reading of music of great breadth. Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" she played delightfully. Her own arrangement, presumably, of an Irish air by Moore was in her final group. Chausson's "Poem" was among the other numbers.

Raymond Havens, pianist, gave a recital yesterday at Town Hall. His programme had some novelty. There were two pieces, "Siciliana" and "Villanella," by unknown writers of the sixteenth century, arranged by Respighi, which were both quite worth while and two pieces seldom heard, an "Interlude" of Royce and a bercense from Stravinski's, "L'Oiseau de Feu," which seemed hardly at all worth while. In all these pieces and in Bach's C minor suite edited by Robert Franz and Schumann's "Carneval," Mr. Havens showed many qualities belonging to a good pianist. He has tone, technic, rhythm and musical intelligence, and yet his performance lacks a certain fervor and warmth. If he could infuse a little more inspiration and color into his playing it would have much more interest. That he has some poetic instinct was shown and especially in parts of the Schumann music.

When Juan Reyes, a Chilean pianist, played here last season, it was found that a want of delicate discrimination in accent, a monotonous tone quality and resulting rigidity of outline prevented him from realizing his own artistic ideals which were manifestly high. Something of the same kind was found in his performance of the Schumann C major fantasia in his recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was a very sincere performance, but the composition demands a wider range of tonal resource and subtler mastery of phrasing than Mr. Reyes revealed.

In Town Hall in the evening Silvio Scionti, an Italian pianist, was heard for the first time here. Liszt's B minor sonata was the most pretentious number on his programme, which contained also a sonatina by Sasella, and "The Fisherman's Tune," by the Chicago composer, Leo Sowerby, who sailed last Thursday to begin his years of seclusion in the American Academy in Rome. Mr. Scionti played with serviceable technique, good tone and considerable feeling for melodic utterances. But his range of expression seemed to be narrow and his conceptions not always perfectly formed.

Leopold Stokowsky is not the - - one hereabouts willing to help the scholarly musical anarchist, Alfredo Casella, make known his far-music to New Yorkers. At his recital in Town Hall last night he played a sonatina by this entirely original composer—a piece which was apparently not intended to be music in the accepted meaning of the word, or may be, even near-music, and therefore does not come within the province of a musical critic. Mr. Casella will play some of his own pieces in Town Hall tonight. It will be the only chance to hear him do this and no one who wants to know the post-bellum musical Italy should fail to attend. Casella will also play, among other things, a sonata by Beethoven, of whose works, strange to say, this dissonantal iconoclast has brought out through the Riccardis an admirably edited edition. Casella was for three years professor of advanced piano classes at the Paris Conservatory, and in 1915 he succeeded Sgambati as professor at the Liceo musical di S. Cecilia in Rome.

Nov 9 1921

Elly Ney a Rodinesque Figure at Her Third Recital at Carnegie Hall.

A piano groaned and sobbed at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and sighed and shrieked and cursed and moaned. And on a chair in front of the piano Elly Ney, swathed in a vivid vermillion robe, in loose folds about her body, writhed and shrank and delivered herself of Chopin's music. Her programme was all Chopin, and her interpretation was addressed not only to the ear but also to the eye, through a flow of tortured plastic poses.

Without looking at Elly Ney the music might be heard rising with meaning always, but sometimes with meaning which seemed more like theatrical posturings than like human emotions—a judgment which refers less to piano-playing than to the personality of Chopin as presented yesterday afternoon through the personality of Elly Ney.

However, very little speculation about personality or playing was possible to a listener who looked toward the platform while Elly Ney was playing. At one time, for instance, she leaned over the keyboard and peered about among the keys like some one searching for a particular paper in a confused pile, and as she turned out notes from the piano it was as if she turned over papers in the pile, with the music simply as a beautiful accompaniment to her search.

Again, she sank her head between her shoulders and seemed to oscillate slightly within her piled up body as if she had no bones; then suddenly her head rose, she seemed again to have a neck, her body took form, and she plucked clangorous chords among the keys in the bass.

Often she collapsed to the left side of her chair, away from the audience, lowered her left shoulder, raised her right and turned her head away; and the audience saw nothing but a tangled mop of soft, floating hair, crowning a glowing peak of cloth which flowed along a draped arm to the keyboard and down in swinging folds to the floor. It was a Rodinesque pose.

The poses divided attention with the music, and often claimed so much attention that the music became merely an accompaniment to the spectacle. Many a listener will probably remember Elly Ney whenever in future he hears Chopin's nocturne

in C minor opus 48. He will remember how she suddenly raised her left hand from the keyboard with a clutching gesture in the air and sank back into her chair and began to stiffen as if she were having a paralytic stroke. He would have called for a doctor had not her right hand continued to play softly.

Other numbers of the programme may have similar bizarre memories connected with them; and many of the memories add nothing valuable to the eight preludes which Elly Ney played from Chopin's opus 28; or to his sonata in B flat minor, opus 35, or to the other etudes, ballads, a scherzo, a waltz and a polonaise which she played.

It is conceivable that many of the audience went away with the feeling that they had been present at something remarkable and great—that is a matter of opinion—while others on the contrary may prefer to remember with pleasure the moment in the ballade in F Major, opus 47, when Elly Ney with vehement lowerings of the head seemed to take the piano by the gleaming keyboard and shake it viciously until every string quivered, and then a young child somewhere in the centre of the orchestra laughed aloud in amusement.

the Beethoven Association

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

The "distinguished violinist" whose name was withheld from the public in the announcements of the first of this season's concerts by the Beethoven Association turned out last night to be Bronislaw Huberman. With Mr. Harold Bauer he played Brahms's Sonata in D minor, and with Mr. Kindler and Mr. Bauer Beethoven's Trio in B flat, Op. 97. The audience in Aeolian Hall was, like its predecessors, numerous as the room allowed, and, what was more to the purpose, composed of the aristocracy of the city's music lovers, capable of exchanging understanding and sympathy with the performers, and as eager to enjoy the music as the latter were to make it. It is in this bond of fellowship which is essential to the appreciation of chamber music that the concerts of the Beethoven Association stand alone among the incidents of the musical season.

That something more than the collaboration of virtuosi is essential to chamber music playing is well known to the initiated. Mr. Huberman did not make of his part in the Brahms sonata what many a player among the rank and file of New York's musicians would have made of it. His tone was inadequate, frequently too attenuate, and his reading affected. He did not seem to have assimilated it as Mr. Bauer had. But Mr. Bauer, who took part in all the numbers of the program, had no real fellow except Mr. Graveure in a group of songs by Brahms, Schubert and Schumann. In these there was what we have at other times described as angelic wedlock. Mr. Graveure revealed himself as an exquisite interpreter of German songs, especially in Schumann's "Röslein, Röslein," in which he closely approached the inimitable reading of Mme. Sembrich.

A tendency toward languishing hypersentimentality prevented the full and singular beauty of Schubert's "Dass Sie hier gewesen" from being manifest. It is a difficult song, but a rare blossom, even in Schubert's glowing and redolent garden, and Mr. Graveure's artistic sincerity and fine taste were disclosed in its selection. His singing marked the evening's high water, so far as performance went, especially when taken in connection with the transportingly lovely accompaniments provided by Mr. Bauer. It was in the scherzo of the Beethoven trio that the three artists made the clock strike twelve. There were many beautiful moments in Beethoven's flight toward the stars in the andante, but on the whole it was overburdened with affected pathos. Beethoven's slow movements are all prayers, or hymns, but the prayers and hymns of strong men. He did not want the tribute of tears. We have that from one of his utterances concerning the reception of his music. Not to open the lachrymal ducts, but to strike fire from men's souls, was his desire. Last night's performance of the andante evoked the melting mood. But the scherzo went brilliantly, and there was an opening of a seal in the book of mystery when the trio was reached. But here, as elsewhere, the inspiration came from Mr. Bauer.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Alfredo Casella's Piano Recital.

Mr. Alfredo Casella, who has come to this country as a representative of the most "advanced" school of young Italian composers, presented himself last evening in the Town Hall as a pianist. He had already been heard in this capacity with the Philadelphia orchestra; last evening he set forth a recital program.

Mr. Casella is a pianist of excellent parts, of musical discernment and wide sympathy. He has paid enoug attention to Beethoven's piano sonatas to issue a closely annotated edition of his own; and his attitude toward the one he played, Op. 31, No. 2, in D minor, was sincere, intelligent and sympathetic; the attitude of one desiring to produce the composer's effect without additions of his own. Mr. Casello's technique is ample without being remarkable forbrilliancy or power; it is something more than technique of a composer. He was not wholly successful in producing a fine quality of tone, especially in the more mature passages, but there could but be a certain sym-

Mr. Casella played in a quite charming manner four pieces by Domenico Scarlatti, three of which were quite unfamiliar, not belonging to the very small group known to most pianists, out of the several hundred extant by this composer. The first makes an interesting use of an effect of trumpet calls; there is a gay humor in the second that is quite alluring.

His modern groups included five of Debussy's "Preludes," which he gave with an appreciation of their poetical significance, but without all the values of tonal coloring on which the composer calculated; pieces by Albeny and by his compatriot, Malipiero. His own contribution consisted of a series of "Eleven Children's Pieces," played for the first time in America; ingenious and bizarre, but by no means terrifying; though the children reached by them, if any, would be precociously knowing. He closed with Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue."

Emil Telmanyi's Violin Recital.

Emil Telmanyi, who made his first appearance as a violinist here a few days ago, appeared again yesterday afternoon in a recital in Aeolian Hall. He showed once more the warm, rich, full tone, the positive and expert technical power, the eager and fiery style, the impetuosity, that were noted at his first appearance, and that make him one of the interesting newcomers of the season in a field where newcomers are many.

Mr. Telmanyi went outside the usual lines in compiling his program. Thus, few violinists ever think now of playing Schubert's "Rondo Brillant" in B minor, op. 70, for violin and piano, though it was once a favorite. There are beauties in it, and traits characteristic of Schubert in its tunefulness and harmonic richness; also, unfortunately, the equally characteristic traits of great length and redundancy. Mr. Telmanyi played it with much energy, as he did Bach's sonata in G minor for violin solo, but more breadth of style and repose would better have befitted this work.

Another new composition was a sonata by Carl Nielson, a Danish composer whose works have not penetrated heretofore to this side of the Atlantic. The music, which Mr. Telmanyi played zealously, seemed laborious and unquiet, seeking for a new expression and not finding it, with perhaps the greatest success in the last movement. Another Scandinavian composer, Wilhelm Steuhammar, was represented by a "Romanze Sentimentale," also marked for the "first time in America." Beethoven's Romance in G and Saint-Saëns's "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" completed the program.

Yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall the young musician—and musician in this instance should be underscored, for Telmanyi is that in the truest sense both by temperament and training—introduced to his listeners a Sonata by Carl Nielsen, distinguished Danish composer, as yet unknown in this country. And while the work lends itself better perhaps to a more intimate hearing than a public auditorium affords, it did not fail to leave a decided impression on the cognoscenti.

Now it so happens that Emil Telmanyi is married to the daughter of Nielsen. But the composition is important enough in itself to exclude all suspicion of nepotism. In marked contrast, indeed, to some of humbug that has been offered to the gullible "high-brow" in recent years it is genuine music clearly designed and logically wrought, yet distinctly individual in its conception and couched in an idiom not without decided signs of originality.

It is not a work, to be sure, to smite the listener between the eyes at first hearing. this Sonata No. 2. The first movement, "Allegro con trepidezza," is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated, much of the finely elaborated detail, harmonic and rhythmical, eluding immediate comprehension. The rather rhapsodic Adagio, improvisational in character and more easily grasped, serves, so to speak, as an interlude, leading over to a final movement, "Allegro piacevole," peculiarly tricky in rhythm and ending quite unexpectedly in a mood contemplative, as though the last word had not been said.

Miss Greta Torpadie Impersonates Swedish Nightingdale at 'America's Making.'

A venerable square piano, with time yellowed keys, was pushed to the front of the platform of the great stage in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory at last night's performance of "America's Making." In keeping with the ancient appearance of the instrument was a young woman in crinolines and low necked bodice of the period when the piano was made—seventy-five years ago.

The piano was the one Jenny Lind had played when P. T. Barnum introduced the Swedish Nightingale to New York. It was "Swedish Night" at "America's Making," and nine out of ten in the crowd that filled the armory were Americans of Scandinavian lineage. The girl in crinoline was Miss Greta Torpadie, and for the moment she was Jenny Lind to her audience. Her hair was dressed in Jenny Lind's simple style—parted in the middle, full on the sides. Her low necked bodice with its short puffed sleeves and her ruffled hoopskirts were [illegible] as Jenny Lind were.

Verisimilitude went further than that. Miss Torpadie seated herself at the piano of historic memories the first [illegible] she struck was that which opens the Norwegian "Echo Song," a number to which the Swedish Nightingale always played her own accompaniment. After the "Echo Song" Miss Torpadie sang "Home, Sweet Home," which of all the world's songs was Jenny Lind's favorite.

Nov 10 1921

Miss Dai Buell and Miss Bacon Give Recitals.

The playing of pianos was continued yesterday afternoon with all the industry which marked days earlier in the week. Miss Dai Buell, who has distinguished this public by her favors quite frequently, performed in Town Hall, where she was respectfully heard by a rainy day audience. Her most ambitious undertaking was an interpretation of Schumann's C major fantasia, which had been played two days earlier by Juan Reyes, a Chilean artist. The great composition, one of the greatest in the repertory of the piano, stands repeated experiments hardily, and will probably survive many a year.

Miss Katherine Bacon, from Boston, gave her second recital in Aeolian Hall. She treated her hearers to the well known and filamentous sonatina of Ravel, which she prefaced with music of Schumann. She did not plunge into the lustrous depths of the fantasia or the "Carnival" (which has already been lamentably exposed this season), but contented herself with the less subtle utterances of the eight pieces called "Kreisleriana."

Miss Bacon has agile and strong fingers. She has musical intelligence and a considerable measure of musical sentiment. But except in some occasional lapses into poetry her interpretations rather than authoritative exposition to command it. Neither Miss Buell nor Miss Bacon commands a sufficient variety of tone o rdelicacy of accent to publish even their own somewhat vague conceptions of the content of Schumann's compositions.

By MAX SMITH.

GIUSEPPE DANISE, one of the leading baritones in the Metropolitan Opera House, gave another recital last night, this time in Carnegie Hall. He sang an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," three songs by Donaudy, Messager's "Fortunio," Barbirolli's "Si je pouvais mourir," Panizza's "Serenade," and a group of Italian numbers by Mr. E. De Curtis, in which the composer replaced Emilio A. Roxas at the piano. There were several encores, too, including the "Quand ero Paggio," from Verdi's "Falstaff."

In preparing his programme Signor Denise should have born in mind that a singer may be judged by the musical company he keeps. Certainly there was nothing in his list of contributions to suggest that he put a very high valuation on the taste and intelligence of his audience. Nor can it be said that he gave as good account of himself vocally as he did when he made his first appearance here in concert.

* * *

THE Hilger sisters, Elsa, Marie and Greta, 'cellist, violinist and pianist, respectively, gave their first subscription concert last night in Town Hall.

In characteristic fashion they played the first movement of Brahm's Double Concerto, opus 102; Saint-Saen's 'Cello Concerto in A minor; Paganini's "Moses," Fantasie and Sevcik's Bohemian Airs; the Handel-Halvorssen Passacaglia for

DAI BUELL, a pianist who combines skill with intelligence gave her annual recital in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon.

The classic period was represented by Mozart's C minor Fantasia. Romantic and modern compositions by Schumann, Chopin, Stojowski, Isaacs, Ravel and Saint-Saens com-

Miss Bacon possesses a sympathetic touch and feeling for artistic effect. Her work shows improvement with each succeeding recital. She has skill and a commendable application of it.

Her programme consisted of Bauer's arrangement of the Prelude, Fugue and Variations by Franck, Schumann's Kreisleriana, a French group by Ravel and Debussy, Prelude by Rachmaninoff, and Ballade by Chopin.

Nov 9 1921

To be sure, the first piano recital here of Alfredo Casella, proclaimed on his programme as "The Apostle of Italian Modernism," was something new. This Roman proved himself an excellent pianist, admirable alike as an interpreter of Beethoven, Scarlatti, Debussy, and the latest style of Italian (or rather, un-Italian) music.

He began with a performance of Beethoven's D Minor Sonata (one of the three numbered opus 31) which was lucid and not to academic. Prof. Casella deplores in the preface to his admirable Ricordi edition of Beethoven's sonatas the tendency of many pianists to play these works, because their composer is a classic, "without freedom, without fantasy, without flexibility." His own playing was characterized by freedom, fantasy, and flexibility; it was a performance that the composer himself would no doubt have approved.

Signor Casella knows the French traditions, as he was for some years professor in the Paris Conservatoire. It was therefore not surprising to hear him play Debussy like a born Frenchman. "La cathedrale engloutê," in particular, was tonally enchanting and poetic as played by him. Six pieces by Albeniz and Malipiero that followed were mostly in the Debussyan idiom. Not so Casella's own group of eleven pieces, entitled "Onze Pièces Enfantines." These were different without being important—one or two-minute trifles such as he might have kept on tossing off for hours without needing a brain tonic. The audience gave them a cordial welcome; indeed, throughout his recital—at the end of which several extras had to be added—there was no lack of applause for this visitor from Rome.

In Carnegie Hall in [illegible]

Nov 11 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Richard Wagner, after arguing in one book that the last word in the field of the symphony had been spoken by Beethoven (after the Ninth there was nothing to be done except the development of the lyric drama, which was Wagner's task), admitted in another book that it might be possible to compose a symphony concerning which something might be said. This was considerate of the great dramatic poet-composer, though it ignored the fact that Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann, to mention only supreme masters, had not only invited speech by their symphonies, but had themselves uttered beautiful thoughts which had not been uttered before and which in themselves proved that they were deserving of utterance. The extremists of the latter-day schools, who affect to hold with Wagner in his earlier book, have all laid stress upon the notion that the one thing needful in the symphony has been "something different." Their productions have been that, but there was also something different from Beethoven in Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann—also in Brahms. There will continue to be something different in every symphonic utterance which comes from a genius, because a genius will have something individual to say and will have an individual way of saying it. His inspiration will disclose itself in the creation of themes, in their poetical and emotional content, in their development and in their harmonic and instrumental investiture. It will not expend itself in pursuit of the new, unusual, strange and bizarre. It will manifest itself in matter as well as manner, in vitality of creative invention applied to pregnant musical thoughts and their expressive development and exfoliation.

Has No Descriptive Title

All of which, though it should be æsthetic commonplace, is said by way of bringing into court a new symphony by Sibelius, which was heard for the first time in America at the concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night. The announcement in the program read simply, "Symphony

No. 5, Op. 82." It had no descriptive title, thank heaven! and the only deplorable thing in Mr. Gilman's program note (aside from a possible error touching its first performance) was the statement, quoted from an English announcement, that "the composer desires his work to be regarded as absolute music, having no direct" (it should have read "alleged") "poetic basis." That was deplorable, because the same remark is appended to every bit of descriptive musical clap-trap which comes from the press nowadays. Grunting, groaning, squalling, squeaking cacophony is music, pure music, absolute music, in the protestation of its makers, though their commentaries are always necessary to make it plain to the hearers that soul-states, not rat-traps and planing mills, are the objects of delineation.

Mr. Sibelius might have spared himself the stereotyped phrase. His music speaks for itself. It is music which is "different," not in the vulgar, but in a lofty sense. It is the music of a musical creator, of a poet whose soul reflects individual experiences, aspects of life which are his, emotions which are his, reactions from an environment which is his, psychic communings which are his. It is original in thought and also in expression, but both thought and expression are free, spontaneous, unconstrained, untainted by a desire to be what other men's thoughts and expressions are not. It is clear in structure, though unconventional. It is instrumentally idiomatic; its instruments speak their natural language, they do not essay volapük.

Has Spirit and Substance of Beauty

It cannot be adequately described after the brief and inadequate acquaintanceship resulting from a single hearing, and the fact that it created a desire for another hearing for many indeed is evidence that it has the spirit and substance of beauty. It is music which fires the imagination and warms the emotions. The fundamental theme of its first movement echoes in our memory like a call from the lakes and hills of Suomiland, fresh with the dews of nature, redolent of its flowers. And then come strains of lofty chivalric passion, strains suggestive of armies with their banners seen from a distance, seen on a far-away plain from a mountain top. It has little playfulness, little of careless joy in it, but much of noble, dignified, if chastened, striving. And it ends in a splendid spiritual triumph.

Mr. Stransky did a good thing in bringing this symphony to the knowledge of the Philharmonic Society's patrons; he did a highly creditable thing by preparing a good performance of it. It will be played again this afternoon and, it is to be hoped, again later in the season. The other numbers of the program were the overture to "Oberon," the Bacchanalian music from "Tannhäuser" and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The following announcement was distributed with last night's programs: "In observance of Armistice Day the orchestra will open the concert Friday afternoon with 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and the dirge from the Second Suite of MacDowell will be substituted for the Bacchanale from 'Tannhäuser.'"

Philharmonic Plays National Anthem in Memory of Holiday

In observance of Armistice Day "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played at the opening of yesterday afternoon's concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra and the dirge from the Second Suite of MacDowell was substituted for the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," which was played at Thursday evening's concert. During the intermission George W. Wickersham made an appropriate address. Sibélius's new symphony, which was heard for the first time here on Thursday evening, was repeated.

The forthstanding number of the second concert of the Philharmonic Society Carnegie Hall last evening was the th symphony of Jan Sibelius, the nnish composer, heard for the first ne in this city. The composition is ite new. It was performed for the st time anywhere at a Queen's Hall ondon) concert on February 12 last, hen Mr. Sibelius conducted.

To venture on a faithful description any work of Sibelius is to invite the ath of some of his ardent admirers, hose devotion blinds their perceptions. ls undeniable that Sibelius often proims in music tragic moods, dark enronments, profound passions, elemental in. But to say that he does this seems excite the indignation of his advotes. One surmises that similar exriations may have greeted those who ld the simple truth about "Hamlet" in e year 1602.

However, the symphony heard last ening is unlikely to evoke wrath inting comments, for it is less remote thought, less gloomy in feeling than rtain other works of this master. It in four movements, the first and cond played without pause and united a clearly proclaimed theme heard the beginning of the composition. A ow movement and a brilliant finale e the other sections.

A technical analysis of the symphony ould be decidedly interesting to musicians, for the work abounds in origina evices of development and instrumentaon, as well as of harmonic plan. But such an analysis is of no value without numerous illustrations in printed music. Let it suffice to say this morning that the symphony is the creation of a real composer, a man with musical ideas and the ability to expand and transform them with beauty and eloquence. The scherzo, for example, is a brilliant demonstration of the originality of Sibelius, who here shows how a master can produce something novel and striking without the use of laborious contrivances or melodic distortions. It is beautiful and it is musical.

The finale is broad and imposing in character and splendidly orchestrated. The prevailing spirit of the composition is dignified yet filled with emotion. This is music which possesses virility and grace in just proportions. It is tolerably safe to say that the symphony did not make its full effect last evenng. There were places in which the instrumental balance was lost and the clarity of the admirable polyphony obscured. Possibly when it is repeated this afternoon it will be played better.

The other numbers on the list were the "Oberon" overture, the bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" and "Till Eulenspiegel." At this afternoon's concert, in recognition of the day and its solemn ceremonial in Washington, the "Star Spangled Banner" will introduce the programme and the bacchanale will be replaced by the dirge from McDowell's third suite.

VOICE AND VIOLIN HEARD.

Miss Emden, Soprano, Sings and Mr. Raudenbush Plays.

Miss Harriet Van Emden, soprano, gave her first song recital here last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was admirably selected in respect of various school and styles. She has evidently studied seriously and she was well prepared to face the ordeal of a debut. Her singing was delightful. Her voice is light, purely lyric, of sufficient range and well equalized. Her tone production was for the most part excellent and her diction very intelligible.

In Mozart's beautiful air, "Ridente la Calma," she sang with a polished style, as she did in number by Scarlatti and Beethoven. Schumann's "Widmung" she gave with taste, but without the adequate depth of expression. Brahms's "Botschaft" was sung with exquisite sentiment, as were French and other songs. Seldom does a young singer disclose at first hearing such fine accomplishment and thereby give so much artistic promise.

At Aeolian Holl yesterday George Raudenbush, a young American violinist, who is newe here, gave a good programme including the difficult first movement from Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto and Bach's unaccompanied G minor sonata which has had frequent hearings here recently.

Inexperience in public performance and the nervousness of a debut were, in part, causes for the young player's many shortcomings as noted in his earlier numbers. There were, however, moments during which better things reached the surface, and when he came to Bach's music he got control of his pitch and showed gain otherwise. He is still a violinist in the making.

Miss Van Emden Proves An Admirable Soprano

Raudenbush, Violinist, and Miss Whittle, a Mezzo-Soprano, Are Immature Musically

Miss Harriet Van Emden, a young American lyric soprano of unusual talent, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening. Her voice is of velvet timbre, flexible and evenly developed. But an unusually fine voice is not Miss Van Emden's only asset. She showed the results of native intelligence and admirable training in her understanding of the laws of song. Control of breath, phrasing, diction, all were admirable, and in a program of songs that ranged from Mozart to La Forge she proved a sympathetic and delightful interpreter.

In marked contrast to Miss Van Emden's auspicious début were the performances of George Raudenbush, violinist, and Dorothy Whittle, mezzo-soprano, the recital givers of the afternoon at Acolian and in the Town Hall. Musically speaking, both were immature, their achievements failing to justify their appearance.

Raudenbush fiddled conscientiously through Mardini's sonata in D major; the first movement of Joachim's concerto, Op. 2; Bach's sonata for violin alone in G minor, and pieces by Francoeur-Kreisler and Vieuxtemps, but beyond this praiseworthy characteristic there was little to commend in his playing.

In the case of Miss Whittle, exceedingly primitive ideas as to the art of song were combined with a voice which left much to be desired both in volume and quality.

NEGROES PICTURE SHARE OF RACE IN AMERICA'S MAKING

Those who attended the exposition of "America's Making" in the 71st Regiment Armory last evening felt something of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln when they saw portrayed visible evidence of what Americans of negro lineage have contributed toward the development of the country. Lincoln had the vision. He gave the opportunity. Last night

Songs by Negro Composers.

Included in the evening's programme were songs by such well known negro composers as H. T. Burleigh, R. Nathaniel Dett, J. Rosamond Johnson. Jesse A. Shipp, for many years stage manager for the famous Williams and Walker shows, arranged and directed the tableaux; Allie Ross lead the orchestra, composed of fifty musicians, and the choruses were sung by 175 negro men and women.

A New Finnish Symphony

The Northern countries of Europe have set the world a good example in taking care of their composers. Gade, Grieg and Sinding obtained stipends from the Danish and Norwegian Governments, and Finland followed suit in bestowing on Jean Sibelius an annuity of $600, which he thoroughly earned by composing works of true genius as well as national coloring, like his "Finlandia," "Swan of Tuonela," and "Valse Triste," to name the three things by which he is best known in this country. When his fourth symphony was played here, a few years ago, it was feared that his oil well had run dry; at any rate, that symphony seemed so barren, forbidding, and incoherent that it won few friends, with the notable exception of Herbert F. Peyser.

Last night Josef Stransky, at the head of the New York Philharmonic, conducted the first performance here of Sibelius's fifth symphony. This score aroused a great deal of discussion in London a few months ago. Lawrence Gilman made for the Philharmonic programme an amusing collection of epithets regarding it that appeared in London papers: "Dour," "bleak," "harsh," "rugged," "angular," "reticent," "cold," "gray,'5 "austere," "sad," "drastic," "severe," "bare," "lonely," "trenchant," "ungenial."

Some of these—"rugged," "sad," "trenchant"—seem appropriate; but, on the whole, the fifth symphony made a far more agreeable impression on us than the fourth, partly, perhaps, because it was much better played and interpreted. Mr. Stransky and his men were at their best in it, as they were also in the "Oberon Overture,"

"Tannhauser," "Bacchanale," and "Till Eulenspiegel." But who does Stransky omit the chorus of Sirens (instrumentally) from the Bacchanale? It is most disappointing.

What I liked best by far in the whole score of the Sabelius symphony was a repeated passage for flutes in the andante which seemed to intrude, as it were, on the other orchestral sounds, having no obvious connection with them. It is highly original and singularly enchanting. It reminded me of the melancholy nocturnal flageolet tones of perambulating masseurs in the cities of Japan. There is much pizzicato in this movement and near the end the woodwinds suggest Massenet.

There are reminiscences in the other movements, too. The "Waldweben," of course, haunts its pages—is there a modern orchestral work which it doesn't haunt? Why not have the real thing by staging "Siegfried" again at the Metropolitan? But for the most part, Sibelius's music is his own, reflecting his individuality as well as his nationality. Everything is more or less Kalevalesque—if such a word be permissible. There is as much national color in Sibelius as in Chopin or Grieg.

Except in the matter of brevity there is no wit or levity in the new Sibelius work. It is sombre even in its allegros, although allegro literally means cheerful. The first two movements are played without a break. They got only moderate applause. There was more after the andante, and more still at the end, when Stransky was recalled repeatedly.

It was announced in the programme that at this afternoon's concert the programme would be preceded by the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the Dirge from MacDowell's second suite, put in place of the "Bacchanale." The house was sold out days ago.

Nov 12 1921

ANOTHER PIANIST HEARD

Alexander Chigrinsky Plays Music by Five Masters.

The tenth exposition of music for the piano made in the course of the week was that of Alexander Chigrinsky at Aeolian Hall last evening. The subjects of the exposure were Bach, Beethoven, Paderewski, Scriabine, Glazounov and the always unhappy Chopin. Mr. Chigrinsky played Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No 3, amazingly fast. But a long time ago another Alexander, surnamed Pope, remarked: "It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize, and to be swift is less than to be wise."

Probably the Alexander of last evening never perused the philosophic verses of the celebrated wit of the reign of Queen Anne, but there seemed to be grounds for doubt that he would have profited by them in any case. His conception of piano playing seemed to be like the taxicab chauffeur's idea of driving, to go as fast as possible at all times, in all places and at all risks.

MISS JEFFREY PLAYS VIOLIN.

Her Performance Marked by Good Understanding.

Miss Helen Jeffrey gave her annual violin recital last night at Carnegie Hall. In Vivaldi's G minor concerto her tone was uneven, but she played with understanding. In the performance of Goldmark's A minor concerto her tonal work was perhaps better. Technically she shows ability, though her general style lacks elegance. In cantilena passages she discloses some poetic feeling and is at her best generally. As a violinist she lacks subtlety, nor has she much imagination.

The Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday afternoon repeated its program of Thursday evening, including the new composition by Sibelius, called simply "The Fifth Symphony."

Yesterday's audience was as much in a quandary as Thursday's in regard to the meaning of the Finn's music. Scattered applause indicated doubt and misunderstanding on the part of the listeners.

As before, the "Oberon" overture, the "Bacchanale" from "Tannhaeuser," and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" completed the program.

DIRGE BY PHILHARMONIC.

Solemn Tribute at Armistice Day Concert.

Following an address by eGorge W. Wickersham at yesterday's afternoon concert by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall, the orchestra played impressively the dirge from MacDowell's second suite. The stage was draped with American flags. Mr. Stransky opened the programme (the same as was given the night before, save that the dirge replaced a Wagner selection) by leading the orchestra in "The Star Spangled Banner."

By H. E. Krehbiel

I am beholden to somebody who neglects the formality of making himself known for a clipping from last Sunday's "Staats-Zeitung" and the assurance that I am the person therein referred to as the "scribbling slave" *(Schreibknecht)* of a newspaper that seeks honor by disparaging, defaming, slandering, calumniating (take your choice—they are all English synonyms of the German *Verunglimpfen)* everything German. I am one who devoted a labor of love that was lost, wasting "columns" of black, inky gall, or Gallic black ink, foaming at the mouth the while and barking at "the great artist" Gadski, seeking to reduce her to nothingness *(Vernichten)* and drive her from the concert-rooms—presumably of America, for surely the halls and theaters of Germany ought to be open to the wife of Hans Tauscher. Worse than that, I am "burdened with the curse of being obliged to go through life bearing a German name."

It is pretty hard lines to be talked about that way in a column of Sunday gossip *(Plauderei)*, but there are compensations to offset the pain. The writer proclaims that though the peace officially concluded by Germany and her adversaries is an everlasting and infamous mark of human depravity the people are seeking the paths which lead toward each other in the darkness

and asking reconciliation—or words to that effect. Of that there was proof when the "élite of the population" of New York "disavowed the Thersites of German blood" and greeted with jubilations the "gifted singer, who, greater, more puissant, more glorious than ever in her art, brought an offering which shall never be forgotten—sounds from the realm of the master of tones which carried them to the topmost peaks of human sensibilities and overwhelmed all petty terrestrial things in the consecration of Art."

Confessions of an American Of German Antecedents

In spite of my German blood, which I never knew was a burdensome curse, I was never conscious, not even a fortnight ago in Carnegie Hall, that the audience could be so completely transported to the limbo of super-terrestrial things by Mme. Gadski's singing as the "Staats-Zeitung's" Sunday Gossip says it was. It was not so before the war, though even then she was wont to croon the idyllic "Ho-yo-to-ho!" in her concerts. Does her voice improve with age? Or is its present glory due to the charm woven around it by association with the name of Captain Hans Tauscher, of the Germany army? She and Dr. Richard Strauss, the Sunday Gossip assures us, are "two strong pillars in the bridge which leads to the reconciliation of the nations."

Throughout the screed to which my attention was drawn by a considerate correspondent (probably with friendly intent, for he appended a marginal gloss: "Can you beat it?") the German writer, as I had occasion to remark of another pro-German propagandist a fortnight ago, runs true to national form. "Im deutschen lügt man wenn manhöflich ist," said Goethe's Baccalaureus to Mephistopheles, and the German sometimes lies also when not trying to be polite.

We need no paraphrase of "Faust" to teach us that, for everything that has been written in German, so far as I have seen it, concerning the attitude of The Tribune toward German music has borne testimony to the fact. There was nothing ambiguous on the subject in the utterances of this journal before the war or during the war; there has been nothing ambiguous since. And the raciality of the blood of its music reviewer has had nothing to do with the case. It is not even due to the fact that that blood has been flowing in America, for nearly a century unadulteratedly Teutonic; that it has been possible for the reviewer to distinguish between the principles of German music, their exemplification and the personality of its practitioners; also between German art and German politics; also between Mme. Gadski the singer, and Mme. Gadski the wife of Tauscher, and the woman whose utterances and conduct in 1916 ought to have brought a blush of shame and indignation to the cheek of every woman in the land, native or German born. Yes, and of resentment, too; an honest resentment, with nothing of Chauvinism in its constitution, but which finds expression, for which human nature asks no pardon, in an unwillingness that Hans Tauscher's pockets shall be supplied with the dollars of a love for which German writers have long twitted Americans, and in the pursuit of which no folk are more avid just now than German artists.

I suppose that I ought to feel real vexed at being called a "scribbling slave" and a "Thersites of German blood" disposed to slap somebody quite hard; but I can't. My blood and education have taught me to look with toleration on such newspaper effusions. I did not permit the fact to disturb my equanimity when a few years ago Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who then thought that he was permanently located in Munich, spent a considerable sum of American money in printing a book in which I was held up to German eyes as a regular Beckmesser of a fellow, who was trying to block the wheels of musical progress in America. It didn't hurt to keep the awful secret hidden, and it doesn't hurt to divulge it now, that Mr. Gabrilowitsch has offered hostages to American art. He became an American citizen a few weeks ago. Didn't somebody once say that Paris was worth a mass? Well, the Detroit conductorship was surely worth naturalization—after the war broke out and its termination became obvious. So was the Philadelphia conductorship.

The Tribune and its Attitude Toward German Music

All this is inconsequential, except so far as it invites to an expression of The Tribune's attitude on the subject of German music. This can be done as effectively by quoting from an article printed on June 9, 1918, and republished in a book since then. It seems to lack nothing in the matter of explicitness:

"The public mind seems to be sadly muddled as to the attitude which our concert and operatic institutions ought to adopt toward German music and German musicians. There has been little effort, if any, to differentiate between an art and its practitioners; between an expression of the beautiful which, because of its nature is guiltless or incapable of political sentiment now abhorred by nearly all the nations of the earth, the masters who created it with neither knowledge nor premonition that the people to whom they belonged would revert to moral savagery after their death, and the practitioners who are living under that savagery and upholding it. Yet to make such a distinction ought to be instinctive in every intelligent child. To banish Wagner's dramas from the stage can as little serve the cause for which the wealth, life and honor of our nation are pledged as to bedaub the statues of Goethe and Schiller, as was done in Chicago and Baltimore. Are not such acts foolish and futile follies? We set up a statue of Heine in New York largely as a protest against the attitude of the German Emperor who will not tolerate a memorial of that uncompromising democrat in Berlin. Why should we seek to dishonor the symbol of our former veneration for the genius of Goethe, who refused to hate France and its literature even while Germany was seeking to throw off the Napoleonic yoke? And of Schiller, who hymned freedom in what is now called the 'Ode to Joy,' which Beethoven, a hater of German political institutions and lover of the British constitution helped to make immortal?

Why should Wagner's dramas have been banished from the Metropolitan's repertory? Because of the political beliefs of the composer? Assuredly not, for he was a revolutionary against the monarchical state while living, and after death left no preachments which can bring comfort and justification to the would-be destroyers of the political ideals for which Americans are fighting and dying. . . . The man Wagner then, cannot be to us the rock of offense, nor can the ethical aims of his creations. What remains? Only the language of his vocal music, which has become hateful to us because of the nation that uses it as a vernacular. Because of this hatred we have suffered the loss of not only Wagner's dramas but the music of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms and other masters of German lyricism—the music of composers who wrote before the materialism created by German imperialism had crushed the creative spirit out of German music. Let it not be forgotten that the days of Germany's greatness in literature and music were antecedent to her political greatness. The soil of Prussianism has produced nothing in art. The last truly great composer who lived down into the days of the empire in the line of succession to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann was Brahms, and he was the son of the once free city of Hamburg, as his predecessors were sons of the people of their petty states. The great dead owed nothing to Germany united under the yoke of Prussia—neither the poets who were destroyed by the monarchs whom they had compelled to emancipate themselves, nor the composers who sang in blissful carelessness of the political conditions which surrounded them. Beethoven only loomed up in his time as a democrat willing to remain estranged from his native Rhineland, chafing under the bonds which held him in Vienna damning the régime which gave him of its bounty and admiring the English and their constitution. "You have heads on your shoulders in England," said he to an English visitor, and on his deathbed he called for a reading of the entire speech of Canning advocating the recognition of the independence of the South American republics. But we must not listen even to Beethoven's celebration of conjugal love and fidelity because "Fidelio" has German words.

German Operas and German Singers at the Metropolitan

"Putting aside the question of language, however, it was sound and sensible, as well as proper and practical, to put a taboo upon enemy aliens in our opera house for the simple reason that by retaining and remunerating them we were putting money into their hands which will eventually be turned into aid and comfort for Germany and her allies. In a sense it is merely a part o the commercial warfare which must accompany and follow the murderous struggle now going on in Europe. If it involves a sacrifice of artistic excellence now, which we do not believe, it will in the end bring us profit in the recognition and development of our own resources. . . . There is no danger that the supply of non-German operas, singers and orchestral players will be so exhausted that we shall be thrown back upon blatant and pretentious mediocrity in any field. No more danger than that we shall continue to be dependent, or think we are dependent, on the music of living German composers. That also may righteously pass under taboo. We ought not to pay royalties to composers who belong to enemy nations. Neither ought we to steal their products, for we are not Prussianized, and, pray God, never shall be. The simple expedient is to exclude from our repertories and concert lists all works which yield emoluments to German composers or German publishers. The artistic loss will not be great, for the masters of German music are dwelling where royalties are unknown and unhappily unneeded. But let us not starve our souls to feed a futile grudge."

Not only royalties, but royalty also, we might have added—the same order and kind of royalty the departure from Germany of whom seems to be deplored by some of the German propagandists who are now at work in this blessed country. But this verges on politics, and the subject of this writing is art and the doings of some alleged votaries.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Wilhelm Bachaus's Piano Recital.

Wilhelm Bachaus, as he calls himself in America, throwing overboard one of the letters of his name on the voyage over, a German pianist who last played in this country eight years ago, having first appeared here two years before that,, has returned to join the company of European music-makers in the United States, and gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall.

Eight years have left their mark upon his person as upon his playing. He is still, as he was before, wholly unassuming in his attitude before the public, wholly occupied with the music he has in hand. There is still a quality of freshness and buoyancy in his playing, a delicate sensibility that keeps him from exaggerations of sentiment, emotion or passion. He did not disclose himself yesterday as deeply emotional or a profoundly poetic artist; nor did there seem to have come about all the growth in these qualities that were reasonably to be expected from his performance as a young man.

There was plainly indicated a great advance in the player's technical achievement, in the extraordinary accuracy and sweeping brilliancy with which he masters without apparent effort the most difficult and exacting problems that are presented in the literature of the piano. In would be unfair to say, after his recital of yesterday, that these things have come to be the preponderating element in his art or that Mr. Bachaus's preoccupation is more with the mechanics than with the real essence of piano playing.

His program was such as to make a very heavy draft upon his technical powers; but it could be said that they did not obtrude themselves to the injury of what piano playing really is for. His wonderful technical power was truly made to give the fullest expression of the musical content of the program and to raise his exposition of it to a higher power.

He played but three numbers: Schumann's Fantasie in C Op. 17, Brahms's variations on a theme of Paganini and Liszt's B minor Sonata. His performance of the Fantasie was of superb power and passionate expression, poetically conceived and executed with an exquisite finish and perfection of detail. It must be said, however, that he even more deeply engrossed his listeners with his playing of Brahms's wonderful set of variations. They are as near to pure bravura as the master ever got; but they are not of common bravura type; and even in the most elaborately brilliant of them there is an underlying musical interest. The value that was given them by Mr. Bachaus's transcendent and almost unerring technique was something that has not been frequently presented for the enjoyment of music lovers.

He played Liszt's Sonata with great conviction, with the intention of making it sound not bombastic but impressive; not sentimental but delicately poetic. And doubtless admirers of the work found it so. His playing of this, as of the other two numbers, was enthusiastically applauded by an audience of considerable size; and after the close he came out again and played, of all things, Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, in which, of course, he paraded all the resources of his powerful arm and "volant finger."

PAUL KOCHANSKI PLAYS.

Polish Violinist Gives Two Experiments in Modern Tone Painting.

Paul Kochanski produced Szymanowski's "Fountain of Arethusa" and "The Dryads and Pan," two experiments in modern tone-painting for violin and piano, better compared to tinted etching in their delicacy of line, at the distinguished violinist's matinee yesterday in Carnegie Hall, with Gregory Ashman, a young Russian from Kiev, assisting at the piano.

The "Arethusa," in its flowing, rippling figure and its pizzicato of pursuit, was pleasing as music, even had a program note not suggested the analogy of chaste Diana's nymph turned to a fountain to escape some god of Greece. As Syracuse, in Sicily, they still point to an actual flowing spring today. As to the companion piece of the Dryads, its breezy nocturne was more needful of a guide to these new mysteries of musical Pantheism.

Mr. Kochanski prefaced his matinee with classics of Tartini and Bach, and he added later arrangements by Wilhelmj, Joachim and Wieniawski, the last-named in a "Carnival Russe" with Kochanski's own cadenza.

JOHN POWELL DELIGHTS.

Virginia Pianist Plays a Time Number, "Turkey in the Straw."

John Powell set before a matinee audience at Aeolian Hall yesterday the substantial fare of Beethoven's pianoforte sonata, Op. 53, and four scherzos of Chopin, followed by David Guion's timely Thanksgiving "Turkey in the Straw," which was redemanded, and a whole dessert of surprises, that ran from Dohanyi's C minor rhapsody to Miss Bauer's "White Birches," through "Country Dances" bearing a Beethoven hallmark, amid later elaborations and a posthumous "Slumber Song" of Liszt, touched with decorated chords and overtones like the popular "Liebestraum."

Liszt's lost manuscript, a sketch about the sort that litter studios of lesser men, was seemingly authentic in the Liszt manner, the rocking thirds and sixths the bare melody of a mother's sigh to the close. It was cordially received by a house duly informed of its discovery by Carl Lachmund in old papers from his days as a pupil at Weimar four years since.

Beethoven's dances, and still more Mr. Guion's version of a famous American one, with its imitated tuning fiddles, homely figures advancing and receding in a Virginia reel, were frankly enjoyed, the Virginia pianist himself laughing outright at the fun.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
OPENING NIGHT TOMORROW, 8:15.
TRAVIATA. Galli-Curci, Berat, Galli, Gigli, De Luca, Moranzoni.
WED. 7:45—LOHENGRIN. Easton, Matzenauer, Harrold, Whitehill, Blass, Leonhardt, Bodanzky.
THURS., 8:15—LUCIA. Galli-Curci, Egener, Gigli, Danise, Mardones, Bada, Papi.
FRI., 8:15—TOSCA. Farrar; Martinelli, Scotti, Malatesta, Ananian, Moranzoni.
SAT., 2 (First Time)—DIE TOTE STADT (The Dead City), Jeritza (debut), Telva; Sembach, Meader, Leonhardt, Laurenti, Bodanzky.
EVE., 8 (Pop. Prices)—FAUST. Easton, Ellis, Berat; Chamlee, De Luca, Rothier, Wolff.
THANKSGIVING DAY MATINEE AT 2. BUTTERFLY
Farrar, Fornia; Martinelli, Scotti, Moranzoni. Seat sale begins Tomorrow, 9 A. M.
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
TUES., Nov. 15, at 8. CARMEN. Farrar, Sundelius, Galli; Martinelli, Mardones, Martino, Wolff.
HARDMAN PIANO USED.

Nov 14, 1921

Feodor Chaliapin's Concert.

odor Chaliapin, the famous Russian o, made his first appearance in York last evening since his brief at the Metropolitan Opera House teen seasons ago. The Manhattan a House was crowded with an au- e largely composed of his country- and women in New York, but show- also a considerable number of people inent in the musical world, opera- nd others. The house was charged enthusiasm, ready to welcome and ause at every opportunity, and the ome, which burst in a storm at the r's appearance, was such as at- ntly to impress him deeply.

. Chaliapin's appearance had been oned a week because of a severe from which he had been suffering. was saill suffering from it and be- the concert began an announce- to that effect was made from the . the bearer of this news stating Mr. Chaliapin would appear rather disappoint the public again and l if the public wished to hear him have the concert postponed. No was taken, but it was evident that public did wish the concert to go nd it went on.

ere can hardly be doubt that it d have been better for M. Chalia- vocal organs if it had not. His was evidently in bad condition, he sang frequently with a good deal ffort and strain, and with results seemed to be evident in the quality s tones and in other respects. His d appearance was omitted entirely; when he came out for what should been his third, he prefaced his ng by saying, first in French, then ussian, that he was not himself and he would prefer the audience to se him; but he hoped they would him again under more favorable mstances.

se who remember him at his oper- appearances here fourteen years remember the commanding figure e man. Upon the concert platform revealed as a great blond, with a le face, of incessantly changing ex- sion, singing with more dramatic estion, with more movements of s and arms and body than many ert singers permit themselves, and an intense absorption in the emo- l or dramatic content of the songs. had already been made known, Mr. iapin issues no program of his own tions, but announces before each what it is going to be, by the ber it bears in the book of words in ish translation, with which the au- e is expected to provide itself. It e same process as announcing hymns the hymn book in church; but, e the hymn book, the collection of Chaliapin's words is sold at 25 cents. sang songs by Glinka, Glazunoff, mann's "Two Grenadiers," Grieg's Old Song," Schubert's "Death and Maiden," Monssorgsky's setting of "Song of the Flea," from "Faust," Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba"— led in the book of words, "O, May nder the Gravestones." Under the mstances not much is to be said Mr. Chaliapin's singing. The quality he voice and its power were much ted. There was evidently a highly loped skill of characterization. Most ding was his delivery of some of the sian songs, as Glinka's darkly mys- us setting of "The Midnight Re- ," and in many respects Schumann's vo Grenadiers."

tervals in the program were filled by f Stopak, violin, who also played obligato of Glinka's song, "Doubt." Miss Victoria Boshko, pianist.

inald Werrenrath's Song Recital.

inald Werrenrath, the New York tone, has made for himself many ircrs in New York and they were ent in large numbers at his recitl Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. presented a program of songs con- ing many that were new or un- iliar to most of his hearers, after he finished the first three, Schubert's u list die Ruh," "Der Doppelgan- " and Schumann's "An den Sannen- in." There was a group of French Italian songs; a group by the Eng- composer, Frank Bridge; a group Americans, James H. Rogers, Leo th, Gena Branscombe and Mabel W. iels.

r. Werrenrath's voice and his beauti- y poised and polished style were r at thdeir best in the recital. The e is not by nature one of the mest or most luscious in quality, or of the moht supple and responsive. ther is Mr. Werrenrath's tempera- t one of volcanic incandescence. But voice is controlled by such a fine l; has been so equalized and is so nirably managed throughout all its ges and especially in the head tones; the singer's intelligence is so great, control of breath and phrasin gand nciation so far beyond reproach that gives great artistic pleasure by his formance. It might be said that his ression of the emotions and sentl- nts of the songs he sings is circum- ibed within somewhat narrow limits, it is very definite and finely ought, the product of musical feeling, elligence and fine taste.

o his singing of Schubert's, Schu- nn and Wolf's songs was admirable. e song by Joseph Marx in this group, in junger Dichter denkt an die Ge- bte," a song of real beauty and origi- ity, was given with much felicity. er the group he added another of the ne composer's rather less striking. here were sentiment and grace in his ench and Italian group. Rhené- ton's Sous la Protection des Vio- tes," a somewhst pale production. Mr. rrenrath had some difficulty h, and perhaps rather than from any insatiate public demand he gave it again and now without difficulty as an encore. Four songs by Frank Bridge showed a truly lyric gift, especially the last, entitled "Love Went a-Riding," and Mr. Werrenrath added another. The songs of James H. Rogers and Leo Smith had individuality.

Several songs on the program were of an intimacy and grace that were somewhat lost in the distances of Carnegie Hall. It can hardly be expected that an artist who can fill the large hall will choose a smaller one for the advantage of his art; but some may have wished yesterday that the finer qualities of Mr. Werrenrath's singing might have been heard where they would not have been scattered over so wide an area.

Francis Rogers Sings at Town Hall.

Francis Rogers gave a program of baritone songs before a large matinee audience at the Town Hall yesterday, assisted at the piano by Isidore Luckstone. The names of poets, as well as composers, were printed in his list, to which Mr. Rogers paid the further compliment of clear diction, as in Purcell's "I See She Flies Me," Hullah's "Three Fishers," from Kingsley's familiar lines; Dunhill's "The Cloths of Heaven," after W. B. Yeats, and the "So Perverse," credited jointly to Robert Bridges and Frank Bridge. Mr. Rogers sang early airs of Bach, Glück and Handel with the discriminating taste that his public expects, and recent songs of Dagmar Rybner, Gertrude Ross and Ida Bosteimann.

Geo. Reimherr at National Theatre.

George Reimherr, tenor, who has before appeared in local concert halls, was a pioneer yesterday in the new series of Sunday musical matinees at the National Theatre, in West Forty-first Street. Mr. Reimherr's voice is neither heavy nor exceeding high, yet it is often of an intimately appealing quality, such as marked, especially, the simple folk-songs he introduced as encores. He was heard with pleasure in Dohnanyi's "Greeting to the Night" and the Russian Korganov's "Don Juan's Serenade," while there was less effect to Moussorgsky's "King Saul" or the "Pirates' Drinking Song" of Eugene Halle. Among unfamillar pieces were a cycle from the Chinese, by Dirk Foch, and others of Stojowski, Count Wachtmeister and the singer's accompanist, Lawrence Schauffler.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Herewith this reviewer apologizes to two artists for an inadvertent blunder in one of the articles printed in this journal yesterday. The performance of the violin concerto by Becthoven played at the Philharmonic concert should have been credited to Bronislaw Huberman instead of Paul Kochanski. The explanation, which suffices him, is not offered to the public with the thought that it extenuates or excuses the blunder. The reviewer had no occasion to look into his program to learn what music was performing and went to the concert with the mental obsession that Mr. Kochanski, who seems to be playing pretty much all the time, was to be the solo performer. Had he glanced at his program be would have been a bit puzzled to understand why Mr. Huberman played the concerto so much better than he played the Brahms sonata on Tuesday night, but he has met with such phenomena before and was too much gladdened by much of what he heard to be made curious as to who was giving him the pleasure. So with his apologies to Mr. Huberman and Mr. Kochanski there go also his thanks to both.

If the audience brings to Aeolian Hall even the distant memory of a single hearing of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, and then hears Walter Damrosch explain these music dramas at the piano as he explained "Siegfried" yesterday afternoon and "Die Walkuere" and "Rheingold" on previous Sundays, that audience must find its memory revivified and infused with all the fire of the original performance, and to it there is added as much understanding as if the audience had heard the Ring half a dozen times or more, with increasing perception.

Mr. Damrosch does not expound symbolic musical expressions which would otherwise remain obscure forever; he simply points out immediately what anybody of musical tastes would have recognized eventually. Wagner's meanings lie in the music; they are not arbitrarily attached to it; and all that Mr. Damrosch considers it necessary to do is to read his English translation of the German text, describe the action of the stage and then play the music. He is an inspired Wagnerite and he seems able to communicate his feeling to his audience.

The Philharmonic Orchestra opened its Saturday evening concert series at Carnegie Hall with an All-Beethoven programme comprising the Third "Leonore" overture, the Fifth Symphony, and the violin concerto, played by Bronislaw Huberman. Josef Stransky conducted.

The Goldman Concert Band gave a popular-priced concert at the Hippodrome last night. The programme included as soloists Melba McCreery, soprano; Josef Rosenbiatt, tenor, and Ernest S. Williams, cornetist. The band music comprised Svenden's "Swedish Coronation March," Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" overture and his procession of the Knights of the Holy Grail from "Parsifal," and Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave."

By Deems Taylor

WERRENRATH AT CARNEGIE.

Reinald Werrenrath sang five German lieder at the beginning of yesterday afternoon's recital, sang them with transcendent beauty of tone, perfection of phrasing and musicianly comprehension. There are few singers of any nationality who can interpret lieder as can this young American, and it is doubtful whether any other singer living could do them better than he did them yesterday. Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh'" was perfect mezza-voce singing; "Der Doppelgaenger" was vibrant with grief and terror without ever verging upon the theatric. Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein" was given with featherweight lightness and supreme tenderness. An unfamiliar song by Joseph Marx, "Ein junger Dichter denkt an die Geliebte," proved a fine example of lyric writing and held its own among the masters. Hugo Wolf's "Liebesglueck," sung with a vocal mastery that made nothing of its terrific difficulties, ended the group.

While the remainder of his programme did not threaten the supremacy of his German group, it was refreshingly unhackneyed, and, what is more, musically interesting. A Franco-Italian group included Rhene-Baton's "Sous la Protection des Violettes"—which Mr. Werrenrath sang later as an encore—and two good songs by Enrico Bossi. He is not yet quite successful in French—it is difficult to say specifically just why. If he sang it badly one could say so and particularize. But the lack is only a slight matter of a vowel overbroadened here, or a consonant just a shade too lightly stressed, a phrase that is mellow where a Frenchman would be precise. In a less finished artist the discrepancy would never be noticed. Only, Mr. Werrenrath's German and English songs are perfect and his French are not—quite.

Four songs by a young Englishman Frank Bridge, disclosed an uneven talent. "The Last Invocation" seemed only a surface setting of Walt Whitman's magnificent lines; "Go not, Happy Day," was a pleasing air saved from commonplaceness by an ingenious accompaniment. "Strew No More Red Roses" was much better, and "Love Went a-Riding" had a fine mood and verve. The best of all was his "Where She Lies Aslepp," a lovely mood-picture that served as an encore.

An American group included James Rogers's "The Last Song," two by Leo Smith, Gena Branscombe's charming and unpretentious "By St. Laurence Water," and Mabel Daniels's "Glory and Endless Years." Mr. Werrenrath's voice is undimmed in beauty, his singing—particularly his mezza voce—suave and flawless as ever, and his diction, a delight. Harry Spier at the piano played with color and discretion, and with a skill that made even "Liebesglueck" sound easy. After the regular programme came the usual clamor for encores; there were six before the house lights went out.

KOCHANSKI PLAYS THE VIOLIN.

On Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall Paul Kochanski gave his first recital of the season—an outstanding event even in this year of copious virtuosity. His programme included the Tartini sonata, three Bach pieces, some Brahms and Chopin, and Wieniawski's "Le Carnaval Russe," with the violinist's own cadenza. He offered two interesting novelties in "Myths," by Szymanowski, one of the younger Russians. They are subtitled, "Poems for violin and piano," and each was accompanied by a programme note of substantial proportions. The first, "La Fontaine d'Arethuse," told the tale of one of Diana's nymphs, who, pursued by the flower god, was changed into a fountain by the divine huntress. The second, "Dryades et Pan," is a nocturnal scene. Dryads are dancing in the moonlight when Pan appears, playing upon his pipe. He woos them, but they flee him in terror, and the goat god, solitary, plays a little and vanishes.

"La Fontaine d'Arethuse," a lovely, wistful melody, played against a piano accompaniment that evoked without infringement Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," is an enchanting bit. "Dryades et Pan," while done with immense skill and humor, is too programmatic. The violin is such an essentially lyric instrument that this music, with its abrupt and dramatic changes of tempo and theme, was too much for it. What would have seemed vivid and graphic when clarified by the color and weight of an orchestra verged perilously upon incoherence when listened to simply as accompanied melody. As a sketch for a symphonic poem or ballet, "Dryades et Pan" is golden material, and the composer will be wasting a precious opportunity if he does not turn it into one or the other. Mr. Kochanski played both pieces with skill and understanding. His tone was pure shining white in the "fountain" number, and he achieved a marvellous muted pianissimo at the end that was as near silence as human ears can comprehend. He was equally skilful in the "Dryad" episode, where, playing "sur la touche" with a bow that seemed loosened, he produced fluty pipings and sighing glissando sixths that painted a side-splitting portrait of the amorous goat-god. His playing throughout the afternoon was distinguished by his usual technical mastery and unerring taste. The Bach adagio was a flawless example of the violinist's art at its best.

Nov 15, 1921

LA TRAVIATA, grand opera in Italian, in four acts, music by Giuseppe Verdi, book by F. M. Piave; founded on Dumas's "Camille"; new scenic production by Joseph Urban. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Violetta.....Amelita Galli-Curci
Flora Bervoise.....Minnie Egener
Annina.....Louise Berat
Alfredo.....Beniamino Gigli
Georgio Germont.....Giuseppe de Luca
Gastone.....Angelo Bada
Barone Douphol.....Millo Picco
Marquis d'Obigny.....Mario Laurenti
Doctor Grenvil.....Paolo Ananian
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

By H. E. Krehbiel

For the second time in thirteen years a season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House began last night without Caruso. For the first time, we think, since the theater was opened thirty-nine years ago a season was opened with "La Traviata." We are far from disposed to cavil at Mr. Gatti's choice or to speculate too curiously concerning his mental processes in making it. It may have been to illustrate what was meant by devotion to ensemble instead of the star system of which we began to hear so soon as it became evident that the operatic idol of nearly twenty years would no longer be with us; for the good old opera was refurbished as to its outward intigument.

There were new costumes for all the singers, choristers, as well as principals, new stage pictures, some novelty in the moving about of the operatic marionettes and a representative of the heroine who was run to the house though not to the New York public.

Dramatic Charm

The Violetta of the occasion was Mme. Galli-Curci, who many lovers of good singing have thought for a long time was deserving of better surroundings that have been vouchafed her since she made her sensational debut upon the local stage with the Chicago Opera Company. When she began her first scene last night it seemed as if a more gracious companionship had justified the opinion of her somewhat too indiscriminating admirers, but her first great air set down the pegs considerably. Her "Ah, fors' e lui" and "Sampre libera" revealed that her fault of impure intonation had not been eradicated by the transfer of Violetta's mimic habitat from the Lexington Theater, or Manhattan Opera House to the Metropolitan.

Her singing here was not brilliant, nor was it technically impeccable. A great pity, for we cannot recall a performance that was begun with so much dramatic charm or with a lovelier exhibition of the graces of song.

Radiant in Style

In voice and style she was radiant, in bearing and appearance in the highest degree winning. With an admirable companion in Mr. Gigli as Alfreda she invited us to look forward to what would prove a memorable performance of Verdi's opera.

It may have been the natural nervous trepidation, inspired by the consciousness that she was undergoing a severe ordeal (for a first appearance at the Metropolitan is an ordeal for even the most seasoned of operatic artists), which prompted her from remaining on the high plane assumed at the outset, or the aural deficiency to which we have at times attributed her departure from correct intonation—a misfortune likely to be made more than usually patent in the Metropolitan Opera House, with its puzzling acoustic proprieties and in the case of an air which has so little orchestral support at the outset as "Ah, foos' e lui." But the disappointment was but a passing one, for in the dramatic duet of the third act she, sympathetically and splendidly supported by Mr. Gigli, sang with fine dramatic fervor and compelling eloquence.

ALEXANDER SEBALD HEARD

Hungarian Violinist Makes a Debut —'Cellist and Pianist Play.

Alexander Sebald, a mature Hungarian, announced as a violin virtuoso "of Paris," made a debut at the Town Hall last night, before an audience thinned by rain or by rival interests at the opera. Rain, at all events, produced an atmosphere hostile to a stringed instrument, which in this case was said to be "the celebrated Tauscher violin made in Chicago in 1916," hardly exhibiting "the qualities and tone of the Stradivarius" promised in the program. Francis Moore assisted Mr. Sebald, in works of Wieniawski and Beethoven, as well as his own "Gypsy Music" and arrangements from Paganini.

Emil Borsody, a young 'cellist, appeared for the first time at Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted by Emanuel Balaban, in Haydn's concerto in D, that of d'Albert in C, a theme and variations by William Ebann and pieces by Bach, Debussy, Akimento and Theodore Serly.

Margot de Blanck, a Cuban pianist heard last season, gave a matinee recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday, playing music of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, a nocturne for left-hand by Scriabine, the "Danse Negre" of Cyril Scott and "Dew Drops," by H. de Blanck, her father.

Yolanda Mero, the pianist, was compelled by an accident to her fingers to postpone a matinee at the Town Hall yesterday.

Margot de Blanck's Recital

Cuban Pianiste Plays With a Decidedly Feminine Charm

Margot de Blanck, a young Cuban pianist, who appeared here last year, again was heard in recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her playing was gratefully free from pretentiousness, and while decidedly feminine in its charm, escaped the bane of sentimentality. She was at her best in some of the smaller numbers.

There was an alluring lightness in her touch and a piquaney in her accent that made such pieces as Laidow's "Music Box" and Cyril Scott's "Danse Negre" delightful, but led to a clipping of phrases in some of the other numbers, and a tinge almost of frivolity in some passages of the Bach-Busoni Chaconne. In spite of a few wrong notes, her technical development seemed well grounded, and in a Chopin "Impromptu" and the Liszt Rhapsodie, No. 6, she showed both good taste and skill in making the musical embroideries subordinate and beautifully decorative.

Nov 16 1921

Strauss Conducts His 'Salome' Dance

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Richard Strauss, the eminent composer, gave the first of three orchestral concerts, conducting again the Philadelphia Orchestra as he did in the special concert which signalized his reappearance before the New York public. The programme consisted of the tone poem, "Also sprach Zarathustra," the dance from "Salome," five songs with orchestral accompaniment, sung by Miss Elizabeth Schumann, and "Tod und Verklaerung."

Fourteen years ago "Salome" was performed just precisely once in the Metropolitan Opera House and then withdrawn as unfit for publication. Since then its music had not been heard in that place till last evening, when after some by no means immoderate applause, which the composer with swift facility construed into a demanw for an encore, the dance was repeated. Thus did Strauss take his little revenge upon the Metropolitan.

But the dance was not danced. In 1907 Miss Bianca Froelich, the leading dancer of the opera, executed it while Miss Olive Fremstad, the *Salome*, hid and permitted the audience to indulge in some illusion as to the identity of the dancer. Miss Froelich's dance of the seven veils at the dress rehearsal was even more pictorial than it was at the public performance. It is impossible to tell what might have happened had she not cut out some of her shimmy shivers, which to-day are allowed even by the virtuous police, while the public views them and far worse things undismayed.

Strauss's "Salome" dance sounded rather feeble last evening, and as for his ponderous and pretentious musical revelation of the emotions excited in his bosom by a perusal of the extraordinary work of Nietsche, it pales rapidly with age. Even the fugue "Of Sciences" no longer shocks. It is dull, desperately dull, and the dance song sounds like Johann Strauss suffering from water on the invention.

There are brilliant pages in "Also sprach Zarathustra," but unfortunately the noblest of them are the first ones. The grandiose proclamation which ushers in the work makes the rest, save the final pages—a second inspiration—sound flaccid. However, the time is not yet ripe for a final adjustment of the various Strauss values. We can only speculate on these works as they accompany us through our own years. Their fate is in the lap of the future.

The songs were sung by Miss Schumann, who came to this country to sing for Strauss. She sang well, but not with especial distinction. If Mr. Strauss would attend some of the recitals of our own best singers he might hear his songs interpreted in ways which have made us love them. Finally it must be recorded that the Philadelphia Orchestra played admirably, but that once more it was shown that the Metropolitan is not the best possible auditorium for orchestral concerts.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition)

Dr. Richard Strauss was enthusiastically acclaimed for a second time at the concert which he gave at the Metropolitan Opera House last night with the help of the Philadelphia Orchestra and Fräulein Elizabeth Schumann. The audience was apparently as much larger than that which greeted the composer at his first concert as the difference in seating capacity between Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House—assuming that more people can be accommodated in the latter than in the former and that the balcony and gallery, whose deep recesses are invisible to an observer on the main floor, were filled. There was, moreover, a difference in the character of the two gatherings. At the first a large number of musicians and patrons of symphony concerts were easily distinguished; last night in the audience, seemingly wholly German, we failed to recognize a dozen faces which we are accustomed to see at the concerts of the Philharmonic, Symphony, Boston and Philadelphia orchestras.

The circumstance, though it may explain in part the great demonstrations of delight which followed every number on the program, does not detract in the least from the deserts of Dr. Strauss. In its absence we might have been somewhat perplexed at times; that is all. Had the audience been one seasoned to music of the classical symphonists we should have wondered at the enthusiastic plaudits which followed the performance of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and the dance from "Salome," not because the performance was not in the highest degree admirable, but because we should feel obliged to inquire why this music has met with such scant approbation in the past. There was no revelation of beautiful thoughts hitherto hidden, though the thoughts which were familiar were given peculiarly eloquent expression. If Dr. Strauss has discussed the riddle of existence in the music which he has labeled with the name of Zoroaster, he left it as much unsolved as ever though he caused an agreeable titillation of the ears by the manner in which he brought out the lilt of the waltz tune. And a similar episode warmed the hearers in the Oriental dance, which was repeated in response to a hearty demand.

Miss Schumann, who sang a group of songs with orchestral accompaniment (winning a recall for "Und Morgen wird die Sonne wieder sehcinen," to which the leader of the violins played an exquisite obbligato), is not a stranger in New York, though she came from Europe to participate in Dr. Strauss's concerts. She was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company in the season which saw the production of "Der Rosenkavalier," creating the rôle of Sophie in that opera. She sang with fine intelligence, her enunciation of the text and diction being particularly commendable.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Dr. Strauss at the Metropolitan.

The first of three subscription concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House by Dr. Richard Strauss and the Philadelphia Orchestra was given last evening before a large audience that practically filled the house. There was the same enthusiastic appreciation of the performance as there was at Dr. Strauss's opening concert in Carnegie Hall, and, as at that concert, the program was entirely made up of his compositions. This time there was a soloist, Miss Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, remembered as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company a few years ago, where she sang light soprano rôles.

The orchestral numbers comprised the tone poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra," the "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome," and the tone poem "Tod und Verklarung." They are, of course, all familiar to followers of the orchestral concerts in New York. The first has been the least often played of recent years; like most of the other later compositions of Dr. Strauss, it has not maintained the favor of music-lovers like the earlier ones; or rather, never possessed it as they have. It embodies his most thorough-going pursuit of the idea of expressing very definite literary concepts in music; being supposed to express nothing less, as the composer avowed, than "an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman"; or as he has more recently formulated it, "the conflict between man's nature as it is and man's metaphysical attempts to lay hold of his nature with his intelligence."

This is a difficult problem; and if it is to be solved at all, is not to be solved in music, which has other functions to perform. The piece in which Dr. Strauss undertook to do it has long been recognized as a somewhat formidable one, simply as music; difficult in the performance, difficult in its apprehension by the listener in any but a very lucid performance.

It may be said that the difficulty of its apprehension has never before been so lightened, at least for a New York audience, as it was by the performance that Dr. Strauss obtained from his orchestra last evening. It has never been made so clear in its structure, in the development and combination of its themes, in the building up and significance of its climaxes. The performance was indeed a very fine one, in tone, color, lucidity and musical expressiveness; and it was all the more remarkable as being the result of a single rehearsal, with a little preliminary preparation under Mr. Stokowski.

There can but be conjecture as to how much finer further study under Dr. Strauss could have made it. The chief room for improvement would probably have been in a further clarification of the difficult fugue section. It was an eloquent and finely sonorous performance as it was; but it was eloquent as music, not as philosophy or metaphysics.

The "Dance of the Seven Veils" was presented in a way that emphasized what the piece possesses of Oriental color and suggestiveness and rhythmical variety; and it so appealed to the audience that Dr. Strauss found himself moved to repeat it. The playing of the tone poem, "Tod und Verklarung," was impressive and in many respects fine; but it gave its listeners the least of a "revelation" of anything Dr. Strauss has as yet played here; for New York has heard as fine or finer.

Miss Schumann sang the songs "Die Heiligen drei Könige," "Borgen," "Muttertändelei," "Freundliche Vision," and "Wiegenlied"; all of which except the first with its very long and expressive ritornelle, are more or less well known. They were given with orchestral accompaniments arranged by the composer.

Miss Schumann sang them with much intelligence and feeling, with a voice of warmth, clearness and expressive power, not always, apparently, produced to the greatest advantage and used sometimes with too much of what is known as "scooping," upward and downward. But her performance was, on the whole, one to give real pleasure, and the audience found so much pleasure in it that she was made to repeat "Morgen."

MME. HEMPEL WELCOMED.

She Sings in Aid of Dobbs Ferry Children's Village.

Frieda Hempel was welcomed with flowers in profusion at Carnegie Hall last evening, when the former Metropolitan soprano, just returned from abroad, sang to a socially distinguished audience for the benefit of the Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry. This charity, originally the New York Juvenile Asylum, was further represented by its sturdy lads in dark olive-darb uniform, who sold in the lobby the souvenir books of the occasion. In all, about $7,000 was earned for the village fund.

Mme. Hempel has seldom been heard in better voice than she was in classic airs of Mozart and Veracini, encored with Mozart "Te Violet," or in a twice-repeated song with flue that followed Benedict's "Carnival of Venice" variations. She also sang twice Roland Farley's "The Night Wind," among later pieces. Assisting her last evening were C. V. Bos, pianist, and Louis R. Fritze, flute.

VIENNESE OPERETTA HEARD

"Bruder Straubinger" Sung in Original Tongue at the Manhattan.

Viennese operetta in its original tongue, with the Vienna trademark of tuneful dances, began a proposed term of ten weeks at the Manhattan last evening before a large audience, including officers of the Hamburg liner Hansa and 200 of their crew. The first week's production, Edmund Eisler's "Bruder Straubinger," was one that Francis Wilson formerly gave here in English as "The Stroller," and that also served for a tour of Eddy Foy.

Gaspar Santo, tenor of the Budapest Stadtoper, and Rosa Buska, a soubrette of the Volksoper at Vienna, were newcomers in the cast who were received with applause. Elinor Marlo, recently with the San Carlo singers here, also ha da leading rôle as did Christian Rub, former comedian at the Irving Place. Others were Ernst Robert, Clairette Clair, Henry Marchetti, Aladar Prince, Alice Rautenberg, Felix Marx and Curt Manthey, and Egon Putz conducted. The operetta will be followed next week by "La Belle Helene" of Offenbach.

Ethel Mellor at Aeolian Hall.

Ethel Rust Mellor, a vivacious soprano of vocally "bright" if somewhat throaty quality, was heard at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon in a program in which the young American singer had also made her début in London this year. She sang ambitious airs of Mozart and Handel, as well as lyrics by Strauss, Vaughan Williams, Mana Zucca, Hadley and Seller. Charles A. Baker assisted at the piano also in her most interesting novelty, a "Sylan Roundelay," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegourotchka."

Sklarevski Gives Recital.

Alaxander Sklarevski, a Russian pianist, formerly of the conservatories of Petrograd and Saratov, and once heard in this city last year, gae a matinee recital at the Town Hall yesterday, playing Glazenouv's "Theme and Variations" in F sharp minor, at first hearing more technical than otherwise in their variety. Mr. Sklarevski also gave groups of Chopin and Debussy, Liszt's transcription of Bach's G minor organ fugue, Rachmaninoff's D major prelude and "The Convent" of Borodine.

Percy Grainger's Latest

During the war many of Percy Grainger's compositions and manuscripts were kept in cold storage in London, and only after a great deal of parleying could he get the permission of the authorities to have these dangerous things shipped across the ocean. One of his first acts was to take one of his pieces which had been orchestrally produced in London and arrange it for a big chamber music ensemble—an ensemble of some twenty players, large enough to be called a small orchestra.

This novelty, called "Green Bushes," was produced in Aeolian Hall last night at a concert of Carolyn Beebe's New York Chamber Music Society, following a Brahms quintet and a sextet by Thuille. Grainger's piece is an elaboration of an old English folk tune which is carried out in this lively composer's liveliest fashion, making it a sort of passacaglia. Although it was played rather roughly, the audience enjoyed it immensely, and called out the composer, who was among the players. The instruments for which it is scored are organ, piano, violins, violas, violoncellos, double bass, piccolo, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, French horns, soprano saxophone, baritone saxophone, trumpet, kettledrums, snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, and xylophone.

Prof. Hanson of San Jose Musical C

Announcement was made last night from the offices of the American Academy in Rome, 101 Park avenue, of the appointment by the Academy of Prof. Howard Harold Hanson, dean of the Conservatory of Music of the College of the Pacific, at San Jose, Cal., as a fellow in musical composition on the Frederic A. Juilliard Foundation.

Among the fourteen who competed for the fellowship were several well known American composers. The jury was composed of Messrs. Walter Spalding, Walter Damrosch, John Alden Carpenter, W. J. Henderson, Richard Aldrich and Owen Wister.

Dean Hanson was born in Wahoo Neb., and holds the master's degree in music from Northwestern University. He was elected dean of the Conservatory of music of the College of the Pacific in 1919. The college has granted him leave of absence to take up his work as Rome fellow. The appointment is for three years, with an annual allowance not to exceed $2,000.

Dean Hanson's compositions include symphonic prelude, "Symphonic Rhapsody," performed by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and to be performed by the St. Louis Symphony this season; symphonic legend and symphonic poem "Exaltation," to be performed in December by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; symphonic poem, "Before the Dawn"; orchestra and choral score to the California forest play of 1912; piano sonata, concerto quintet; piano compositions to be played this season by Percy Grainger and Mme. Sturkow-Ryder, and a few songs, some of which have been sung by Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander.

Leo Sowerby, who was not a competitor but received a special appointment as fellow in musical composition for two years, recently sailed for Rome with Mr. Felix Lamond, first professor of music at the American Academy in Rome.

Nov 17 1921

"Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan.

LOHENGRIN. Music Drama, in Three Acts and Four Scenes. Book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in English translation, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

King Henry.....Robert Blas
Lohengrin.....Johannes Sembach
Elsa of Brabant.....Florence Easton
Telramund.....Clarence Whitehill
Ortrud.....Margaret Matzenauer
The Kin's Herald.....Robert Leonhardt
Grace Anthony, Cecil Arden, Minnie Egener, Suzanne Keener, Mary Mellish, Alice Miriam, Myrtle Schaaf, Marie Tiffany.
Conductor, Arturo Bodanzky.

"Lohengrin" in English has a familiar sound at the Metropolitan Opera House from last season's representations, and it came into the present season at the second subscription performance last

ening. It came very much as it came e year before, with the same singers the principal parts and under the dic- ction of Mr. Bodanzky. The perform- ce was not inspired by any access of eat enthusiasm or of any greater rills than ordinarily accompany the aring of the music drama. It would unfair to call it perfunctory, but it as at all events a well-routined per- rmance, in which the discipline of all departments of the opera company s admirably exemplified. It was not thout its faults; there were departures m the pitch on the part of some of the ncipal singers as well as of the cho- s. It was also in places a pretty stren- us performance; some of the singing s more vigorous at times than com- rted with the highest beauty of tone.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Novel details are not to be expected operas which have become so tradi- nally hidebound as "Lohengrin." e last which caused extensive com- nt, as we recall, was introduced at Bayreuth festival a dozen or more ars ago, when the costumes of the ople of the play were made to con- m to tenth century fashions. If era were the educational institu- n which we are sometimes assured it it is, it might be worth while to cuss Wagner's drama from an ethno- gical and political point of view. As matter of fact, we think we at- empted something of the kind in the arly days of the late war, but we o not remember that it resulted in any crease of interest in the opera. Nor as it necessary that it should do so. llasé musicians may proclaim that arch rhythms, and the key of A-flat ajor and saccharine sentiment are little too dominant in the music to it their jaded tastes; but for the ublic, whether of German or French English or any other ancestry, the era has not lost a whit of its charm, nd it will endure, we fancy, for a eneration or two longer. Indeed, the harm may grow greater the more resent and future composers try to reate an appetite for things hot in e mouth.

And so we make a prelude to a cord of the fact that "Lohengrin" as performed on the second night the season at the Metropolitan pera House, which was last night. nce there was nothing new or un- onted in the representation, that ight suffice, but mixed with the an- uncement it is fitting that there ould go out the statement that the erformance was one in keeping with e best traditions of the theater. Two anges in the cast from the early lvertisements may be noted: Mr. ustafson was the representative of ing Henry, in place of Robert Blass, nd Mr. Sembach appeared in the tular role, in place of Mr. Harrold, ho will create the tenor rôle in the w opera, "Die tote Stadt," next turday afternoon, a part originally trusted to Mr. Sembach. Mr. Sem- ch had represented the Knight of e Grail before; Mr. Gustafson im- rsonated the Royal Fowler at sev- al performances last season, and Miss orence Easton, Mme. Matzenauer, r. Whitehill and Mr. Leonhardt were miliar figures as Elsa, Ortrud, Telra- und and the Herald.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted with a firm t pliant hand, the orchestra played ell and the chorus was alternately in- iriting and depressing, as "Lohen- in" choruses have been with us since e opera began its career in our opera uses—and many others, though it ay be doubly treasonable to say so in ese piping times of peace, when the irit of reconciliation (in some minds) mands that everything German be uded. But last night's performance s in English, which may be thought open a loophole for a passing note dispraise. Miss Easton and Mr. hitehill were nevertheless wholly and qualifiedly admirable, though to the glish manner born. The former's re and limpid voice and the latter's norous and dramatic voice and dic- n were a delight, and Mme. atzenauer's interpretation of the sor- ress was convincing and moving.

Francesca Cuce Makes Debut.

Francesca Cuce, soprano, appeared the first time in recital last evening the Town Hall, which was liberally ed by her compatriots of New York's lian colony. In spite of sudden ange of accompanists and a hint of rves in tremulous, metallic tone and rred diction, she displayed vocal ma- lal of a sort to merit further hearing, when she sang with greater freedom last operatic airs from "La Wally" l "Boheme." These were preceded less hackneyed songs of Franz, haikovsky, Bebussy and Strauss, with , "Tyrant Love" and "The Pan- " by the American MacDowell.

MISS CRESPI PLAYS STRAUSS.

Violinist Heard in Sonata by German Composer.

Miss Valentina Crespi, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The chief numbers on her list were Richard Strauss's sonata for violin and piano and the concerto of Jan Sibelius. The latter composition was introduced to local music lovers by Miss Maud Powell in 1895 and between that time and yesterday, so far as the records show, was performed only once, namely, by Theodore Spiering, at a Philharmonic concert on March 14, 1911. The difficulties of the concerto as well as the forbidding character of much of its music have undoubtedly caused violinists to shun it.

Miss Crespi played it with much spirit and with feeling, but she was heard to better advantage in parts of the Strauss sonata, which is by no means all cakes and ale. The young woman disclosed a somewhat crude technic and frequent uncertainties of intonation, but her tone had vitality and her bow life and elasticity. Temperament warmed her performance and made interesting much that might otherwise have repelled by reason of its want of elegance. In the slow movement of the sonata, however, Miss Crespi played with beauty of tone and real finish of phrasing. This was the most satisfactory display of her art.

Nov 18 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Lucia	Amelita Galli-Curci
Alisa	Minnie Egener
Edgardo	Beniamino Gigli
Lord Enrico Ashton	Giuseppe Danise
Raimondo	Jose Mardones
Arturo	Angelo Bada
Normanno	Pietro Audisio
Conductor	Gennaro Papi

For what the profession used to call the second debut, Mme. Galli-Curci elected to impersonate the heroine of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening amid demonstrations of great gladness. The time for writing essays on "Lucia" is past, but in order that justice may be done to the art of the pleasing singer of last evening we ought to remind ourselves that this is not the tragic "Bride of Lammermoor" created by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, but a pale operatic shadow of it. Many years ago Chorley pierced its hollowness with his clever pen, when he wrote:

"The supernatural tone of the legend entirely taken away; tho dance on the bridal night with its ghastly interruption, replaced by a sickly scene of madness such as occur by scores in every Southern serious opera; the funeral with its one superfluous guest abolished to make room for the long final scene so cherished by tenors; tho character of *Lady Ashton*, affording such admirable material for contrast, obliterated—here are so many injuries to one of the most moving tragic tales existing in any literature. It would be a good deed to arrange Scott's novel anew, and anew to set it."

For Mme. Galli-Curci the Donizetti emasculation is most suitable, since she is not a singer of tragic passions, but a delightful cantatrice of polite opera music. Last evening her voice was in good condition, perhaps not quite so brilliant as it is at times, perhaps a trifle dulled by the oppressive atmosphere, but smooth and mellow throughout its range.

She was less nervous than on Monday evening and consequently her breath control was better, so that she was able to sing some long, fluent phrases with delightful facility. This was especially noticeable in "Quando rapito" in the first act and in the mellifluous measures of the famous "mad scene." There were a few lapses from the pitch and two or three shakes that a sensitive ear could hardly locate exactly. But on the whole it was a typical Galli-Curci night.

Mr. Gigli was a commendable *Edgardo*, but not a great one. The dramatic possibilities of the part are rarely explored in these days. Mr. Danise was excellent as *Enrico Ashton*. This role is well suited to his powers. Mr. Mardones was more than equal to the moderate demands of *Raimondo*. Mr. Bada represented the unfortunate *Arturo*, whose married life ended as soon as it began. Mr. Papi conducted.

Donizitti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" presented itself as the third opera of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, with a clean and shining morning face musically and handsome stage furnishings and costumes. The title rôle was enacted by Mme. Galli-Curci, who has been heard in it quite a number of times since she first sang it with the Chicago Opera Company in the Lexington Theater. Her Lucy is not a flawless performance from any point of view, but her gracious manner, limpid and equable voice and sympathetic appearance condone many of her shortcomings—all, indeed, that can be condoned. She would be almost a perfect exemplar of the art of song if she would but remain true to the sustained melodic line and to pitch. In the delivery of recitative she might have learned much last night from her companion, Mr. Gigli whose Edgardo is marked by the most amiable graces.

An impassioned Enrico was embodied by Mr. Danise, though not one that ever got far from the Italian conventions. Mr. Mardones was appropriately abysmal as Raimondo. The conductor was Mr. Papi, the audience numerous and in no wise as demonstrative over the prima donna as those which used to threaten the rafters of the Lexington Theater and Manhattan Opera House.

Jeanne Leval, Contralto, Stirs Auditors in Recital

Jeanne Laval sang at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. Heh personality took possession of the audience, and her expressive, mobile face, and her voice deserved all the applause showered upon her.

She is unusual among contraltos in having a voice which yeals like a bell at the top of its range, and descends without throaty murmurs into mellow chest tones. And she enunciates remarkably in English, Italian and German, as if she regarded each consonant and vowel as an important thing—as an artist regards his tools—as vehicles of expression. Her French, however, sounds as if she had studied it well in America and passed too short a time in France; the other languages have the color of their own country.

She was good in dramatic moods, and at her best in lyric moods, as in Rontani's "Or ch'io non seguo piu," Hugo Wolf's "Mausfallen-Spruechlein," and a delivate old French-Canadian song, "Sainte Marquerite," arranged zy Grant-Schaefer. Her programme also included Dupare, Debussy, Gretchaninof, Granville Bantock, and others; and throughout she seemed to be an artist joyously engaged in doing the work she liked.

MISS LAVAL SINGS.

Miss Jeanne Laval, contralto, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. This singer had been heard here in choral concerts but not in recital. Her limitations proved to be narrow, but within them she accomplished something. With a voice of moderate range and little volume she sang with taste, sentiment and a generally intelligent use of her gifts. Some of her singing of French songs had grace and charm. She was heard by a remarkably large audience, which apparently had denuded all the neighboring florists' shops.

MISS KELLOGG'S RECITAL.

Miss Lucile Kellogg, a soprano, announced as a cousin of the late Clara Louise Kellogg, and who has been heard here before, gave a recital last night in Aeolian Hall. She entertained a large audience with a well chosen programme, including "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin"; German lieder sung in English and Kramer's song, "Great Awakening." Coenraad Bos was at the piano.

The Philharmonic Society.

There was a new American composition on the program of the Philharmonic Society's concert last evening in Carnegie Hall, Henry Hadley's tone poem, "The Ocean," Op. 99, which had then its first performance. It is his latest work and was not finished till last month. Mr. Hadley's inspiration was more specifically derived from the "Ocean Ode" of Louis K. Anspacher, a poem not of the first order, of which a number of stanzas are quoted in the program notes.

It is hardly necessary to add that the music deals successively with the "wind's hoarse blast" and the waves that "gnash and spume and foam and seethe and fret," while the "echoing thunder crashes tremendously from on high"; with "naiads bowed in graceful slumber" and "waves soft gliding"; with "dreaming moonlight" and "night's deep sapphire pall." These or similar visions have moved many composers to musical expression.

Mr. Hadley is not the least of them. He commands fluently all the utterances of the orchestra appropriate to such concepts. His music ins richly colored, well scored for the orchestra and ingeniously contrasted in its material. Of the specifically musical value of the work, of its originality and individual inspiration, there is les sto be said. It is not music that lingers in the memory as patently expressive; and like other of Mr. Hadley's compositions, it leaves a sense of too much fluency, too much facility, too easily expressed.

As associate conductor of the orchestra Mr. Hadley, of course, directed the performance himself, and will skill and confidence, bringing out all its effectiveness and sonority, which were duly appreciated.

The program contained, besides, Albert's instrumentation of a prelude and fugue of Bach with his own superposed chorale—an unfortunate tampering with a masterpiece, so far as concerns the G minor organ fugue—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

Lucile Kellogg in Song Recital.

Lucile Kellogg introduced herself as a dramatic soprano at Aeolian Hall last evening, including in her program Wagner's dream song of Elsa, from "Lohengrin." With C. V. Bos at the piano, she added songs oftener heard in recital, giving in English Greig's "Swan," Schumann's "Dedication," Franz's "For Music" and Brahm's "Undying Love." Miss Kellogg, with commanding stage presence, combines a voice as yet of less majestic power, seeking contrast often in a breathy pianissimo. She sang an air of Handel in Italian, one of Mme. Poldowski's songs in French, and later pieces by MacDowell, Grainger, Grey and Kramer.

Nov 19 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE — "Tosca" (in Italian), by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Floria Tosca	Geraldine Farrar
Mario Cavaradossi	Giovanni Martinelli
Baron Scarpa	Antonio Scotti
Cesare Angelotti	Paolo Ananian
The Sacristan	Pompilio Malatesta
Spoletta	Giordano Paltrinieri
Sciarrone	Louis D'Angelo
A Jailer	Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Shepherd	Myrtle Schaaf
Conductor	Roberto Moranzoni.

Puccini's "Tosca" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This means that Miss Geraldine Farrar returned to the scene of her many triumphs preceded by a palpitating procession of worshipping gerryflappers bearing flowers. Whatever the fates may have in store for other opera singers, whatever the clouds of glory they may trail, Miss Farrar always has her faithful maidens whose hands never weary of clapping and into whose swell the bright emotional tears of youth when she sings.

The *Floria Tosca* of the thus adored soprano seems to have set. It is apparently finished. It were futile to expect changes in it now. It is a commendable impersonation and it pleases many operagoersolder and less susceptible than the gerryflappers. Miss Farrar was in excellent vocal condition last night and sang well. The distinguished singer was associated last evening with Giovanni Martinelli and *Cavaradossi* and Antonio Scotti as *Scarpia*.

Mr. Martinelli's metallic voice is well suited to the expression of the sentiments of the reprehensible *Pinkerton*, while it has become impossible for habitual operagoers to regard any else than Mr. Scotti as an adequate impersonator of the United States Consul. With these three artists in the significant parts of Puccini's lyric drama and acceptable singers in the minor roles last evening's performance moved with life and appeared to give general satisfaction. Much of th espirit of the representation was due to the conducting of Mr. Moranzoni. The audience filled every foot of available space in the

Strauss as Pianist

A peculiarly significant and instructive exhibition was given last evening in the Town Hall. The eminent German composer, Richard Strauss, presided at the piano in a concert of music for the chamber conceived and evolved by him chiefly in the rashly adventurous days of his youth, when his confidence was almost as great as it is now, but his cunning was far less. The concert was for the benefit of the building fund of Town Hall, but the considerable number of empty seats indicated that the benefit would not embarrass the builders.

The works performed were the sonata for 'cello and piano, written in 1882-83; sonato for violin and piano, 1887; the piano quartet, written in 1883-84, and some piano pieces. Strauss was born in 1864. The coadjutors of the composer last evening were Bronislaw Huberman, violinist; Willem Willeke, 'cellist, and in the quartet William Kroll, violinist.

None of the chamber music above mentioned is unknown here. The sonata for violin and piano, for example, had been played in Aeolian Hall on Wednesday. It could hardly have been the purpose of Mr. Strauss to invite music lovers to something like a vorspiel to "Ein Heldenleben." Characteristics of the greater Strauss are difficult to discover in these youthful fancies, and they contain many surprises for those who know Strauss as a master of instrumentation. There is some amazingly bad writing for both 'cello and violin.

The true aim of the entertainment must have been to bestow upon this public the privilege of beholding the famous composer at the piano. To hear him proved to be something less desirable, for like some other distinguished composers he performs indifferently on the familiar instrument of whose difficulties every boarding school girls have a wholesome awe.

The laudable purpose having been triumphantly accomplished, the entertainment may be said to have had a perfect success. The artists who assisted the composer sacrificed themselves to the extent of playing the juvenile

with beautiful devotion and soothed their self esteem by doing their share better than the famous one did his. Strauss himself figures more brilliantly as a conductor, for in this capacity he need fear no rivals.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Dr. Strauss Plays Chamber Music.

What was announced as the only chamber concert in which Dr. Richard Strauss is to appear in his present visit to New York was given last evening in the Town Hall. A chamber concert of Dr. Strauss's music necessarily means going back to his earliest years, when he was composing chamber music, which has not occupied his attention since he developed the orchestral style in which his principal works have been written.

Consequently the program was made up of music that in no way represents his most characteristic production, his mature style; music that was composed when he was strongly under the influence of other men; the sonata for cello and piano, Op. 6; the sonata for violin and piano, Op. 18; the piano quartet, Op. 13, and a couple of piano pieces fro mhis "Stimmungsbiller," Op. 9.

The 'cello sonata is the most immature of these works, hardly diluted Mendelssohn. The violin sonata shows stronger fibre and a more individual note; there is hardly so much of either in the piano quartet. As for the piano pieces, they are quite innocent trifles, and some may have felt almost embarrassed to sit taking up the time of a man of Strauss's calibre while he worried the piano to such wholly inconsequential issues.

But it was a privilege, of course, to see and hear the famous composer in such intimate contact with own works; and a considerable number of enthusiasts spent the evening so, though the hall was not oompletely filled, and had the additional satisfaction of contributing to the Town Hall endowment fund, for the benefit of which the concert was given.

Dr. Strauss had the assistance of Branislaw Huberman, violin; Willem Willeke, 'cello, and William Kroll, viola; of whom Mr. Willeke was the one who showed the greatest familiarity with the playing of Wamber music and the fullest command of its style. Dr. Strauss himself played the piano, not as a pianist, but as a composer; perhaps even more as a composer than when he was here fourteen years ago. He achieved the notes in all his pieces, some of which are of no mean difficulty.

He put the "expression" in where it belonged. Probably the tempos were as nearly correct as they are ever likely to be in any performance of these pieces. But as piano playing it was deficient in a good many qualities some pianists might have put into the music. And some in theaudience may have had a haunting suspicion that Dr. Strauss had no very consuming interest in the music he was playing. He left all of it behind him a good while ago.

MARCEL DUPRE APPEARS.

Organist of Notre Dame in Paris Plays for Audience of Musicians.

Marcel Depré, the distinguished organist of Notre Dame in Paris, made his first appearance in merica last evening before an invited audience of musicians at Wanamaker's, where he will alternate in a joint series of public recitals arranged for him and Charles M. Courboin here and in Philadelphia. Mr. Dupré last year played from memory to students at the Paris Conservatoire the entire organ works of Bach, some two hundred compositions. He has recently appeared in London, at St. Paul's Cathedral, and before an audience of 11,000 at the Albert Hall.

He gave a program last night, including Bach's G minor fantasie and fugus, Franck's chorale in B minor, the sonata No. 1 in E flat by Bach, and a scherzo from the fourth symphony of Widor. At the close, and following a custom of French organists made familiar here by a famous predecessor, Alexandre Guilmant, he added an improvisation in four contrasting movements upon themes presented by Messrs. Courboin, Tertius Noble, F. S. Schlieder, Lynwood Farnan and Edwin Barnes. An informal reception followed M. Dupré's recital.

Jascha Pesetzki, Pianist, Plays.

Jascha Pesetzki, pianist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, playing a set of variations by Mozart, the sonata Op. 31, No. 2, of Betehoven, and a Chopin group, besides later etudes of Leschetizky and Debussy and piano arrangements of Godowsky and Liszt. The young man impressed his first audience as a well-grounded player of much energy, most happy in animated pages, for example, of Beethoven's sonata. Though of Russian descent, he hails from St. Louis.

Vasa Prihoda, Violinist, Heard.

Vasa Prihoda, the young Bohemian violinist who came to America by way of Italy last year, began his second season here with a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. With Otto Eisen, he was heard in Beethoven's "Kreuzer" sonata, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," with an ensuing encore, and pieces by Franck, Kreisler, Bazzini and Mendelssohn, whose "On Wings of Son" was repeated. Mr. Prihoda was heard in the smaller hall to better advantage than ever before here; his tone gained warmth and beauty, while his technique was of a clearness and accuracy meriting the high appreciation he has won elsewhere.

TITTA RUFFO SINGS AT MORNING CONCERT

The second Biltmore Friday morning musicale witnessed Titta Ruffo's first appearance of the season. With him were Erwin Nyireghazi, pianist, and Delphine March, contralto. Evelyn Scotney was to have sung, but owing to a sudden illness, could not be present. Miss March, who was to have appeared January 20, consented to siug in her place.

Mr. Ruffo seemed to be in not particularly good voice, a hoarseness sometimes intruding itself in his low tones. He pleased the audience, however, with two operatic arias—the Toreador Song from "Carmen" and the famous baritone aria from "Barber of Seville." He also gave a number of Italian songs.

Miss March sang the aria from "Samson and Delilah" and four shorter pieces of American origin.

Mr. Nyireghazi played a popular program, consisting of Liszt's "Liebestraum," Weber's "Invitatiou to the Dance," Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, and the Faust Fantasie as arranged by Liszt.

HADLEY'S "THE OCEAN" AGAIN

Composer's New Work Repeated by Phi'harmonic Orchestra.

The Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday afternoon repeated Thursday night's program, which included a new tone-poem by Henry Hadley called "The Ocean."

The new work again made a fine impression with its clearly defined scoring. The remainder of the program consisted of the Bach-Abert Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

A Musical Miracle

A miracle is supposed to be "something beyond human power to do," but when genius enables an organist to do what probably no other musician has ever done so wonderfully well, is it not permissible to call it a miracle?

Such a miracle was achieved last night when, in the presence of nearly all the organists in the city and many other prominent musicians, M. Marcel Dupré, organist at the great Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, made his first American appearance, having been brought over for the special purpose of inaugurating the new organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium. He played the greatest of Bach's fugues, the one in G minor, and the same composer's first sonata, besides César Franck's choral in B minor and the dainty scherzo from Widor's fourth symphony for organ. There was nothing in his performance of these pieces that some of the famous organists present might not have done equally well; but in the second part of the programme M. Dupré did something never equalled (except, perhaps, by his great teacher, M. Guilmant, when he was over here in 1897) by improvising a whole symphony in four movements on themes supplied by six prominent local organists.

In the days of Liszt it was customary at recitals for pianists to exhibit their musicianship by asking that some one in the audience supply a theme to be improvised on. Liszt himself and others did really wonderful "stunts" this way, but there were also humbugs, among others an infant prodigy who, in the middle of his "improvisation," broke down and cried: "Papa, I have forgotten the rest."

M. Dupré had no chance to see the themes till they were given to him by Alexander Russell at the end of the first part of the programme. Then the miracle began. The Frenchman sat down at a little table on the left side of the stage and looked repeatedly at the themes, each of which was on a separate sheet of paper. This lasted several minutes, *during which he created a symphony, coram publico!* Then he wrote down something on a sheet of paper and gave it to Mr. Russell, who read it to the audience. It was the scheme of the symphony to be improvised, indicating the way in which the great organist had, in these few moments, distributed the given themes over the as yet unborn allegro, adagio, scherzo, and finale of the symphony he was about to improvise. The themes were by Edward Shippen Barnes, Charles M. Courboin, Clarence Dickinson, Lynwood Farnam, T. Tertius Noble, and Frederick Schlieder. They were good workable themes, and the Frenchman wove them into a fabric of his own which was not only clever but appealed to the feelings. Loud and prolonged was the applause of the assembled experts. It was a great feat, even more wonderful than the same organist's performance from memory of some two hundred compositions of Bach in a series of Paris recitals.

What made this performance the more astounding was that M. Dupré had had little time to familiarize himself with the new instrument. Organs are not like pianos, each having its indivlduality and peculiarities of structure. The new Wanamaker organ is one of the largest in the city. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker zealously watches for new improvements and as far as possible embodies them in his own instrument.

Do you realize that to run a huge organ like that on which M. Dupré played last night would require forty horses to supply sufficient power for its pipes? There are 7,500 of them, some of them large enough for two men to crawl through, side by side, on hands and knees. There are four manuals and pedals, seven separate organs, with some of which, invisible to his hearers, M. Dupré achieved some astonishing and impressive effects which might be called ventriloquial.

The improvised symphony lasted just half an hour. It was one of the most enjoyable half hours I have spent in forty years of critical experience. One doesn't often see and hear creative genius at work. Dvorák once said to me a symphony should never last over half an hour, and he was right.

SAT. at 2—RIGDLETTD. Galli-Curci, Telva, Chamlee, De Luca, Rothier; Papi.
SAT. at 8 (Pop. Prices)—AIDA. Ponselle, Perini, Galli; Martinelli, Danise, Didur, Gustafson; Moranzoni.

TO-NIGHT
75c to $2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Pagliacci
(IN CONCERT FORM)
PERALTA, SUNDELIUS, PERINI, ARDEN; CRIMI, KINGSTDN, DANISE, CHALMERS, MEADER, LAURENTI, DRCHESTRA & CHORUS, CDND'S, BAMBDSCHEK, MDRANZONI.
BRDDKLYN ACADEMY DF MUSIC.
TUES. EVE. at 8—AIDA, Ponselle, Matzenauer, Philo; Crimi, DeLuca, Didur, Gustafson, Moranzoni.

Nov 20 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

The first of this year's new operas was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon for Mme. Marie Jeritza to effect her American début. The title of the opera, which is a German one and musically the product of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, of whose precocious talents we heard a great deal a deeade or so ago, is "Die Tote Stadt"—"The Dead City." Some years ago Georges Rodenbach, a Belgian ecclesiast, we believe, wrote a novel entitled "Bruges la Morte," which he afterward made into a play called "Le Mirage." This play contained so much operatic material of the kind which has been in vogue for twenty years or so that it is a bit surprising that it remained undiscovered until Paul Schott made it into a libretto for young Korngold. The title wakens memories of a drama by D'Annunzio which was played here by Mme. Duse. Our memory of the play is flocculent and vague, but is associated with something morbidly pathological—exhalations of a moral plague consequent on the disturbance of the relics of a dead civilization, or something of the kind. There is nothing of this in "Die Tote Stadt," but a curiously presented study of a morbid mind torn twixt devotion to a dead woman and sensual desire stimulated by contact with a simulacrum of the dead.

The structure of the drama is that of a vision, or dream within a mimic action. We had it in German novelty last year, when it provoked the reflection that such things are done better in the moving picture shows and might better be left to them. But the dream of Matthias in "The Polish Jew" is as nothing compared to the dream of Paul in "The Dead City." This lyric drama is all vision except a short prologue and a shorter epilogue, which serve but to introduce the two principal people of the play and give hint of their respective psychic and physical characteristics. All the rest is supposed to be a dream, a dream which requires two hours in the telling, a complex of visions within a vision, visions made of so much substance and pageantry that though they are supposed to be only shadows of a shade they require masonry to melt and stones to become transparent for the benefit of the occupants of the audience room. In such illusion all the real action of the play is cast, and to understand the images supposed to exist in a diseased mind and comprehend the extraordinary conduct of the hero as an actuality or as a figment of the imagination, the occupants of boxes and stalls ought to be versed in psychopathology and know all about psychic complexes, subconscious intellectuation and a score or hundred other things that Nordau, Freud and their scientific brethren have written about and which we have never had time to study. Being thus unread, we can only discuss in a matter-of-fact way what we saw and heard in the opera.

The Actualities of the Play

That which the observer is supposed to accept as real in the drama amounts to this: A man has lost his wife by death. She was a beautiful creature (that Mme. Jeritza, as her counterfeit presentment, makes plain), and her crowning glory was her hair. To sport with the tangles of her golden tresses and to inhale their odor seems to have been the consuming passion of the husband. After her death he cut them off and sent her bobbed to her grave, but the hair he put in a crystal reliquary, and this, with a portrait and other memorials of his love, he shut up in a room in the dead city which becomes his sanctuary. But one day he sees a woman who in appearance is the image of his departed consort. She accepts his invitation to visit him, and he throws the temple of the dead open to sunlight, flowers and her. She speaks, and the tones are those of his Marie. She wears garments in color and fashion like those of his idol. To make her completely the counterpart of the portrait, which is kept piously screened, he puts a guitar in her hand ("lute," says the text, but a careless stage management has not only substituted a guitar, but omitted the instrument from the picture where it ought to be to give dramatic verisimilitude to the scene), and when she has sung a song with a pathetic burden he is ravished, mind, soul and body. But she explains that she is a dancer, is due at the theater, and goes away to a rehearsal, forgetting her parasol and the roses he had brought in to speak his admiration. Scarcely gone, she returns for the forgotten things.

Would he not take a hint from her affected slip of memory and ask her to bide a while with him? She receives no answer, and so she departs, and he, impelled by a dreadful dream and yielding to the arguments of a friend, ponders the advisability of ending his melancholy communion with the dead and going out into the world to share life with the living. He ponders, but we do not know his eventual decision. "Perhaps 'twould be better so; there is no resurrection of the dead in this vale of sorrow."

Multitudinous Fabric of a Dream

That is a full recital of the incidents which are presented in the mimic show as actualities. The rest is a dream. The psycho-analyst probably would tell us that primitive instincts held in subjection during his hours of wakefulness asserted themselves in the sleep into which he fell while brooding over his lost love, who had apparently returned to him in the flesh of his visitor. His mental activity became subject to strange vagaries, his intellectuation contradictory and weak, his physical appetites clamorous. The portrait of his wife becomes imbued with life and speaks, appealing to him to be true to his troth, warning him of danger, yet at the last urging him to seek cognition by experience.

And now the real drama begins. He has been accepted by the dancing girl as her lover; but waiting before her house he learns from his dearest friend that she shares her favors with him. In a procession of nuns he finds his housekeeper, who, faithful to her love for her dead mistress and fearful of falling in sin, had joined the holy sisterhood. He sees his sweetheart rioting with her companions of the theater and profaning the religion which he holds dear by rehearsing the scene in Meyerbeer's opera "Robert le Diable," in which an abbess rises from her tomb to seduce the hero. (It is the scene which erstwhile shocked the gentle soul of Mendelssohn, wherefore he denounced the operatic taste of his day and generation.) He upbraids her as a wanton and declares that in embracing her he had embraced only his dead love, that hers were the lips he had kissed, hers the hair he had fondled. But she sends her friends away and with a few honeyed words, woven paces and waving arms ensnares his soul again, compels him to recant his words and to admit her to the home which her presence had defiled. There she confronts the memories of the departed, throws down the gage of battle between past and present, between the quick and the dead, and when he rebukes her for daring to bring her impurity into comparison with the ineffably pure, flaunts the tresses of the dead woman in his face, intertwines them with her own and waves them in a wild, bacchanalian dance. Maddened, he strangles her with the golden strands. She lies dead before him: "Now she looks just like her!"

The Action and the Music

All this in the opera is a dream—the longest, strangest dream that we ever heard set to music—except that which Berlioz would have us think of as delineated in his "Fantastic Symphony." Rodenbach was a better dramatist than the German librettist. He carries his psychological study to a legitimate dramatic conclusion. The experience of

the morbid widower is represented as a real occurence, and at the end the murderer is a madman.

Perhaps there is extenuation for the strain which the opera makers impose upon the credulous fancy of their audience in the fact that outside of a few lyric moments, particularly the song which awakens the voice of the dead woman in the soul of the pitiful hero, there is little which presents itself as musical material in an amiable sense to the composer. That song, whose melody sounds again in the epilogue of the play, where it may proclaim renunciation by a cankered and morbid soul, is Korngold's choicest bit of tune, though its manner and mood belong to Viennese operetta. It is mushily sentimental, but it serves to plead for the opera and it gives voice to all the pathos in the story. What is left to woo the ear lies in the first, the expository, part of the drama in the scene of the revels of the theater folk in the second act. Here a sentimental song by the impersonator of Pierrot has the lilt of a graceful slow waltz, but the rest of the music, conceived as a contrast to the tragic gloom of a tempestuous night and the storm in Paul's soul, has a labored hilarity that is in stronger contrast with the dramatist's conceit than it is with the nocturnal picture which shrouds it about—the procession of nuns, the toiling of bells, the driving clouds, the lamps flickering in the wind. Korngold is a heavy-footed musical funmaker.

The play is largely constructed for the sake of contrast and is an ingenious structure, though the expressive material is turgid and unpoetical. We could not help wishing yesterday that Dr. Hanslick, who was the predecessor of the young composer's father as musical critic and feuilletonist of the "Neue Freie Presse" newspaper in Vienna, might come back to life long enough to give us his thoughts of the language of the libretto ("Mit dem wird fertig ich" sounds like an echo from the Viennese ghetto) and its music. All the dialogue of the play, when it is not swamped, floats upon a flood of tones which seethes and roars whenever the tragic element enters and whirls in a few mellifluous eddies, not unvexed by rocks, in the few moments when passions are quiescent. In this instrumental flood swim and squirm fragments of tune, phrases whose latest paternity is that of Puccini and his precursors back to Wagner. The tempest is one that raged in "The Ring of the Nibelung." Sprinkled over what ought to be a naïve canticle of children in a religious pageant are the glittering celesta chords which shine like dewdrops on Sophie's bouquet in "Der Rosenkavalier." Puccini's "Tosca" contributes its quota of phrases. Plainly everything is fish that comes into this composer's net. He is a consummate master of orchestral idioms, whether taken from the lips of Strauss or his imitators, but his score shows a lamentable paucity of original thoughts.

In the frankness of his conveyances (to use a polite word) he reminds us of an old Elector of Cologne who used to compose music by singing anything that came into his head to a composer, who brought it to paper, whereupon it was published as the work of the august, reverend and Elector composer. Delightfully honest was the old Elector in his confession. "The *methodum* which I have adopted," said he, "is that of the bees that draw and collect the honey from the sweetest flowers; so, also, I have taken all that I have composed from good masters whose *Musikalien* pleased me. Let no one, therefore, get angry if he hears old arias in it, for, as they are beautiful, the old is not deprived of its praise. I ascribe everything to the grace of God who enlightened me, the unknowing, to do these things." We do not know that young Korngold has ever been quite so candid; he is certainly a brilliant technician and ingenious transformer.

Madame Jeritza and the Performance

There is much that is fascinating to mind and fancy in "Die Tote Stadt" in its plot, its pictures, which are so thoroughly admirable that they deserve special praise, in its music and in its performance. These elements of charm are so many and potent that we dare to venture upon a prediction of success for Mr. Gatti's latest adventure. Its most puissant element, however, has been found in Madame Jeritza. In the newcomer we find a beautiful voice consorted with a beautiful personality, and loveliness of face, figure, pose and movements inspired by finished art in song and dramatic action. It is not enough to say that she has charm, though that quality must needs be great to overcome the handicap imposed upon her by music which turns song into shrieking, such strenuous shrieking, indeed, as to arouse pity and concern for her beautiful voice and her undoubtedly admirable ability as a singer. We are sure that she can sing, though Korngold does not permit her to do so often in this opera.

But this is not her only gift and requirement. She is plainly born to the stage manner; she is aquiver with dramatic instinct. She seems to emit it like sparks from an electric battery. The elements which are mixed in the character of Marietta are obvious in her every pose, act and word. Worldly frivolity, love of life, exuberance of animal spirits, the need of spiritual intoxication and physical gratification as essential to her existence and the exercise of her profession—all these find expression in her acting and singing without the slightest tinge of conscious vulgarity. Her voice is one of superb power and great beauty, and she is as light of foot and graceful of movement as a sprite. She was greeted with glad acclaim at once and will surely become a great popular favorite.

Mr. Harrold, who sang a part more brutally treated by the composer than that of the heroine, did wonderful things with it, considering that he sang in a tongue strange to him. His pronunciation and enunciation of the text were found to be admirable whenever the composer permitted him to be audible—which was not often, except in the prologue and epilogue, or when he put aside his besetting bad habit of affected pathos. The score is a trying one for all concerned, but especially for the conductor, and the merits of Mr. Bodanzky were many and shining. But we must make an end to detailed discussion. The rest may wait. Here, for the sake of historical record, we give the program announcement:

Saturday afternoon, November 19, at 2 o'clock, first time in America, "Die Tote Stadt," ("The Dead City"), opera in three acts. Book by Paul Schott (in German), after Georges Rodenbach's drama, "Le Mirage." Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold.

Paul ..... Orville Harrold
Marietta, a dancer..... } Marie Jeritza
The apparition of Marie, Paul's deceased wife..... }
(Her first appearance in America)
Frank, Paul's friend.... Robert Leonhardt
Brigitta, housekeeper..... Marion Telva
With Marietta's troupe:
Juliette, a dancer.. Raymonde Delaunois
Lucienne, a dancer..... Grace Anthony
Gaston, a dancer..... Armando Agnini
Victorin, stage manager.. George Meader
Fritz, the Pierrot..... Mario Laurenti
Count Albert..... Angelo Bada
Nuns, the vision of the "Corpus Christi" procession, male and female dancers
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky
Stage director..... Samuel Thewman
Chorus master..... Giulio Setti
Technical director..... Edward Siedle
Stage manager..... Armando Agnini

German Art

By H. E. Krehbiel

It is a matter to which we would turn more gladly in the dog-days when the world of music offers few topics for consideration, but Mme. Gadski's return to the stage continues to exercise the minds of a good many people, and some of them have confused it with the visit of Mr. Richard Strauss. This is a pity, for the two incidents are as little related to each other in principle as the glorification of Hans Tauscher's wife and the honor due to German art, or art in any of its phases. If the two are permitted to become confounded it will be due to demonstrations on the one hand that the generous receptions which are everywhere being given to Dr. Strauss are of a political instead of an artistic nature, or on the other that criticism of his compositions and interpretative activities are inspired by Chauvinistic, or directly anti-German prejudices. As a composer, performer and conductor Dr. Strauss is as fit a subject for discussion as he was on his first visit to the United States. Thus far he has offered nothing new, and this one thing about his concerts which might invite special comment lies not in him but in his audiences. It may become worth while to look a bit curiously into the fact that whereas the Strauss festival of 1904 was a financial failure, the Strauss concerts of 1921 are likely to be enormous financial successes.

The composer was at the zenith of his fame seventeen years ago. Those of his works which have been composed since and performed here—the operas "Salome" and "Elektra" and the "Alpine Symphony" cannot be said to have enhanced his reputation in America or increased the natural desire to look upon a great composer in the flesh. Whence comes then this extraordinary desire on the part of an element of our population to do him honor? M. Vincent d'Indy, a representative French composer, a musician of eminence, will soon be here. Will he, too, be the recipient of ovations immeasurably greater than he received when he came to our country before as the guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra? We have our doubts, and we shall think it deplorable if an attempt is made to give anything but an artistic character to his greeting. Let that be as cordial as his genius and character deserve. Critical judgment will know nothing of his nationality except as it speaks in his creations, but will be directed to his old and new achievements in composition.

Blessings, Scotch and Otherwise, From Letter Writers

The gentleman who forwarded the clipping from the "Staats-Zeitung which provided a text for comment in this place a week ago, has repented of his act in withholding his name, and written a letter to make amends. A marginal gloss, as we intimated last Sunday, gave pretty plain indication that he was acting in a friendly spirit, but as he desires to be explicit in his explanation, we will willingly give him an opportunity to do so. He writes in part (we omit what is not pertinent to the issue):

"Referring to your article on 'German Art, German Artists and The Tribune's Creed' in to-day's issue of The Tribune, I venture to let you know that it was I who, on Monday last, November 7, sent you that clipping from the 'Staats-Zeitung' in which an unnamed writer attempted to haul you over the coals for your attitude—perfectly correct attitude—against Mme. Gadski. The reason for my failure to write my name and address both on the envelope and on the clipping itself was my fear lest you might gain a bad opinion of the intellect of the man who would forward to you such an unjustified and silly outburst. Had I foreseen that you would realize that it was sent to you with the friendliest intent and in righteous indignation at its rottenness, I should have been only too pleased to let you have my name immediately, for nothing is more repulsive to me than insincerity and camouflage. So, Mr. Krehbiel, I trust that 'tout connaitre, c'est tout pardonner,' n'est-ce pas?

"I am glad that you used the scurrilous article as a basis for to-day's splendid article and cannot help adding that my opinion of Mme. Gadski changed completely after I learned of her indefensible and unladylike action in the Lusitania affair—and this opinion has not changed since.

"She revealed beyond cavil that she is sadly lacking in self-respect and a sense of gratitude, and that she can still draw crowds who will reverently listen to the voice that raised a paean to the death of so many innocent women and children through the sinking of the Lusitania, casts a lurid light on the lack of self-respect and moral courage so noticeable all over in these days."

The writer's name indicates that he is of foreign birth and the fact that he is a reader of the "Staats-Zeitung" indicates his nativity. Now for a letter from another who was so eager to let The Tribune's reviewer know that he had received a drubbing a week after the date, and on the day in which the reply to the mendacious and malicious gossip appeared in print, he sent the belated clipping to The Tribune's reviewer with a German letter which we take pleasure in printing here in an English translation:

"November 13, 1921.

"Mr. Krehbiel, Scribbling Slave *(Schreibknecht)* of The New York Tribune:

"Although saying to myself that you are not worth the time, ink and writing-paper, I must make an exception at least this once. It would really be a pity if the accompanying article escape you, the contents of which fit your infamous agitations (or machinations, *Wuhlerei* is the word). What a lamentable individual you are not to possess enough reverence *(Pietat)* to do a little bit of justice to the land of your ancestors. Your ancestors would surely turn in their graves if they knew how you daily drag the land of their birth (or the land of your birth—the grammar of the writer is a bit vague here) in the mire. You and your paper make yourselves ridiculous with your hatred of everything German. President Harding weeks ago proclaimed peace with Germany (a fact that you do not seem to know), for which the American people had long longed. All your fanatical hatred of the Germans cannot change this.

"And now, Mr. Krehbiel, take this article (viz., the 'Staats-Zeitung's *Planderei)* to heart, and demonstrate that you are no common scribbling slave, not the Judas who betrays the land of his fathers for the dollar.

"He who has never in his life lived hours of humiliation in which he would like to admit the correctness of his opponents has no evolutionary germ within him. Then show, Mr. Krehbiel, that you still have this germ within you, and from now on let your articles be imbued with the spirit of a true American which says, 'Be fair.' Then the respect of righteously thinking men will not be denied you."

Need we say that this letter bears no signature? It is the contribution of one of the cowardly pests that would, if they but could, trouble the peace of the newspaper editor every day. Their resort to anonymity defeats their aims. The letter, however, is subscribed "Message from Mars." What says the old author of "Compost of Ptholomeus"? "Under this planet"—Mars—"is borne theves and robbers, . . . nyght-walkers and quarrell pykers, bosters, mockers and skoffers—and these men of Mars causeth warre and murther and batayle. They wyll be gladly . . . lyers, gret swerers."

Yet shall we not be affrighted nor tempted from the paths of peace. There be those who would comfort and encourage as well as those who would slander and berate. Here is an excerpt from another letter, whose writer is by birth one of a people with whom Americans were at war; he is not afraid to append his name and address:

"As one of those burdened with the curse of being obliged to go through life bearing a German name (as the nameless author or contributor of the Plauderei in his article of ten days ago had the nerve to express himself), reading your beautifully penned article of last Sunday, I nearly lost my temper. Or perhaps I should say my Hungarian blood boiled in my body, and I intended to write a letter to the editor of the S.-Z, as well as to The Tribune. Not to defend your attitude, for you do not need any defense, but to express my personal opinion as one of 'those.'

"After due consideration I realized the fact that by writing to the S.-Z. the nameless writer would be under the impression that outsiders are taking notice of his nameless scribblings.

"An amateur will appreciate more than the professional music lover the beauty which lies hidden in the critic's pen, and with that pen and your ability, combined with forty years of hard labor, you have gained the position of dean of your profession. A real critic of art should not make any distinction between race, creed or religion, and to my personal knowledge you never did make any."

Modesty forbids us to go on with this letter. It rather overdoes further the complimentary business. Mme. Gadski, it is said, will join the Chicago Opera Company. Neither reception nor rejection of her will play any part in the reconciliation of the peoples of the United States and Germany. Any one except a German or a propagandist can see that.

Miss Schumann's Former Activities in New York

In our review of the second Strauss concert we said that Miss Elisabeth Schumann, who sings at Dr. Richard Strauss's concerts, had created the rôle of Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier" at the Metropolitan Opera House. This was a mistake, a slip of the memory which a consultation of the records next day disclosed. Miss Schumann was a member of the Metropolitan in the season of 1914-'15. "Der Rosenkavalier" was produced in the preceding season and Miss Anna Case was the original Sophie. Miss Schumann did excellent service the next season, especially in Strauss's opera. She took part also in the German performances of "Die Zaubartlöte" (Papangena), "Das Rheingold" (Wellgunde), "Die Walküre" (Gerhilde), "Siegfried" (Voice of the Bird), "Götterdämmerung" (Wellgunde), "Parsifal" (first Flower Girl) and "Fidelio" (Marzelline), and on two occasions at least was the Musetta in the Italian performance of "La Bohême."

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
MON. at 8. LOUISE. Farrar, Berat; Harrold, Whitehill, Diaz. Wolff.
WED. at 8:15. TRAVIATA. Galli-Curci, Galli; Gigli, Danise, Bada. Moranzoni.
THANKSG'G DAY MAT. at 2. BUTTERFLY. Farrar, Fornia; Martinelli, Scotti. Moranzoni.
THUR., 8:15, DIE TOTE STADT. Jeritza, Telva; Harrold, Leonhard, Diaz, Laurenti, Bodanzky.
FRI. at 8, MEFISTOFELE. Alda, Easton, Howard, Perini; Gigli, Mardones, Bada. Moranzoni.
SAT. at 2, RIGOLETTO. Galli-Curci, Telva; Chamlee, De Luca, Rothier. Papi.
SAT. at 8 (Pop. Prices). AIDA. Ponselle, Perini, Galli; Martinelli, Daolse, Didur, Gustafson. Moranzoni.

Hans Barth, Pianist, Shows Ability in Tonal Coloring

Hans Barth, a young pianist whose recital announcements declared him to be "a master of tonal coloring," played at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon with a limited technique and with an ability in tonal coloring which ranks him higher than apprentice, but slightly lower than journeyman on a scale of mastery. His programme comprised Beethoven's sonata opus 54, Brahms's Rhapsodie in E flat, Six Studies by MacDowell (opus 46), Rachmaninoff's "Polichinelle" and groups by Chopin and Liszt.

Louis Homer Sings at Carnegie.

Louise Homer was greeted by an audience that filled Carnegie Hall at her song recital there yesterday, the matinee throng taking constant and active interest as the contralto proceeded from early oratorio airs through a score of songs to the last of seven added pieces. Among the encores were favorites of opera days, from "Mignon," of her first years in France, to "Trovatore" and "Samson," of which the first notes from Delilah's song drew an interrupting ovation.

The singer, who appeared in bright crimson velvet, was heard at her best, singing with power and ease, not only in these remembered rôles, but in lyrics new to her admirers, folksongs from Eastern Europe, groups by recent composers, including a half dozen by her husband, Sidney Homer. The late Enrico Caruso was proud of an ability to "make-a da man cry." Mme. Homer kept her hearers equally in smiles and tears by skillful alternation of mood and rare sympathy combined.

She repeated Loewe's "Maedchen sind wie der Wind," and followed a less familiar air from Masse's "Paul et Virginie" with that from "Mignon," while to Mr. Homer's new songs she added the lively "House That Jack Built," "Banjo Song" and "Galloping." The house would have liked continuous encores, which were denied, of an old Irish lullaby, a Hungarian czardas, a Latvian mother's lament and a Slovakian "Miller's Daughter." Their simple appeal was matched by Sidney Homer's setting of Mrs. Hinkson's "Sheep and Lambs," of humble piety, and by his amusing and tender children's classic, "Cuddle Doon."

NW 21 '921

GIVE WAGNER MATINEES.

"All-Schubert" Recital Also Among Concerts of a Day.

The Philharmonic Society opened a series of twelve Sunday afternoon concerts at Carnegie Hall yesterday with a Wagner program, which a popular audience heard with manifest pleasure, especially in the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman," both instrumental numbers adaptable to concert use, as well as in the "Tristan" finale and "Tannhauser" bacchanale.

An "all-Wagner" afternoon for musical New York brought likewise the fourth of Walter Damrosch's well attended lectures on the "Ring Cycle" at Aeolian Hall, where the conductor of the Symphony Society discussed Acts I. and II. of "The Dusk of the Gods," illustrating the music by playing from the piano score. Mr. Damrosch will complete his series on Dec. 18.

Elena Gerhardt sang again at the Town Hall last evening, when a musical audience was attracted by an "all-Schubert program," unique in the memory of recent concertgoers and possibly of veterans as well. Miss Gerhardt was assisted by C. V. Bos in eighteen songs from German poets and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," of Shakespeare.

Cooper Union's free concerts, which the People's Institute will continue on Sunday nights throughout the Winter, began last evening. Olga Carrara of the Chicago Opera Company sang soprano airs from "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly"; Rafael Diaz of the Metropolitan, gave tenor solos from "Aida" and "Elisir d'Amore," and the two closed with a duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bamboscheck conducting, and "Pagliacci," directed by Moranzoni with full chorus, formed the program of the first popular Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening.

Among the members of the Metropolitan company who took part were Mmes. Peratta, Sundelius, Perina and Arden and Messrs. Crimi, Kingston, Denise, Chalmers, Meader and Laurenti. The concert was well attended by enthusiastic music "fans."

Gogorza's Recital

Emilio de Gogorza, barytone, gave the first of two song recitals in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. This admirable singer's popularity was attested by the size and character of his audience as well as by the discriminating nature of the applause which he received. The programme was composed of songs in English, French and Spanish. There was a greater demand for elegance of style and for intimacy of communication than for the wider sweeps of passionate utterance.

However, in the little group of Russian lyrics, sung in English, Mr. de Gogorza was permitted to disclose his power to express the profounder emotions. Mousorgsky's "After the Battle" was the medium. In the same composer's "The Goat" he reached perhaps the highest level of satiric humor attained in his recital, while his delivery of "The Seminarian," not unknown here, was again received with delight.

Among the other songs was a group of four by Cyril Scott. The first, "Sea Fret," was also melodic fret and very poor fret at that, and the third, a serenade, was commonplace; but "Old Loves," in a style approaching that of folk song, and "Time o' Day," frankly popular, were pleasing.

Mr. de Gogorz's recital was a source of happiness to those who love good singing. His remarkable command of tonal variety, his exquisite adjustment of dynamic values and of accent, his finished phrasing and his diction, all employed for the legitimate purposes of interpretation, and not for mere vocal effect, command unceasing admiration. Mr. de Gogorza is ono of the most generously equipped, as he is one of the most sensitive, of all singers with whom this public has the fortunc to bo acquainted.

Mme. Elena Gerhardt gave her second lieder recital last evening in Town Hall. She presented a programme containing three groups of six lyrics each, all by Franz Schubert. Mme. Gerhardt had made a choice selection from the many songs of the master and ones taken from different periods of the time during his comparatively short life when he composed. The subjects of the songs were in large part of the sentiments of nature or love, and with the "Erlkoenig" ballad in closing.

Some numbers much liked or less known were "Vor Meiner Wiege," "Wiederschein," "Fruehlingsglaube," "The Romanze aus Rosamunde" and the second "Sulcika" song. The distinguished soprano delighted her auditors. Her singing was remarkable not so much for its tonal qualities as for a rare intelligence shown in phrasing, accentuation and diction. She was thus able to avoid possible monotony. Coenraad Bos was a valuable support with his beautiful accompaniments.

The first Sunday concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall took place yesterday, when an all Wagner programme was given. The eight selections were orchestral excerpts from the master's music dramas. The increased personnel this season of the orchestra showed to advantage in the performance. The results were many times eloquent, although again was recognized in certain numbers a loss through detaching them from their original operatic settings. The tonal display, balance and nuance in the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Rienzi" were superb, but it was in the "Tannhaeuser" bacchanale that Mr. Stransky and his men executed in all respects a splendid tour de force.

For the record's sake the names of the other selections were the Good Friday spell from "Parsifal," the entrance of the gods from "Rhinegold," the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde," also from the same opera the introduction to the third act and the shepherd's melody and *Wotan's* farewell and the magic fire scene from "The Valkyrie." The audience was very enthusiastic.

NW 22 '921

By Richard Aldrich.

"Louise" at the Metropolitan.

LOUISE, musical romance in four acts and five scenes. Text, in French, and music by Gustave Charpentier. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Louise	Geraldine Farrar
Julien	Orville Harrold
The Father	Clarence Whitehill
The Mother	Louise Berat
Irma	Raymonde Delaunois
Gertrude	Flora Perini
Camille	Minnie Egener
King of the Fools	Rafaelo Diaz
A Street Arab	Mary Ellis
A Rag Picker	Paolo Ananian

Conductor, Albert Wolff.

Charpentier's opera of "Louise," which was, after so many years of delay, produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last January, was given there last evening for the first time this season. The production was practically the same, with Mme. Farrar, Mr. Harrold, Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Diaz, Mme. Bérat in the chiaf parts and the very numerous subordinate parts filled as they were filled then; while Mr. Albert Wolff conducted.

Though the audience was not so large as most of those that came to the opera house last week, it seemed evident that the public welcomed the addition of the opera to the season's repertory with pleasure; that it enjoyed the overflowing melodiousness of the score, notwithstanding its heavy leanings upon Wagner and Gonnod, and on some of the Italians who were young when "Louise" was composed. The score seemed delicate and written with economy of means, after the one that was heard in the same place last Saturday.

The ingenuity of the composer in his thematic developments, his orchestration, often rich, and in his application of local color, still command admiration. Even if the heart of New York does not swell and palpitate at the glorification of Paris that is the keynote of the opera, it can understand and sympathize with the composer's emotions. As for gaining sympathy with her twadery aspirations, her infatuations for the young fellow Julien and her treatment of her parents, Louise is not likely to have any increasing measure of success as time goes on.

The opera is considered to offer a suitable and sympathetic rôle to Mme. Farrar, who made an interesting and characteristic study of it last season; though it must be confessed she did not seem to approach so near what may be supposed to be the manners and customs of the Parisian working girl as might he. Nor has she apparently developed her conception of the part or found new and significant details for her impersonation this season. Her voice last evening showed somewhat less power than it has at other times; but she had ample reserve for her singing of "Depuis le Jour" in the third act, which she sang well.

Mr. Harrold made an ardent and impulsive lover, and sang in excellent voice. The first piece of characterization in the opera remains that of the nameless father; and for this Mr. Whitehill finds admirable expression in bonhomie, tenderness and rugged manliness, in his nobly beautiful singing. Many of the lesser parts are well done and contribute as they should to the total effect.

The picturesque features of the opera, the scenic setting—as of the Montmartre scene and the garden on the hill overlooking the city—the animated doings in the dressmaker's establishment, are very well looked after, and Mr. Wolff conducted with enthusiasm, authority, and with an admirable attention to the details of the orchestral score.

The performance of "Louise" had no new features. The *Louise* of Miss Geraldine Farrar shows no material changes. Perhaps she did not sing the music quite so loudly as she used to, but this ought to be accounted to her glory, since most things are habitually too loud at the Metropolitan. Miss Farrar sang with care, and while the volume of her voice was not large the quality was better than it was in the same part last season.

Mr. Whitehill's impersonation of the Father remained the outstanding one among the principals. This excellent artist sings and acts the part with feeling and with a keen sense of dramatic values. He wins for the character the sympathy it requires and deserves. Mr. Harrold's *Julien* is cast in stalwart mould. There is a touch of the cave man about him and no one wonders that he carries off such a weakling as *Louise*. Mme. Berat was praiseworthy, as always, as the Mother.

The scene of the street cries and that of the sewing room were generally well done, while, of course, the good old fashioned opera of the Montmartre festival went with sonority and spirit. In fact Paris, of which the very name seemed so thrilling to the people who had lived there all their lives, was a genuinely gay old town and every one in the audience knew it. No wonder *Louise* wanted to get out and enjoy "la liberte" against which her father vainly inveighed. Mr. Wolff conducted, and though he had just come from Paris was the only person not in the least excited about it.

And other characters by Anna Roselle, Alice Miriam, Marie Tiffany, Cecil Arden, Marion Telva, Grace Anthony, Angelo Bada, Robert Leonhardt, Pompilio Malatesta, Millo Picco, Mario Laurenti, Giordano Paltrinieri, Vincenzo Raschiglian, Pietro Audisio and George Baroles.

Albert Wolff.....Conductor

John Quine Gives Song Recital in Town Hall

John Quine gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall, in a program of songs by Tenaglia, Falconieri, Handel, Beethoven's "An die Ferne Geliebte" cycle, five modern French songs, an English group, including two new compositions, "A Sunset Fancy," by Edith Haines Kuester, and a Slumber Song by John Alden Carpenter. Mr. Quine sang with expression, but, especially in the first half of the program, his voice seemed husky and somewhat strained, while his best performance was of the lighter French songs. Charles Albert Baker was the accompanist.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Alexander Bloch, who was stricken with appendicitis just before the concert, Paul Stassovitch, pianist, assisted Mr. Bloch, the evening occupant of the hall, in his recital of sonatas for violin and piano. The change in pianist resulted in a change of program, Brahms's Sonata in D minor being substituted for the Sonata by Ildebrando Pizzetti, which had been scheduled. The other works were Grieg's Sonata in C minor, Op. 45, and Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 12, No. 1, in D major. Mr. Bloch's merits as a violinist of excellent attainments are well known from many former appearances, but under the circumstances critical discussion of last evening's performance would be unfair.

Gabriel Engel, Violinist, Heard.

Gabriel Engel, violinist, produced Max Bruch's "In Memoriam," a work of some length and of timel yinterest, at his recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, when he confirmed good opinions won at his début two seasons ago. He was assisted at the piano by Giuseppe Bamboschek of the Metropolitan in Grieg's sonata in C minor—played simultaneously at another concert last night—and in arrangements by Mr. Engel himself from Schubert and Mascagni.

COURBOIN TO PLAY TO-NIGHT.

The second great organist who has been brought here by the Wanamaker firm to play its new organ at the Ninth Street store, Charles Courboin, will make his first appearance this evening before a specially invited audience of organists and musicians, as Marcel Dupre did last Friday evening. In future, both Dupre and Courboin will play from time to time during the day for the entertainment of music-loving shoppers at the Wanamaker stores here and in Philadelphia.

Courboin is a Belgian and was a church organist at the age of twelve. He was named organist at the Antwerp Cathedral at eighteen. He came to America by invitation in 1904, and was municipal organist of the city of Springfield, Mass., when the Wanamaker firm engaged him two years ago. He has been playing since at Wanamaker's Philadelphia store.

This evening his programme will comprise Bach's Passacaglia in C minor, air from the Suite in D, and Fugue a la Gigue, as well as works by Franck, de Boeck, Debussy, Schumann, Lefevre, Russell and Gigout.

NW 23 1921

Flonzaley Quartet

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The late Edward J. De Coppet bequeathed a priceless legacy to the musical world when he founded the Flonzaley Quartet. It was greatly needed in its earlier days as a contrast and foil to the Kneisel organization, whose style was markedly different. Since Mr. Kneisel and his associates retired from the chamber music field the Flonzaley Quartet has easily occupied an unchallenged position and its public comprises the most cultured music lovers of this and other cities.

Last evening it gave the first concert of its season in Aeolian Hall. The occasion assumed a special importance by reason of the initial performance of a new quartet by George Enesco, the Rumanian composer, who has long lived in Paris. The work, which is in E flat major and is dedicated to the Flonzaley players, was begun before the outbreak of the great war. Two movements had been written before the composer's mind was distracted from his art. The other two were made recently and naturally there is a perceptible difference in quality between the two halves of the composition.

This difference betrays itself in the larger warmth and spontaneity of the first two movements. The third and fourth show the pale light of the midnight oil. They are indisputably the products of a musical mind working in a congenial field, but the inspiration which fired the original conceptions of the quartet had been permitted to die and to resurrect it was a labor of love, indeed, but a palpable labor nevertheless.

The first and second movements are brilliant chamber music. At the opening is heard what may be called the germinal theme of the entire composition. It is announced in what musicians call "canon" form and is then led through a series of stirringly effective developments in which there is some unusually planned, but entirely successful solo writing for each of the four instruments. The cantabile theme which furnishes the customary contrast is plainly derived from the fundamental theme and by this process the movement acquires a well knit organization, which is not too badly exposed, but skilfully clothed with instrumental and harmonic decorations almost invariably suitable and quite invariably interesting.

In the second movement the fundamental theme of the work recurs in opposition to a second theme of chromatic character. This movement contains some of the most original treatment in the entire quartet and holds the listener's interest closely throughout. The scherzo is overladen with device, and the same may be said of the finale, in which again the root theme plays an important role.

But the quartet as a whole leaves a strong impression. It is good music. It has melodic beauty. It has richness of harmonization without too great a parade of dissonance for its own sake. The purpose of the composer's modulations is usually clear. The four instruments of the quartet have numerous opportunities for individual utterance. Even the second violin has an important and indeed beautiful solo in the finale.

The last pages of the composition are grandiose in style, but the straining for effect is rather rudely unmasked. Yet the close is not without a certain im-

ossiveness. The composition was nerbly played. It was a severe test the intonation and balance of the onzaley players, but they emerged triuphant.

The other numbers on the programme ere Mozart's D major quartet, opus 9, in the Koechel catalogue, and Beeoven's in D major, opus 18, No. 3.

Nov 23 1921

"La Tosca" Film

PAULINE FREDERICK in "La Tosca," is the feature of the Rialto Theatre programme this reek. "Fightin' Mad," with William Desmond. Rosemary Theby and Virginia Brown Faire, a Western picture, is on the same bill.

"La Tosca," which opens the programme and takes the place of he usual overture, is a synchronization by Hugo Riesenfeld of a photoplay with Puccini's orchestral setting. To attain this, a five-reel picture was re-edited to about two, and harmonized the dramatic action with Puccini's music in such a way as to present the entire opera in tabloid form. The picture, with the music matched into the dramatic scenes, proved tremendously effective. The orchestra was directed by Hugo Riesenfeld and Joseph Littau.

"Fightin' Mad" is the second feature. William Desmond appears in the hero role and Rosemary Theby and Virginia Brown Faire in the principal supporting roles.

"The Battle of Jutland," a reproduction of the battle in the North Sea, is also on the programme.

Povla Frijsh Refuses to Disappoint Audience—Discloses Beautiful High Notes.

The fortitude occasionally displayed by concert artists was illustrated last night, when Povla Frijsh appeared on the platform of the Town Hall, in spite of an accident which had incapacitated her for the past week. She was able, with the aid of a cane, to present her songs as if nothing had happened.

Disclosing a voice capable of excellent high notes (strangely enough, of contralto quality), she pleased an appreciative audience with a program of varied interest. Madame Frijsh had the happy faculty of singing her numbers in a smooth, finished style, getting out of them every bit of emphasis possible.

She began with Gluck, Haendal and Bach. Turning then to modern composers, she offered French, English and Norwegian groups respectively. Perhaps the most impressive were Franck's "La Procession," Chabrier's "Les Cigales," Debussy's "Le Balcon," Carpenter's "The Odalisque," Peterson-Berger's "Juugfrun" and Kjoerulf's "Alle Klokker ringe fjoernt."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

Just returned from a long trip in Europe, where they were appreciated as they are in this country, the Flonzaley Quartet gave the first of their very few New York concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall. They had a large and enthusiastic audience; an audience that filled the hall to its entire capacity and testified to the importance that this organization now holds in the chamber music of New York.

These musicians feel their responsibility toward the claims of the "forward-looking" workers in the field of chamber music, and rarely let a season pass without the production of one or more of the most recent compositions of contemporary writers. Last evening they brought forward for the first time in this country a new string quartet in E flat by Georges Enesco, still in manuscript and dedicated to them. It has only recently been finished, and through the first movements go back several years in their genesis. Enesco's name is a not unfamiliar one to New York music lovers; he is remembered as the composer of a symphony and a "Rumanian Rhapsody" for orchestra, and an octet played some years ago by Mr. Kneisel.

The quartet denotes that the composer has traveled far on the road toward emancipation from old ideas as to melodic anthems, symmetry and euphony. It is, in its own way, modern in all its qualities, a personal expression, and showing no immediately obvious relationship to any of the influences that are prevalent in these days. But the composer holds to some of the elder principles of form in the developments of his material and to the newer one of community of extremes between the earlier and later movements.

It is difficult to grasp the full significance of such a composition on a single hearing, but it seemed evident last evening that much skill and carefully furnished lapidary work had gone to the building up and developing of these four movements. The first two seemed somewhat easier to fathom on the first hearing. But in all of them the themes have an illusiveness of outline and of tonality that make them and the sequence of ideas represented in them hard to follow in what frequently seems vague excursions.

The writing for the strings maintains a great independence of the parts and develops many finely felt and skilfully devised tonal effects; it shows the composer to be the violinist that he is. The mood of the quartet is generally somewhat sombre, and somewhat severe; for even the whimsicality of the scherzo is not care free.

It is not easy to say that this quartet is one of radiant beauty; its beauties are recondite, in large part, and may be waiting for a greater familiarity with the work to disclose them fully. Yet there are many passages in which beauty appears, in the cogent and forcible expression of musical ideas. For one thing, the composer seems to persist somewhat too long in the elucidation of them, and in the last movement, particularly, he finds it hard to let go.

The work is an excessively difficult one to play with its tune effect, with a perfect adjustment of point to point, and the performance heard of it last evening was a certification of great skill and much labor applied to it. It was listened to with deep attention, and after the second and third movements, especially, there was no little enthusiasm in the applause.

Before Enesco came Mozart, in his D Major quartet ,one of his most gayly conceived and afterwards Beethoven, in his D major quartet, Op. 13, No. 3. There was exquisite polish on filigree delicacy in the playing of Mozart's quartet and an unclouded beauty of tone.

Nov 25 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly." (In Italian.) By members of Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Cio-Cio-San	Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki	Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton	Minnie Egener
B. F. Pinkerton	Giovanni Martinelli
U. S. Counsel Sharpless	Antonio Scotti
Goro	Giordano Paltrinieri
Yamadori	Pietro Audisio
The Uncle-Priest	Louis D'Angelo
Yakuside	Francesco Cerri
The Imperial Commissary	Vincenzo Reschiglian

Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni

"Die Tote Stadt" Is Repeated at Evening Performance at the Metropolitan

There were two performances at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. At a special matinee Miss Geraldine Farrar was heard at Cio-Cio San in "Madama Butterfly" for the first time this season. Miss Farrar's Butterfly, like her Tosca, retains its charm. Her impersonation of the little Japanese girl is imbued with a sincerity and an artistic restraint not always present in her performances of other roles, in which she relies upon spectacular methods of appealing to her audience. Associated with her in yesterday's cast were Mr. Martinelli as Pinkerton, and Mr. Scotti, as ever a debonair and sympathetic Sharpless.

The new opera by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, "Die Tote Stadt," was given its second performance in the evening. Again the surpassing art of Mme. Marie Jeritza in her dual role of Marietta and the apparition of Marie, Paul's dead wife, impressed itself upon her hearers. The opportunities for stage pageantry have been improved upon to the fullest extent by the management of the opera house, and the settings are a feature of the production. Among those in minor roles who are worthy of special commendation are Miss Marian Telva, who appears as Brigitta, Paul's housekeeper, and George Meader, who, in the role of stage manager for Marietta's troupe, displays the skilled singing, fine diction and artistic intelligence for which he was often praised when his work confined itself within the limits of the concert field.

Serge Radamsky Heard In Excellent Program

Tenor in Pleasing Voice at Aeolian Hall Recital; Casella in Piano Numbers

Serge Radamsky, tenor, displayed a generally good voice in his song recital last night at Aeolian Hall, especially clear and pleasing in the broad and lyric seventeenth century aria by Cesti and the Inca, "Guide o the Andes," arranged by Valderrama, at the beginning o the program. He also sang "La Ausencia," by Osma; Dupare's "Phydile," and a group in English, by Harriet Ware, Crist and Bantock. At other times his louder notes, although not lacking in volume, sometimes seemed forced, while his French and English diction was apt to be obscure. In the latter part of the program, devoted to Russian numbers, he was quite at home, and aroused enthusiasm, especially in Moussorgsky's "Death, the Commander," which received a spirited rendering. In addition, he gave songs by Gretchaninoff, Gliere and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and three olk songs, including the revolutionary "Dubinouschka." Edna Sheppard was at the piano, while Harold Milligan accompanied the Cesti aria on the organ.

Alfredo Casella gave his second piano recital at the Town Hall last night, he continued playing a group of earlier classics, three Chopin numbers, a Brahms rhapsody and a modern group of three Debussy numbers, "hildren's corner," "Evening in Granada" and "Minstrels," pieces by Ravel, Alzeniz and Granados, and three of his own compositions. As before, his performance was generally clear cut, conservative and rhythmic, while he hammered the piano vigorously in the Brahms number. His own pieces, "In modo di Minuetto," "In modo di Tango" and "Toccata" had plenty of rhythm, less of tune, and the characteristic modern French or Italian tones, although these paled beside his orchestral compositions.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Mefistofele," by members of the Metropolitan Company.

The Cast.

Margherita	Frances Alda
Elena	Florence Easton
Pantalis	Flora Perini
Marta	Kathleen Howard
Mefistofele	Jose Mardones
Faust	Beniamino Gigli
Wagner	Angelo Bada
Nereo	Giordano Paltrinieri

Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.
Conductor.....Roberto Moranzoni

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Boito's "Mefistofele" was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening amid jubilant celestrial trumpetings behind the scenes and jubilant human applause in the auditorium. The opera had been revived the previous season after a considerable silence. Indeed the last previous denying spirit of great prominence had been the distinguished Chaliapin, who is now trying to recover the voice with which he then defied the powers of heaven. The cast of last evening was that which reintroduced the opera last winter except that Mr. Mardones replaced Mr. Didur as the arch fiend.

Mr. Gigli reappeared as *Faust*. It was in this part that he revealed himself to this public last season. In it he made known certain excellences of his art which continue to give pleasure to all who care for real art in singing. One noted again last evening the charm of the pure quality and smoothness of his tone, the finish of his phrasing and accentuation in the delivery of recitatives, the finesse of his transitions from full to mezza voce, the fluent character of his elegant legato.

For *Mefistofele* Mr. Mardones has a most excellent voice. To be sure, he did not make so much of the greatly overrated "son lo spirito che nega" as audiences are wont to expect of it; but the number achieves its effect, to be plain, only when it is bellowed. Mr. Mardones has a large and sonorous voice, but being addicted to artistic methods he declines at all times to anything but sing. He sang last evening with organ like tone and with dramatic feeling.

The feminine side of the opera was presented by Mme. Alda as *Marguerite* and Mme. Easton as *Helen* in the episodic of the classic Sabbath. It is by no means easy to make conspicuous figures of these two ladies of *Faust's* fancy. If the music is acceptably sung the women pass in contemplated review without much emotional excitement except that which may be aroused by the pitiful spectacle of the demented *Marguerite* in prison.

Mme. Alda, who made her first appearance this season, repeated a performance which has already commanded admiration. Mme. Easton was equal to the demands of *Helen*, as she was last last winter.

Mr. Bada deserves a special word of commendation for his singing of the secondary role of *Wagner*.. The chorus was heard to advantage and the orchestra played very well. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with skill and authority.

PHILHARMONIC PLAYS NEW SKILTON MUSIC

Excerpts From 'Suite Primeval' Heard at Concert.

The Philharmonic Society concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was mad especially interesting by the first performance here of three excerpts from the "Suite Primeval" of Charles Sanford Skilton, an American composer not well known to local music lovers. Mr. Skilton is professor of organ, theory and history of music in the University of Kansas. He is a New Englander and a Yale man, who studied abroad with distinguished instructors and also at home with Dudley Buck and Harry Rowe Shalley.

The Haskell Institute, a Government school for Indians, is situated near the University of Kansas, and this led Prof. Skilton to study the tribal music of the Indians. The three movements of his suite heard yesterday are called "Gambling Song," "Flute Serenade" and "Moccasin Game." The titles readily suggest the nature of the pieces, which are based on tribal melodies learned from Indians at the school mentioned.

It is well known to students of Indian music that most of it cannot be made to obey rigidly the rules of the European scales, but the themes can be imitated sufficiently well to impart a well defined character to compositions made by white musicians. Prof. Skilton has been especially happy in his treatment of the materials furnished him.

His music is of decidedly individual style and to the mind prepared by the title it suggests the weird and somewhat monotonous songs of the red man. The orchestral treatment is ingenious and rich in characteristic color. Furthermore the themes have served the writer well as subject matter for pleasing music. There is a freshness of idea in it and it has an out of doors atmosphere. It is written with spontaneity and the hearer is not oppressed with a feeling that the composer has had to labor to develop his thoughts according to his desires.

The other numbers on the list were the first symphony of Brahms, Sibelius's well known tone poem, "The Swan of Tuonela" and Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice." There was a large audience which seemed to be greatly pleased by Prof. Skilton's music and bestowed especial applause on the serenade.

DUPRE PLAYS GREAT ORGAN AT WANAMAKER'S

Paris Virtuoso Gives First Public Recital.

The first public inaugural organ recital by Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame, Paris, in the Wanamaker Auditorium took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Dupre had made his first American appearance in the same place last Friday evening in a private organ recital, for which invitations had been accepted by a distinguished assemblage, including many prominent New York organists.

His programme was then arranged to display the splendid new Wanamaker organ, his own brilliant powers as a virtuoso, his far famed ability as a Bach interpreter (he played for one number by Bach the G minor fantasy and fague) and his genius for improvising, themes by different organists being given him, and during one-half hour's time he produced on the organ a symphony quite remarkable, which aroused great enthusiasm.

Yesterday his list comprised a "Dialogue" by Clerambault, the "Noel" with variations by D'Aquin (1694-1772), Bach's choral prelude on "Christ Lay in Bonds of Death" and the D major prelude and fugue, Franck's finale in B flat, of which Dr. Russell's notes said "there is probably no work which so completely reveals the resources of the organ as this giant of thunder and lightning," a "Carillon" dedicated to Mr. Dupre by Emile Bourdon, his own prelude and fugue in G minor, and in closing an improvisation on a theme submitted by Dr. William C. Carl of this city.

The great new organ upon which Mr. Dupre played was made in the artistic Wanamaker laboratory, a non-commercial shop constructed for the sole purpose of building the Grand Court organ in John Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia and the present ne wone, which is said to be the largest in New York. The new one, inaugurated yesterday by Mr. Dupre, has 120 speaking stops, 7,500 pipes, 60 couplers, 4 manuals and pedals, 7 separate organs, 2 of which are "floating"—playable from any keyboard—7 expression pedals and 50 combination pistons.

The entire organ is inclosed in boxes, except a few softly voiced pedal sotps. The instrument has many unusual features, such as an echo organ, a piano, chimes and expression pedals. The largest pipe weighs 1,735 pounds and is large enough for two men to crawl through, side by side on hands and knees.

Mr. Dupre, through longer experience with it, has the organ under full control. Still young in years, of dignified bearing, he sat before the console of his instrument, which from the centre of the stage faced the audience, and performed his programme with splendid power and skill. Hundreds of Mr. Wanamaker's guests—the entire series of recitals are free to the public—did honor to his public spirited policy. They eagerly thronged the auditorium. Hundreds were unable to gain admission. It was indeed an hour devoted to art and one thrilling in the extreme.

Miss Ganthler and Chamber Music.

A concert of chamber music was given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall by Miss Eva Ganthler, soprano, and the newly organized Chamber Music Art Society. A great variety of instrumental combinations was called for by the program, which, except for Mozart's trio for clarinet, violin and piano, Hugo Wolf's 'Italian Serenade," in the quartet version, and Schubert's song, "Der Hirt and Tem Teisen," with accompaniment for clarinet and piano, was made

up entirely of music of the most modern and in part venturesomely experimental character.

Miss Ganthier was severely afflicted with a cold, and made an apology for herself on that score, yet succeeded in carrying through a number of exceedingly difficult vocal undertakings. There were songs by Gustave Holst and Roger Quilter; Percy Graingers setting of the old English song, "Willow Willow," with string quartet and guitar; and several interesting pieces in which the voice is used as a part of the instrumentation, singing vocal sounds but no words. Of these there were A. Walter Kramer's "Interlude for a Drama" (Op. 46, No. 1), for voice, oboe, viola, cello and piano, in which some charming and delicate sonnorities are obtained; Joseph Jongen's "Calme aux Quais Deserts," two "Oriental Impressions," by Henry Eichheim, for voice, violins, flute, oboe, various percussion instruments, harp and piano; and Arthur Bliss's "Ront," for voice, flue, clarinet, harp, string quartet, bass, side drum and glockenspiel. There were also Eugene Goussens's two sketches for string quartet and two of Mr. Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions" for instruments alone.

There was more modernity here of the most varied manifestation than could well be digested in a single afternoon or considered the morning after. Most of it had interest of one kind or another; but there was hardly any of this music that did not seem more or less tentative.

The most singular numbers, the "Oriental Impressions," which Mr. Eichheim has gathered up in sojourns in different eastern countries, and in introducing which he remarked that he thought we had much to learn from the East in music. His instrumental settings of these impressions give many curious effects of color and sonority, many acidulous dissonances. But the **program was** not sparing of acidulous dissonances. Mr. Grossens's two sketches, for the most delicate tones of the string quartet, disclosed a delightful fancy. Mr. Bliss, who is announced as one of the most talented of the younger Englishmen, hardly showed it in his "| Rout," though this is announced as the most brilliant example of his "inventiveness."

The members of the Chamber Music Art Society were not named on the program; but they number several admirable players.

VLADIMIR ROSING APPEARS.

Russian Makes His American Debut in Folksongs at Aeolian Hall.

Vladimir Rosing, a Russian song interpreter, who has interested English audiences for some years, made his American début last evening at Aeolian Hall in a program most notable in folksongs, for which his natural voice, more of baritone than tenor quality, has a rich range of colloquial humor, tenderness and pathos. Among more sophisticated adaptations or songs of peasant folk by Russia's great composers, he was often equally happy, as in Gretchaninoff's dazzling "Invocation to Snowflakes," Rubinstein's "The Prisoner" and Arensky's "Serf Grandfather's Lullaby."

Mr. Rosing proved his tenor title, however, by singing the "Hindoo Song" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," a favorite with sopranos here, but written by the composer for tenor in his opera. For the upper tones in this, as in too man yothers, the singer resorted to a vanishing falseto. He gave in closing "Mephistos Song of the Flea," by Moussorgsky, most recently sung by the Russian bass, Chaliapin.

Francis Macmillen Applauded.

Francis Macmillen, the violinist, who lately reappeared after five years' absence, gave a second recital at the Town Hall last night before a popular audience that filled the entire floor and broad gallery, and that applauded Saint-Saëns's concerto in B minor, in which he was assisted by Joseph Adler. He gave also Bach's chaconne for violin alone, a "Scotch Pastorale," by Gustav Saenger, and his own arrangement of Chantreile's "Gavotte des Ecoliers," as well as an original "Barcarole."

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

At a concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Stransky exhibited the latest attempt which has fallen under our notice to utilize phrases from the native music of the aborigines of America in the construction of an artistic composition. He performed three numbers from a "Primeval Suite" by Charles Sanford Skilton, who is professor of theoretical and applied music in the University of Kansas. The pieces were two songs which accompany gambling [illegible] of the red men and a serenade. The themes, we are told, were noted down by Professor Skilton from performances by members respectively of the Oregon, Sioux and Winnebago tribes, and in the second piece, by far the most interesting of the three, an effort at verisimilitude was made by permitting the flute to imitate the pipe used in their courtships by others of the plains Indians besides the Sioux, though the Indian pipe is not a flute, strictly speaking, and might, we fancy, have been [illegible] [illegible] the orchestra (for the [illegible] of the melody, at least) [illegible] the Indian drum, with its persistent beat which Professor Skilton used in the two gambling songs. For a hundred counterparts of the themes of these songs he might have consulted any one of the publications by the Smithsonian Institution devoted to Indian ceremonies. In them are pages upon pages of reiteration of what we have here [illegible] characterized as the Indian melodic formula.

Professor Skilton [illegible] to make these themes interesting, and succeeded, to a commendable degree, by covering them with colorful harmonic and instrumental integument. That they seemed to have little artistic pregnancy we thought he confessed by the little attempt which he made to develop anything out of them. After uttering them a few times, doubling the tempo of the first, on two occasions to indicate the excitement developed by the red men in their gambling games, and giving them varied color, he stopped. The pieces were, therefore, laudably short, and their effect as bits of characteristic expression was attained. They were interesting because moderation was exercised in the effort to make them so. But they failed, as all other efforts, save MacDowell's, have failed, to convince us that effective artistic material is to be extracted from American aboriginal tunes.

The program began with Brahms's symphony in C minor, and after the Indian pieces Mr. Stransky added Sibelius's strikingly beautiful illustration from the Kalevala, entitled "The Swan of Tuonela," and Tschaikoffsky's Italian "Caprice."

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society, at its concert yesterday afternoon, played for the first time in New York three movements from Charles Sanford Skilton's "Suite Primeval," a piece based on tribal Indian melodies. The composer is Professor of Music at the University of Kansas and his name is not familiar to the musical public of New York, although he has produced a not inconsiderable series of musical works.

He has had the opportunity of making a study of Indian music at the neighboring Haskell Institute, a Government school for Indians, and from students there he has acquired material for several compositions utilizing the Indian themes. His "Suite Primeval" consists of six movements. The three that were played yesterday afternoon are entitled, respectively, "Gambling Song," representing a ceremonial of the Rogue River Indians, in Oregon; "Flute Serenade," traditional airs favored in the courtship of Sioux Indian lovers, and "Moccasin Game," played by the Winnebago Indians.

Most composers, as well as most listeners, have found the Indian music hard and intractable material for use in artistic composition, more interesting from the point of view of anthropology and folklore than of music as the white man understands it. The material is often uncouth; collectors of the Indian songs have frequently found intervals that are out of tune to their ears. There have been serious problems in making music of them as the white man understands it.

Professor Skilton says he has "sought to continue the primitive point of view; that is, to write music as I imagine the Indians would like to have it written, rather than to adapt it to the symphonic scheme of the white man." He has been more successful than some of his predecessors in this field in his use of the materials; not, perhaps, so much in writing music as the Indians would like to have it written, as in writing vividly and, picturesquely in a manner acceptable and intelligible to listeners at symphony concerts.

These three movements are vivid, picturesque, in their suggestion. In the first the tremolo figure above the insistent beating of an Indian drum, truly suggests, as the composer wishes it to, an atmosphere of excitement: the tune that appears beneath it is not without expressiveness and—unless Professor Skilton has smoothed off some of its angles— of less angularity than many Indian tunes. The flute solos in the Sioux serenade have a naive charm; and the orchestral accompaniment is such as to evoke the twilight mood. There is a stirring movement in the "Moccasin Game" with its highly colored accompaniment, including the monotonous drum beat and the sleigh-bells. The three pieces aroused interest and were played with an appreciation of what the composer was aiming at.

Before them came Brahms's first symphony in a carefully prepared performance, and after them Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonéla" and Tschaikovsky's "Italian Caprice."

Nov 27 1921

"Rigoletto" Pleases

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

In some day in the future, when the age of gold shall have come back to mortals, when all the fields shall be Elysian and all roses without thorn, when the Graces shall again be knit with the Hours in the dance, and all that sort of thing, it will perhaps be possible for a newspaper recorder of musical doings to mention a 540th performance of "Rigoletto" without the consciousness that somebody in the audience is there for the first time in a season and expects to read his newspaper next morning to discover whether he ought to be glad or ashamed for having enjoyed himself. When that happy time is returned (we are assuming that it existed before the Frost Giants came into Norseland or the Furies into Hellas) it will not be necessary to hold an inquest on the voice of a prima donna or primo tenore five or six times a week. It will suffice, as we wish it might concerning the performance of "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, to say that the old opera appeared with its face washed and in new, brilliant and well-fitting habiliments.

Then should we be spared the painful duty of recording that Mme. Galli-Curci suffered a slight lapse of memory in "Caro nome" and had to take up a cue from a faintly-piped tone graciously sent to her from the orchestra. What of it? The ancient orators, perhaps even Demosthenes himself, had their flautists near by them in concealment to bring them back to a consciousness of what their art demanded of them when an excess of emotion carried them off their harmonious feet. Perhaps not more than six persons in half as many thousand noticed the sin, and unless they belonged to the miscreated wretches who delight in the misfortunes of others they found recompense a thousandfold in the loveliness of the singer's singing, the sweet innocency of her bearing, the appealing charm of her acting as the ill-starred Gilda. *Tabula rasa;* there is no need even to drop an effacing tear.

The representation was full of delights for the eye as well as the ear, and the gorgeous stage sets which Mr. Gatti imported from Milan, if they added no new attractiveness to the singing of De Luca, Chamlee, Rothier and Ananian and gave no new horror to the malediction of the old man which so painfully haunted the memory of the jester, at least did not detract from it. Mr. Chamlee was probably heard with more interest than ever before because of the supposed rivalry among Mr. Gatti's tenors to get under the cloak of the departed Caruso; but even this interest is essentially negligible. The feeling which ought to unite all opera-lovers is that of gratitude to the management for providing such an excellent coterie of tenor singers as the Metropolitan now houses.

Mr. Martinelli, Miss Peralta, Mme. Perini, Messrs. Danise, Didur, Gustafson and others, under Mr. Moranzoni's direction, added "Aïda" to the current repertory last evening before another sold-out house. It was a double day for Verdi and a record day for the opera season's first fortnight. Another double event, as told elsewhere in THE TIMES today, will be the pair of concerts starting with this afternoon's special Caruso memorial.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's Piano Recital.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, as conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, seems to have no difficulty in extending his activity as a pianist to the Atlantic seaboard. He was here yesterday and gave a piano recital, the first this season, in Aeolian Hall. The hall was filled and people were placed upon the stage behind the piano.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's program was one to please the conservative music lover who knows what he likes, rather than to excite, to rouse, to raise doubts or cause dissension. He began with some early classics: Handel's variations, called without any reason whatever "The Harmonious Blacksmith"; a pretty "Rondo Expressivo," by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, expressively played, and the "Turkish March," being the last movement of the sonata in A by Mozart. These pieces were played in Mr. Gabrilowitsch's most delicate, crisp and finely articulated style.

In Beethoven's sonata Op. 10, an early work that seldom appeals to pianists as music for public performance, but which he has played before, he employed the intimate, almost confidential, style that alone suits it. "Crisp" is again the word for his playing of the first movement, in which a staccato touch predominated, and there was the same clarity and spirit in the minuet and rondo. Mr. Gabrilowitsch found a wider sweep and a warmer expression, a vision of its romantic fervor, for Schumann's G minor sonata, which he played with great bravura. In Brahms's B minor rhapsody a deeper note was wanted; perhaps also greater depth and solidity of tone.

The player's Chopin included the B major nocturne and the "Fantaisie Impromptu," the latter of which received an especially eloquent interpretation. He closed with a "Caprice Burlesque" of his own, a fine hearty piece with no concealed poetry about it. Of course, the audience would not let him go without adding more, and he began the additions with Schumann's "Nachtstück."

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Wagner and Tschaikoffsky, Tschaikoffsky and Wagner—either singly or combined these worthies can make a holiday out of any orchestral affair. Last night the Philharmonic played Tschaikoffsky's music exclusively, and the meeting in Carnegie Hall was what the late Senator Conkling once called a halcyon and vociferous affair. But the adjectives should be accepted as speaking laudation, not sarcasm, for there have been few more stirring performances of the Fifth Symphony than Mr. Stransky gave us, and fewer in which so much sonority was blended with so much euphony. It was, in simple truth, a thrilling performance.

Mme. Elly Ney played the solo part of the pianoforte concerto in B flat minor and displayed the shining virtuoso side of her artistic chaacter. To us she was more appealing when, ignoring virtuoso manners, she disclosed herself as a re-creative musician in her Beethoven recital; but it was well enough that she should also convince the public that she could make the scintillant sparks fly in that first movement, which it sems to us is still waiting for the monstrous pianoforte which shall have the capacity to speak the whole of its bombastic proclamation. In his program notes Mr. Gilman quoted the statement of the composer that he had taken the chief subject of the first movement from a tune which he heard a blind beggar sing at a village fair in Kamenko. If the first melody in which orchestra and pianoforte are so noisily predominant is meant we can add that about the same time that Tschaikoffsky heard the banal tune we heard something absurdly like it sung to words beginning, "O Jane, O Jane, my Pretty Jane," not in Russia, but in these United States, which Dr. von Bülow blessed with the first public performance of the concerto in 1875. We have often wondered if the introduction of the work was really a blessing. The concert came to an end with the "Marche Slave."

MME. LASHANSKA'S RECITAL.

Shows Fine Technical Ability and Knowledge of Style.

Mme. Hulda Lashanska, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a large audience. She was not in best voice, but otherwise her performance renewed in large part the impressions made when she sang here before. She has a lovely voice, of good volume and she shows much fine technical ability, temperament and knowledge of different styles. Her tone production is not of the best throughout her scale and especially in the medium where her tones become uneven in quality and sometimes hard.

In Mozart's "Ah lo so" aria from the "Magic Flute" Mme. Lashanska showed much gain in authoritative delivery, as she did again in Handel's "Sommi Die" air as arranged by Bibb. A beautiful piece of singing was shown generally in Richard Strauss's "Die Nacht," and again in Schubert's "Der Schiffer," while in Liszt's "Lorelei" the climax of of the recital, was perhaps reached for good tone and style. Her diction was not always of the best. Songs by Grieg and Moret were on her list and the "Wanderer's Prayer" and "Spring Night," by Werner Josten, who further assisted by playing good accompaniments. Mme. Lashanska's singing seemed to give much pleasure. There were many flowers given her after the group of German songs.

Nov 28 1921

Lord Berners

By H. E. Krehbiel

The first two of ten orchestral concerts in this week's list took place yesterday afternoon. The program of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall was made up of pieces which had already been performed this season, one of them, (Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel") several times; that of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall of unfamiliar music. Only one of the three numbers had been heard before in New York. This was Killinikoff's symphony in G minor, which had its last hearing here at a concert of the Philharmonic Society last February and its first by tho Russian Symphony Society in February, 1905. On that occasion its orchestral color seemed somewhat drab when brought into contrast with that of some excerpts from Moussorgsky's opera, "Kovantschina," in which lurid pigments were thrown on the canvas in lurid splotches. It sounded even more conservative yesterday, but this time it profited by contrast with a composition which was nothing less than a caricature of every conception of music entertained by a lover of orderly, pleasing, significant, logical, or tolerable arrangement of musical sounds.

Kallinikoff, a young Russian, from whom something revolutionary might have been expected, showed reverence for music by developing themes which were melodic symmetrically and lucidly, and evidently inspired by love for beauty and a conviction that he might

to a duty to his people by reflecting the cheerful side of their nature rather than the tragic gloom which hangs over them and the boisterous gayety to which they resort in their search for forgetfulness.

Lord Berners, whose composition entitled "Fantaisie Espagnole" followed the symphony, disclosed no such attitude either toward his people (he is an Englishman) or toward the art in which he dabbles while acting in some capacity to the British Embassy in Rome. This fantasia suggests a pose and gesture so vulgar that to describe it, as a tongue in the cheek or that wierd member protruding from under an upturned nose, is to speak in terms of excessive compliment. Like others of his fellows who want to appear to be original but are only impotent, he affects to despise technical training.

He studied with one of the most orthodox English professors, "to whose teaching he quaintly ascribes the circumstance that he entered the diplomatic service," remarks one of his friends. The professor did not do his full duty; he should have driven him into the jazz band of a cheap eating house, or a locale like that from which emanated the "Memphis Blues." It is not necessary to know much about the laws of musical composition to create a damnable reiteration of rhythmical figures, plunge them into a disonant broth, which in its boiling and bubbling shall throw to the surface fragments of a theme unrelated to each other and to the mess from which they emerge. Beginners in orchestration have unwittingly produced such effects by writing uniformly for all instruments, forgetful of the fact that some of them are transposing instruments. Many persons in the audience were observed to be laughing during the performance and applauding afterward. To them, apparently, a poor joke is not out of place in a symphony concert.

The other novelty was a violin concerto in A by Miecyslaw Karlowicz, a Polish musician who was killed by an avalanche in Galicia when thirty-three years old. Mr. Kochanski played it on this occasion for the first time publicly in America. It is plainly the composition of a violinist and a musician of talent. We were inclined to ascribe elements of real greatness to it at the close of the first movement, which has breadth and dignity of material and treatment and a noble spirit. Unfortunately this nobility was at times turned into blatant bombast by the crude and noisy orchestration, which was so inconsistent with the themes and their development in the solo part that we are disposed to think that some tinkering has been done to the score by a person of less tact and taste than the composer.

A more skillful hand, by removing the too protuberant brass ornaments from the first and last movements might transform the concerto into a welcome addition to the violin virtuoso's repertory, which is sadly in need of renovation and extension. To make it effective, however, will require the high degree of technical skill which Mr. Kochanski displayed in its performance yesterday. Also the injection of more spirituality into the romance which constitutes its middle movement, if that is possible. It has a long dreathed melodiousness, and there is beauty in its line, but little soul. Mr. Kochanski's playing of the difficult work won for him enthusiastic applause.

The name of Lord Berners appeared for the first time on the programs of orchestral concerts in New York, we believe, as the composer of a "Fantaisie Espagnole." Lord Berners is said to have been musically educated; and though he is now a diplomat, is also one of the recognized members of the "advanced" British phalanx. He is said also to have had advice from Stravinsky and to have profited by the musical guidance of Casella. Mr. Casella was in the audience and could judge how far he had done so.

Lord Berners is addicted to paradox, as is suggested by his statement, quoted in the program notes, that to the teaching of one of the most orthodox English professors of music he "quaintly ascribes the circumstances that he entered the diplomatic service." He is there further accused of a disposition to "stick out his tongue at all that smacks of pedantry." It is not even certain whether or not he wrote the "Fantaisie Espagnole" as a parody of the convential musical representations of Spain.

At any rate it begins in a not too disquieting manner. The composer's tongue is not firmly inserted into his cheek till he reaches the second section, when he starts with a lively dance rhythm of a recognizably Spanish type, that of the "fandango," rather rudely treated as to the harmony and the orchestration; and another, following it, still more harshly cackled by the wind instruments that can be made to cackle.

In its way the piece is an enlivening performance, even if it is not intended to be ironical, successfully escaping from the conventions that Lord Berners finds so irksome; though it is one that required no great talent to create—needing hardly more, in fact, than a real determination to escape from convention and a perception of various avenues for doing so.

Mr. Kochanski was the soloist and played a concerto for violin by his compatriot, Miecyslaw Karlowicz, whose name, although little known here, belongs to one of the most important contemporaneous Polish composers. The concerto was set down, with probability enough, as played for the first time in this country.

It is a composition of considerable difficulty and elaboration for the solo performer, who is kept continuously and exactingly at work; and yet it is one in which the composer seems not wholly to have forgotten his concern with musical expression, in giving the player an opportunity for display. His musical thought is vigorous and pregnant in the first movement; there is a slow movement, a romanza, warmly felt; a brilliant finale. . . . . .

Kilinikov's symphony is not new and needs no bush. It has good tunes, and it has not technical or harmonic contortions. It is Russian of the ante-Stravinsky period. Lord Berners is an English gentleman, a baron by heritage and a musician by choice. Since 1912 he has been an attache of the British legation in Rome, where he has spiritually foregathered with Casella, Malipiero, Pizetti and the other recreators of Italian music. But he has not forgotten to look sometimes to the north and the ways of Stravinsky are not known to him.

Edwin Evans, a British writer on music, is not quite sure that the noble lord in the work heard here yesterday for the first time was not poking fun at the conventional Spanish orchestral piece. Probably he was. If not, he produced a brilliant and enjoyable burlesque in spite of himself. His music is Lalo's Spain, plus Stravinsky, edited by Casella. It is not music to be described, but the delicious humor of the instrumentation is something to remember with joy, and also with sympathy for some of the players—the trumpsters for instance. The composition was excellently performed. It is inconceivable that either Mr. Damrosch or his men supposed it to be a joke. If they did, then they are in the first rank of Gilbertians.

Karlowicz, whose concerto Mr. Kochanski introduced, was a Lithuanian, who was killed by an avalanche in Galleia in 1909. The concerto is not a work of serious importance, but it is tuneful and pleasing. The melodies are very simple, suggesting popular or folk song origins, and are not subjected to severe or trying developments. The solo part is generally well written, and affords the player opportunities for a plentiful display of his cantilena. The orchestration is sometimes rough, and certain instrumental solo passages awkwardly made. However, Mr. Kochanski may be praised for bringing forward the composition, which might endure repetition in the not too near future. The violinist performed his duty to the work admirably.

CHALIAPIN SINGS, BUT IS NOT AT HIS BEST

Feodor Chaliapin, the distinguished Russian bass, after a long battle with laryngitis, was finally able to reappear before his waiting countrymen yesterday afternoon, when he was heard in a concert in the Hippodrome. According to the custom which he introduced at his first concert, the titles of his songs were not printed on the house programme. Those who wished to know what he was singing were permitted to buy a little book containing the texts of all his songs, each with a number prefixed. Before singing one Mr. Chaliapin announced its number, and all the listener had to do was to pick it out in the book.

Naturally Mr. Chaliapin did not wish to remain in enforced obscurity, but it would unquestionably have been better for him to rest and recuperate a little longer. His voice was still foggy, and his singing far from devoid of evidence of labor. He was also troubled at times by coughing. It was, however, possible for him to deliver songs in a manner, and the audience seemed to be just as well pleased with him as if he had been singing his best.

This eminent Russian bass has done much concert singing, but the concert platform is not his home. He is essentially an operatic impersonator, and the limitations of a concert plainly hamper him. He has difficulty in refraining from gesticulation. He cannot stand still. His face works with emotion. But he sings with much dramatic effect.

He attains his ends not entirely by musical methods, but by subtle and facile transitions into a method of semi-parlando, which has a theatrical quality of undeniable power. Whether the voice itself retains the musical character which it had when heard here fourteen years ago cannot yet be determined. That it is big, powerful and a real bass, though not a profound one, any hearer could perceive. Mr. Chaliapin, as at his first concert, had the assistance of Josef Stopak, violinist, and Victoria Boshko, pianist.

ROBERT SCHMITZ PLAYS.

Music reviewers have been trying unsuccessfully for years to discover some physical law that would make it possible to be in two places at once. Up to yesterday afternoon, however, no good working hypothesis had been found, so that it was impossible to hear more than a portion of E. Robert Schmitz's piano recital in the Town Hall. Regrettably, too, for his programme was in parts unconventional.

Beginning with a Bach prelude and fugue in D major, he continued with pieces by Couperin and Scarlatti and Cesar Franck's evergreen prelude, chorale and fugue. The second and more novel half of the programme included "The Fountain of Aqua Paola," by the late Charles Griffes; a toccata and variations by Alfred Honegger, marked "first time," and also for a first hearing, Mariotte's "Impressions Urbaines." There are two of these, "Usines" and—unpromisingly enough—"Decombres."

In the Cesar Franck number Mr. Schmitz's feelings outran his means of expression, for he struck a good many wrong notes, and twice hit the cracks between. His fallible finger technique was somewhat absolved by a nice sense of tone quality, dynamics and rhythm. The chorale he played with fine sincerity and breadth and some beautiful color contrasts.

CONCERT AT METROPOLITAN.

Following the Caruso memorial concerto at the Metropolitan in the afternoon yesterday the regular Sunday opera concert at the house took place last evening with a programme appropriately given over to the two foremost Italian operatic composers of the present day—Verdi and Puccini.

The singers were Mmes. Cora Chase, Frances Peralta and Alico Miriam, sopranos (the last named singer replacing Miss Ellen Dalossy, indisposed); Mme. Flora Permi, mezzo-soprano; Messrs. Orville Harrold and George Meader, tenors; Mario Laurenti, barytone, and Adamo Martino, basso. Giuseppe Bamboschek was the conductor. The programme began with the overture to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino." The orchestra played later the same master's "I Vespri Siciliani" overture. Miss Chase, making her first appearance this season, sang the "Caro Nome" air, and again, with Mr. Meader, in the "Parigi O Cara" duet from "Traviata." Mr. Harrold sang the "Che Gelida Manina" air from "Boheme." Among many excerpts given by different singers came in closing the "Rigoletto" quartet, sung by Mmes. Chase and Perimi and Messrs. Harrold and Laurenti.

By Deems Taylor

LORD BERNERS AND OTHERS.

Hearing Kalinnikoff's first symphony tempts one overpoweringly to emulate the heroine of "Bunker Bean" and call it his "little old last year's symphony;" for that exactly describes the feeling of depreciatory affection that this music evoked as the New York Symphony Orchestra played it in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It is as charming and harmless and unsophisticated as a party dress, hand-sewn by the strings, spangled with brass and all tricked out with frills and ruffles by the woodwind. No heavy fabrics in this work; just organdie music, if you like, prettily colored and freshly starched and ironed by the Damrosch hand laundry.

But if number one on the programme caressed the ear, number two was a shirt of nettles. This was Lord Berners's "Fantaisie Espagnole," heard for the first time in America. He wrote it in Rome in 1919, dedicated it to Franelsco Malipiero and heard it performed in Queen's Hall, London, the same year. He has also made an arrangement of it for piano, four hands. It is a burlesque of the conventional dance-patterns of Spanish music, opening with a slow prelude and progressing to a fandango and pasodoble. Like the celebrated nettle, this music needs only to be firmly grasped to lose much of its sting. The piano score is a fearsome thing, but it looks worse than it sounds. In general it is rather more acrid than "Petrushka" and a good deal less subtle than Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole." The varied timbres of the orchestra do much to smooth out several contrapuntal passages that look nothing less than virulent. The orchestration is immensely clever, with a final descending passage in which the muted brass seems fairly to whoop with laughter. The audience seemed delighted both with the music and its performance, which was excellent. One wonders, though, how many brows would have been wrinkled if there had been no programme notes to explain that Lord Berners didn't really mean it. For there is no guarantee that the next piece to be heard, written in the Berners idiom, will not be offered as a serious effort.

The second novelty of the afternoon was Karlowicz's violin concerto, which Paul Kochanski played with the orchestra and which had not before been heard here. It is extremely grateful violin music, making idiomatic and effective use of most of the resources of the instrument and still contriving to be music in the bargain. It is not very important. Its moods are neither broad nor deep, and its themes are rather tuneful than molodious. That is not saying, however, that it is less interesting than many of the members of the standard violin repertoire—the Paganini concerto, for instance—to which audiences listen uncritically season after season. Mr. Kochanski played it beautifully, lavishing upon it such a wealth of effortless technical mastery and magic tone color that he nearly succeeded in making what was pretty sound great.

MUSIC AUDIENCE HISSES.

Displeased With Schoenberg's Five Orchestra Pieces.

(Special to The World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27. Vincent d'Indy, French composer, who visited Philadelphia to-day, agrees with many Philadelphia music lovers that Schoenberg's Five Orchestra Pieces are "trash" and unworthy of the attention of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, heralds these compositions as remarkable and "replete with strokes of genius."

These comments were made last night after the audience at the Academy of Music laughed, snickered and hissed as the pieces were being played by the orchestra.

After the first few measures the audience evidenced such marked surprise and amusement that Dr. Stokowski was forced to pause for a full minute until quiet was restored. When he again lifted his baton the snickering was resumed and continued throughout the performance.

Mr. d'Indy was surprised that Stokowski included the Schoenberg pieces in the programme. He referred to them as "patchwork" and "crazy."

Dr. Stokowski said: "I am glad that the audience hissed. It is much better than apathy."

JOHN M'CORMACK'S CONCERT.

Bad weather seems to agree with John McCormack. At any rate he was in much better voice in his third concert in the Hippodrome last evening than in the previous ones on October 16 and 30. His opening number was the recitative "Jehovah, Hear Me," and an air, "My Heart Is Sore Within Me," from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

This is a great number, and it is one of the things Mr. McCormack sings in a masterly manner. Among the other numbers on his list were four Irish folk songs, a new song, "The Sunrise Wakes the Lark to Sing," by his accompanist, Edwin Schneider, and another new one, "Bridal Dawn," by Easthope Martin. Donald McBeath, as usual, played violin solos, and also, as usual, the theatre was entirely filled.

PHILHARMONIC'S CONCERT.

In spite of the inclement weather, the Philharmonic's second Sunday afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday was attended by a large audience. Mr. Stransky's piece de resistance in the programme, which came at the end and received a brilliant performance, was Richard Strauss's tone poem "Till Eulenspiegel," a work by many thought to be the composer's masterpiece, and which he is to conduct himself on Tuesday evening in a concert at the Metropolitan. The other numbers were Brahms's C minor symphony, repeated from the society's concert last Friday, and by Wagner the "Siegfried Idyl" and "Lohengrin" prelude.

An overflow to theatres brought a débutante soprano, Riva Madannes, at the Princess, in Russian airs of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, and songs in Italian, French and English. Sibyl Mandell gave a matinee of "Mother Goose" for children at the Punch and Judy. Three Spanish artists, Francisca Catalina, soprano, and Valeriano Gil, tenor, with Javier Cugat, violin, gave an evening concert at the Town Hall.

NOTED ARTISTS JOIN IN CARUSO SERVICES

With solemn impressiveness, solemn in evidence outside cathedral walls, the Metropolitan Opera Company paid a memorial tribute to Enrico Caruso yesterday afternoon. The audience, mindful of the purpose for which it was gathered—a sprinkling of the dead singer's admirers packed the opera house at regular opera prices—remained allent throughout the ceremony. There was no applause for singers like Galli-Curci, Martinelli, Farrar and other members of the company, nor did they expect it. The artists wore black and sang on a stage black-draped, about a bust of Caruso.

The proceeds of the concert, swelled by individual contribution from the artists, reached $12,000, which, when converted into Italian money, amount to some 390,000 lire, and the entire sum will be given to the Verdi Home for Aged Musiciana at Milan, Italy.

The ceremony attended the presentation of a bronze bust of Caruso to the Metropolitan Company by the singer's widow, who occupied Box I. The presentation address, delivered in the middle of the program, was made in Mrs. Caruso's name by Florello H. LaGuardia, President of the Board of Aldermen. Otto H. Kahn, Chairman of the Directors of the Metropolitan, accepted

the bust, the work of Onorio Ruotolo. The memorial gift, on a lofty pedestal, stood upon the stage throughout the ceremony.

"I have been assigned today to represent Mrs. Caruso and her little baby, Gloria, in presenting to you, Mr. Kahn, for the Metropolitan Opera Company, the bust of the great Enrico Caruso," Mr. LaGuardia said. "This duty brings a commingling of sorrow and joy.

"We of this generation shall never forget Caruso. There is not a part of the civilized world to which he has not brought joy. We in New York were indeed fortunate to have a great deal of him. The happiest moments of my life were spent in this opera house, not here on the stage, Mr. Kahn, but away up in that corner of the family circle, where so many of us patiently waited in line to gain admission to hear the greatest tenor of all ages."

As Mr. LaGuardia presented the bust, which will be placed in the foyer of the opera house, Mr. Kahn said:

"I stand before this bust of our unforgettable friend, Enrico Caruso, given into our keeping by the gracious lady who was the faithful, devoted and helpful partner of the last few years of a glorious life, cut off, alsa, in its prime.

"To the opera-loving public of New York Caruso left imperishable memories of joy and beauty. To us, the Metropolitan Opera, he left the priceless and inspiring legacy of his glory. We shall treasure and cherish it. The flame on his altar shall never burn low. The spirit exemplified in him of ardent devotion to his calling, of high endeavor and constant artistic striving, shall be our guide and the object of our emulation."

The program was as follows:

"Parsifal" prelude, orchestra conducted by Mr. Bodanzky.

Requiem and Kyrie from Verdi's requiem mass, sung by Mmes. Sundelius and Gordon and Messrs. Martinelli and Mardones and chorus, Mr. Setti conducting.

Handel's "Lascia ch'io Pianga," sung by Mr. De Luca, Mr. Bamboschek conducting.

Franck's "Panis Angelicus," sung by Mme. Frances Alda, Mr. Papi conducting.

Bizet's "Agnus Dei," sung by Mr. Gigli, Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Mme. Galli-Curci, Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

Chopin's "Funeral March," orchestra conducted by Mr. Wolff.

Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the Wing of a Dove," sung by Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Rossini's "Inflammatus," Mme. Ponselle and chorus, Mr. Papi conducting.

Verdi's "Dies Irae," Mmes. Ponselle and Gordon and Messrs. Martinelli and Mardones and chorus, Mr. Setti conducting.

Schmitz's Recital

E. Robert Schmitz, friend and pupil of Debussy, who has been for the last few years perhaps the most persuasive interpreter and apostle of the newer tendencies in music, was heard again in recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall. His is a talent of unusual caliber, highly individual in its manifestations. Few pianists achieve effects of greater power, and the rippling fluency of his fingers is almost matchless. Sedulous avoidance of anything savoring of the romantic or the sentimental makes his appeal almost exclusively to the mind, seldom to the emotions. He paints, as it were, always in black and white.

His predilection for seas of sound and crashing climaxes had full play yesterday in the Bach D major Prelude and Fugue and the Cesar Franck Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, in which there were also intervals of delicious calm. Both numbers suffered from occasional false notes and from a tendency, also evident at other times, to use the pedal in such a manner as to blur, but both were given with inspiring breadth of style and conception. Three compositions hitherto unheard here were a Toccata and Variations by Honegger, and two "Impression Urbaines," by Mariotte, who seems to have been first in discovering the musical possibilities of the factory. The whirring of machinery and the general clangor of industry were recognizable in the one entitled "Usines," but there seemed to be greater musical inspiration in the rubbish delineated in "Decombres."

Both these and the Toccata were in the forbidding musical idiom in which dissonance plays a large part, and were given by Mr. Schmitz with an enthusiasm it was difficult to share. More intrinsically musical material was in two compositions by Liapounoff, and he played them with astonishing virtuosity. His artistry, however, was nowhere more in evidence than in the impeccable purity of his playing of pieces by Couperin and Scarlatti and of "Fountain of Aqua Paola," by Griffes, and the pieces by Ravel and Debussy, added as encores, of whose music he is the supreme interpreter.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tristan and Isolde" (in German), by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Tristan	Johannes Sembach
Koenig Marke	Robert Blass
Isolde	Margarete Matzenauer
Kurvenal	Clarence Whitehill
Melot	Robert Leonhardt
Brangaene	Jeanne Gordon
A Shepherd	George Meader
The Steersman	Louis D'Angelo
A Sailor's Voice	Angelo Bada
Conductor	Artur Bodanzky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time this season. In many respects the performance closely resembled those of last winter, but in one it was decidedly different. Last season it was sung in English, but last evening the original text was employed.

The restoration is to be commended without reservation. The English version was introduced for the sake of those operagoers to whom the German tongue was objectionable, but the time for bitter feeling against a text written by a German revolutionary before the spirit of Frederick the Great had become the spirit which denied all modern Germany's ideals has passed.

For artistic reasons "Tristan und Isolde" should always be given in German. In no other drama of Wagner is the marriage of the text and the music in the declamatory passages more significant. In the lyric passages the matter is perhaps of less importance, but even in these Wagner's observance of the timbre of vowels cannot be preserved in a translation no matter how skilful it may be.

Whether it was the restoration of the original words or some other cause that inpsired the singers and musicians there was something like a new atmosphere in the performance. Not a few things were wrong; not a few were unintelligent; but the general result was a reproduction of those three marvellous mood pictures, the three acts which Anton Seidl one said had each the same action—the meeting and separation of the lovers. For the cohesiveness of the performance, for the symmetry and the certainty of the musical development the praise goes without question to the conductor, Artur Bodanzky, who must also be thanked for the preservation of a just balance between voices and orchestra.

The east was almost the sameas that of last season's English performances. George Meader, a new member of the company, was the melanchily shepherd of the third act, but Angelo Bada, who fears no language, was again the invisible sailor. Mme. Matbenauer's *Isolde* remains as constant as Shakespeare's northern star. The high notes are still too high for her, but aside from that she sings the part admirably. She has a broad and noble conception of the music and her range of utterance from the most tender to the most turbulent is splendidly impressive.

Miss Jeanne Gordon sang *Brangaene* again. She has made progress in the part, but might ahieve her ends with a less insistent expenditure of tone. Mr. Sembach's *Tristan* lacks only the heroic aspect. It is admirably intelligent and musical. Mr. Whitehill's *Kurvenal* is stalwart, burly and rude. But all these capable principles fitted well tgether in a performance which, as already noted, had strong dramatic force.

COURBOIN IN ORGAN RECITAL.

Plays Great New Instrument at Wanamaker's.

The second in the series of recitals inaugurating the great new concert organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium was given yesterday afternoon by Charles Courboin, formerly of Antwerp Cathedral and now the guest soloist for the Wanamaker grand court organ in Philadelphia. Mr. Courboin is alternating with Marcel Dupre of Notre Dame, Paris, in the series, which, through the generosity of John Wanamaker, are free to the public. Having been heard in different cities in this country, Mr. Courboin then came to New York a few seasons ago and in a recital fully justified his reputation on two continents as an organ virtuoso. At his Philadelphia post he gave a series of twenty-seven concerts, with aggregating audiences of 130,000, and played from memory 275 compositions.

Yesterday, in spite of bad weather, the auditorium was filled with music lovers. Mr. Courboin played first a concert overture by Rollo Maitland, a Philadelphia organist, and followed it by an andante from a sonata by Alphonse Mailly, his former teacher at the Brussels Conservatory.

Then came the pastorale from Widor's second symphony and Bach's A minor prelude and fugue. All these works served to show the seemingly endless resources of the splendid instrument on which Mr. Courboin played as well as his own fine gifts as a performer. Much interest was aroused when he played Bach's C sharp major prelude and fugue on the organ's piano—which, situated in the organ loft, is playable from the swell keyboard—and then ended it with three forte chords played on the organ.

A number superbly performed to show rich tonal splendors and finish was the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde." The recital closed with the "Pedal Study" by Pietro Yon, in which the performer plays 1,467 pedal notes in a little over three minutes' time. It was given with extraordinary skill in velocity, while the organ filled the auditorium with magnificent waves of sound.

Miss Margot Samoranya, Back From Paris, Gives Recital.

Miss Margot Samoranya, a young soprano recently returned from Paris, where she had been studying, gave her first recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was one which might have taxed the powers of a more experienced singer, but it revealed taste and discrimination in the field of lyric composition as well as high artistic ideals. An air from "Iphigenie en Tauride" and one from "Le Nozze di Figaro" were in the first group.

The Russians Rachmaninov and Rimsky-Korsakov contributed the second group, while Frenchmen provided the third and Americans and English the last. Miss Samoranya was suffering from extreme nervousness, and it was obvious that the best qualities of her voice were obscured through failure of breath control, an inevitable product of stage fright.

But there could be no question that the young woman possesses good vocal material, a voice light but of very pretty quality and much taste in the treatment of her songs. That her voice is much more vibrant and powerful than it was permitted to be yesterday is almost certain and at her next recital this young singer will doubtless have more confidence, and will therefore show herself to better advantage. Frank La Forge played her accompaniments well.

ROYAL DADMUN'S RECITAL.

Royal Dadmun, barytone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. He had prepared a good programme, in which Schubert and Schumann figured conspicuously. A French group included an air by Gluck and two delightful French Canadian folk songs, as well as lyrics by Rhene-Baton and Duparc. Russia and England had representations, and at the end were two of America's own negro spirituals, arranged by the industrious Harry Burleigh.

Mr. Dadmun did not have to make his accomplishments known yesterday. He has sung often since his debut in 1914, and his clearly defined progress in his art has been watched with pleasure by many admirers. His voice is not one of the most brilliant before the public, but it is agreeable, flexible and authoritatively controlled.

Mr. Dadmun sings with much variety of sentiment and with a wide command of styles. He treats texts with skill, and his recitals have artistic interest. He was heard by a large and responsive audience.

Ernest Hutcheson Plays Well

Appearing both as pianist and composer, Ernest Hutcheson, Australian musician long resident here, provided an evening of rich musical enjoyment for an appreciative audience that filled Aeolian Hall last night. He began his programme with Beethoven's andante in F, played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in masterly style, skilfully articulating the voices of its complex tonal pattern and making it of absorbing interest, and gave a fine, musicianly performance of Listz's B minor Sonata. He did not plumb the dramatic depths of this colossal composition or soar to its highest points of sublime tonal beauty; he did not make it as rhapsodical, perhaps, as it really is; but his performance was technically flawless, often achieved ravishing tonal beauty, and so impressed and delighted his hearers that they gave him six recalls before abating their enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Hutcheson then presented three of his own works: a Prelude (Opus 11, No. 1) of an appealing elegiac type, a Caprice (Opus 11, No. 2) of considerable melodic charm and deft workmanship (which the audience tried in vain to have him repeat), and a splendidly rich, and sonorous piano transcription of Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

At the end of this programme the whole audience remained to demand more and more, until the pianist had added Liszt's transcription of the Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman," a Schumann "Romance," a Liszt Concert Etude, a Chopin Etude, and finally his own brilliant piano arrangement of "The Ride of the Valkyries." G. W. H.

"Fruehlingsluft"

"Fruehlingsluft," a delightful operetta of the Viennese school, deserved a far larger audience than braved the weather of last evening to see it produced at the Manhattan Opera House by the Thalia Players Company. It was well acted, the charming music was well sung, and the settings were adequate. The small audience was enthusiastic enough, as it should have been.

Rosa Buska, who made her American début with the Thalia Players last month, has a dramatic soprano voice amply large enough to fill even the vast spaces of the Manhattan, but sweet withal, and pleasingly well controlled. Anna Daryce Bayhl, as Hanna the servant girl, is a first-rate comedienne, full of vim and zest for her work, good at pantomime, and not at all a bad singer. The remainder of the cast was adequate, their acting especially being worthy of commendation. It was far above the standards of the average production of operettas in this country.

The orchestra has improved much since the first performances of the company, and under the bâton of its present conductor, who works like a Trojan, is almost as effective as the acting and singing of the company.

H. H. B.

SCHOENBERG M

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The programme of the Philadelphia Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall last evening was enlivened by the inclusion of music by Arnold Schoenberg of Vienna. The list consisted of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Sibelius's "Finlandia," Schenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" and the finale of Wagner's "Die Walkure." The Viennese master's music has been wandering in the gloom of war's obscurity. These pieces were produced in London by Sir Henry Wood on September 3, 1912, and the composer conducted them in the British capital on January 17, 1914. Boston solemnized their advent in 1913. At the first performance they had no titles, but at the second they were labelled "Presentiments," "The Past," "The Changing Chord," "Peripetia" and "The Obligato Recitative."

It is on record that when these pieces were performed in Philadelphia last Saturday some people hissed. Nothing is hissed in this polite town, but last evening some rude persons laughed. What there was to laugh at must ever remain a secret in the hearts of those ribald few. Certainly Schoenberg's presentiments were not funny. They were dreaful. How a man with such forebodings could sit down to the cold blooded work of orchestrating them is beyond comprehension. But Dr. Eaglefield Hull, high priest of the modernistic cult in England, discovered a fugue in this piece. Alas, all that some of last evening's listerners could find was fudge.

After having presentiments Schoenberg ruminated upon his past. What a past! How could a man bear to think of it? The composer thought of it in what are called "harmonic planes." This is a new game in music. Write two themes in different keys, harmonize them chiefly in minor seconds, augmented fourths and minor ninths, score them for two different orchestral choirs and play them simultaneously, and there you are. Let us not linger on Schoenberg's past. It must have been unspeakable.

As for the "Changing Chard," it was a will o' the wisp. There has been nothing but changing chords all the time. A "perpipstia" is a sudden turn, especially in a tragedy. Well, this was one. It turned around and around and when it was tired it stopped. All the time it made a fearful noise, worse than the "noises in a swound." According to Dr. Hull, the last number is ultra-modern counterpoint. So let it be. It sounded like the first stanza of that immortal poem which begins—

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.

The Philadelphia Orchestra played these pieces amazingly and Mr. Stokowski gravely conducted them from memory, just as if they were worth remembering.

The "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, simple, ingenuous music filled with common tunes and resting on levels far below all "harmonic planes," did not make any one laugh, but aroused a happiness almost keen enough for tears. And this, too, the Philadelphia Orchestra played and played beautifully because it was beautiful. And it will be a joy forever.

SCHELLING PLAYS BRILLIANTLY

American Pianist in Bach, Chopin and Other Music.

Ernest Schelling, American pianist, long and favorably known to the musical public, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He is a men of artistic ideals and his conviction that the clavier music of Bach needs continual repetition doubtless was what induced him to place on his list not only the "chromatic fantasia and fugue," but three numbers from the "Well Tempered Clavichord." His interest in the instrument on which he plays must have been responsible for the inclusion in the Bach group of the organ fugue in C minor transcribed by Emile Blanchet.

A resounding piece it proved to be and one affording a pianist scope for a display of large utterances. Mr. Schelling played it brilliantly, but there was ground for wonder as to how the transcription would have struck Bach. From the music of the Leipsic master the pianist passed to Schumann's "Carnival," which is heard very often this season. Mr. Scholling presented an individual reading of the work.

His tempi were generally swift and sometimes almost breathless. He introduced some characteristic pauses and

alterations of movement, while he avoided some of the forced sentimentality which affects some readings of the composition. The Chopin episode was perhaps a little austere, but there was perfect appreciation in the reading of the Florestan passage. The "Davidsbundler" march also was superbly played with unusual breadth and weight.

Mr. Schelling played two of the "Goyescas" and two Spanish dances of the lamented Granados, who lost his life in the Sussex affair. The recital was brought to its end with a short group of Chopin works. The audience was large and showed its pleasure by frequent and hearty applause.

MLLE. LE FONTENAY SINGS.

Metropolitan Opera Soprano Gives a Recital.

Mlle. Odette Le Fontenay, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall before a large audience. With a voice of lyric quality, she kept within her genre in choosing her songs. Modern French lyrics took the lead, ending with a fine dramatic air from D'Indy's opera "L'Etranger. Debussy's "Green" was much liked and so was Poldowski's "Pannyre and aux talons d'or" and also an aria (new) from Dupont's opera, "Autar." Sibella's "La Girometta" was another favorite.

Among some English and American songs was Campbell-Tipton's "Rhapsody."

Mlle Fontenay has an engaging personality and sings with charm and intelligence. Her scale is uneven in quality and smoothness, but her taste is delightful, and in style she can even produce some thrills for the auditor. Stuart Ross played admirable accom

Ivan Caryll Dies

Ivan Caryll, well known theatrical producer and composer, died yesterday in his suite at the Ambassador Hotel after a sudden illness which commenced with a hemorrhage a week ago Monday.

The composer improved during the first few days of his illness, but a relapse set in Saturday night. A blood transfusion Monday was of no avail. Monday afternoon the doctors held there was little hope for his recovery.

The end came at 1.30 yesterday afternoon. At Mr. Caryll's bedside were his wife and his daughter, Primrose.

In addition to these, he is survived by an elder son, who is an officer in the British Army, stationed at Singapore, and a younger son and two younger daughters, at school in Europe.

Prior to his illness the composer was working on songs for his latest play, "Little Miss Raffles."

Prolific and Popular Composer.

Since 1886, when his first musical scores began to be sung on the London stage, Ivan Caryll has been one of the most prolific and popularly successful composers who has contributed to the English and American theatres. He had a peculiar ability for writing light, delicate and vivacious melodies, industry that was tireless, and an inventive faculty which, if it did not always keep him from the fault of repeating himself, enabled him to disguise with a veneer of freshness the uninterrupted flow of music that came from his pen.

Caryll's great fecundity came from a thoroughly knowledge of music. His real name was Felix Tilkin, and was a Belgian by birth. As a boy he was a pupil in the conservatory at Liege and then went to Paris, where he completed his musical studies. He did not, however, select Paris as the first field of his work. Chance took him to London, and he remained there until about ten years ago, where he began to spend the greater part of his time in New York.

One of his earliest scores that London heard was "The Lily of Leonville," which was produced in 1886. Beginning with "Little Christopher Columbus" in 1893 came the series of annual contributions to the London theatres that melodied "The Shop Girl," "Dandy Dick Wittington," "The Gay Parisienne," "The Cherry Girl," "The Duchess of Dantzig," founded on "Mme. Sans Gene;" "The Girl and the Girl," "Marriage a la Carte," "The Runaway Girl," "The Circus Girl," "The Toreador," "The Little Cherub" and "The Girls of Gottenberg."

London Gaiety His Field.

By this time Caryll was a frequent contributor to the London Gaiety Theatre, which was reaching its ascendancy under the management of George Edwards. To it Charles Frohman looked for the English musical comedies which he annually imported to New York, and most of Caryll's compositions were heard on Broadway in the year following their London run. Klaw and Erlanger in 1911 produced "The Pink Lady" at the New Amsterdam in advance of its London hearing and from that time Caryll spent much of his time and performed most of his work in this country.

When Charles B. Dillingham, at the Globe Theatre, began to enjoy the prestige as a producer of delicate and diverting musical plays enjoyed by Edwards in London, he relied largely upon Caryll for his musical scores. Amon gthe pieces composed and produced in this association were "Chin Chin," "Jack o' Lantern," "Tip Top," for Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery,' 'and "The Slim Princess" for Elsie Janis. Caryll also wrote scores for various other musical comedy producers.

Whether on the conductor's dais, which he usually occupied at the first performance of his own scores, or in the first night gatherings on Broadway, Caryll was an easily recognizable figure. His chin was adorned with bushy black whiskers, which he parted in the middle and brushed to either side. He was affable and well liked by his associates in the theatre

Beatrice Martin Gives Program of Short Songs in Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Beatrice Martin, soprano, gave a recital last night at Aeolian Hall, whose program was devoted entirely to short songs. Miss Martin disclosed a voice of much freshness and beauty, albeit of concert volume only. She rendered the numbers in simple and effective style, without affectation of any kind.

Beginning with evident nervousness, she gradually assumed confidence, and during the last number was singing with fine assurance and power.

Of the many songs the following pleased the most: "Myrto," by Delibes; "Serenade," by Carpenter; "Charity," by Hageman; four songs by Hugo Wolf, Grieg's "Lauf der Welt" and Svendsen's "Longing."

Claire Dux and Richard Strauss

Before last night Richard Strauss had not been heard in this city, so far as I remember, as conductor of any compositions except his own. Last night, at the Metropolitan, he had the New York Philharmonic to show how he looks at Weber and Mozart. It was a special concert given to introduce the German prima donna Claire Dux (who made her début last week as a member of the Chicago Opera Company) to a New York audience. She will be able to write to her friends truthfully that she got an ovation. No doubt, patriotism was an ingredient in the tremendous salvos of applause fired at her; but there was enough of beauty and merit in her singing to deserve a good deal of applause on purely artistic grounds. She appeared to least advantage in one of the numbers she had to repeat, the popular "Serenade" of Strauss. Why he should have orchestrated a piece so delightfully pianistic in its surging arpeggios as that famous song is inconceivable. The orchestral version is almost farcically bad; and as for the vocal part, Mme. Dux sang it in a jerky way that spoiled it. Do you remember how gloriously Nordica, with Simmons at the piano, used to do this mastersong?

Mme. Dux was much more successful with the other three songs on her list, particularly the loveliest of Strauss's songs (because the most melodious), "Morgen," which she sang with infinite tenderness and charm. She also sang Agathe's air, "Leise, leise," from the "Freyschütz" and Souzanne's air from Mozart's "Figaro." Throughout the evening she seldom let out her full voice, using mostly a mezza-voce or a falsetto, agreeable to the ear, but hardly what a singer of her reputation is expected to do. Perhaps she had a reason for sparing her voice.

As for Dr. Strauss's conducting of Weber's "Oberon" and Mozart's "Figaro" overtures, it showed that he is as much at home in these classics as in his own works, two of which (the prelude to "Guntram" and the love scene from "Feuersnot") were on the programme. With a single rehearsal he could not be expected to bring out all the nuances in his mind. What was comforting was that the Philharmonic sounded much more musical than the Toscanini and the Philadelphia orchestras had sounded from the Metropolitan stage. Was it the greater size and sonority of the Philharmonic, or because, as it seemed, the band had been moved out a little further into the auditorium?

Sc 1 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Navarraise" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Casts.

"LA NAVARRAISE."

Anita	Geraldine Farrar
Araquil	Giuli Crimi
Garrido	Leon Rothier
Remigio	Paolo Ananian
Ramon	Giordano Paltrinieri
Bustamente	Louis D'Angelo
Conductor	Albert Wolff.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

Santuzza	Rosa Ponselle
Lola	Flora Perini
Turiddu	Beniamino Gigli
Alfio	Thomas Chalmers
Lucia	Louise Berat
Conductor	Roberto Moranzoni.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

The audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last night supped their full of horrors. Mr. Gattl gave them two operas, and twice the curtain closed on scenes of death and misery without a note of cheer or condonation—abject wretchedness only. The opera which opened the edifying evening was one which, though not new, had been so long absent from the current list as to have almost passed out of memory—Massenet's "La Navarraise." That which followed was "Cavalleria Rusticana," a familiar and vital tragedy of low life, the curse of whose popularity is found in the progeny to which it gave birth. To this progeny belongs Massenet's opera, for which, when it was produced at the Metropolitan as a novelty on December 11, 1895, we predicted a short life. Many a better opera has been born and died since then, and why it should have been called back into life after being among the shades in the limbo of forgetfulness we cannot explain on artistic grounds. No doubt Mr. Gatti's reasons for conjuring it back are purely practical. He was long in search of a companion piece for "Pagliacci;" now that that opera must forego the element of vitality which Signor Caruso breathed into it, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" takes its place to a large extent. Mascagni's opera must have a consort with a popular representative.

Mme. Farrar is still willing to add to her repertory and may have had an ambition to exploit her dramatic ability in a rôle which demands tragic intensity, if nothing else. We do not think the choice was a wise one or that she will long persist in it. It offers her no new and appealing nuance, and her performance cannot endure comparison with that of the artist for whom the work was written, but which even she could not make permanently attractive.

When she joined Mr. Hammerstein's forces at the Manhattan Opera House in 1906 the opera was resurrected for her. Then Mr. Hammerstein kept it on his list to the end of the Manhattan's career because Massenet's operas were the staple of his French list, and he had a fine tragic singer in Mme. Gerville-Réache. If war operas had been popular pabulum from 1914 to 1919, and Mr. Gatti had had a capable representative of the woman of Navarre, those seasons might have sufficed for its restoration, for "Germania" had to be discarded because it was a glorification of German patriotism, and "L'Attaque du Moulin" could not serve during the period of American neutrality and had not even enough favor before then to justify its revival after. Besides, it would have been offensive to our German fellow citizens whose sympathies were given to their Fatherland. There would have been no objection, of course, as there is none now, to the spectacle of Spaniards at war with each other. Neither, we fancy, would a protest be raised if "Les Huguenots" were to be revived, though, as Heine observed, it is an opera in which Catholics and Protestants kill each other to music made by a Jew.

However, all this is perhaps idle comment. "La Navarraise" is with us again, its plot as ethically and dramatically faulty as ever, its music more pallid, its prospects just as problematical. The principal change which we observed last night was the loss of the tragic horror which Madame Calvé injected into it by her action in the final scene, and a greater moderation in the expenditure of gunpowder. The latter deficiency can be supplied if Mr. Gatti wishes to do so; the former cannot, for neither in voice nor dramatic manner does Mme. Farrar meet the requirements of the titular rôle.

"La Navarraise" is a perversion of a story told by Jules Claretie, under the title "La Cigarette." In scene and time the drama harks back to the time of the Carlist war in Spain. Garrido, a general of the Liberalist troops, has been defeated in an engagement by General Zuccaraga. Smarting under the humiliation, he sets a price on the head of his enemy. He is overheard by Anita, a girl from Navarre, who has just learned that she cannot marry Araquil, a sergeant in Garrido's army, unless she brings to him a dowry equal to the sum which his father intends to bestow upon him. "Dot pour dot," are the words which keep ringing in her ears after a meeting with her lover and his father. The sum is 2,000 duoros. She approaches Garrido: How much will he pay for the assassination of Zuccaraga? "Two thousand duoros." Her mind conceives a fearful resolve—she will murder Zuccaraga and earn the dowry which shall enable her to marry her lover. She slinks off through the night. Araquil, wickedly warned, follows her and sees her enter the enemy's camp. She commits the crime, claims and receives the reward. But Araquil, who returns to the Liberalist camp wounded unto death, charges her with faithlessness and casts her off as one who had sold her honor for gold. In the neighboring village, which is in the hands of Zuccaraga's troops, the bells toll and a messenger comes bearing word that the general has died by an assassin's dagger. Araquil realizes the truth and sinks back a ad nto his father's a.ms with an exclamation of horror. Anita goes mad and, her mind all awry, transforms the funeral bells into wedding chimes. She grasps her lover's hand to lead him to church, but he falls a clod at her feet. Mme. Calve used to pull open his eyelids, gaze at the dull balls beneath them, look for a moment at the spectators in the theater with an expression that sent them home to dream nightmares, and fall across Araquil's body with a shriek. All this is supposed to take place within a few hours and amid the almost continuous noise of battle.

It was the perfection of Mme. Calvé's impersonation of the Navarraise which most convincingly published the artistic hollowness of the drama. A woman who out of her love for a man commits murder in the hope of securing the means to become his wife must excite our sympathy, if she wishes to be accepted as a legitimate tragic figure. Admiration of the character is out of the question, perhaps even pardon also; but commiseration and pity must remain. Mme. Calvé did not arouse these feelings; neither did Mme. Farrar, whose capacity to give expression to the horrible is much below that which Mme. Calvé possessed. Neither did Mme. Gerville-Réache. The obstacle to the pathos which is essential to the acceptance of the play as sincere was created by Henri Cain, who, in order that we might have our full pennyworth of horrors, changed M. Claretie's story so as to make Anita the assassin instead of Araquil. The great love of a man might have spurred him on to such a deed; so might the love, mingled with patriotism, of a woman of heroic mould—a Judith, a Jael or a Charlotte Corday. But Cain's Anita is to our eyes, ears and feelings only an operatic puppet—created to give a woman an opportunity which she craved to wallow in the blood and filth with which the young Italian veritists were heaping their dramatic muck-carts a quarter of a century ago.

The performance last night was acceptable but in no wise distinguished. What could be made of the character of Garrido Mr. Rothier made of it; but neither in bearing, action nor song did Signor Crimi (Araquil) separate himself from the commonplace rout of Spanish soldiers, who rushed on and off the scene at the call of trumpets and musketry. Equally commonplace were Messrs. D'Angelo (Remigio), Paltrinieri (Ramon) and Ananian (Bustamente). Mr. Wolff conducted with zeal.

Massenet's short opera, "La Navarraise," was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening after a long silence. It was produced in the same theatre on December 11, 1895, when the chief interpreter of its passions was Mme. Emma Calve, for whom the work was written. Its career was very short, and it was not heard again in this city until Oscar Hammerstein brought it forward at the Manhattan, April 10, 1907, with Mme. Calve again as the heroine. Three subsequent performances took place in the same season with Mme. Gerville-Reache as the prima donna.

DUPRE'S ORGAN RECITAL.

Applauded by Large Audience in Wanamaker Auditorium.

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame, Paris, made his second appearance in the public inaugural series of organ recitals being given in the Wanamaker Auditorium yesterday afternoon. He presented an admirable programme both from the viewpoint of interpretation and for the display of the seemingly endless wealth of beautiful tonal resources belonging to the new Wanamaker organ upon which he plays.

It comprised Cesar Franck's calm, meditative, yet again grandly eloquent, first choral in E major; Couperin's "Soeur Monique," written originally for the harpsichord, and aptly described by Dr. Russell in his notes as true to its title by being "a shy, demure little sketch"; Bach's B minor prelude and fugue, the scherzo from Louis Vierne's second symphony, the splendid allegro vivace from Widor's sixth symphony and, in closing, an improvisation by Mr. Dupre on a theme submitted by Dr. Miles Farrow of this city.

With the improvisation excepted Mr. Dupre played his list in a darkened auditorium. He was heard by a great audience, which warmly applauded his different numbers. His performance of the Bach music was of dignity and depth, and it seemed to especially interest his auditors. Another selection much liked was the scherzo of Vierne, an exquisite

dainty piece, whose composer a one time teacher of Mr. Dupre holds the post of "Organiste Titulaire" of Notre Dame, while his pupil is the cathedral's official organist.

Mr. Dupre's improvisation, which closed the recital, caused general amazement, while turning out to be an exceedingly brilliant tour de force for both performer and organ.

Dec 2 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—"La Boheme," afternoon. "Tosca," evening. By members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Casts.

"LA BOHEME."

Rodolfo ..... Giulio Crimi
Schaunard ..... Adamo Didur
Benoit ..... Robert Leonhardt
Mimi ..... Frances Alda
Parpignol ..... Pietro Audisio
Marcello ..... Giuseppe De Luca
Colline ..... Jose Mardones
Alcindoro ..... Paolo Ananian
Musetta ..... Yvonne d'Arle
A Sergeant ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor ..... Gennaro Papi.

"TOSCA."

Floria Tosca ..... Marie Jeritza
Mario Cavaradossi ..... Aureliano Pertile
Baron Scarpia ..... Antonio Scotti
Cesare Angelotti ..... Paolo Ananian
The Sacristan ..... Pompilio Malatesta
Spoletta ..... Angelo Bada
Sclarrone ..... Louis D'Angelo
A Jailer ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Shepherd ..... Cecil Arden
Conductor ..... Roberto Moranzoni.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

The persons who attended the performance of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night did not merely see and hear a drama—they experienced a tragedy. It was Mme. Marie Jeritza's debut as Floria Tosca. It began with an exhibition of curiosity, which on the part of the knowing who had seen and heard the artist in "Die tote Stadt," and therefore felt justified in a warmer feeling, was mixed with keen interest. Many, no doubt, felt that a new revelation was impending. There were those who, despite the shallowness of the character in which she has hitherto appeared, recognized that a current of hot dramatic blood coursed through the veins of this newcomer from Vienna.

The revelation, of which there were forewarnings in the scenes with Cavaradossi and Scarpia in the church, came in the climax. It came like an avalanche which swept thousands into a frenzied demonstration of enthusiasm. We can not recall a similar scene in all the history of the opera house, which has witnessed many a great artistic triumph. It was not applause; it was an emotional tumult; a tempest.

Different from Predecessors

We have had a number of fine representatives of the Tosca of Puccini and his librettists, and memory deals kindly with them all—with Ternina, Eames, Fremstad, Farrar. Mme. Jeritza's impersonation differed from them all. It was more than an embodiment of the operatic heroine, dramatically and musically; it was an incarnation of a woman far greater than the one conceived by the creators of the opera. It was Illica, Giacosa and Puccini, plus the soul of Sardou. It was Sardou sublimated by the subtle and powerful alchemy of music. Pose and gesture of infinite variety and grace, vocal utterance of irresistible eloquence, gave meanings to phrases of which perhaps neither dramatists nor composer had dreamed. The line of demarcation between speech and song seemed to have been eliminated, and the clogs which music places upon action seemed non-existent. The entire gamut of vocal color was played upon to intensify the musical declamation, yet there was no hint at studied effect. The emotional stimuli seemed spontaneous, unvolitional; they came from within.

Yet it was a manifestation of art, of a lofty conception of the province of art, and a marvelous capacity to embody that conception. The climax of the second act did not come with the vulgar killing of a libertine; it was reached when Tosca, perplexed in the extreme, poured out her agony in a heartbroken wail, which rose to passionate supplication and ended in the broken accents of despair.

Tragedy Inspires Singer

"Vissi d'Arte" has generally been a concert intermezzo, embarrassing to the progress of the tragedy. It has been sung so that the prima donna's admirers might applaud it, might even demand a repetition. Last night it was the despairing exhalation of a crushed heart, and on it the drama soared to its psychological height. It was sung as Mme. Bernhardt might have spoken it, yet it was song. It was dramatic song, like every word of dialogue which Mme. Jeritza uttered, the song of an actress who was a trained and gifted singer, of a singer impelled by the spirit of a great tragedienne.

It was small wonder that Signor Scotti felt the inspiration of such a companion and revivified his always superb impersonation of Baron Scarpia. Gracefully, gallantly, almost reverentially, he made his homage to Mme. Jeritza every time the torrential applause summoned the pair before the curtain.

There was a new tenor in the performance, Signor Aureliano Pertile, who made his debut as Cavaradossi. He was received with many signs of favor. More may be said of him when the occasion is more favorable.

"La Boheme" Sung at Matinee.

"La Bohème" was sung at a special matinee yesterday for the benefit of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital, whose patrons filled the boxes. A familiar cast of other seasons included Mme. Alda, Messrs. Crimi, De Luca, Didur and Mardones. In the rôle of Musetta appeared a young soprano, Yvonne d'Arle, who has made her way to the operatic stage by way of cabaret and theatre in New York. The fresh voice and some skill "of the theatre" made for the newcomer a favorable first impression.

Mme. Jeritza in "Tosca."

The first performance of Puccini's "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening served to introduce Mme. Maria Jeritza, the Viennese soprano, who made her first appearance here the other day in "Die Tote Stadt," in a new part, that of Tosca; and a new tenor, Aureliano Pertile, who made his début at Cavaradossi. The appearance of Mme. Jeritza in a part that has been in recent years so nearly the exclusive property of Mme. Farrar was an occasion to stimulate curiosity, and it resulted in a great success for the newcomer.

It takes now an effort of memory to recall the Tosca of Mme. Eames, Mme. Ternina, Mme. Fremstad. It appeared that Mme. Jeritza was likely to take her place in this greater line of representatives of a part that whatever its real artistic value, has a fixed place in the public's admiration.

In her representation of the heroine of Korngoth's opera she had shown herself the possessor of a voice of power, of quality, of dramatic possibilities; of a vivid, imposing and sumptuous personality, of a keen histrionic temperament and skill. These things are all available and valuable in any portryal of Puccini's heroine; and they serve to give Mme. Peritza distinction and power in the part.

Her appearance did not count for all that might have been expected of it. Her tall and commanding figure has litheness, but hardly an alluring grace. She was a very blonde Italian, as she was the other day a blonde Belgian; and she wore costumes strangely at variance with the period of the dramt and with the carefully designed garb of all the other participants. She also committed the faux pas of entering church bareheaded in it.

But is is much more to the point that she sang and acted the part with great dramatic power. In the melodramatic scene with Scarpia in the second act, in which she is attacked by him and finally kills him, her depiction of despair and tremulous emotion, and finally of all, the results of her tigerish use of the table knife, were of intense and vivid emotional power. In this her singing forcibly accentuated the significance of her acting. She has the power and the skill to give potent coloring and dramatic significance to her vocal phrases. Her methods are sometimes violent, but they are applied with certainty and with results that seldom offend artistic taste.

As she sank upon the floor from the sofa after her struggle with Scarpia, her sad and tearful air brought forth such a prolonged burst of applause as has not interrupted the middle of a scene at the Metropolitan for many a day. At the close of the act the appreciation and admiration of the audience brought her many times before the curtain. It was evident that Mme. Jentza had made a deep impression and a pronounced success. Her further appearances will be awaited with unusual interest.

Mr. Pertile as Cavaradossi showed many of the familiar qualities of the Italian tenor, and some not so familiar. His voice has not much color or vibrancy; there is something of the "whiteness" of quality that is one of the most familiar qualities. But he did some excellent singing in the first act, some good phrasing; and he was contented at first not to force his voice in the higher or any other register in the attempt to gain volume—and applause. Later he seemed to think it to his advantage to do so.

The other members of the cast were familiar; most familiar of all Mr. Scotti's highly polished and villainous impersonation of Scarpia. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last night gave its second concert of its New York series at Carnegie Hall. The program was calculated to please the large and fashionable audience. It was both varied and interesting.

The Symphony in D Major, No. 2, by Jean Sibelius, served to show the wonderful virtuoso quality of the Boston organization. The pastoral nature of the work offered many opportunities for the wood wind, and the players were alive to every chance.

The Von Weber number, "Invitation to the Dance," illustrated the tonal balance and vitality of an old favorite that never fails to arouse enthusiasm with its rhythm and pretty tunes.

"Verklaerte Nacht" ("Radiant Night"), by Arnold Schonberg, tells the story of a woman who falls in love with her husband after she had detested him and had allowed herself to accept the embraces of another man. The music attempts to picture the dramatic scene of her confession and forgiveness. Although the score hardly succeeded in depicting the story, it pleased with its dramatic climaxes and atmosphere.

The familiar "Leonore Overture" No. 3, by Beethoven, closed the program.

Mr. Monteux gave a studious and colorful reading to the score.

Dec 3 1921

D'Indy

By H. E. Krehbiel

At Carnegie Hall on Thursday afternoon and last night M. Vincent d'Indy conducted concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. M. d'Indy is one of the founders of and the present head of the Schola Cantorum of Paris, an educational institution which began as the conservator of ancient tradition in respect of the performance of the Gregorian Chant, but has come to be looked upon as the exponent of advanced thought in French music, as contradistinguished from the conservatism embodied in the Conservatoire which is maintained by the French government. As a matter of fact, what has been recognized as creative genius in France has been nurtured and brought to blossom by the old institution housed in the Fraubourg Poissonière, and also as a matter of fact the significance of the Schola Cantorum at the present time he's quite as much in what it has done to preserve the old as to make propaganda for the new in music generally as well as in specifically French music.

This circumstance may have determined the character of the program which M. d'Indy presented at the two concerts, which had an archaic character at the beginning and after disclosing works by two of his pupils ended with the latest symphonic creation of M. d'Indy himself. If propagandism entered into its purpose (a thought which is at least invited by the presence of the composer in America at this juncture it was at least propagandism of a more liberal spirit than that represented in the concerts thus far given under the direction of Dr. Richard Strauss, for thus far the latter has brought forward only music of his own composition, except at the concert of last Tuesday, which was given for the purpose of exploiting a singer new to the United States; and these exceptions were two airias by German composers. M. d'Indy's list, on the contrary, contained a composition by Claudio Monteverde, an Italian; Mozart, a German; Michel de Lalande, a Frenchman who was in the service of Louis XIV and died nearly 200 years ago, and three contemporary Frenchmen, himself included.

Offering Full of Instruction

It was a more instructive program than any offered by Mr. Damrosch in his professedly historical series last year. The Italian number was the introduction to Monteverde's "Orfeo." The annotator of the program may have felt justified in calling it an overture, but he was guilty of a historically confusing error in intimating that it was a model in the classic Italian form. That form was established by Lully and remained in use down to Handel (the overture to "The Messiah" is an example). It consisted of a very slow movement, followed by a fugued allegro, with a return to the stately introduction. Monteverde opened his "Fable in Music," as he called "Orfeo," with a toccata, followed by a ritornello, the first piece quicker than the second, and had the two played through three times. M. d'Indy played them twice, with a change in the instrumentation, but without alteration of the harmony or the structure of the pieces. Monteverde had wind instruments only (except altos and basses) in both toccata and ritornello, unless we regard his remark that "all the instruments" might participate; in which case he neglected to set down what all outside of the clarino, quinta and vulgano (all trumpets of a sort) were to play. The matter is not highly important here, but what is interesting, in view of the fact that Monteverde is so much spoken of in the books as a great innovator and progressist, is that in its harmonic structure the toccata is a precursor of the prelude to Wagner's "Rheingold." It is built on a pedal note and the primary chord in harmony, from which it never departs. To that fact the attention of the audience might have been invited. The only previous performance of the interesting work which we can recall was on Sunday night, April 14, 1912, at the Metropolitan Opera House, when "Orfeo" was given in concert form, under the direction of Mr. Pasternack, in the version made by Professor Orefice for the International Exhibition of 1911 in Rome.

The music by Lalande, composed to entertain the ear of the Grand Monarch while at dinner, proved to be an ingratiating bit, like much of that of Rameau and Couperin which has come down to us in transcription for the pianoforte—music designed to please the taste when all the polite world was devoted to the dance, when men of genius like Molière, Quinault and Lully thought their genius not ill-applied when devoted to the creation of ballets. Sixty or seventy years ago Gustav André, son of the André, of Offenbach-on-the-Rhine, who was Mozart's publisher, lived in New York. He then owned the autograph of the Serenade in D which was on M. d'Indy's program, and which remained unpublished, probably, until Breitkopf & Härtel brought out their complete edition of Mozart's works. It is one of many compositions of its kind which Mozart wrote and in which he seems to have undertaken experiments in orchestration. It has two small bands, one composed of two principal violins, viola and double bass, the other of two violins, viola, violoncello and kettledrums. M. d'Indy, to make it effective in a large room, no doubt, occasionally multiplied the strings and made the work sound something like a concerto grosso, with its solo and chorus bands, which was certainly not in consonance with the intentions of the composer. One of its novel and charming effects was a sort of refrain by the second band playing pizzicato. That was delicious, but there are other nocturnal serenades by Mozart which are more interesting.

Themes Not Worth Labor

The compositions by M. d'Indy's pupils and associates were an orchestral dirge, "To the Dead," by Paul Le Flem, and a movement from a suite with the general title "Evocations," called "The Gods in the Shadows of the Caves," by Albert Roussel. Much, overmuch elaboration, harmonically and instrumentally, of themes not worthy of so much labor might be said in description of the two works; or, more sententiously, "Much ado about nothing." However, considering them in relation to something that has come to us recently from Italy, Germany and England, it is possible to see in them one element deserving of commendation. The Frenchmen (let us now include M. d'Indy as disclosed in his new work) still believe in logical and symmetrical structure—M. d'Indy needed not to be hesitant about calling his "On the Shores of the Seas" a symphony, for a free symphonic form, expressed in the arrangement of themes, their development and a succession of moods, obviously hovered over him during the work of composition. In all the pieces we found the obsession that the scenes, or imaginings from which the composers proceeded, were accepted by them as the contents of their music. To them they may have been so, but they needed not to be to a single one who listened to them. M. Le Flem's piece, being a lamentation, may have been an evocation of grief greater than individual dolor, but M. Roussel's could be called an evocation of vanished gods seen as shadows in a vast cave only by a listener willing to surrender his ear and fancy into the hands of a literary guide. M. Roussel may have felt while composing his work as if he were a Dante who had placed his hand in that of Virgil, but to us he was neither the great Florentine nor the greater Mantuan.

In one respect the music of pupils and master stirred the demon of curiosity within us. Why do so many latter-day pieces begin in the depths? Why do their themes emerge from grumbling tubas and muttering double basses, like primal organisms wriggling out of primeval, primordial protoplasmic slime? Great heaven! Are we never again to have a composer make a proclamation as Brahms does in his third symphony? "All at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst." When a contrasting second subject is necessary, why does it present itself in the form of a frivolous dance, and why must this dance be made silly or macabre by the tones of a xylophone? Wood alcohol has done mischief enough of late. Must there be an infusion of it in every piece of music, even in tonal visions of the limitless sea, with its mourning eternal and its smiles innumerous? In the glory of every sunrise? If the classic formularies are monotonous, what shall be said of the ceaseless reiteration of such cheap and vulgar devices?

Difficulties of Correlation

There are pages of splendid music in M. d'Indy's "On the Shores of the Seas"; music which sprang from noble emotions and is calculated to evoke noble emotions and uplifting fancies in the listener. But has he sounded "The Tranquillity of Light" or "The Joy of the Deep Blue," or "Green

"horizons"? Are there blue and green pigments in music? Dalliance with smiles in musical analysis is as old as the hills—so is the notion that sound and color are correlated. Has such correlation ever been made intelligible? Does the tone of the oboe resemble any color in the solar spectrum? Or the bassoon or trombone? Colors, odors, tastes, sounds, arouse emotions, sometimes definite emotions, in some persons, but the emotions are individual, not shared by all.

When all men are made over the same psychological last, perhaps a musical composer will paint the red-headed woman whom Strauss said to Mottl he had pictured in "Don Juan." Until then we must perforce remain blind, or deaf, or auricularly sightless to the blues and greens of M. d'Indy's "poem."

LUCIA

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's melodious stage version of Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening in the presence of a numerous and distinguished audience. The importance of the occasion was probably not revealed to most of those present, and they were unaware that they were listening to the dulcet tones of the famous Mme. Galli-Curci for the last time before her departure to meet her feminine impresario, Miss Mary Garden.

To-day Mme. Galli-Curci will leave to begin a concert tour, which will conclude with her appearance at the Hippodrome on Sunday evening, December 11. Immediately after that she will entrain for Chicago, where she will without doubt again intone the sorrows of *Violetta* and *Lucia* as well as the various emotions of other heroines addicted to florid publication of them. After completing her duties with the Chicago organization the prima donna will continue westward, singing along the Pacific coast, then moving through the South and ending her season in the middle West.

It was judicious to have Mme. Galli-Curci bid the metropolitan an revoir as *Lucia*, since this is one of her best parts. The music is happily paired with the natural quality of her tones and with the characteristics of her style. She was in her best voice last evening. The wind and weather of the outer world had no effect on her. She sang in her familiar manner and after every number followed hearty applause and shouts of "Brava."

Mr. Gigli was again the *Edgardo*. His beautiful voice was heard to advantage in much of the music, especially that of the last scene. But his fame will not rest on his impersonation of the young Lord of Ravenswood. There are other parts which fit him much better. Mr. Danise's *Ashton* had the same stalwart aspect as before and his singing won much applause. Mr. Papi conducted.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mme. Schnitzer, Pianist, Performs in Brilliant Style.

The seventh orchestral concert of this crowded musical week was that of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised Handel's concerto grosso in C, as arranged by Felix Mottle; Mozart's G minor symphony, Liszt's E flat piano concerto and his symphonic poem, "Mazeppa." The pianist was Mme. Germaine Schnitzer.

The concert was not one calling for extended comment. Mme. Schnitzer has played pianos in the presence of the local musical public very often and Liszt's E flat creation is almost as familiar as his Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Such piano music causes no uneasiness of spirit. It is very direct and transparent. Its purpose of developing certain fundamental themes through contrasting movements is manifest and its employment of the solo instrument is brilliant and masterly, as might be expected of the celebrated virtuoso who composed it.

Mme. Schnitzer is a pianist who performs in a brilliant style with scintillating tone, flashes of temperamental vigor and unshaken courage in the face of all difficulties. Mr. Stransky, who conducted the accompaniment to her performances, showed a remarkable independence of mind and possibly even some lack of consideration for the lady. But on the whole the concerto was performed with spirit and good effect and the audience rewarded the fair pianist with plentiful applause.

WANAMAKER ORGAN RECITAL.

Charles Courboin Plays at Fourth Concert of Series.

The fourth free recital in the series inaugurating the new concert organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium took place yesterday afternoon with the American-Belgian player, Charles Courboin at the console as alternating organist. The auditorium was filled with music lovers, including many prominent organists and other musicians. The programmes presented in the series by Mr. Courboin and his colleague, Marcel Dupre, are affording opportunity for a comprehensive survey of organ literature while at the same time the hearing of one of the most remarkable organs in existence is to be enjoyed.

The compositions played by Mr. Courboin yesterday were the allegro vivace from Widor's fifth symphony, an "Invocation" by the Belgian organist, Alphonse Mailly, 1853-1918, who was Mr. Courboin's teacher; "La Fileuse," by Raff; Bach's D minor toccata and fugue and Cesar Franck's "Grande Piece Symphonique," in four movements. These works put to the test with excellent results Mr. Comboin's powers as a virtuoso and called into use the splendid tonal powers of the new great organ as well as many of its special features, both those for obtaining color and many other striking effects. No composition was more enjoyed than the Mailly "Invocation," played as it was in the auditorium darkened during its performance and rich in exquisite melody obtained first of all by a masterly use of stops. The Bach and Franck works, the backbone of the programme, were delivered with lofty conception, splendid rhythm and power and showed at once Mr. Courboin's artistic command over stops, manuals and pedals. A very commendable custom at these concerts allows no person to enter or leave the auditorium during the playing of a number.

RUSSIAN BARYTONE SINGS.

Bernardo Olshansky, a Russian barytone, who was formerly connected with the Boston Opera, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall, assisted by Walter Golde at the piano. He sang an interesting list of old airs, operatic excerpts and French, Russian and American songs. His voice has a dramatic quality in the lower registers, but it lacks volume in the upper.

He sang his numbers in a straightforward fashion without much, if any, attempt at nuance, but he had in mind the meaning of the texts and with the aid of musical instincts in the expression of feeling he was able to impart interest to his general delivery. He had a very demonstrative audience.

The third of a series of noon-day musicales under the direction of Frank La Forge and Ernesto Berumen was given yesterday at Aeolian Hall with Charlotte Ryan, soprano; Anne Jago, contralto, and Frank La Forge as soloist, and the Duo-Art piano featured on the program.

Miss Ryan sang for her first group "I Came With a Song," "Spooks" and "Song of the Open" by La Forge, accompanied by the composer. Her second group opened with "Before the Crucifix" by La Forge and "Prayer" from "Tosca." Mr. La Forge played an organ accompaniment for Miss Ryan which enhanced the beauty of the song. A third group of songs concluded Miss Ryan's part of the program, they were "Like the Rosebud" and "To a Messenger" by La Forge and "Indian Love Song" by Lieurance with a reproduction of Mr. La Forge's accompaniment by the Duo-Art piano. Miss Ryan's voice is of beautiful quality and she handles it with all the ease and grace of a more experienced concert artist.

Miss Jago contributed "Ah! mon fils" ("Le Prophet") by Meyerbeer and "Lungi dal caro bene" by Secchi, "Retreat" by La Forge and "Dawn in the Desert" by Gertrude Ross. Miss Jago's voice is deep, resonant and full of beauty.

Mr. La Forge played three of his own compositions, "Gavotte," "Romance" and "Valse de Concert," with a second part reproduced by the Duo-Art piano. Mr. La Forge is such an exceptional artist that little need be said except that he played. However, the organ accompaniment for the "Crucifix" sung by Miss Ryan was rather a surprise. It was a most artistic bit of work by a musician considered chiefly in the light of composer and pianist. The concert was well attended.

The third Friday morning musicale at the Biltmore Hotel was given yesterday morning in the Grand Ballroom with Mme. Frances Alda, soprano; Joseph Hislop, tenor, and Raoul Vidas, violinist, as soloist. Mr. Vidas opened the program with a group selected from Fiorillo, Riess and Faure which he played with masterly feeling and technique. Mme. Alda sang two groups representing Hue, Lalo, Fourdrain, Curran, Maxwell and Alliston; Mr. Hislop the Donizetti aria, "Una furtiva lagrima" from "Elisir d'amore" and duet from "La Boheme" with Mme. Alda. The concert was largely attended by music enthusiasts.

Dec 4 1921

Boston Symphony Gives Franck Masterpiece—The Philharmonic.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's first edition)

The two orchestral concerts given in Carnegie Hall yesterday were largely occupied with pictorial music —not picturesque music, but music the effect of which might have been intensified had it been accompanied by the scenes which were in the minds of the composers when it was written. Charades and action were suggested by the three pieces by Liadoff in the afternoon concert of the Boston Orchestra, and also by the fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and spectacle at least by the finale from "Die Walküre," which was one of the numbers of Mr. Stransky's evening program.

Dramatic action, even if only pantomime, is, of course, excluded from our notions of what a concert should be, but we are not so certain that pictures need be, now that the photo-play is becoming an art-form worthy of serious consideration. A suggestion of this kind was made in a review of a concert by the Boston orchestra when some music by Stravinsky was played a season or two ago, but was not generally accepted as having been offered in earnest. Nevertheless it was, and the wish that it might be tried as an experiment, at least, came back to mind yesterday while we were listening to Liadoff's music.

The music was agreeable to the ear and stimulating to the fancy as it was, but it would have been much more so if the senses had been helped by pictures. The titles "Kikimora" and "Baba-Yaga" were sufficiently illuminative to persons familiar with the folktales of Russia; but the Russian Grimm and Andersen are yet to come, and meanwhile music like that of Liadoff, fascinating and suggestive as it is, must yet remain enigmatic to the vast majority of our concertgoers.

So, in all seriousness, we say that we wish we might have seen the old witch, with her body thin as a straw, her head no bigger than a thimble, listening to that primeval cat which has so many tales to tell, spinning and reeling her yarn and weaving wicked plots as well as her silken dresses. We have heard her before and also Baba-Yaga, who, if we are not mistaken, also flies through the air in a druggist's mortar with a pestle as a propeller and a broom, causing consternation among the stars and planets, in one of Rimsky-Korsakoff's pieces; but we should much like to see the precious pair. Ought not Mr. Eastman to take this to heart?

There was also an enchanted lake in Liadoff's music which must have appeared as a wonderfully charming vision to the mind of the composer. In a manner it found a companion picture in the slow movement of Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," with which Mr. Stransky opened the concert of the Philharmonic Society—though the latter conjured up the mood which we fancy might be evoked by a nocturnal picture of our own Western prairies. There is a suggestion of animated nature in both, but quiet loveliness lies on both with a benediction.

Mr. Monteux gave his audience also Franck's D minor symphony and Brahms's "Tragic" overture, a work instinct with the spirit of Attic story, and Mr. Stransky after the symphony stirred the pulses of his audience with excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Die Walküre," "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhäuser"—music which refuses to pay the customary toll to familiarity.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ignaz Friedman's Piano Recital.

Ignaz Friedman, the Polish pianist who came to New York for the first time last season with a European reputation, has returned, and gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. There was an audience of good size, and including many piano students, that was frequently roused to enthusiasm by his playing. There is indeed in it much to create sensation; and often much that is beautiful.

Mr. Friedman showed himself last season to have a remarkable command of a wide range of technique; a technique that accomplishes the most exacting tasks without apparent effort. There is something overpowering and imposing in his playing, especially of passages requiring strength and power. It did not seem as if he made such strenuous demands upon the instrument as he did at his appearances here last season, nor produced in such passages a tone of such roughness or crashing weight. On the other hand, Mr. Friedman can woo from the instrument a tone of filmy delicacy and iridescent beauty.

He did so with results of especial beauty in the pieces he played by Chopin: The B flat polonaise, the E minor waltz, the nocturne in B; and, as encores, two of the etudes. These all had charm and poetic beauty; and in them Mr. Friedman reached the highest artistic level of his recital. They were more geunine, more deeply felt than his other interpretations. He showed less sympathy and understanding of Brahms's variations on a theme of Handel's with which his program began. A number of these variations he conceived as merely pieces for virtuoso display; he played them brilliantly, with great dash and spirit; but they are not ... for that. There was a certain square cut and matter of fact statement about others of them that failed to convey their significance. The fugue at the end became a great tour de force under his hands, and the formal outlines were presented with much clearness.

Needless to say that Mr. Friedman found Liszt's sonata material well adapted for his artistic methods. He gave a stormy and imposing performance of it, contrasted, in the development of the second theme, with a delicately sentimental tracery of exquisite color. There was a great sweep and a great certainty in his delivery of the passages that sometimes are made to sound cloudy and involved, but which were made unmistakably clear by his treatment. This performance brought him great applause and numerous recalls; and he gave several encores; an arrangement, tastelessly embellished, of an air by Gluck and two etudes of Chopin, of which that in G flat was delivered with a pearly delicacy.

At the end Mr. Friedman certified to his point of view as a virtuoso by playing Liszt's transcription of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture; very difficult, and, no doubt, interesting to those who wished to see what a piano virtuoso could do in the conquest of difficulty.

'Carmen' and 'Manon Lescaut' Sung

"Carmen," in which Miss Farrar had earlier began the Brooklyn visits of the opera stars this season, came back to Broadway for a crowded matinee yesterday. Mr. Martinelli sang Don José and Mr. de Luca the Toreador, while the fine ensemble of recent years was conducted by Albert Wolff, already an impresario in his own right in Paris. Miss Sundelius was the Micaela and one of the new gypsies was Myrtle Schaaf.

"Manon Lescaut" also was added to the Metropolitan's current series last evening, the familiar members of the cast including Mme. Alda, Mr. Scotti and others, under Papi's direction. The new tenor, Aureliano Pertile, appearing in his second rôle here, was cordially received by an audience in which his Italian countrymen predominated.

Boris Saslavsky in Folk Songs.

Boris Saslavsky, a Russian baritone of communicative style in the lighter songs of sentiment and humor, coupled with sincerity in his native Russian pieces, sang to an audience that taxed the capacity of the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. Evidently no stranger to his hearers, though new to a critical few, he was accompanied by Carl Deis in serious lyrics from Schubert to Strauss, as well as an English classic by Purcell, and old French and Irish folk songs.

Phyllida Ashley Plays Again.

Phyllida Ashley, pianist, who appeared earlier this season for the first time in New York, was heard in Aeolian Hall last evening in a second program. With works of Franck, Debussy, Chopin and Liszt, she added two by Stojowski, a theme and variations by Schelling, "At Sunset" by Mason and "In Autumn" by MacDowell.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
MON., 8:15—TOTE STADT. Jeritza, Telva, Harrold, Leonhardt, Laurenti, Diaz, Bodanzky.
WED. at 8—MEFISTOFELE. Easton, Peralta, Perini, Howard; Gigli, Didur, Bada, Moranzoni.
THURS. at 8 (Revival) ERNANI. Ponselle, Galli; Martinelli, Ruffo, Mardones. Moranzoni.
FRI. MAT. at 1—PARSIFAL. Matzenauer; Sembach, Whitehill, Gustafson, Didur, Bodanzky
FRI. at 8 ($2.50 to $10)—BORIS GODUNOFF. Gordon, Delaunois, Dalossy; Chaliapine (Special Appearance), Harrold, Rothier, Bada, Papi.
SAT. at 2—TOSCA. Fargar; Martinelli, Scotti, Malatesta, D'Angelo. Moranzoni.
SAT. (Pop. Prices) at 8—CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. Jeritza, Perini; Pertile, Picco. PAGLIACCI. Easton; Crimi, De Luca. Moranzoni.

TO-NIGHT at 8:30 CONCERT 75c to $2.00
FLORENCE EASTON JEANNE GORDON
MARIO CHAMLEE LOUIS ROZSA
CHIEF CAUPOLICAN ADAMO DIDUR
ENTIRE ORCH'TRA Cond. BAMBOSCHEK
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
SAT., Dec. 10, at 8—BOHEME. Alda, Roselle; Gigli, Danise, Didur, Mardones. Papi.
HARDMAN PIANO USED.

Dec 5 1921

Bodanzky Revives Forgotten Music

By H. E. Krehbiel

Whether with such intention or not Mr. Bodanzky set forth much food for gossip, comment, criticism (as you please) when he arranged the program for the concert of the Friends of Music, which took place in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. And incidental happenings helped to keep hairless chins as well as gray beards a-wagging. The first composition on the program was Mozart's overture to "Idomeneo," the dust on which has not been disturbed for decades, even when on two or three occasions the ballet music from the opera had been taken off the shelves for the performance. Then came Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," which we feel quite sure has not been played in New York since Mr. Seidl brought it out along with Wag-

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ner's "Centennial March" in March, 1889.

Seidl had been Wagner's secretary ad coadjutor and believed in the price of empty orchestral bombast which the composer foistered on the directors of the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, and he was interested in Mendelssohn's almost forgotten symphony probably because the Amen formula of the Court Church of Saxony had been utilized by his master as the "Grail theme" in "Parsifal," at that time a sacrosanct work to see which one had to make a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. Why Mr. Bodanzky resurrected it after it had been neglected for almost a generation, we do not know, and inquiry is unnecessary. Whether it piqued curiosity or revived memories that had grown dim., it was equally acceptable in the painstaking performance which Mr. Godanzky gave it.

Strauss Acknowledges Compliment

Then came another utterance which belongs to the past, though its author was on hand to hear it and graciously came down from the balcony to the stage to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience and express his thanks to the performers. This was Richard Strauss's serendare for wind instruments, another of those "youthful sins" for which the lovers of good music find it easy to forgive the composer of the "Sinfornia Domestica." Finally, there were five excerpts from the incidental music which Erich Kvongold composed. some two years ago for a German version of "Much Ado About Nothing." The German title of Shakespeare's comedy, we believe, is "Viel Lärm um Nichts," and it is under that title that we prefer to think of it in connection with the music of the composer of "Die Tote Stadt."

Exactly one year ago, to a day, Mr. Kriesler played a transcription of the suite made by Koongold for violin and pianoforte. We were puzzled then as to the relationship between the music and Shakespeare's comedy, and the fact that we have now heard it as written, instead of in a transcription, has brought no elucidation. The overture is one of those tripplingly merry things which might fit any play without a too large infusion of gloom in it. The grotesque march for Dogberry and the Watch, is a capital bit of foolery which suffers neither profit nor loss from the fact that Dogberry and Verger present themselves to the German sense of humor as Crabapple and Plumwine. But what incidents referred to by "Maidens in the Bridal Chamber" and the "Garden Scene," we can not surmise. The music leaves us in the lurch in both cases. That of the latter is plainly designed to be love-music.

No Sentiment in Melody

There are two garden scenes in "Much Ado About Nothing," one in Act III, where Hero and Ursula "angle for Beatrice," who is "couched in the woodbine coverture" (a pretty case of mixed metaphor, by the way), and in Act V, in which there is some verbal fencing which makes the sparks fly, but not a word in the sentimental mood expressed in the music—not even the line, suggested by Mr. Humiston, the program annotator: "I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thine eyes." There's no sighing lover in such speech.

We confess also to being at a loss about the concluding number, the most spontaneous and delightful bit in the set, which the composer calls a hornpipe, though it is not a hornpipe in the sense of Shakespeare's time or that of to-day.

The scene of the comedy is laid in Italy, and nobody ever danced hornpipes in Italy unless it was an actor in an English comedy. The hornpipe is distinctively an English thing. Shakespeare's people were all Englishmen, of course, no matter what their supposed habitat, but it is a little singular that Mr. Korngold should have chosen a title for his concluding dance which is referred to only once in all the plays and then in reference to a form of tune only. The Clown in "Winter's Talc" speaks of the one Puritan among the sheepshearers of his sister who sang "psalms to hornpipes." But Mr. Korngold's alleged hornpipe is a jolly piece, and its performance sent the audience cut into the dismal snow storm in a jolly mood.

Powell's New Overture Performed by Symphony

"In Old Virginia" Warmly Applauded by Capacity Audience at Concert

John Powell's new overture, "In Old Virginia," was perfermed for the first time in New York yesterday afternoon at the New York Symphony concert in Aeolian Hall, and was warmly welcomed, Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Powell receiving and exchanging applause. It begins with a slow introduction with a short persistent motif resembling the first notes of "Dixie," while the main part of the overture is based on two contrasted themes, gay and grave: the familiar "Ci'ar de Kitchen" and a plaintiff negro melody, alternated and developed to a climax. These give way to "Dixie" proclaimed by the brass, first martially and then adagio and fortissimo in a sonorous conclusion.

It is an interesting work, distinctly more than a succession of tunes; its themes are well handled and their harmonization is unusual, occasionally bizarre, with a minor note running through the whole work, even the gayer themes. According to Mr. Powell's explanation, it tries to convey an impression of the South before the Civil War, "dancing gaily toward the disaster in the traditional aristocratic manner."

The first part of the concert was devoted to Mozart, the E flat symphony and the concerto in A. Harold Bauer was the soloist, playing in a manner well adapted to Mozart, quiet, clear-cut and flowing with perfect co-operation with the orchestra. He also played the piano obbligato in Cesar Franck's "Les Djinns," while Lekeu's adagio for strings gave the choir a chance to display its excellence. The audience cared little for the weather. "All sold out," adorned the box office.

MR. RACHMANINOFF PLAYS.

Composer Is Warmly Received at Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Rachmaninoff, playing before his host of admirers assembled in yesterday's wet snow at Carnegie Hall, wrought the magic rainbow clarity, whether in music of homely familiarity or in those rarer "museum pieces" to which, as pianist, he draws and holds the widest popular attention. His crisp phrases, like his cropped hair, must be conceded unique. Thus he brought out marvellously the simple melody of Grieg's ballad, which won an added encore, just as a Polish ballad and other pieces earned two more of Chopin.

The Russian composer and artist, after both his own and Dohnanyi's interesting piano studies and his setting of Kreisler's "Liebesleid," finally made Liszt's tarentelle of "Venice and Naples" seem momentarily worth while. His audience, refusing to go, received Tchaikovsky's "Troika," Rachmaninoff's "Elegie," op. 3, and 'It'—the C sharp minor prelude—with storms of applause and shouts for more. In vain the lights were turned out. As the crowd still remained Mr. Rachmaninoff added amusingly the 'Golliwogs Cakewalk" of Debussy in almost total darkness, after two and a half hours of playing.

SOUTHERN AIRS HEARD.

"In Old Virginia" Played for the First Time Here at Aeolian Hall.

John Rowell has ripened and mellowed his views of the old South, or his expression of them, as between former episode of disharmony that marked his "Negro Rhapsody," and the wholly warm-toned overture, "In Old Virginia," played for the first time at Norfolk, Conn., and repeated at yesterday's Aeolian matinee of the New York Symphony. It is a proud, impulsive, gallant people that the young Virginian has pictured in ante-bellum galeties of a true Scotch reel, two plantation airs—notably the tender one his program note described as "Mammy Singing"—and a thrilling, fragmentary interweaving of from a box acknowledged the applause.

Harold Bauer assisted Damrosch's men in what had begun as a Mozart program, with the still delightful E flat symphony, one of Mozart's famous "three" represented in revival programs of late. Then came Bauer's solo in the concerto in A, like a camco relief, restoring lines if not color to a time-faded "old master." After an adagio by Lekeu, among the modern group, Bauer played the obligato for piano in Frank's "Les Djinns."

Powell's new piece is an overture ntitled "In Old Virginia." It was first heard at the Norfolk Festival last summer. The notes spoke of one of the two old negro songs used in the building of the overture as a tune Mr. Powell used to hear his old mammy sing in his childhood (in Virginia). There are many other tunes, the second principal one being "Ci'ar de Kitchen, Ole Folks, Young Folks," also an old Scotch dance tune, and in a triumphant moment comes "Dixie Land." Mr. Powell himself has said his new work is simple rather than pretentious and that he tried in it to express the gaiety and the romantic spirit of Virginian life in 1860, just before it was overtaken by the war. The composition is a fine piece of orchestration, but one which perhaps might be condensed a bit.

[illegible] played and

According to Mr. Powell's own account of it, he wishes the overture to convey the spirit of the South just before the Civil War. "It is the South," he says, "unaffected, simple, chivalrous and romantic, trembling on the verge of the cataclysm, but keeping its head and dancing gayly toward the approaching disaster, in the traditional aristocratic manner." Two old negro songs furnish the basic material of the work, together with an old Scotch tune used as a dance motive, and "Dixie Land" added for good measure.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

Cesar Franck's Symphony a Feature of the Programme.

The second matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave pleasure to a large audience in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It is the custom of Pierre Monteux, conductor of the organization, to arrange his matinee programmes as one cherishing a belief that afternoon concert goers do not possess such robust appetites as those who adventure into the shades of night. Consequently the list was planned along the lines of an accommodating decrescendo.

The first number was Cesar Franck's symphony, which supplied the most substantial mental food in the feast. It was followed by the "Tragic Overture" of Brahms, which has ceased to be tragic and is now merely disturbed. After this came three pieces for orchestra by Liadov, "Kikimora," "The Enchanted Lake" and "Baba Yaga." The concert ended with the familiar orchestral fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

It was a delightful and restful entertainment. The Franck symphony was performed with much beauty of tone, with color and with warmth of delivery. It might have been possible to make some parts of the work more transparent and others more luminous, but on the whole the performance was one to command admiration.

The symphony itself no longer troubles the souls of music lovers. They even smile when they read about Gounod's verdict after the first presentation of the work that it "was the affirmation of incompetence pushed to dogmatic lengths." It did not occur to the composer of "Faust" that he was doing a little dogmatizing of his own. But all that sort of thing has been laid away in the habitually closed pages of history. Only critics ever dig up such things, just to show that they are not the only commentators who make mistakes. It remains only to note that there was much applause after the symphony and that the other numbers also seemed to give happiness to the auditors.

RACHMANINOFF PLAYS.

The wet discomfort overhead and underfoot had no terrors for the crowd that went to Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Sergei Rachmaninoff's first piano recital of the season. There was not an empty seat in the house, and the number of standees had been limited only by the fire laws.

A satisfying player, this tall Russian. What he can do he does to perfection, and what he cannot do he does not attempt. Not the greatest pianist in the world; a certain power of grasping the impalpable, of evoking what lies beyond the borderland of dreams—this he does not possess. His touch is true and sure; but it is like that of a surgeon; it probes and reveals. Debussy's "La Cathedrale Engloutie" would fare poorly under his hands, for he would have no patience with Debussy's pale tone-wraiths. He would push on through the mist in vain search for the clear outline that Debussy does not draw.

But perhaps there is no greatest pianist. Certainly in one field of pianism Rachmaninoff is supreme. He is tremendously articulate. No living pianist can surpass him in the power of delivering an eloquent, degnite message where there is one to deliver. His Chopin group yesterday was one of marvellous explicitness. Even in the Nocturne, op. 27, he was direct. It was hesitant, but only with the hasitancy of shyness, never of inarticulateness. The D flat waltz was like a windy day of vivid sunshine, with tiny whirlwinds of sound-motes caught up to hover and fall and soar again.

He played his own "Estudes-Tableaux"—fireworks, if you will, bbut fireworks that glowed like jewels, with little scale passages shooting out in microscopic perfection like points of flame. His arrangement of Kreisler's "Liebesleid," in the form of a theme and variations, is so perfectly uttered in terms of the piona that one almost begins to think of the original as a transscription. It is immensely satisfactory, "meaty" music, full of melting counterplot in the inner voices and small chords overhead scampering down in a panic lest they be too late.

The end of the recital was evocative of the days when Paderewski played—a feminine rush to the platform to beg for encores. He granted six, the last, of course, being the notorious C sharp minor prelude. His playing of this was sometimes disconcertingly rapid. One would have said that he did not quite grasp the composer's intentions.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Carmen" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. In the evening the opera was Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." In the Bizet work Miss Geraldine Farrar presented her familiar impersonation of the cigaretto making, smuggling and vamping gypsy, who caused all the trouble. The popular soprano was in good voice and sang her music unusually well. Attention has already been called to improvement in Miss Farrar's singing this season, and without doubt operagoers will not be slow to take note of it.

Her associates were Mme. Sundelius as *Micaela*, a role which she sings well; Mr. Martinelli as the infatuated *Don Jose*, and Mr. de Luca as Escamillo. Mr Rothier as *Zuniga* had his second opportunity of the week to wear a Spanish uniform. Mr. Wolff conducted.

Richard Strauss, using the Philharmonic Orchestra as his means of expression, gave a concert last night at the Hippodrome for the benefit of the Central European Child Feeding Stations. The campaign for funds represents a joint committee of German-Americans and Quakers, who are trying to alleviate some of the misery prevelent among children of the central portions of Continental Europe.

The concert was marked by the appearance of Elly Ney in Strauss's "Burleske for Piano and Orchestra." She played the brilliant and exceedingly difficult score with precision and feeling, reaping therefrom a great wave of applause.

Dr. Strauss came in for much reverence from both the audience and the orchestra; he accepted all with a grace and conservatism pleasant to observe.

The remainder of the program comprised "Don Juan," "Todd and Verklaerung," and by Wagner, the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The Sunday night gala concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was well attended in spite of the snow storm that enveloped the city and made traffic difficult. The soloists who entertained with favorite arias and songs were: Florence Easton, soprano; Jeanne Gordon, contralto; Mario Chamlee, tenor; Louis Rozsa au aria from "Rigoletto," Mr. Chamlee offered "Cielo E mar" from "La Gioconda," aud Mr. Didur an aria from "L'Elisir d'Amore." The orchestra played Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" overture. suite from "Le Coq d'Or" and Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave."

NYC 6 1921

'Die Tote Stadt' Has Its Th son at the

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Tote Stadt," the drama opera of young Erich Wolfgang Korngold, had its third performance last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Marie Jeritza, the Viennese prima donna, made her fourth appearance before opera subscribers, whose interest has undoubtedly been greatly stimulated by the injection of her infectious temperament into the atmosphere of local opera. Just how the Korngold musical drama would fare without her aid can be only a matter of conjecture, but it seems safe to suppose that its vitality would seem to be unfortunately lowered were she removed from the cast.

The influence of a vigorous personality and a fine artistic intelligence was proved by the size and character of the audience. The subscribers were out in full force and the boxes were occupied by people whose attendance could hardly have been regarded as merely a part of the regular Monday night routine.

Of the performances nothing new is to be said. Those concerned in addition to Mme. Jeritza were heard in the last previous presentation of the work. Some changes had been made among the minor characters after the production, but they in no wise altered the nature of the representation. Mme. Jeritza was in good voice and spirits and repeated her admirable impersonation of *Marietta* with brilliant results. Mr. Harrold was again the unhappy spouse who vainly sought to replace the dead wife. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

cEwen's Work Exquisitely Interpreted by Visitors;

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

The London String Quartet was welomed for the second concert of its eason by a gathering of chamberusie lovers at Aeolian Hall last night. s at its first appearance this season, he novelty of the program gave so uch pleasure that a portion of it was repeated, to the obvious gratification of the audience.

This novelty was a quartet for trings in three closely associated novements composed by McEwen, obviously a Scottish composer who has absorbed a good deal of the modern, even modernistic, manner, without forgetting that a logical presentation of thoughts or ideas, or what takes the place of thoughts and ideas in musie, is still an admirable essential of the art. He calls his work a "threnody," and throughout its three movements, though there is no lack of contrast in movement and rhythm, there runs the mood of mournful contemplation. At the last, after a rather unconscionable time has been spent in coming to Hecuba, an old Scottish melody, "The Flowers o' the Forest," is sung by the muted violoncello with reiterated figuration in the accompaniment, in which the distant tolling of bells may be imagined. The tune is a beautiful one and is said to be one usually played by bagpipers at Scottish funerals. The exquisite playing of Mr. Warwick-Evans, the cellist, and his companions lent the tune a greater pathos than we can conceive it to have when skirled by pipes, and there was small wonder that the audience desired a repetition.

The quartet, which we can easily fancy to have been written by the composer as a memorial to a dead friend, "has hands and feet," as the Germans say, though the hands sometimes grope for strange things and the feet wander far from the paths disclosed by the Quartet in G by Mozart with which the concert began, and do not tread those of Ravel's Quartet in F, with which the concert ended. The playing of the gentlemen from London was delightfully effective and convincing all evening.

That a new German opera about which many questions might be raised can draw a phenomenal audience, and one different than the habitual character, and also arouse extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm, was disclosed last night at the Metropolitan. The opera was "Die tote Stadt," which had its third representation, and the chief cause of the enthusiasm was Mme. Jeritza. The evidences of careful study are present from beginning to end, which fact makes some obvious blunders of stage management only the more deplorable.

MISS PARKHURST IN SONGS.

Young American Soprano Shows Progress in Her Art.

Miss Adele Parkhurst, a young American soprano, who gave recitals here the last two seasons, was heard again yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. It was manifest when she first appeared she was the possessor of a valuable voice of good range, excellent quality and sufficient variety of color to fit her for the recital field. It also was clear that her command of tone had not been firmly established and that she frequently had difficulty in sustaining phrases, and sometimes wandered from the pitch.

But she demonstrated that she had made substantial progress. Her tones have gained much in firmness and vibrancy, while her ability to sing sustained phrases has greatly increased and her fidelity to the pitch had improved so much that inaccuracies were very few. She showed also progress in flexibility of tone and in the delivery of florid passages, though in the latter she can make still further improvement.

Miss Parkhurst's most valuable asset, however, is her understanding. She however, is her understanding. Sh sang old Italian airs with every evidence of knowledge of their content and with charming methods of expression, which were most delightfully exhibited in her singing of a cradle song by Guarnieri. This young singer has so much in her favor that she should win an enviable position on the concert stage. Her technic, while not yet finished, is sound, and her taste is most excellent. She was heard by an audience of good size with demonstrations of pleasure.

D'INDY MUSIC ON BIG ORGAN.

Marcel Dupre Plays at Wanamaker Concert.

French, American and Belgian flags appropriately decorated the stage in the Wanamaker Auditorium during the inaugral recitals, now going on of the great new organ. Yesterday afternoon the flags had a double significance. When a theme submitted by the famous French composer, Vincent D'Indy, who is now in this country, was improvised upon by Marcel Dupre of Notre Dame, Paris, the alternating organist in the series with Charles Courboin, formerly of Antwerp Cathedral. It was the fifth of the programmes given to the public through the public spirit of John Wanamaker.

Mr. Dupre, far famed as a brilliant improvisor on his instruments, is wont to thus show his skill in his final number. Yesterday Mr. D'Indy sent him a theme with a letter to Dr. Alexander Russell, which read: "Here, dear sir, is the theme for improvisation which you have requested of me. Unfortunately I will be unable to be present at its re-creation by Marcel Dupre because I am leaving New York to-day, to my regret. Will you kindly give Dupre the little note enclosed, and yourself choose the concert at which my theme will be used. Cordially yours, Vincent D'Indy." Before the final number, the works played by Mr. Dupre were Bach's G minor fugue, his choral prelude on "Awake, the Watchmen Call," and the fugue in E flat, Mr. Dupre's four verses on "Ave Maris Stella," preludes which he wrote for playing at Notre Dame between the verses of certain hymns; a "Cantabile" by Cesar Franck, and the allegro vivace and finale from Vierne's first symphony. The audience filled the auditorium to overflowing.

Michel Hoffman in Debut Recital.

Michel Hoffman, violinist, gave a début recital in the Town Hall last night, assisted at the piano by David Sapiro in Vitali's chaconne, Ernst's "Concerto Pathetique" and shorter pieces Achron, Auer and others. He displayed good tone in a calm "Reverie" of Vieuxtemps and considerable technical skill in a rapid study in thirds by Ferdinand Carri

Adele Parkhurst, Soprano, Pleases.

Adele Parkhurst, soprano, a bright little person with apparently a special gift for children's songs, such as her last encore of the doll, "Jerusha," that Kitty Cheatham used to sing, appeared at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon in a program of artistic variety, ranging from Mozart's "Alleluia" to McFayden's beautifully intoned "Homage to Spring." Despite a touch of too conscious artifice as yet, her ambitions gave real pleasure, admirably assisted by Stuart Ross in modern tone-poems, including two by the latest ESnglish composer, Lord Berners.

By Deems Taylor

THE DAY'S MUSIC.

Phoebe Jefferson, who gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, was not advertised as a child prodigy, and it would be hazardous to guess her age. But she is very young—somewhere between fifteen and eighteen—and a pupil of Ethel Leginska. Her programme was short and interesting: Debussy's "Children's Corner," Liszt's B minor ballade and Eighth Rhapsody, a Bach partita in B flat, transcribed by Harold Bauer and pieces by Chopin and Leginska.

She plays very well, with a technique that is already far advanced and with much less tendency to pound than young pianists usually exhibit. The Liszt ballad was done with crisp enunciation and a surprising range of tone color. The Bach suite rather escaped her. She played it mellowly and nimbly, but without enough variety. Bach at his most direct is never obvious. The Chopin E flat minor polonaise went much better; its emotional implications were plainer to be seen, and her performance of it was excellent. She has a future.

Phoebe Jefferson, 15, Plays With Natural Grace In Aeolian Hall.

Phoebe Jefferson, a genuinely charmin gand unspoiled child, perhaps 15 years old, gave a piano concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon that showed her comething more than a cleverly imitative pupil, one for whom more leisurely ripening of talent through quiet years is devoutly to be desired.

She played with natural grace Debussy's "The Children's Corner," the "Gargoyles" of Leginska, Bach's partita in B flat, Liszt's eighth rhapsody, and on recall Chopin's "Military Polonaise."

By Richard Aldrich

The Beethoven Association.

The Beethoven Association gave last evening in Aeolian Hall the second of its season's subscription concerts. It departed from the rule that it has followed since it began its activities, in presenting a program upon which there was no music of Beethoven—a departue that must naturally and in the due course of stringe come sometime. Not a very large proportion of Beethoven's works that are not a permanent part of the chamber music repertory is sufficiently valuable to justify a special effort to produce it; and what has become rarest in that repertory is, in general, though there are exceptions, rarest because it is least worth hearing. And so the Beethoven Association did well when it decided that it should admit to its programs music of the greatest of his successors.

Two of the greatest were represented on last night's program: Brahms by his quintet for clarinet and strings in B minor, Op. 115, and Schumann by his quintet for piano and strings in E flat, Op. 44. These were played by the Letz Quartet, with the assistance of Georges Grisez, clarinet, and Ernest Schelling piano. Between them came a group of old songs for soprano, sung by Miss May Peterson; an air from Handel's Italian opera of "Radamisto"; an air from Rinaldo da Capua's opera of "La Bohémienne," an arrette by Salvator Rosa and an air from Bach's comic cantata, "Phöbus and Pan."

Brahms's quintet is rarely heard in chamber concerts, though it is one of the most perfect and most beautiful of his chamber compositions. In it he has made strikingly effective use of the timbre of the clarinet, now fusing it with the tone of the strings, now exposing it in passages of characteristic volubility, as in the second section of the slow movement, where Brahms suggests, as he does now and again in other of his works, a rhapsodic Hungarian note. Otherwise the spirit of Beethoven broods over this entrancingly beautiful movement—the Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony—and again over certain of the variations in the last.

The performance was one of rare beauty and poetical spirit, in which the string players acquitted themselves with much credit. Much of the beauty and poetical spirit was contributed by the artistic performanceo f Mr. Grisez, a masterpiece in quality and modulation of tone, in beauty and finish of phrasing, never emerging unduly from the ensemble. Schumann's quintet likewise was played fith the romantic ardor and brilliancy that belong to it. Mr. Schelling showed fine musicianship and full sympathy in the ensemble, though there were a few passages in which the piano claimed a little more than its share.

Miss Peterson's songs gave a fitting contrast in the scheme of the concert; they are all unfamiliar except the comic song by Bach and she sang them with musical feeling and intelligence.

Ruth Page Dances.

Ruth Page, the crinoline princess of Carpenter's "Birthday of the Infanta," once seen in New York, returned yesterday in a matinee first announced at the Selwyn, but moved to the Apollo Theatre at the last moment, as a benefit for the 123d Street Home for Homeless Boys. Miss Page was applauded in Moussorgsky's "The Chick," staged by Adolph Bolm, as also were her varied dances of "The Bee" from music of Schubert, "L'Heure Joyeuse" from a Chopin waltz, and a "Masked Ball" from Liszt. Carlos Salzedo assisted in harp solos and Concepcion M. Fortesa at the piano.

Marie Mikova In Piano Recital.

Marie Mikova, remembered as an artist from the patriotic Czechoslovak colony that centred in this country at Omaha during the war, gave her first piano recital in some time at the Town Hall last evening. She played with quiet expertness Mendelssohn's serious variations, a Beethoven rondo, some Chopin and Rubinstein. More colorful were the less imposing moderns. Smetana's "By the Sea," in which her famous countryman roamed remote from the "coasts" of Bohemia, as well as the local Hartmann's "Hungaria" or Gertrude Ross's wild Western "Ride of the Cowboy."

By H. E. Krehbiel

Somehow we are not reconciled to the selection of Bruges as the theater of Korngold's opera, which is thus far the only novelty in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. We do not know why it should be called the Dead City. There may be some analysis or description in Rodenbach's novel or play which justifies the title, but there is none in the opera. Paul might have his chambers as a memorial to his dead wife as well in Paris or Vienna, which we believe are set down as the typical centers of European gayety, without injury to the psychological study which underlies "Die Tote Stadt." In fact, in view of the music, which is relied on to relieve the gloom of all of the opera which is pertinent to the plot, Vienna would have offered a likelier scene for it than the most melancholy and lifeless spot in Belgium or France; for the composer's attempts at gayety are all suggestive of Viennese merriment. It is a pity that the attempts are so scant of breath, so sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—of laborious anxiety to avoid the obviously natural and desirable. Like Strauss in his "Rosenkavalier" (though not so often) Korngold drops into a waltz rhythm, but no sooner do we surrender ourselves to the ingratiating lilt than the composers drop it as a thing too vulgar to be admitted into the operatic society of to-day. Too vulgar? O ye Strausses! There was not one of you that did not ooze more melody, show more naive inventiveness in your waltzes than your latter-day namesake in all his symphonic poems or your youthful townsman in his opera. Compare any ten minutes of "Die Fledermaus" with all the hours of "Rosenkavalier" or "Salome" or "Elektra" or "Die Tote Stadt." Why do the waters of the beautiful Blue Danube flow so sluggishly and turbidly past Vienna since the death of Johann Strauss, the younger, and why have we had no serious opera worthy of the name from the Imperial City for more than a generation? Was not Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" the last of her acceptable gifts?

The City of Bruges And Its Memorials

We do not know why we set out to defend Bruges against Rodenbach and the transmogrifiers of his book and play. Probably only because of an ingrained habit of analysis, a desire to know the wherefore of authors' purposes. We have no right to hold a brief for Bruges. We have never even visited the place, to roam the streets and study its memorials of mediæval art—its sculptures, paintings, metal effigies and specimens of Gothic architecture. Only for a few minutes did we once look from a little distance upon the famous belfry in the market-place, where Longfellow saw incidents of its historic past with the eyes of his imagination, but, as good luck would have it, in those few minutes we heard the "heart of iron beating in its ancient tower," and listened to

"The melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister when
The nuns sang in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them like the
Chanting of a friar."

But, somehow, our heart went out to the old town and we do not like to think of it as dead. If the bells did not chime in the old Flemish city young Korngold would have been deprived of the one bit of local color with which he enriched his score. He did not strive for verity, but without his bells his music might have been taken from Noman's or Anyman's Land and diluted with the roiled beer of Austria and the spiced wine of Puccini's Italy.

The commercial glory of Bruges is gone and its bankers no longer regulate the rate of exchange in Europe; but industry still thrives and its monuments of mediæval art, and Longfellow has shown us how its traditions may stir tho fancy and emotions of men and women not fettered by the materialistic tendencies of to-day. Any city of Europe not ceaselessly disturbed by the hurry and clash and clangor of steel and iron manufacture might have been as aptly chosen as the place in which a carousing gang of comedians mimicked the ballet from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable"—as aptly and also as ineptly. As ineptly, we say, because the minds of artist-folk ought to have been exercised by very different thoughts, by memories of more beautiful and moving traditions, by visions of Baldwin, who married the daughter of Alfred the Great; of the Duke of Burgundy and the Knights of the Golden Fleece, of proud Maximilian and gentle Mary

"And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheaved between."

We wonder, by the way, how many operagoers have thought of the ancient custom of proxy-marriage referred to in these lines when they have seen the tarn-helmeted Siegfried enter Brunnhilde's cave in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" to make her wife to King Gunther.

The Dancing Nuns in Meyerbeer's Opera

We wonder, too, how many of the present habitués of the Metropolitan Opera House can recall the scene in "Robert le Diable" which is travestied, badly and ineffectively travestied, in "Die Tote Stadt." We can recall no performance of the opera since the first season at the Metropolitan, thirty-eight years ago, when the scene that out-

raged the gentle soul of Mendelssohn put on so antic a disposition that the audience, instead of being shocked by the desecration of sacred things, was moved to laughter. The nuns called back to life by the sorcery of Bertram, amid the ruins of a cloister, looked as if they had been stinted by the undertaker in the matter of shrouds, and the procession of gray-wrapped figures in cutty sarks caused the liveliest kind of merriment until the transformation took place and serious interest was revived by the lovely face, form and movements of Mme. Cavalazzi.

Great Singers of The Past Recalled

Here is a letter from a gentleman who can recall the days on which our memory has been dwelling of late, as well as some earlier ones:

My Dear Mr. Krehbiel:

In your extremely interesting article on Christine Nilsson in last Sunday's Tribune you speak of a performance of "The Huguenots" at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1883 in which she sang the part of Valentine, with Sembrich, Scalchi, Campanini, Kashman and Del Puente in the cast. I well remember that performance, but I can recall what I think a still more remarkable one at the Academy of Music in 1873-1874, with the following cast:

Queen Margaret.....Torlanni
Valentine.....Nilsson
Urban.....Carz
Raoul.....Campanini
San Bris.....Maurel
De Nevers.....Del Puente
Marcella.....Nanetti

The voices of these singers were then in the fullness of their beauty, and although Torianni was not the equal of Sembrich she sang her part remarkably well. The rest of the cast I have never heard equaled, even with the De Reszkes and Lasalle. I wonder if you have any record of that performance? But you boys cannot be expected to go so far back as that.

Sincerely yours,
HORATIO J. BREWER.

New York, Nov. 30, 1921.

"MEFISTOFELE"

Boito's "Mefistofele" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There were some changes in the cast, but none in the general character of the performance. At the first representation the spirit who denies was impersonated by Jose Mardones. Last night the burden of the title role rested upon the experienced shoulders of Adamo Didur. But there seemed to be little difference whether a Spaniard or a Pole acted a German devil in an Italian opera. "In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" he remained an Italian opera fiend. Mr. Didur was always a good *Mefistofele*, and last evening he received abundant applause.

Mme. Florence Easton replaced Mme. Alda as *Marguerite*. The soprano of the evening is one of the most finished artists in the company, and the music of Boito's heroine lies well within the scope of her beautiful voice and her admirable art. She was in excellent vocal condition, and particularly in the famous prison scene rose to a level of dramatic eloquence.

The role of *Helen of Troy* previously allotted to Mme. Easton fell last evening to Miss Frances Peralta, a singer well suited in voice and appearance to reincarnate the devastating spouse of *Menelaus*. Miss Perini as *Pantalis*, Mme. Howard as *Marta*, Mr. Gigli as *Faust* and Mr. Bada as *Wagner* repeated their excellent contributions to the performance of "Mefistofele." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Kathleen Parlow's Recital.

For one who plays so extremely well—so well, indeed, as to be secure of a place near the top—and who has so many admiring friends, Miss Kathleen Parlow plays singularly seldom in New York. Her recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was announced as her "annual recital" and her only one of the season.

It was rather a pity, therefore, that she should spend so much of her time on Vieuxtemps's A minor concerto, which is one of the dullest of all the serried ranks of "composer-violinists'" concerts. They are all more or less beloved of violinists, because they are "grateful" and are written by men who knew what the violin could do in the way of technique. This one presents plenty of difficulties, but it has very little else to recommend it, or nothing at all.

Miss Parlow mastered the difficulty with sufficient brilliancy and accuracy, and inserted a cadenza that presented quite as much difficulty, but had little to do with the case. Her beautiful big tone and her cantabile style were heard to better purpose in Tartini's sonata, "No Devil's Twill," with which she began her program, and which she played with much breadth.

An interesting new composition was a "Symphonic Rhapsody" in F, by a New York composer, A. Walter Kramer, the most ambitious composition from his per strat has been heard here. In it he has used two traditional negro melodies, "Jim Troubled in Mind" and "De Lord Delivered Daniel"; a note on the program reported that these were used in a subsidiary manner, and that the main theme of the work and the material developed from it are the composer's own. The two negro themes have a characteristic beauty and expressiveness and have been used skilfully by the composer. Their mood to some extent runs through the whole composition.

The opening section is conceived in a really impressive and majestic spirit; and nothing could have been finer than Miss Parlow's energetic delivery of it. There is a cadenza in the middle of the composition of which the need and appropriateness are not intent; it seems to be written with more preoccupation in making a cadenza—which is in its nature solely an opportunity for the soloist's display—than in facussing any particularly significant aspect of the thematic material. In so far it seems an excescence on a piece so serious as this, in which there is so little intent of furnishing material for display. Miss Parlow played the Rhapordy with great conviction, bringing out the impressiveness of certain passages with imposing power, and finding sympathetic expression for its moods. This symphonic rhapsody might well be heard with the orchestral accompaniment for which it is doubtless intended.

Miss Parlow closed with arrangements by Aner of pieces by Tscharkowsky and Dant, a piece called "Ritmi," by Castelnuovo-Tedesco (for the first time in America), and a Spanish dance by Fernandez Arbos.

WANAMAKER ORGAN CONCERT.

Charles M. Courboin at Console Gives "Musical Dialogue."

Charles M. Courbin was at the console yesterday afternoon in the sixth public recital inaugurating the new organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium. As these recitals approach their close public interest, always great in them from the start, seems to be constantly on the increase. Many persons are unable to gain admission and yesterday every bit of available seating and standing space was again filled.

Mr. Courboin with commanding force as a performer opened his programme with a "Grand Choeur Dialogue" by Eugene Gigout. The effect produced by this music on the splendid organ was aptly described in the programme notes as a musical dialogue "in which a brilliant martial theme is tossed back and forth, like some mighty echo." In contrast came a "Cantilene" by Mailly, a piece in which the player's fine command of stops was displayed in the most delicate harmonics and pianissimos. William Wolstenholme, the blind English organist, was represented by an allegretto.

The other compositions were Bach's choral prelude on "In Thee Is Joy," Mendelssohn's sixth sonata, the "Forest Murmurs" from Wagner's "Siegfried"

Dec 9, 92'

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Ernani," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Ernani.....Giovanni Martinelli
Don Carlos.....Giuseppe Danise
Don Ruy Gomez de Silva.....Jose Mardones
Elvira.....Rosa Ponselle
Giovanna.....Minnie Egener
Don Riccardo.....Angelo Bada
Jago.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Incidental Dances by Rosina Galli, Premiere Danseuse, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor.....Gennaro Papi

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Verdi's "Ernani" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening after a period of silence enduring since 1903. The opera was produced at the Metropolitan on January 28 of that year and had its final performance on February 21. The singers engaged in the series of representations were Mme. Sembrich as *Elvira*, Mr. de Marchi as *Ernani*, Mr. Scotti as *Don Carlos* and Edouard de Reszke as *Don Ruy Gomez di Silva*. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor.

The opera has, however, been heard in this city since that time, owing to the industry of the tireless Mr. Hammerstein, who produced it at the Manhattan Opera House on December 11, 1907. The singers were Mme. Russ as *Elvira*, Mr. Bassi as *Ernani*, Mr. Ancona as *Don Carlos* and Mr. Arimondi as *Don Ruy*. A second and last performance took place on December 28.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza is a believer in the early Verdi and his belief was greatly strengthened by the popular favor bestowed upon his revival of "La Forza del Destino." Whether a similar measure of approval will be dealt out to "Ernani" remains to be determined by the calculations of Earl Lewis and his aids. By way of explanation it may be said that these are the gentlemen who sit at the receipt of custom in the box office.

Once upon a time "Ernani" was deemed a revolutionary creation. It followed closely "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi" and was produced in Venice in 1844. Its fiery dramatic style, so different from the sugary refinements of Bellini and the vapid brilliancy of the facile Donizetti, gave it immediate success. The advent of an opera which had not only melody, but also passion and character, set Italy by the ears. But more than three-quarters of a century of musical progress have given us a perspective which places "Ernani" near the vanishing point.

Challenged Revolutionary Ideas.

We lack also the historical advantages. Seventy-seven years ago Italy was seething with revolutionary ideas, which were rudely challenged by Verdi's lyric adulation of the sacred person of a king. Every line of the political passages in its text had a direct message for the audiences. To us they mean nothing. Musically Italy had fallen asleep in Donizetti and Bellini. The fierce brutal blasts of this riotous score (as it sounded then), music riotous in its smashing of antiquated conventions and polite mannerisms, roused the Italians to the consciousness of a new personality. If we could saturate our souls entirely in Donizetti and Bellini we too might start to life and vow that one blast on *Ernani's* horn were worth a thousand such men.

But times have changed. To us "Ernani" is a husky voice from the tomb of Charlemagne, a faint echo of the pompous romanticism which Hugo set parading through Europe. It sounds to us like "Il Trovator" and water. We hear little more than the hurly burly of its flares of brass, the bleating of its trumpet solos and the blatant juxtaposition of violent melodramatic outbursts with the hurdy gurdy dance music of the ante-Verdian stock.

One remembers *Ernani's* "O tu che l'alma adora," *Elvira's* "Ernani involami," *Silva's* "Infelice" and the ever admired solo of *Carlos* and ensemble "O sommo Carlo." But Alda" and "Otello" have made us almost as sophisticated as Verdi was when he wrote them, and we decide that it is hard to be a child again, even for one night.

Much has been done at the Metropolitan toward galvanizing the venerable work into new life. It is hazardous to assert in these days that there are almost no singers qualified to deliver such music correctly and hence with its full effect. Operagoers are so accustomed to the lament for "the good old times" that they have no faith in it. So let that pass.

Attractive Stage Pictures.

There was an abundance last evening of the riotous vigor that startled the Italians three-quarters of a century ago. And the scenery was most interesting. Gorgeous castles in Spain were turned inside out for our delight, and we beheld mosaics and stained glass, old armorial bearings and mediæval decorations in all their splendor. The stage pictures were all attractive and picturesque. The ballet was good and afforded one more opportunity to enjoy the beautiful dancing of Miss Rosina Galli.

But, naturally, the character of the musical production should be regarded as more important. Titta Ruffo was to have made his first appearance with the company as *Don Carlos*, otherwise Charles V. of Spain, but he was indisposed, and his place was taken by Giuseppe Danise, who was quite well prepared, as he had sung at the final dress rehearsal on Monday morning, when Mr. Ruffo was unable to appear. Let it be said at once that Mr. Danise was every inch a king and that he sang his music admirably.

A long and learned essay could easily be written on Miss Rosa Ponselli's impersonation of *Elvira*, but it is not essential that there should be one. The quality of her voice always pleases hearers and her spasmodic style of singing, quite opposed to the character of such airs as "Ernani involami," is regarded as highly dramatic. She was heard to the best advantage last evening in the ensembles in which the power of her brilliant tones was very serviceable.

Mr. Martinelli was very vigorous indeed as *Ernani* and won enthusiastic applause from his countrymen behind the orchestra rail. That excellent basso, Mr. Mardones, was admirable as *Don Ruy Gomez* and his "Infelice" was one of the most artistic pieces of singing in the performance. The work of Chorusmaster Giulio Setti and Conductor Gennaro Papi had been very well done indeed and the ensembles were admirably delivered.

How the operagoing public will view the revival is, of course, a matter of conjecture. But since taste has of late been reactionary and since the score of "Ernani" contains much music of the old fashioned Italian melodic and rhythmic type, there need be no surprise if the middle aged opera renews its youth.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Forty thirty-five years after the Havana Opera Company with adiali, whom we do not remember, as director, and Ardoti, whom we do remember very well indeed, came to the old Park Theater in the spring of 1947 and produced the opera down to 1883, when Patti sang Elvira in the Academy of Music, "Ermani" held a place in the hearts of New Yor's opera lovers. Then it closed its eyes in sleep and stayed in slumber for as long a time as Ip van Winle remained dead to the world in the Catskill's. An entire generation had been brought up as "Ermani, involami," "Infelice" and "Oh, ommo Carlo," but a new one had to wait twenty years before hearing those airs in their proper surroundings. So far as the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House were concerned the opera remained a book which might as well have been sealed by seventy seals as well as seven until they were broken by Maurice Grau on January 28, 1903. There was a possibility that sentiment inspired by the death of the composer, which had occurred only two years before, had prompted the breaking, but that would not serve in as much as the event had been permitted to pass at the time without recognition in the repertory—most directly the revival was due to the presence in Mr. Grau's company of Mme. Semrich, who was the arch-preservr of the Italian traditions of pre-Wagnerian days in New York.

During all her later years at the Metropolitan Mme. Sembrich was a most persuasive teacher of operatic history, and there was no lovelier tribute to her voice and art than the obedience with which a latter-day public followed her from the heights of the modern dramatic manner to which it had been born down to the sunny meads to which her style was native.

Revival Here in 1907

Verdi's opera was performed three times before the end of the season 1902-03. Mr. Hammerstein attempted its revival in the early days of the Manhattan Opera House and gave a performance of it on December 11, 1907, with Mme. Russ as Elvira, Bassi as Ernani, Ancona as Don Carlos and Arimondi as Don Sila. It was a rude performance, and a second representation, announced for a fortnight later, was called off. Since then it has slept, so far as our memory serves us, though there can be no certainty in the records of opera in New York so long as it has been possible for any one who wished to summon an Italian company, composed of the flotsam and jutsam of shipwrecked organizations at a day's notice on the East Side. When "La Forza del Destino" was hailed as a novelty at the Metropolitan two or three years ago it had figured over and over again in the repertories of ephemeral companies which had lived their little day in the Bowery or, perhaps, in the Academy of Music after it had lost its prestige as a fashionable lyric playhouse.

Last night's revival was probably one less to the presence of a successor to Madame Sembrich's Elvira, for there is none but to the acquisition by Mr. Gatti of a sort of prima donna barytone—Signor Titta Ruffo. He is not a stranger to the house except in the hole of Don Carlos, and as a member of Mr. Gatti's company. So our story would largely be concerned with him if he had sung. But he did not. Instead, Mr. Danise was the Don Carlos of the occasion, and a very good one, indeed, though he addressed all his speeches to the audience and seldom had even eyes for the people of the story in which he was supposed to be implicated.

Absence of Mr. Ruffo

The absence of Mr. Ruffo was explained on the ground of a sudden indisposition. If the audience felt a large disappointment it failed to show the fact. On the contrary, Mr. Danise's fine vocalization was greatly enjoyed and heartily acclaimed, as was the singing of the music of Ernani, Miss Ponselle's of Elvina and Mr. Mardones's of De Silva. There seemed to be no unfamiliarity with the opera so far as the people in the higher reaches of the house and behind the brass rails were concerned—an evidence of the predominant nationality in those regions. Miss Ponselle's characteristics of voice and style are not those with which we have been accustomed to associate the music of Elvira, and her airs were shorn of some of their old-time glitter, as well as their essential charm of sustained, well-phrased song. Convenience was also consulted, we fancy, by some transpositions to a lower key. But why should any one lay stress on such a circumstance? The opera was lavishly dressed; it was imposing to the eye and the audience unquestionably received it with great favor. Mr. Papi conducted.

30,000,000 LIRE ESTATE OF CARUSO IN FLORENCE

ROME, Dec. 8.—The estate of Enrico Caruso in Florence has been officially estimated at 30,000,000 lire, it was announced today.

Fifteen million lire have been deposited in a bank under an agreement between the widow and the other heirs whereby

r daughter Gloria inherits half of the tate and the remainedr is divided long the other heirs.

Mrs. Caruso, the former Dorothy Park Benjamin, said at her home here last ght that she had been expecting word the estimate of the value of the estate Florence, but had not yet received. She said it was correct that there as an agreement whereby Gloria was receive half the estate, whatever it ight be. At yesterday's rate of exhange—4.42½ cents per lira—30,000,000 re equals $1,327,500. With the lira at ar, it would be $5,790,000.

MISS CAST'S RECITAL.

Soprano Sings Old Classics and Modern Operatic Airs.

Miss Beatrice Cast, soprano, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme had old classic and modern operatic airs, German and French lyrics, and among other songs several in English. She disclosed a voice of very light timbre and of better power in the upper registers. She showed much good schooling in its use. Her lower register lacked quality, but otherwise her emission of tone was smooth. Her high tones—usually a singer's greatest obstacle—were excellent.

In style and interpretation she used intelligence and taste, although Brahms's "Nightingale" and airs from "Mephistofele" and "Louise" were somewhat beyond her power. Her ennunciation in several languages could have been clearer. Haydn's "She Never Told Her Love," she sang first and charmingly, in spite of great nervousness. There was also much to commend and enjoy in her delivery of other numbers, such as Schumann's "Snowballs" and Delcroye's "L'Oisseau Bleu." She gave Frank La Forge's song, "Expectancy," exquisitely, andthen repeated it. Miss Cast is a talented young singer whom further study and experience will help. She had beautiful piano accompaniments from Mr. Le Forge.

SYMPHONY SOCIETY CONCERT.

Mr. Damrosch Receives Boquet From School Children.

The concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was in effect a sequel to the series of Wagner lectures recently delivered by the conductor, Walter Damrosch. It began with the theft of the gold from "Das Rheingold," with Misses Adele Parkhurst, Rachel Morton Harris and Frieda Klink as the Rhine daughters and Frederick Patton as *Alberich*. The final scene of "Das Rheingold" was next, with Mr. Patton singing the music of the principal male characters, except *Froh*, whose representative was Ernest Davis.

"Wotan's Farewell," from "Die Walkuere," was given with Mr. Patton as the soloist, and then *Siegfried's* Rhine journey and his scene with the Rhine daughters from "Goetterdaemmerung." Mr. Davis was the *Siegfried*. The hall was packed and there was plenty of real applause. After the Wotan scene Mr. Damrosch was presented with a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums from the children of Public School No. 15, a large delegation of whom attended the concert.

PHILHARMONIC'S PROGRAMME.

The Philharmonic Society's programme last evening at Carnegie Hall contained four compositions sharply contrasted to each other in form and style, but—as a whole—of interest. The only approach to novelty was the third number, one by no means new here but heard last night for the first time at these concerts, namely, the "Death of Tintagiles," a poem by Charles Martin Loeffler, after Maeterlinck's drama, in which the part of the viola d'amore was played by Joseph Kovarik. This fine dramatic score was preceded by Brahms's violin concerto, performed by the distinguished soloist of the evening, Paul Kochanski, a work in which he made his debut here last season, and followed by Tchaikovsky's brilliant "Marche Slave." The concert opened with Haydn's "Military" symphony.

People's Chorus in Benefit Concert.

The People's Chorus, which made a wartime record under Lorenzo Camilleri in the Liberty loan drives, give a first concert for its own benefit last night at the Town Hall. Mr. Camilleri led a group of singers proportioned to the small hall in Christmas airs by Bach, a carol of Russian children, Bortnyansky's "Cherubim Song," and others of Offenbach and Nevin.

May Peterson of the Metropolitan gave Debussys 'Night of Stars," Reger's' "Cradle Song of Mary,' and airs by Levade and Hageman, as well as a solo with the chorus in "Carry Me Back to Ol Virvinny." Stuart Ross assisted at the piano and Anna Welch both in harp solos and in the choral barcarole from "Tales of Hoffmann."

Beatrice Cast Sings in Voice That Has Ingenious Charm

Beatrice Cast at her recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall displayed a small, high voice, certain in pitch and pleasant in quality. She sang carefully, as one remembering admonition, and with an ingenious charm appropriate to many of her songs, but less effective in arias from the operas "Mefistofele" and "Louise" which she attempted.

His usual unfailing support at the piano was given by Frank La Forge, several of whose songs appeared on the program. There also were "She Never Told Her Love," by Haydn; "Bel piacere," by Handel; "Fingo per mio diletto," and songs by Schumann and Brahms.

Rosing Sings at Aeolian.

Russian Tenor Gives Vivid Interpretation to Program

Vladimir Rosing, the Russian tenor who first appeard here a short time ago, gave a second recital last night in Aeolian Hall. His program consisted of songs on the theme of love, and disclosed his familiarity with other languages than his own, including English, in which his diction was commendably clear.

Mr. Rosing is chiefly preoccupied with matters of interpretation, with making every song a dramatic episode, and wringing from it the last drop of emotional significance. Pursuing this end he uses falsetto, sings at times with excessive force, and in ther ways sacrifices something of the natural beauty of his voice. His interpretations are, however, at times vivid and arresting. "Invocation to Love," by Cyril Scott; "Song of Levko," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; Moussorgsky's "The Goat"; the Somerset folksong, "Lord Rendal"; "Love Went a Riding," by Frank Bridge, and Duparc's "Phidyle" were effective numbers on his program last night, and Moussorgsky's "Love Song of a Village Odiot" was an inimitably droll grotesquerie. Carl Deis played excellent accompaniments.

Beatrice Cast Sings Opera Airs.

Beatrice Cast, soprano, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, singing opera airs from "Louise" and "Mefistofele," as well as an unfamiliar "Blue Bird" by Dalcroze, a "Mexican Love Song" by Ponce, and several by Frank LeForge, who was at the piano. Miss Cast is a pocket-size prima donna, intelligent and animated by high purpose, which her voice did not at all times support in more exacting classics yesterday.

Dec 10 1921

CHALIAPIN IS A[illegible] BORIS AT THE[illegible]

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Boris Godunov" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season, with Feodor Chaliapin, the distinguished Russian bass, as the wicked Czar. He was greeted by a splendid assembly, containing a large contingent of his countrymen, who vociferously acclaimed everything he did. Mr. Chaliapin had been battling with laryngitis ever since he arrived here, and he had not fully recovered last evening. Doubtless he would have preferred to postpone his debut, but in spite of adverse vocal conditions he presented a powerful, symmetrical and convincing tragic impersonation.

Mr. Chaliapin is built for the part. He is a man of great size and of immense breadth of manner in pose and gesture, but most of his histrionic effects last evening were brought about with continence of method, until the final outburst of hysterical emotion. This, of course, was most clearly demonstrated in the great scene in which *Boris* sees the ghost of the murdered *Dmitry*. In this scene all of Mr. Chaliapin's method was fully exposed. He sang admirably in the cantilene, in spite of his hoarseness. There was a fine finish of accent and expression in it.

But inevitably much of the dialogue and also the monologue was done in parlando, indeed in plain speech. But it was done with passion and power. There was no phase of the anguish of the remorse tortured soul that escaped the searchlight of this brutal art. For it was brutal in its savagery, its bitterness, its futile rage and devouring grief. The scene always recalls *Macbeth's* vision of the dead *Banquo*. One almost expects to hear the words: "Approach me like the rugged Russian bear, the armed Hyrcan tiger; take any shape but that, and these firm nerves shall never tremble."

Revitalized the Opera.

It is enough to say at this time that Mr. Chaliapin fully sustained his European reputation in this scene and again in the final scene of the Czar's death. He revitalized the opera and brought back into the jaded repertory the new note that was sounded when the work was produced at the Metropolitan on March 19, 1912.

At that time the present reviewer said that "there need be no hesitation in pronouncing 'Boris Godunov' the product of a genial mind, freely creating for a people out of their own materials a lyric drama of grand proportions." It was also asserted that "there need be no uncertainty in making predictions as to the future place of the work in public estimation."

Such lapse from its first high estate as this lyric drama has made is distinctly traceable to the removal of the inspiration of Arturo Toscanini [illegible] ducting. No one else has been able to make the music sound as he did, though the opera has been well acted and the public is not likely to forget the intensely tragic impersonation of *Boris* by Adamo Didur.

New Life in Old Opera.

But it becomes necessary to infuse new life into old operatic veins from time to time, and since Mr. Chaliapin's fame has been intimately associated with this work it was fortunato that he was available for the present season. A vast and seething excitement had been developed, as it was in the case of Mme. Galli-Curci several years ago, by repeated annonncements of his concert appearances and subsequent postponements. That something was needed to create such excitement may be argued from the historical fact that when he was a member of the company in the season of 1907-1908 he was accepted by the public with temperate satisfaction and dismissed with apparent apathy.

In that season he made his debut as *Mefistofele* in Boito's opera on November 20 and sang the part six times, making his farewell appearance in it on February 17. He sang *Don Basilio* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" three times, *Loporello* in "Don Giovanni" twice and *Mefistofeles* in "Faust" once. His version of Gounod's fiend aroused both astonishment and regret, while his *Don Basilio* caused even harsher feelings.

Mr. Chaliapin's principal associates last evening were Miss Gordon as *Marina*, Mme. Delaunois as *Teodoro*, Miss Dalossy as *Xenia*, Mme. Howard as the *Nurse*, Orville Harrold as *Dmitry*, Leon Rothier as *Pimenn*, Angelo Bada as *Schowisky* and Paolo Ananian as *Varlaam*. Mr. Papi conducted. All the above mentioned singers sang in Italian, while their Czar used Russian.

By Richard Aldrich

Chaliapin in "Boris Godunoff."

BORIS GODUNOFF, opera in three acts and eight scenes, based on a historical drama by Poushkin. Book in Russian and music by Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky. Sung in Italian translation. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Boris	Feodor Chaliapin
Tsodoro	Raymonde Delaunois
Xenia	Ellen Dalossy
The Nurse	Kathleen Howard
Schouisky	Angelo Bada
Tchelkaloff	Carl Schlegel
Brother Pimenn	Leon Rothier
Dimitri	Orville Harrold
Marina	Jeanne Gordon
Varlaam	Paolo Ananian
Missail	Pietro Audisio
The Innkeeper	Marie Mattfeld
A Police Official	Louis D'Angelo
Lovitzky, Tcerniakowsky	Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Court Official, The Simpleton	Giordano Paltrinieri

Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

For nine years Moussorgsky's opera of "Boris Godunoff" has been in the repertor yof the Metropolitan Opera House and has exhibited more vitality than most of the newer additions to the operatic list. It has perhaps lost some of it in the performances that have been given in recent years since it passed from Mr. Toscanini's hands, finally, into Mr. Papi's. But interest in the opera received a sudden and powerful access last evening, at its first performance this season, from the appearance in it of Mr. Feodor Chaliapine, the Russian baritone, the first of the two that he is to make at the Metropolitan Opera House, both in "Boris Godunoff."

It has been one of his most famous impersonations in recent years in European operatic centres; and there was a great outpouring of his fellow-countrymen in last evening's audience eager to welcome him and to give him a triumph. He was acclaimed from his first entrance to the end with great enthusiasm.

There was no such outpouring fourteen years ago when he appeared at the Metropolitan in "Mefistofele," in "The Barber of Seville," in "Don Giovanni," in "Faust." Russian opera was then unknown in New York, and while there were many striking features in his impersonations then, there were also some very emphatic objections raised to others, notably in his Don Basilio in "The Barber of Seville" and his Mephistopheles in Gormond's "Faust."

Mr. Chaliapin was then by no means accepted as a great artist without cavil. But Russian opera has conquered a great place for itself since then in Occidental oper houses. It is understood, appreciated, admired, and in the operas of the school of his native land, Mr. Chaliapin has made his greatest name.

He made a profound impression last evening by his impersonation of the usurping, ghost-haunted, remorseful Czar; and not only upon his admiring compatriots. His great figure dominated the stage while he was on it; he presented an aspect that seemed to impose itself as typical of the mediaeval Russian, even upon those who might otherwise have been uncertain as to the aspect of mediaeval Russians. His resources as an actor are varied and prodigally employed.

By Deems Taylor

"PARSIFAL."

Having given a perfectly staged performance of Verdi's "Ernani" the night before, the Metropolitan Opera Company relaxed a bit yesterday afternoon and put on a sloppy and badly run performance of Wagner's "Parsifal." The purely orchestral part of the afternoon was the best. Mr. Bodanzky did all with his orchestra that a first class conductor could do if—one hazards the guess—there had been no chance to rehearse singers and orchestra together. In other words, the orchestra's tone and balance within itself were excellent and the interpretation was one of poignant beauty; only, it was just one rehearsal too loud for the voices.

Outside of the orchestra, the bright star of the day was Clarence Whitehill. He was not in his best voice, but one soon forgot that. His interpretation of the role of the tormented Amfortas was a moving picture of noble and pathetic dignity and stifled anguish. Mme. Matzenauer's Kundry was generally well conceived (though it is difficult to understand why Kundry's hair should be marcelled in the last act) but not as good vocally as it was last year. The role sounds too high for her. Mr. Sembach's Parsifal was good to look at, but fussily overacted.

His voice was in poor condition. Where was Orville Harrold? Mr. Gustafson's only qualification for Gurnemanz was a fine voice. Mr. Didur's interpretation of Klingsor was a familiar one and good. The Flower Maidens sang nicely, and the chorus work, both on and off stage, was superlative. Mr. Setti, the chorus master, evidently takes his work seriously. All the minor characters and Mr. Gustafson kept their eyes glued to the conductor, thus keeping the time and throwing away the illusion.

The handling of the scenery and lights was inexcusable. Bad lighting reduced Mr. Urban's rather fine opening scene to a mass of painted and wrinkled canvas. The Temple of the Grail was handled better than most, although at its first act showing there was no light in the doorway at the back. In the garden scene, last year's Temple of Love, which looked so much like a cigar stand, had been removed—which was good. But some inspiration had also prompted the elimination of Urban's original back drop, with its distant view of snow-capped mountains, and the substitution of a crudely painted cyclorama sky drop that bagged at the knees; so that the whole scene gave the impression of being played under a shopworn circus tent.

The famous spear-throwing episode was merely comic. The spear slid placidly along a slack and all-too visible wire, like a department store cash carrier, and obligingly stopped while Parsifal unhooked it. The curtain went up on a last act landscape scene whose sky was plunged in semi-darkness. About halfway through the scene some one thought to turn on the rest of the lights. That dawn certainly came up like thunder.

If these were the inevitable slips of a first-night production of a new work, detailed criticism would be unjust and impertinent. But this is the same production of 'Parsifal" that went so smoothly and impressively last year, when everybody was interested and Mr. Urban was probably there to look after his own lights. "Parsifal" is a great art work, extremely difficult to stage well. If the chorus must be between not doing it at all and doing it indifferently, by all means let us not have it at all.

formances. It would be pleasant to add that a special spirit is imparted to the representations, but the truth is that "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan has fallen into a strange state of semi-somnolence which bids fair to lead to sleep more profound than *Kundry's*.

Yesterday's representation moved with smoothness and with lugubrious gravity. The key was set by Mr. Gustafson's deleful rehearsal of the voluminous recollections of *Gurnemanz*, the old man of the Monsalvat tribe. It seemed as if even the advent of the half demented *Kundry* of Mme. Matzenauer could not incite the various actors to emotion. Her failure to seduce the guileless *Parsifal* (Mr. Sembach) in the second act was inevitable.

The most vital figure in the performance was Mr. Whitehill's *Amfortas*. Mr. Didur was a wicked *Klingsor*. The flower maidens looked pretty and sang much better than they usually do. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and the orchestra played well, and the first act choruses went commendably.

DUPRE AT WANAMAKER'S.

Bach on Programme Inaugurating Great New Organ.

Eight thousand persons heard Marcel Dupre, organist, of Notre Dame, Paris, when he played last Thursday night on the grand court organ in John Wanamaker's Philadelphia auditorium, and then with the "Adeste Fidelis" submitted to him on the spot as a leading theme, closed his recital by improvising a beautiful "Christmas" symphony.

Yesterday afternoon in the Wanamaker auditorium in this city Mr. Dupre played to another great audience. He

opened his recital—the seventh in the series inaugurating the new organ in the Wanamaker auditorium—with a performance, superb for interpretation and brilliant technic, of Bach's toccata in F major and choral prelude on "Jesus Christ, Our Saviour."

His other numbers were a "Pastorale" by Cesar Franck, his own three antiphons on the "Magnificat," Widor's fifth symphony in F minor and, in closing, an improvisation on a theme submitted by Artur Bodansky, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera.

Elshuco Trio Plays Again.

The Elshuco Trio, which unites the new activity of Pittsfield festivals with a local and personal tradition of the Kneisels, gave its second chamber music concert at the Town Hall last evening before an audience that filled most of the hall's 1,600 capacity. Mr. Willeke and his companions, Messrs. Breeskin and Giorni, were cordially received by the musical assembly in their playing of Beethoven's trio in B flat, Opus 97, and Mozart's in C major. Between the two classics they gave the modern and contrasting "Trio Caprice," Opus 39, by Jaul Juon.

Maud Morgan Gives Concert.

Maud Morgan, the harpist, gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last night, assisted by fifteen other players of that instrument, as well as by Hortense d'Arbiay, soprano; William C. Carl, organ, and Justin Williams, piano. Miss Morgan presented the ensemble of many harps in Handel's "Largo," an adagio from a Beethoven pianoforte sonata as a harp solo, and a duet, Dubois's "Fantaisie," for harp and organ.

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

Centenarians with memories stored with recollections of Kean) Macready and Forrest, as well as Salvini (if there are any such alive), might have attended the performance of "Boris Godounoff" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and felt such swellings of the heart as they experienced when tragedy was in its prime in New York. Echoes of only the American and Italian worthies live in our comparatively youthful mind, but they were powerfully stirred when Mr. Chaliapin addressed the grisly horrors which his crime-haunted brain conjured up in the second act of Moussorgsky's lyric tragedy. We heard again the roar of Forrest's marvelous voice, though attuned to more measured music; felt a thrill like that inspired by his postures, facial expression and gestures as Macbeth, and for the first time realized the greatness of the Russian as a dramatic singer or a singing actor.

There was nothing to indicate the possession of such artistic puissance in the man when he was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company in the season of 1907-'08. Then he was imposing of stature and picturesque in pose as Mefisto in Boito's opera, but there was a vulgarity in his Don Basilio (in Rossini's "Barber") which was repelling if not repulsive, and much also in his acting which prevented him from being a dominant figure in any of the four operas in which he appeared. Last night nobility of action was paired with a beautiful nobility of voice and vocal style, and his Boris stood out of the dramatic picture like one of the oldtime heroes of tragedy. He tugged at the heart-strings of the audience till it seemed as if he would tear them in pieces. There were storms of excited applause after the second act and again at the close. He sang in Russian; and though it was possible even for those unfamiliar with the language to feel some of that intimacy which must exist between the original text and the music, the effect upon the Russians in the audience was akin to a frenzy. All that we have heard of the supreme greatness of his impersonation of the character of Boris was made plain. It was heartbreaking in its pathos, terrible in its vehemence and agony.

Such things are so new and strange in opera that comparisons and precedents fail us. Only one picture looms up in our memory as comparable in moving power with the vision-haunted and dying Czar; it is that of Niemann's delirious Tristan at the first representation of Wagner's drama in New York. Then we saw an admired actress with blanched face and limbs relaxed, her eyes staring with horror, lean against her escort for support. Niemann was warned and never after tore the bandages from his wounded side as he did that night.

Dec 1, 1921

By Richard Aldrich

Wilhelm Bachaus's Second Recital.

Wilhelm Bachaus, the German pianist, was in an emphatic mood at his second recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall and put emphasis into his playing of Brahms's G minor Rhapsody, Beethoven's Sonata Op. 111, and Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasie. He made them all interesting and appealing by his vigorous and masculine treatment rather than by poetic feeling or insight. The rhapsody by Brahms is a turbulent and fiery piece and responds to this treatment. So is and does the first movement of Beethoven's sonata, heaven-storming music; but not so the arietta, music which wings its way and soars to heaven without storming, and in which a much less matter-of-fact treatment than Mr. Bachaus gave it is indispensable to disclose its spirit.

There is a tremendous energy, too, in the opening of Schubert's great fantasy, in one movement of which he makes use of the melody of his song, "The Wanderer." It was all heard in Mr. Bachaus's playing. Perhaps his performance of it was, on the whole, the finest of his achievements, in that it reached nearer to the composer's purposes.

Mr. Bachaus's amazing strength of arm and finger, his bewildering technical facility and accuracy, his sweeping brilliancy unite to make such of his performances as can give full play to these qualities something very individual. Unfortunately, Mr. Bachaus is unable to produce a fortissimo tone of any depth or quality, or a tone of any kind of beauty and color, or to produce differences and varieties of tint. It is much to be regretted.

He closed his program with a series of Chopin pieces; among which was a new undertaking—the romance from the E minor concerto. Chopin's orchestration has often been held up to disapprobation, but not often to quite the extent of disregarding it altogether. There was an abundance of reason in those compositions to moderate and mollify the vigor and resolution that Mr. Bachaus had shown in his earlier numbers.

Wolf's Songs in English Feature Clemens Recital

A well-chosen and representative program of Hugo Wolf's songs were sung in English by Clara Clemens yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. A sequence of twenty songs by one composer risks monotony, but yesterday's program ran no such danger, owing to the varying moods of the sangs and an arrangement designed to bring out the contrast of grave and serious numbers with light and gay ones; a playful song, such as "The Mouse Trap," was followed by the melancholy "Farewell."

Miss Clemens's performance was expressive. Tending to mannerism she brought out the different moods of the songs, but her voice had a metallic timbre, and its louder and higher notes, although powerful, were often harsh. It was better in low and quiet passages, as in "Lord, What Flows Here on Earth?" and in the light "I Have a Lover," which was encored by a moderate but appreciative audience. Walter Golde was the accompanist.

Dec 12 1921

By H. E. Krehbiel

The orchestral concerts given yesterday afternoon provided an occasion for a study in contrasts, so far as programs were concerned. To carry the study into a comparison of performances is impossible, since Nature has fixed the fiat that no material thing (a newspaper commentator, for instance) shall occupy two places in space at the same time. The concerts were given simultaneously, one in Carnegie Hall and one in Aeolian. At the former the band was that of the Philharmonic Society, and the list of pieces conducted by Mr. Stransky consisted of Handel's Concerto Grosso in C, Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" and Tschaikoffsky's "Slavic March." At Aeolian Hall Mr. Walter Damrosch and his men of the Symphony Orchestra played Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony." We have it from the testimony of competent judges that they played it excellently well. But it would seem that the music put Mr. Damrosch into a mood of something like that of Mephistophles, who, after he had discoursed on philosophy and logic with Faust's scholar, grew weary of dry doctrine and for refreshment turned to his popular rôle of the devil.

We do not believe that Mr. Damrosch really thought that there was any perilous stuff in the symphony of which the ears of his audience needed purging, but he proceeded at once to an act of purgation by playing Granville Bantock's bit of ingenious fancy, "The Pierrot of the Minute," followed this with a piece for flute and orchestra, and ended the entertainment with the most comprehensive of the many arrangements of Percy Grainger's "foursome" entitled "Molly on the Shore," and "room-music twelvesome" entitled "Shepherd's Hey," in which last piece the joyously clattering xylophone most effectively and expeditiously dispersed the mourners, if any remained so long about the grave of Beethoven's hero.

time is come for a reversion to type of popular taste.

The flute music owes its existence to the circumstance that Mr. Georges Barrère is one of Mr. Damrosch's gentlemen musicians. No other flautist, we are sure, could have turned the thoughts of the dean of the Music School of Yale University, Mr. David Stanley Smith, who is its composer, into paths so foreign to the ordinary taste of to-day. We should not be at all surprised to learn that the work is a very recent one. It might, indeed, have been prompted by Mr. Barrère's performances of a sonata by Bach, which, despite its archaism, was one of the high lights of the Chamber Music Festival at Pittsfield two months ago. Professor Smith, to justify the title and the solo instrument, calls the piece "Fête Galant," thus calling back a type of music and a period which invokes fancies of the ballrooms in which royalty and nobility were wont to display a studied grace of posture and conduct and movement—a period in which it was not forgotten that even the Grand Monarch found time to put aside affairs of state to take a dancing lesson once a day.

The melodic style of the old dances is quite beyond the reach of the composers of to-day and their instrumental idiom also. Professor Smith did not attempt to imitate them, but his composition is refined as well as original in thought and manner and he did well in not attempting to put an imitation of old wine into new bottles.

Handel's concerto at the Philharmonic Society's concert, which was splendidly played, touched a chord which seemed quite appropriate to the spirit of the approaching Christmastide, a chord which, in spite of all the new things which we are hearing, will sound full and vibrant when in a few days we shall listen again to "The Messiah." After all, on the wings of the old masters' music comes strength and refreshment to the jaded faculties of to-day.

Mr. Stransky had obviously made an act of affectionate devotion out of the preparation of the Mozart symphony, and the performance was full of charm. A particularly stimulating and uplifting breeze blew through the minuet and there was a tender grace in both of the preceding movements.

The program contained, further, Granville Bantock's overture, "Pierrot of the Minute," which has been played by Mr. Damrosch before; a new symphonic piece by Professor David Stanley Smith of Yale, "Fête Galante," for solo flute and orchestra, and Percy Grainger's settings of "Molly on the Shore" and "Shepherd's Hey."

Bantock's overture does not improve on further acquaintance. It is very light-waisted music indeed, full of effects and piquancies that are no longer novel and, to tell the truth, that no longer seem worth while; and it needs more finish and finesse than were brought to the performance of it yesterday. Professor Smith's "Fête Galante" is his latest composition, and seeks, the program notes declared, to reproduce "the atmosphere of grace and elegance of aristocratic France of the eighteenth century." The part for flute is an elaborate solo, full of runs and quaint melodic turns, against a background of a small orchestra composed of strings, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns. The composer has not attempted to appropriate the musical idiom of the eighteenth century, or to do more than hint at it occasionally. He does not get far away from the idiom of the twentieth. What he seeks is atmosphere and suggestiveness, rather than a literal statement. He has devised his flute part with much fantasy and inventiveness; and it was played by Mr. Barrère with superlative skill, quite in the spirit in which it was written. Professor Smith was in the audience to hear his piece, and was called on to bow his acknowledgment of the applause which followed the performance, and to share it with Mr. Barrère.

Mr. Grainger's pieces are familiar. Both are based on admirable and captivating tunes. Mr. Grainger is a good judge of a good tune. We are sorry, however, that he rearranged the "Shepherd's Hey" from a setting for a "room-music twelvesome" to one for full orchestra, with a great deal of drum, xylophone and other noise-making instruments. We prefer it for the room-music twelvesome, and fear that in the newer form it is not only more resonant, but a little vulgar; and there is no reason why a "Shepherd's Hey" should be vulgar.

Emilio Gogorza Song Recital

Mr. Emilio Gogorza had a large audience yesterday afternoon for his second song recital in the Town Hall. His voice did not seem to be in quite such good condition as it was at his previous recital, and was lacking in some of the resonance and color it had then. Nor was Mr. Gogorza's program one of the most interesting.

He began with Agamemnon's recitative and air from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," which he sang with great splendor and beauty of diction and declamation with a fine legato and with poignant and significant expression—a performance authentically in the grand style. There was a similar identification with the style—very different in all respects—of the arlette from Grétry's "Anacréon chez Polycrate" and the "Chanson Bacchique" from the same opera, and the not unfamiliar air "Adieu, chère Louise," from Monsigny's "Le Déserteur," an opera once familiar and well known in this country. In this last he put entrancing charm.

He followed it with César Franck's two beautiful songs, "La Procession" and "Le Mariage des Roses." A couple of songs by Hamilton Harty, an Irishman domiciled in England, both intended to suggest the Irish musical character, seemed not wholly successful. There was charm in the three songs by M. Enrico Bossi, a representative of the conservative Italians of today, and there was a group of Spanish songs, which Mr. Gogorza interprets with such inimitable skill, and another by Geoffrey O'Hara, Cyril Scott and Tom Dobson.

Ernest Schelling's Second Recital.

Ernest Schelling, at his second recital given in the Town Hall last evening, played Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111, with great power and breadth and with vistas of the soaring poetical beauty of the "Arietta." He did nothing finer than his interpretation of Schumann's Fantasy, Op. 17, in which there were a commanding nobility of style and romantic warmth and fervor. It was something more than an act of piety toward his master for Mr. Schelling to play Paderewski's Variations and Fugue, Op. 11, practically unknown in the programs of present-day piano recitals. It is an interesting, in many ways fascinating composition, full of brilliant pianistic effects, applied with a luxuriant fancy to the development of pregnant musical ideas.

Mr. Schelling also brought forward four pieces by the Swiss composer Emile Blanchet whose name is little known here; one called "Tocsin," a study in bell-sonorities conveyed through the piano, which he had played here before some years ago; two extracts from the "Dix Etudes Nouvelles" of brilliant originality and charm in their harmonic effects, and a diver representation of Oriental rhapsody entitled "An Jardin du Vieux Sérail (Adrianople)." The two studies, pieces of uncommon and harassing difficulty, Mr. Schelling played with delicate beauty of tone and impeccable certainty.

His program was completed with three Chopin numbers—two études from Op. 25, and the Nocturne in B—and Liszt's trasscription of the "Liebestod," the finale scene from "Tristan und Isolde." The audience was considerable in numbers and found ample occasion for enthusiastic applause.

Galli-Curci Sings "Au Revoir."

Mme. Galli-Curci, who will return to the Metropolitan before February, sang an "au revoir" concert last evening, at the Hippodrome, prior to leaving for Pittsburgh and Chicago. An audience, including hundreds on the stage, greeted the prima donna, whose generous program ranged from the "Addio dei Passato" from "Traviata," heard at her recent Metropolitan début, to the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," recalling her first appearances in this city with the Chicago company four seasons ago. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flute, and Homer Samuels, who accompanied a dozen songs and airs, among them his own "Pierrot."

Huberman Heard at the Opera.

Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, was heartily welcomed as guest at the Metropolitan concert last evening, when he was heard in Mendelssohn's concerto, with the opera orchestra under Mr. Eisler, and in violin pieces by Chopin, Elgar and Paganini. Rose Ponselle sang an air from "Trovatore" and songs by Paladilhe and La Forge. Mr. Sembach gave the prize song from "Meistersinger," Mr. Kingston the tenor air from "Pagliacci," and Mr. Danise the "Vision Fugutive" from "Herodiade."

David Stanley Smith's "Fete Galante," so the programme declared, "seeks to reproduce the atmosphere of grace and elegance of aristocratic France of the eighteenth century." It does not. But it does something just as good, because it is good music irrospective of its intentions. It is a tender, plaintive, delicate work which makes admirable use of the tone color of the flute played by George Barrere against the well arranged background of a small orchestra of strings, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns. It is more expressive of a tender serenade solacing the feelings of the oppressed bourgeoisie of the period, than expressive of the sophisticated aristocratic Paris under Louis XV. of the many mistresses—unless, perhaps, it expresses the aristocracy in the provinces.

Bantock's "Pierrot of the Minute" is descriptive programme music of the most programmatic sort, which succeeds completely only at the second hearing, when a listener can identify the musical divisions with the corresponding sections of the programme without hesitation and tentative watchfulness. Then he finds delight in the Moon Maiden who "descends the steps of the Temple of Love," walking apparently, to the silvery, shimmering sound of moonbeams in place of rustling draperies, and in other characters.

The Grainger music was announced as an attempt to retain the peasant fiddler atmosphere through an orchestral setting of an Irish reel based on two Cork tunes. It was a buoyant affair, and the audience reacted interestingly. Some naively swayed in their seats, suffered with the dancing rhythms. Others incipiently tapped with a finger or waved a foot, and then checked the movement in

confusion as soon as they became conscious of it. One, a very distinguished looking woman, beat time with her forearm openly and unashamed. And above in a loge a child began to caper.

See page 142 3rd col.

The whirligig of time, we have been told on good authority, "brings in his revenges." It may also be that it also restores old predictions to their rights. Something over fourscore years ago a critic remarked that Sigismund Thalberg seemed likely to join the constellation of stars which then shone brightest in the musical heavens—Paganini, Malibran and Gusikow. Who was Gusikow? A Polish Jew who played with amazing brilliancy on what the Germans prosaically called "the wood and straw instrument," otherwise the xylophone. We fancy that were he to return to life he might find a glad welcome in the Aolian Hall concerts. How he would rejoice the heart of Mr. Grainger! The "Eroica" was only thirty years old when audiences went wild over the xylophone virtuoso. It is 117 years old now, and perhaps the

Prof. Smith's Sour Notes

Wasn't it Francis Wilson who first spoke of sour notes? Music written to-day is usually like unsweetened lemonade. Even Prof. David Stanley Smith of Yale has now gone into the lemon squash business, as revealed by his latest, called "Fête Galante," which Walter Damrosch produced as a novelty at yesterday afternoon's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra. The Yale professor somehow got his dates mixed. His piece would be all right—the acidosis is not incurable and there is sugar in his lemonade—were it not that, as a programme note reveals, he sought in it to "reproduce the atmosphere of grace and elegance of aristocratic France of the eighteenth century." But what, dear Professor, have these Ravellian sour notes to do with the placid, saccharine, lamb-like French music of two centuries ago? Apart from this paradox, the new piece is praiseworthy; it is well written and the orchestral score affords a rich background for the novel flute passages, which were composed for George Barrère and admirably played by him. Mr. Damrosch ended his concert with a splendid performance of Percy Grainger's "Shepherd's Hey" and "Molly on the Shore," which everybody enjoyed hugely.

Geraldine Farrar repeated her famous impersonation of Tosca to a huge and enthusiastic audience at the Metropolitan on Saturday afternoon. In the evening another temperamental prima donna was heard in the Metropolitan. Mme. Jeritza delighted a crowded audience by her pathetic, impassioned impersonation of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." It was the third rôle she has been heard in here; the fourth will be Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" on Friday.

of recitals abroad Mme. Ruano Bogislav, mezzo-soprano, was again heard in recital at the Belmont Theater. Mme. Bogislav formerly devoted herself chiefly to gypsy songs, but last evening's program was broader in scope and included Irish, Greek, Persian and Spanish songs. Her voice was not at its best and the merits of her performance lay chiefly in her skill as an interpreter, for which the smallness of the theater provided an intimate and sympathetic background.

Ruano Bogislav in Folksongs.

Ruano Bogislav sang folksongs of many nations, as well as others of similar character by known composers, in her first recital of the season at the Belmont Theatre last evening. There were true Gaelic folk-pieces collected by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, single lyrics from the Swedish, Hungarian, Greek, Persian and Argentine, arrangements from the Armenian by Vardepet and from the Spanish by Granados.

Presents "Fete Galante," Composed by David Stanley Smith.

At the Symphony Society's Sunday afternoon concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday Walter Damrosch's list comprised Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Granville Bantock's overture, "The Pierrot of the Minute"; a "Fete Galante" (after Watteau), for orchestra with flute obligato, opus 48, by David Stanley Smith, professor of music at Yale University, and as a buoyant closing number two pieces by Grainger, his "Molly on the Shore" and "Shepherd's Hey."

The novelty having its first performance anywhere was Mr. Smith's work. It was written for Mr. Barrere, solo flutist of the orchestra, who played the flute obbligato yesterday. In the score the composer has sought to reproduce the aristocratic atmosphere of France in the eighteenth century. The flute part is supported by a small orchestra of strings, clarinets, oboes, bassoons and horns. The ideas of the score are treated by the hand of a skilled musician and with especially charming and lovely effects for the flute, albeit there might be a little more spontaneity in the general musical scheme of the whole. Mr. Barrere played the piece with much elegance and finish, and at the close shared the warm applause with the composer, who was in the audience.

Dec 13 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Zaza," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Zaza	Geraldine Farrar
Anaide	Kathleen Howard
Floriana	Myrtle Schaaf
Natalia	Minnie Egener
Mme. Dufresne	Cecil Arden
Milio Dufresne	Giovanni Martinelli
Cascart	Giuseppe De Luca
Bussy	Millo Picco
Malardot	Angelo Bada
Lartignon	Paola Ananian
Duclou	Pompilio Malatesta
Michelin	Mario Laurenti
Courtois	Louis D'Angelo
Marco	Giordano Paltrinieri
Auguste	Piatro Audisio

It is becoming the custom among regular habitues of the opera to go to performances of "Zaza" to see what Miss Farrar would do next. The theme is old. Will there be new variations? Communities within the corporate limits of the metropolis as well as far away where there is still belief in women's modesty, have signified wild disapproval of her exposition of the conduct of a cafe chantant performer behind the scenes of a theater; but the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House seem to be sophisticated to the degree that the only feeling which her antics arouse is that of amused curiosity. Protests which might have been expected from stage-folk have not reached either press or management, so far as we know, though some of them might righteously have asked the public to believe that some distinction exists between the drawing room of an actress and resorts which are not ordinarily referred to—plain speech in polite society or the public prints.

However, there is more in Miss Farrar's delineation of Zaza than she exhibits in the first act of the opera, though not so much of her person. There is much that is admirable in her singing as well as her acting in the pathetic scene of the third act, and it is to be hoped that those features receive as sincere and large a measure of appreciation and approbation as her first scene got interest or approval of a dubious character. Leoncavallo's opera entertained an audience for the first time this season last night, and if there was in it anything different from the performances of the past it was not marked enough to call for comment. Perhaps Miss Farrar husbanded her vocal resources more carefully than usual; but that circumstance has been noticeable at all of her performances this season. With the exception of Miss Myrtle Schaaf as Floriana all of the singers were familiar in their parts—Mme. Howard (Anaide), Minnie Egener (Natalia), Cecil Arden (Mme Dufresne), Mr. Martinelli (M. Dufresne), Mr. De Luca (Cascart), Mr Picco (Bussy), Bada (Malardot), Mr Ananian (Lartigon) and the rest of the representatives of smaller part; altogether as god an ensemble as the opera calls for, including Mr. Moranzoni, the conductor.

H. E. K.

Leoncavallo's "Zaza" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. Miss Geraldine Farrar was again the representative of the music hall singer. In this part, when she first assumed it, the popular American soprano achieved one of her greatest successes with the public. It was declared in the first days of excitement over this unique performance that the success of the prima donna was due to her amazing stage business in the first act, and conversation in the corridors last night appeared to be chiefly concerned with the vital questions of dress and undress.

Miss Farrar may or may not have toned down, moderated, graded or modified her delineation of a young woman untroubled by moral scruples exercising her abilities in the art of bewitching men who are so foolhardy as to visit her in her dressing room and risking their equanimity in the immediate neighborhood of her generously exhibited charms. Nevertheless the pith and point, direction and conclusion of this famous scene remain unaltered, and the delineation claims the highest rank in the kingdom of the realistic.

The prima donna does nothing in this episode that does not belong to it. The nature of the text and the action does not invite an appeal to the imagination. She does the thing as it clamors to be done. Her supreme reward is fame. A spectator last season exclaimed: "When she vamped him on the sofa it was fierce." But there is more in this scene than acting of a hazardous kind. The first act exposes the utter irresponsibility, the hectic gayety and the sudden flashes of real tenderness of *Zaza*, and Miss Farrar's real achievement is her excellent treatment of the whole significance of the act.

In the subsequent acts she accomplishes more in the revelation of sincere and laudable feelings. She acts the scene with the child admirably, but the child is a destroyer of illusion, because it speaks, and necessarily with a child's shrill voice. However, it is in this act that Miss Farrar reaches the emotional climax of her *Zaza*. Last evening, as heretofore, she here aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm and had many curtain calls.

It is impossible to share all the raptures which Mr. Martinelli's vigorous singing seems always to excite. Doubtless some hearers wish that he would be at times more moderate in the utterance of his passions and not feel continually impelled to publish his sentiments as if an operatic hero were the town crier. But he looked very well in his evening clothes last night and did some good acting when he resisted the blandishments of the siren to whom he ultimately yielded.

Mr. de Luca repeated his capable impersonation of *Cascart*, the music hall singer.

Only one change in the cast was made. Miss Myrtle Schaaf replaced Miss Frances Ingram as *Floriana*, the young woman who fights a two round bout with *Zaza*, and fails to get the decision. The general performance of the opera was good. Mr. Moranzoni conducted, but this is an acting more than a singing opera and the art of the conductor is not so obvious as in some other works.

LAMBERT MURPHY'S RECITAL.

Tenor Proves Interesting Despite Limitations of His Voice.

Lambert Murphy, tenor, was formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but in recent seasons has confined himself entirely to the concert field. He was heard for the first time this winter in a recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. His programme was arranged on unusual lines, a group of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms standing at the head of the list. French songs followed and after them came miscellaneous groups, ending with some home brewed refreshment.

Mr. Murphy gives an interesting song recital in spite of the limitations of his voice. This is a light and high tenor, a type of voice which does not readily yield the variety of color demanded by song interpretation. In the low register, which must be much used in songs, Mr. Murphy has much to contend with, for his voice is better in its upper ranges.

But intelligence and artistic vision carry this singer far. Fetis many years ago complained that when he descanted on the skill with which the famous French tenor Garat prepared the plan of an air, his friends did not seem to know what he was talking about. But in these days music lovers would be more puzzled by a recital singer who exhibited no clear design in his interpretations.

Mr. Murphy's singing displays clarity of design always. In communicating his design to the hearer this singer makes admirable use of the comparatively narrow range of tone color at his command, of dynamics, accent, a rhythm and pronunciation. His texts are always intelligible. How far such a singer could go in dramatic delineation was shown yesterday most conclusively in Fourdrain's "Aux portes de Seville" in which he effectively sounded the note of tragedy. Charles Albert Baker played good accompaniments.

WANAMAKER ORGAN CONCERT.

Marcel Dupre Puts His Remarkable Genius to Test.

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame, Paris, took a theme submitted to him by Walter Damrosch at his recital on the new organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium yesterday afternoon and for ten minutes held his great audience in suspense while he worked out in improvisation a brilliant set of variations and a fugue. The feat not only put to the test Mr. Dupre's remarkable genius in this field, but it called into play a masterly command of registration which brought a splendid response in varieties of tone from the great organ. The Damrosch theme took up the final number.

Before this Mr. Dupre gave one of the fine lists of works for which these recitals have been conspicuous from the start. The entire list, which he played with his excellent skill, were a passacaglia of Bach, Cesar Franck's triumphant "Piece Heroique," a beautiful little canzona by his teacher, Guilmant; his own prelude and fugue in B major—a very interesting composition in which the classic form of the fugue is presented in ultra modern coloring; and by Vierne—also his teacher—the third symphony in F sharp minor, which is dedicated to himself. To-morrow and on Friday the two closing recitals of the series will take place.

MISS MASON SINGS

Mr. Bagby's second musical morning for this season brought out yesterday a notable audience to the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. There was an interesting programme by Miss Edith Mason, soprano; Mr. Mario Chamlee of the Metropolitan Opera, and Mr. Alberto Salvi, harpist. Miss Mason sang the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise," an aria from "Madama Butterfly" and with Mr. Chamlee the duo from the second act of "Rigoletto." Mr. Chamlee's numbers included "Cielo e Mar" from "La Gioconda," also songs in English and French. Mr. Salvi played a "Nordische Ballade" by Poenitz, his own arrangement of Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" and compositions by Zabel.

He sang the German Lieder with grace and sincerity, not without a true expression and an exposition of their content. But what is lacking most in Mr. Murphy's interpretations is intensity and convincing devotement of the mood. In other words, he may be said to lack temperament. The sustained and introspective song of Fauré "Le Secret," he sang with a fine delivery of its legato phrases. Into Fourdrain's lively "Aux Portes de Séville" he put an intimation of its liveliness; and in Poldowski's setting of Veraline's "Dansons la Gigue"—one of the best of a considerable number of such settings—he formed something of its bitter spirit. But it is a pity that Mr. Murphy does not go a little further in, a little deeper down.

DUPRE PLAYS CLASSICS.

Notre Dame's Noted Organist Charms Throng at Wanamaker's.

Marcel Dupré, who has been asked to give additional holiday recitals, played a program of organ classics and improvisations yesterday afternoon at Wanamaker's, where the repetition of Debussy's "Faun" by Charles M. Courboin tomorrow and another program by Dupré on Friday will end their joint series of twelve, ranging the entire field of organ music. Notre Dame's distinguished artist is a sympathetic player of communicative warmth and tenderness, though of great reserve, amounting at times to a ritual solemnity. He let loose his thunders yesterday only in the climax of Bach's passacaglia and later in his own trumpet-toned "Prelude" and in the "Cantilène" of bell-celesta stops in a sonata dedicated to him by Louis Vierne, his teacher and associate at the cathedral in Paris.

Improvisations such as his recent "Christmas Symphony" and others that Mr. Dupré has given here at the close of each program are rarely heard from any musician; the patriarchal Guilmant, if one hearer may trust to memory, gave less lengthy essays in his tours here a generation ago. Dupré, while resembling neither the erudite Bonnet or the virtuoso Courbcin, has in special degree the gift of absorbing and giving out in musical form such theme as chance offers. It was a sealed note from Walter Damrosch of the Symphony Orchestra that Alexander Russell presented yesterday. This scrap of paper was the only visible music on the organ rack all afternoon, and from it Dupré instantly began a series of half a dozen variations of contrasting beauty, followed by a fugue of thrilling power and proportions. Such "improvising" is like a statue revealed under the sculptor's chisel.

Mr. Dupré's visit has been of interest to musicians as well as to the wider public of the free concerts at Wanamaker's; indeed, the great organs here and at Philadelphia—the latter has 240 stops, as against 110 at Notre Dame—have been a natural evolution of an age that has its "cathedrals of commerce" on Broadway. Musically, it was to be regretted that the present series fell at the most crowded season, when the press of business and of street traffic calls invaded even the carefully closed hall. All that could be done was done in handling a crowd of several thousand, some of whose members moved in or out during each pause, but all of whom appeared deeply impressed by the musical treat thus afforded.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The New York Trio.

The New York Trio has arisen to take the place of some trio associations that have met their end and to join with others in carrying on this delightful and apparently increasingly popular form of chamber music. The New York Trio is made up of Clarence Adler, piano; Scipione Guidi, violin; Cornelius Van Vliet, 'cello; the two string players bein gthe concert master and first 'cello, respectively, of the Philharmonic Society.

GFor their first concert their program contained but two numbers, Vincent D'Indy's trio, Op. 29, in B flat and Tschaikowsky's in A minor, Op. 50, inscribed "To the Memory of a Great Artist," namely, Nicholas Rubinstein, brother of the great Anton and himself a pianist of much note. Tschaikowsky wrote his sorrow at great length in the form of a theme with eleven variations, with a finale and code. It is unfortunate that there was no program notes so that the audience could be told what the composer wrote of Mme. Von Meck about this composition. No performance of Tschaikowsky's music in these days is complete without full information on this point. But the audience seemed to enjoy the music without the information.

The program stated that d'Indy's trio had its "first performance." It is a dangerous claim, and when it is made,

should be firmly buttressed and supported by the facts. What the program did not state is that the trio is really for clarinet, 'cello and piano, and that the form in which it was played last evening, though the composer doubtless authorized it, does not represent his original intentions. The effect with the clarinet would be in essential particulars different from what was heard last evening.

But what was heard established that the music is of delightful quality and individuality. The composer calls the four movements "overture," "divertissement," "chant élégaique" and "final," perhaps to forestall any expectation of a rigid following of the sonata form. What strikes the listener beneficently in this music is the freshness and spantaneity of the invention, as well as the skill, naturalness and directness of the development of the musical thought. Here is no grubbing for ideas, no belabored struggle with the material; this music is not "cerebral."

The first movement, exceedingly fine though it is in its inspiration, seems too long; the composer passes by and misses his climax, and in saying less would have communicated more. The theme of the "divertissement" is a captivating tune, presented first in pizzicati by the stringed instruments; such a theme as comes none too often to any composer in these arid days. The slow movement is based on a theme of long breath and noble outline, beautifully set for the instruments, and the finale is brilliant and vivacious.

The three players showed skill in ensemble playing and a thorough familiarity with a difficult art. Messrs. Guidi and Van Vliet both comand fine tone, artistic phrasing and accurate intonation, and Mr. Adler is worthily associated with them, playing with much discretion, with an individuality that knows well how to accommodate itself to the others when it is time to do so.

The People's Chorus of New York, directed by L. Camilieri, was the attraction at the Town Hall last night. May Peterson, lyric soprano; Anna Welch, harpist, and Stuart Ross, pianist, were the assisting artists.

THELMA GIVEN HEARD

Thelma Given, who has become somewhat of a favorite among violin recitalists, last night at Carnegie Hall appeared again in a program rather more scholarly than has been her wont.

Miss Given is an artist of personal magnetism, as well as musical attainment. She played with fine breadth of tone and nicely balanced phrasing; she was adept in making her violin sing in tones of ingratiating beauty.

Tartini's G minor Sonata served to illustrate the palyer's technique. Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, which is one of that composer's best writings, was well-suited to Miss Given's style. In the second half of her program the violiniste offered a series of short pieces quite to her own liking and that of the audience. They included Achron's "Eli Zion," arranged by Miss Given's teacher, Professor Auer; Ries's "Perpetual Motion," two Norwegian dances by Halvorsen, the Hochstein arrangement of Brahms's Waltz in A major, and a delightful bit of fantasy — Bazzini's "Danceof the Goblins."

Paul Frenkel was at the piano.

Dec 14 1921

Casella, Pianist; Serato, Violinist, and Bonucci, Cellist, in Program of Varying Merit in Town Hall

By H. E. Krehbiel

Three Italian musicians disclosed a serious turn of mind by uniting in a concert of chamber music in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. They were Alfredo Casilla, pianist; Arrigo Serato, violinist, and Arturo Bonucci, violincellist. We feel more beholden to Mr. Casilla for what he has done for us as a pianist than as a composer, although he is acclaimed as a leader among the younger revolutionaries of his native land. New York made the acquaintance of Mr. Serato in November, 1914, when he came as the first of the numerous foreign artists, whom the war sent to our perhaps too hospitable shores. He came again last year when he took part in the Philharmonic Society's celebration of the 150th anniversary of Beethoven's birth. Mr. Bonucci is, we believe, a newcomer, and won quite as warm a welcome as his companions—a warmer welcome indeed than did Mr. Serato, the veteran of the trio, who played in so robustuous a manner seven years ago that we were set to wondering as to how he had won the reputation which he brought with him. His playing in the sonata for violin and pianoforte by Cesar Franck yesterday was of a diametrically opposite kind. Instead of forcing the tone of his instrument he played with so much circumspection that there was little vitality and no warmth in his performance. He approached the composition as if he feared that the least infusion of emotion might destroy the intignity of its melodic line, or the slightest vibrato mar the purity of his intonation. He was objectivity carried to an extreme, we thought, though we found the fault more venial and much easier to pardon than the assault which he made upon our sensibilities when we first heard him.

The playing of Mr. Serato was sincere; its spirit was one of reverence for the music, and this admirable quality distinguished the playing as well of Mr. Bonucci and Mr. Casilla in Rachmaninoff's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello. In this the Russian composer aimed at music and not as a show piece for either instrument. The work has beauty and clarity of thought and form as primary elements, and pays no heed to a virtuoso's desire to display his bravura. And so it is pleasant to listen to, especially when played with such sympathetic insight as Messrs. Casilla and Bonucci disclosed yesterday. At the last the three men united in Brahms's Pianoforte Trio in C minor. There was an earnest of their sincere musicianship in their choice of works by a Russian, Belgian and German, as well as in their playing.

Strauss

Composer Conducts Philadelphia Orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Richard Strauss conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra in the third of the series of concerts arranged for the revelation of his powers as composer and director. The chief number was without question the "Don Quixote," that remarkable series of variations in which Mr. Strauss has attempted to delineate musically some of the adventures of the knight of La Mancha. The work is not new here, but is not frequently performed. It is said that Mr. Strauss thinks well of it, which, as Sir Joseph Porter once said, is "only proper self-respect."

The last previous performance of the work was that of February 17, 1916, by the Boston Orchestra, under the baton of Karl Muck. There has been much discussion of this score. As a piece of technic it is extraordinary, despite the employment of some devices which cannot be regarded as artistic.

Don Quixote charges a flock of sheep. You hear the sheep. The sounds which they make are not musical. You are amazed that such sounds can be produced from an orchestra, and you are lost in wonder as to how the wizard Strauss obtains them. *Don Quixote* goes whirling through the air. You hear the shrieking of the wind machine of the theatre. You recognize that. Hence you like the bleats better because they excite greater wonder.

You hear a viola and a cello conversing together in dialogue, sometimes animated, sometimes reflective. The programme notes inform you that the cello is *Don Quixote* and the viola is *Sancho Panza*. You are glad you have the programme notes. You bless the name of Lawrence Gilman. In the third variation Mr. Strauss makes *Don Quixote* discourse nobly of the ideal. You may not know what he is talking about, but you do know that now you are hearing beautiful music. And the last pages, in which the cello sings one of the most eloquent cello solos ever written, are not only beautiful but moving. *Don Quixote* dies like a knight and a poet.

The performance of this singular composition by the Philadelphia Orchestra was admirable. Michael Penha played the 'cello part in a masterly manner. But he had behind him an ensemble of supreme excellence. Mr. Strauss should have been happy. He appeared to be.

The other numbers on the programme were the tone poem called "Macbeth," the first of the composer's great series, which the musical world hopes will be continued, and the orchestral suite from the "Bourgeoise Gentilhomme," which was given last season by the National Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Meugelberg.

It is a pity that Ernest Newman, who has complained much of the dour character of Rachmaninov's music, could not have heard the sonata, for in it the eminent Russian master publishes some moods of exaltation and even exultation. Melancholy of course there is, but the prevailing spirit is optimistic. Doubtless the whole would have made a more cheering effect on the audience if Mr. Casella had shown more mercy to his associates' comparatively small tone. But a cellist of reserved habit had little chance amid the clanging sonorities of the piano.

Matters went better in the Cesar Franck work. Mr. Serato is an admirable violinist and not the least praiseworthy feature of his performance in the great Belgian's composition was the aptness of his style, which was simple and dignified and free from sentimentalism. The ensemble was better in this music, for Mr. Casella moderated his tone somewhat. On the whole it was an interesting concert and reflected much credit on the three Italian artists who played Russian, Belgian and German music with sincerity and appreciation.

LETZ PLAYERS IN CONCERT.

Play Ravel's Quartet and Johannes Brahms's Quintet.

The Letz Quartet gave the second of its annual subscription concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised Ravel's quartet in F major and the Johannes Brahms quintet in G major, opeu 111, for strings.

The Ravel quartet was first played here by the Kneisels fifteen years ago. At is first hearing the reception given the work savored strongly of coolness and dislike. The Ravel idiom has in the meantime become cleared up and his music now is an important feature of many concert programmes. Last night the Ravel quartet was received with much enthusiasm. Music of the imagination rather than a conventional development of themes, and with four movements rich in rhythmic and harmonic effects the score was performed with a fine tonal finesse and elegant style by the four Letz players.

In Brahm's beautiful quintet, with the first viola part so frequently in the lead, the quartet had the able assistance of Hugo Kortschak, viola player. The audience was large.

BIG ARTISTS SING AT BISPHAM MEMORIAL

Florence Easton, Rafaelo Diaz, Renato Zanelli and Sue Harvard Among Singers at Concert.

The David Bispham Memorial Concert held last night in Carnegie Hall, proved to be a gala affair in every sense of the word. Such big artists as Florence Easton, Rafaelo Diaz, Renato Zanelli, Leo Ornstein, Sue Harvard, Paul Parks and Leon Rothier contributed their efforts to bring success to the fund of the Musical Debut Association, for whom the benefit was given.

The object of the association is to aid young American artists in obtaining public recognition. The plan of bringing this about is to have smaller organizations in every city arrange the hearings of promising singers or players by means of popular priced concerts. David Bispham himself had always been a worker for the interests of unknown artists, and the benefit most certainly fitted in with his desires and hopes.

The program included such numbers as Ponchielli's "Cielo e Mar," sung by Mr. Diaz; Puccini's "Vissi d'Arte," from "Tosca," sung by Miss Harrard, the famous baritone aria from "Barber of Seville," sung by Mr. Zanelli; the balcony scene from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" sung by Miss Nanette Bayne and Mr. George Vivian; a recitation by Mr. Neville Brush, the "Star Spangled Banner," by Miss Eaton, and the "Marseillaise," by Mr. Rothier.

Dec 15 1921

CHALIAPIN AND

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Feodor Chaliapin, the distinguished Russian bass, made his second appearance in "Boris Godunov" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Again the theatre was crowded and again the artist's powerful acting made a deep impression. Perhaps the most subtle of the basso's achievements is lost upon the casual spectator or auditor, though its effect is certain to be felt. This achievement is the creation of a perfect unity of development, an unbroken dramatic line, in an opera which is wholly episodic.

Probably few operagoers scrutinize the libretto of "Boris Godunov" with great care. If they did they would surely realize that the story of the work is not fully told and indeed is not clearly outlined. In order to understand the disjointed and fragmentary scenes of the work one should really know the historical foundation. The few ejaculations of the young monk in the monastery do not at all convey a full message of his purpose.

One hardly realizes that he has resolved to capture the throne of Russia by the simple trick of declaring himself to be *Dimitry* whom *Boris* murdered. He knows that *Boris* dare not say that he knows *Dimity* to be dead because he killed him. Yet *Boris* did cause his death, and hence the poignant scene of remorse in which the tortured monarch believes he sees the ghost of his victim. And hence the sudden death in the final scene when he realizes what is happening. . . .

Mr. Chaliapin has composed his characterization with theatrical skill. His *Boris* is consistent, yet never misses a point. The "mask" is cunningly designed to serve all the purposes of facial expression. The costumes are authentic, of course, and worn by a Russian. It is not necessary to do any great singing in the role. It is purely an acting part, and it fits Mr. Chaliapin like a glove.

There were some changes in the cast last evening. Mme. Metzenauer as *Marina*, Mr. Pertile as the false *Dimity* and Mr. Mardones as *Brother Pimen* were conspicuous, but they effected no change in the general character of the performance. There is still room for regret that the choruses are not sung as well as they originally were, and that the tragiv power of the score has lost some of its spell under the ward of Mr. Papi.

CONCERT AT CARNEGIE.

Mosskowski Testimonial Features Fifteen Pianos in Unison.

Fifteen concert grand pianos played in unison was the feature of the Mosskowski testimonial concert which was given to a large and enthusiastic audience last evening in Carnegie Hall. Prominent positions were given on the long program to soloists, duet and quartette groups.

The list of pianists who contributed their talent and services toward making the affair an assured success included Harold Bauer, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Ignaz Friedman, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Rudolph Ganz, Leopold Godowsky, Percy Grainger, Ernest Hutcheson, Alexander Lambert, Joseph Lhevinne, Yolando Mero, Elly Ney, Germaine Schnitzer, Sigismond Stojowski and Ernest Schelling.

A number of interesting selections were given, played in each artist's own inimitable style. The Mosskowski concert was perhaps one of the most successful held in Carnegie this season.

COIN'S ORGAN RECITAL.

From Antwerp Cathedral Plays at Wanamaker's.

Two great organists were present yesterday at the last but one in the present series of recitals inaugurating the new concert organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium. Charles Courboin of Antwerp Cathedral was the performer at the console, while his colleague in the series, Marcel Dupre of Notre Dame, Paris, was a listner in a box. The audience filled the large hall.

Mr. Courboin made Bach's splendid G minor fantasy and fugue his piece de resistance as the fourth number, in which he thrilled his hearers by his masterly understanding of the noble instrument whereon he played and his excellent command of style. He began his recital with Pietro Yon's "Sonata Cromatica," a work which was first performed in 1917 in the Wanamaker Auditorium with the composer at the organ.

His programme of several countries further embraced Saint-Saens's largo from his third symphony, the allegro moderato from Handel's B flat concerto, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"—as beautifully transcribed by himself and repeated by request from an earlier programme—and Wagner's "Mastersingers" prelude.

Dec 16 1921

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—"L'Oracolo" and "La Navarraise."

The Cast.

"O'ORACOLO."

Win-Shee	Adamo Didur
Chim-Fang	Antonio Scotti
Hoo-Tsin	Millo Picco
Win-Sao-Luy	Orville Harrold
Hoo-Chee	Ada Quintina
Ah-Yoe	Florence Easton
Hua-Quee	Myrtle Schaaf
Fortune Teller	Pietro Audisio

By W. J. HENDERSON.

A crime wave broke pon the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cause was the presentation of a new double bill, "La Navarraise" and "L'Oracle." Murder, as Macbeth once upon a time noted, was in the winds of night. The first one was committed by Miss Farrar near Bilboa, Spain. The second was done by Antonio Scotti in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Then Mr. Scotti himself was slain by Mr. Didur. But Mr. Scotti is always getting killed. In "Tosca" he is dispatched with a dinner knife, in "L'Oracle" with a cue, not a billiard implement, but a hangman's noose of hair.

Miss Farrar, who has so often knifed Mr. Scotti in "Tosca," last evening stabbed a Carlist chief behind the scenes. And she did it to get money to buy herself a husband, Morgan Kingston, who was shot by the enemy. Thereupon Miss Farrar went crazy and the horrors of Spain gave way to those off the west coast.

This second performance of Masse-
et's condensed opera had a more dis-
inct musical flavor than the first one.
There was a better balance between or-
hestra and singers and a generally
nore certain delivery of the vocal
hrases. Massenet's melodies in this
work are cramped for space and they
eed an accentuated treatment. The
omposer, like Puccini, is fond of stream-
ng lines of song, but in this very brief
work he writes mere synopses of musical
umbers. He cannot do otherwise. The
ime is too short and the action too
wift for "lingering sweetness long
drawn out."

In this better performance Miss Far-
ar's singing was a strong factor. She
was in good voice and sang not only
with beauty of tone but with much feel-
ing. Mr. Kingston sang well too and
the others in the cast repeated their
previous doings with interest. Mr. Wolf
conducted.

In "L'Oracolo" as intimated, Mr.
Scotti was once more the wicked *Chim-
Fang* and Mr. Didur the wiso *Dr. Win-
shee*. Mme. Easton was admirable as
Oh-Yoe. The performance of the little
melodrama was generally commendable.
Mr. Moranzoni conducted it.

SINGS SONGS BY STRAUSS.

Miss Elizabeth Schumann Has Composer as Accompanist.

A recital of songs composed by the
celebrated Richard Strauss took place
yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. The
singer was Miss Elizabeth Schumann
and the accompanist no less a personage
than the composer himself. There are to
be two more of these recitals, other
singers officiating. In the course of the
three entertainments admirers of the
art of Mr. Strauss will without doubt
hear some songs which have been over-
looked by American singers, such as
"Schlechtes Wetter" a delightful bit of
humor and fancy heard yesterday after-
noon.

It is probable, too, that they will hear
many songs sung in a style quite different
from that of Miss Schumann, though
not so different that a common denom-
inator might not be applied to all three
recitals. Miss Schumann, who was for
a fleeting period a minor singer at the
Metropolitan, returned to this country
under the aegis of the distinguished
master and may therefore be accepted
as an authentic interpreter of lyrics
studied under their creator.

This being the case, a conclusion is
inescapable, to wit, that all the famous
American expounders of the lieder of
Strauss, from George Hamlin, the first,
to Reinald Werrenrath and George
Meader, have misunderstood the artistic
message of the master. None of these
singers sings the songs as Miss Schumann
did yesterday. It may be added that
most Americans will probably not like
to hear them sung as she sings them,
no matter what Mr. Strauss may think
about it. And with much reverence it
may be added that she did not enjoy
very good accompaniments.

Rachmaninoff's Playing of His Second Concerto and Orchestra's Interpretation of Strauss Music Leads

The notably brilliant features of the
Philharmonic Society's concert in Car-
negie Hall last night were the playing
of Mr. Rachmaninoff of his second Con-
certo for Pianoforte (in C minor, op.
18), and by the orchestra of Richard
Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." To hear
the latter performance the composer
had come to the concert, and, after ac-
knowledging the applause which greet-
ed his music and him from Mr. Stran-
sky's box, he went upon the stage to
thank and felicitate the conductor and
his musicians, and again and again to
give the usual signs of appreciation for
honor bestowed.

Thanks to Mr. Stransky and his
musician, the demonstration was not
perfunctory or undeserved. The de-
lightful humoresque was played with
splendid spirit, with a nicer sense of
humor indeed than Beethoven's joy-
ously, almost boisterously merryeighth
symphony. In this we could have
wished fo rfewer unaccountable
changes of tempo, especially in the
exposition of the principal subject of
the first movement, more incissiveness
of rhythm with a trifle less speed
and a more marked an elastic illustra-
tion of the characteristically Bee-
thovenian humor, which finds expres-
sion in the abrupt changes of nuance
in the finale. But when their was so
much occasion for joy, it seems churl-
ish to pick flaws in a conductor's read-
ing.

In the solo performance of the piano-
forte concerto and its accompaniment
there was unalloyed pleasure. Strong,
sinewy music this, with a truly seraphic
flight in the slow movement. The con-
certo will be the central feature of
this afternoon's concert in the same
room, but the symphony, the Strauss
ecce and the Italian caprice which
concluded the evening will be replaced
by Beethoven's overture "Leonore No.
3" and Dvorak's symphony "From the
New World." H. E. K.

In the French one-act piece, which on
this occasion was sung first, Miss Far-
rar was warmly received as the dis-
traught heroine of a war episode of the
'70s, in Spain. Kingston and Rothier
sang with her, and Albert Wolff con-
ducted.

Three eminent musicians played the
piano publicly yesterday: Ignaz Fried-
man in Aeolian Hall, Richard Strauss
in Town Hall and Rachmaninoff in
Carnegie Hall. Mr. Friedman achieved
the now familiar feat of playing his
Steinway while a Duo-Art supplied a
second piano part, with surprisingly
good results. He did this in Liszt's
"Preludes," in the composer's original
arrangement for two pianos, which,
without being, of course, equal to the
brilliant orchestral version, is never-
theless very effective; and at the end
of his programme in a suite of his own
for two pianos. He also played alone
Schumann's Symphonic Studies and a
group of Chopin pieces.

Dec 17 1921

"Die Walkuere" at the Metropolitan.

DIE WALKURE, music drama in three acts. Book in German and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Siegmund	Johannes Sembach
Hunding	William Gustafson
Wotan	Clarence Whitehill
Sieglinde	Marie Jeritza
Bruennhilde	Margaret Matzenauer
Fricka	Jeanne Gordon
Helmwige	Marie Sundelius
Gerhilde	Marie Tiffany
Ortlinde	Alice Miriam
Rossweisse	Flora Perini
Grimgerde	Marion Telva
Waltraute	Henrietta Wakefield
Siegrune	Raymonde Delannois
Schwertleite	Kathleen Howard

Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Nothing was said in the announce-
ments of the performance of "Die
Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera
House last night that it was a "revi-
val." Representations of operas that
have slumbered less than four and
three-quarter years have been so desig-
nated with smaller right—sometimes
only because they had been fitted out
with a new scenic investiture or be-
cause an admired singer had under-
taken a part in which she was not
familiar to the local public. Wagner's
drama had no new clothes to boast of
(we wish it had), but it was sung in
German for the first time since the
United States became embroiled in the
universal war, and one of its characters
was undertaken by Mme. Jeritza, who
has supplied the first genuine thrill
that the patrons of the theater have
experienced in a long time. It was not
the heroine of the tripartite tragedy
who was impersonated by the new-
comer, but the character which has al-
ways evoked the largest share of pop-
ular sympathy—Sieglinde. That prob-
ably accounts for the fact that the part
has always appealed to singers who
have real dramatic blood in their veins.

Mme. Lehmann's Old Rôle

Old operagoers will recall that Mme.
Lehmann, who grew to heroic stature
on the Metropolitan stage, which of-
fered her the opportunity to cast aside
the shackles which bound her at the
Royal Opera in Berlin, was quite will-
ing to doff the helmet of the Valkyr
and don the simple, womanly robes of
the unfortunate daughter of the Vol-
sungs because of her appreciation of
the dramatic opportunities which the
part offers. That is a memory of the
heroic period of the Metropolitan, and
paired with it are gracious memories
of Mme. Eames, Mme. Fremstad and
others. Traces of that period re-
mained down to the representations of
the season of 1916-'17, when Mme. Kurt
was the Sieglinde, and the Brünnhilde
of last night was the stern representa-
tive of the moral order, Fricka, who
in the more remote past was imper-
sonated by such singers as Marianne
Brandt and Mme. Schumann-Heink.

But we must not let the pleasures
of memory usurp the duty which we
owe to last night's representation,
which had a Wotan of ancient mold
and fiber in Mr. Whitehill, who ranks
with the best of his predecessors of a
generation ago and looms head and
shoulders above the generality of them;
which also had a dominating figure
among the women in Madame Matze-
nauer, who was the Brünnhilde of the
occasion, but of whom enough is said
when the record is made, for the rea-
son that her impersonation is familiar.
The Sigmund was Mr. Sembach, the
Hunding Mr. Gustafson (perhaps the
least sinister and forceful representa-
tive of the part that we have had for
a long time, though truer of intonation
than the last—Mr. Ruysdael); the
Fricka Jeanne Gordon, who is rapidly
rising to real dramatic stature, and
who, it is pleasant to say, is not doing
so at the sacrifice of her voice and
vocal style. A capable chorus of
Valkyries completed the list, and fine
intelligence and discretion character-
ized the reading of the score by Mr.
Bodanzky.

Another Ovation for Jeritza

And the Sieglinde of Mme. Jeritza—
what of that? The triumphs of the
young artist in "Die tote Stadt" and
"Tosca" had set high the pegs of ex-
pectation, and there was a plain dem-
onstration at the end of the first act
that the audience was determined to
see the realization of its ideal in her
impersonation. A lovely ideal was in-
deed reached in her action, especially
in the plastic beauty of her poses and
gestures. There was convincing proof,
too, in her singing, of a rare endow-
ment of voice, a voice of opulent power
and marvellous capacity for expressive
coloring. But along with these splen-
did qualities there were evidences that
her vocal training is based on the dra-
matic manner of to-day, which sacri-
fices the charm, and the potency also,
of a smooth, steady, firm emission of
tone to a false conception of dramatic
pathos. The advantages which accrue
even to singers of the music of Wag-
ner, Mascagni, Puccini and their fol-
lowers from a sound technical founda-
tion in music of an older order seem
to be ignored by the young dramatic
artists who begin their careers with
the operas of to-day.

Mme. Lehmann was a great lyric
tragedienne because she had been
trained to be a good lyric singer—a
florid singer, if you will. Long ago,
when this writer begged her not to sing
in full voice throughout a long re-
hearsal of one of the Nibelung dramas,
she said: "Don't be alarmed. I can sing
all three Brünnhildes in succession with
less effort than Norma once—and show
me somebody who can match my
Normal" The traditions of her sing-
ing (not necessarily her poses) ought
to be preserved as a precious legacy at
the Metropolitan and elsewhere, if it
were possible to preserve them.

But after we have said this let us
give honor due to Mme. Jeritza for a
beautifully conceived character and a
still more beautifully developed one.
Praise can scarcely be too great for her
portrayal of the gradual growth of
the enslaved wife of Hunding into
the creature of embodied love and pas-
sion which she is at the end of the
first act. The beauty of her person is
great; the beauty of her art of emo-
tional expression is greater.

Patrons of entertainments given for
benevolent objects are accustomed to
disappointments and generally receive
them without protest, so when the
people who came to hear "Il Barbiere
Siviglia" at the Metropolitan Opera
House yesterday were confronted in
the vestibules with a notice to the
effect that Titta Ruffo would not sing
because of the prohibition of his phy-
sicians, the complaints, though many,
were not deep or ill-humored. After
all it was for the benefit of the Green-
wich Music School, Rossini's opera is
Rossini's opera and Mr. De Luca, every-
body knew, was a capable representa-
tive of Seville's factotum. So the per-
formance went from beginning to end,
not with all the spirit and sparkle and
good singing that it ought to disclose,
but with much to admire in the fine
voice of Mr. Chamlee as Count Alma-
vira, the ponderous drolleries of Mr.
Mardones as Basilio, the buffo antics
of Mr. Malatesta as Dr. Bartolo, and
the merriment with which Mr. Dr. Luca
filled every scene. Miss Morgan, as
Rosina, was sometimes prettily rich in
her action and delivery of her part of
the dialogue, but her "Una voce poco
fa" sounded more like a carefully re-
hearsed and discreetly uttered vocalise
than a song. Mr. Papi conducted.

Wagner's "Die Walkure" was revived
at the Metropolitan Opera House last
evening and was given in German. It
had not been heard since March, 1917.
It was then performed with Mme.
Gadski as *Bruennhilde*, Mme. Melanie
Kurt as *Sieglinde*, Mme. Matzenauer as
Fricka, Jacues Urlus as *Siegmund*, Mr.
Whitehill as *Wotan* and Basil Ruysdael
as *Hunding*. Mr. Bodansky conducted.
Three of those concerned in that per-
formance were engaged in last evening's
revival. Mr. Whitehill was again the
Wotan, Mr. Bodansky conducted and
Mme. Matzenauer, long ago risen from
the mellow depths of contralto to the
golden heights of soprano roles, was the
Bruennhilde.

The other singers were Mme. Jeritza
as *Sieglinde*, Miss Gordon as *Fricka*, Mr.
Sembach as *Siegmund* and Mr. Gustaf-
son as *Hunding*. There is substantial
ground for suspicion that the audience
was quite as much interested in the
revelations to be made by Mme. Jeritza
as in the new production upon which
considerable labor and study had been
bestowed. Mme. Jeritza is by way of
being an operatic sensation and this
is a sensation loving world, in which
great dramatic art works, especially
those of sombre moods, rank below pal-
pitating human personalities, particu-
lar those of the female sex.

Nevertheless the revival of "Die Wal-
kuere" would surely have made an im-
pression on the public mind even if the
captivating Viennese artist had not im-
personated the daughter of the Volsungs.
When such a music drama has been
absent from the repertory for over four
years, it returns with a triumphant dem-
onstration of its inherent power. The
great audience which assembled to hear
it last night was much moved, and after
the manner of audiences bestowed its
thanks upon those who delivered to it
the message of the art work. But if
Richard Wagner had been in the house
he would have been the hero of the oc-
casion without doubt.

Mme. Jeritza, however, was made the
object of a special demonstration after
the first act. Her *Sieglinde* was deserv-
ing of emphatic approval, but it was not
because it was a completely satisfying
performance. Dramatically it was ad-
mirable, filled with the inexpressible
grace of lovely womanhood, significant
in every utterance from fear to passion,
from tenderness to triumph. It was in-
telligent, direct, unmistakable. But the
music was not wholly within the scope
of the singer's vocal art. It seems likely
that Mme. Jeritza had insufficient train-
ing in the fundamental method of the old
bel canto, without which no one has yet
sung Wagner in a satisfactory manner.

The phrases of *Sieglinde* are long and
broad and deep, and they demand a
sustained legato of the noblest type.
Few contemporaneous singers know how
to "spin the tone," as the old masters
taught it, but without knowing how they
find graver troubles in Wagner than in
Puccini. What is said of this master
applies equally to Mr. Sembach as
Sigmund and Miss Gordon as *Fricka*.
They were commendable in action and
in their conceptions of their roles.

Mme. Matzenauer had sung *Bruen-
hilde* before. She, too, was admirable
without exhausting the possibilities of
her role. Mr. White hill's *Wotan* was
in the end the most heroic individual
figure in the performance. The music
drama had been carefully prepared.

The scenery, not new, was effectively
treated in the matter of lighting. Even
the elusive sword revealed itself at the
right moment. Mr. Bodanzky knows
how to conduct "Die Walkuere." This
is a topic that calls for no discussion
now. The return of the great work was
very welcome and the performance, de-
spite its shortcomings, was sufficiently
good to give great pleasure.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Saviglia"
was sung for the first time this season
at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon.
The performance was in aid of the
Greenwich House Music School and was
to have been made especially important
by the first appearance of Tittta Ruffo
as a member of the Metropolitan forces,
singing the role of *Figaro*. But the dis-
tinguished barytone had been suffering
for some time from an affection of the
throat and had not sufficiently recovered
to undertake his task.

His removal from the cast apparently
had no evil effect on the receipts, for
the house was crowded and the standing
room could not have held more hearers
had Mr. Ruffo sung. His place was
taken by Mr. de Luca, whose gay and
vivacious impersonation of the barber is
well known to opera goers. The *Rosina*
was Miss Nina Morgana, who sang the
music tolerably and acted with industry,
if not with infectious spirit.

Mario Chamlee was the *Almaviva*.
Music of the kind given by Rossini to
this ardent gentleman, especially that
of the first scene, is not quite in Mr.
Chamlee's line. He sang it somewhat
heavily, but better than might have been
expected. The art of florid song is not
assiduously cultivated in these days. It
is customarily left to "colorature"
sopranos. The period when all singers
were required to master it is gone, and
that is a pity, for it is one of the es-
sentials of a free and flexible vocal art.

Mr. Mardones impersonated *Don
Basilio* with some unction and much
sonority of tone. His delivery of the
"Calumnia" air evoked prolonged ap-
plause. Mr. Malatesta as *Dr. Bartolo*
discharged his duties according to the
traditions. Mr. Papi conducted. In the
lesson scene Miss Morgana sang the
waltz from Gounod's "Mireille," a num-
ber fitting quite well into the scheme as
those usually chosen.

Marcel Dupre's Recital

Organist's Symphonic Impro-visation on Fiive Themes Is Well Received

A large audience, with many stand-
ing, heard Marcel Dupre's organ re-
cital yesterda afternoon at the Wana-
maker Auditorium. The established
program began with a clear-cut pre-
sentation of Bach's Toccata and Fugue
in D minor, which amply disclosed the
technical powers of the Notre Dame
organist; followed by Widor's "Sym-
phonie Gothique." As played by M.
Dupre, it needd but a slight effort of
the imagination to picture its subject,
Rouen Cathedral, while Cesar Franck's
Third Chorale in A minor was more
emotional in character, and roused the
audience to enthusiasm.

Interest, however, centered on M.
Dupre's symphonic improvisation in F
minor on themes submitted by A. Wal-
ter Kramer, Rubin Goldmark, Josef

Stransky, Pierre Monteux and Percy Grainger, which he took five minutes to select and arrange before the audience. The first movement began in a joyous, changing to a martial mood worked up in a thunderous tread which subsided like the receding steps of an army. A grave, melodious "lamento" was followed by an Intermezzo suggesting an eighteenth century dance, then; came the Finale, a set of variations based on a theme by Percy Grainger. M. Dupre, it was announced, had not heard Mr. Grainger, but his atmosphere was distinctly Grangeresque and proved that the organ could have a humorous aspect. After this, encores were inevitable.

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame, Paris, brought to a close yesterday the series of twelve free recitals inaugurating the new concert organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium. His splendid programme comprised Bach's D minor toccata and fugue, Widor's "Symphonie Gothique," Franck's third choral in A minor and for the final number an improvisation by himself in the form of a symphony upon themes submitted by Rubin Goldmark, Percy Grainger, Walter Kramer, Leopold Stokowski, Josef Stransky and Pierre Monteux.

Mr. Dupre, taking the themes from Alexander Russell, examined them and then selected the ones suitable to his purpose and for key relationship. His improvisation, naturally, was the climax of the afternoon.

This entire series of organ recitals, in which Mr. Dupre has had as collaborator Charles M. Courboin, formerly of the Antwerp Cathedral and now guest soloist for the grand court organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium in Philadelphia, is to be reckoned as an important feature in New York's musical history. With one of the finest organs in the country at their command the two organists of international reputation have performed alternating programmes with a total of 147 works, all excellently chosen from the different schools of organ literature and, furthermore, admirably annotated by Mr. Russell.

Thousands of persons have attended the recitals. A special farewell recital by Mr. Dupre, previous to his departure for France, has been announced for December 28.

The Casts:

"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

The Count of Almaviva	Mario Chamlee
Dr. Bartolo	Pompilio Malatesta
Rosina	Nina Morgana
Figaro	Giuseppe De Luca
Basilio	Jose Mardones
Fiorello	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Berta	Louise Berat
An Official	Pietro Audisio
Conductor	Gennaro Papi

"Barber of Seville" Without Ruffo.

Again the people who came to see and hear Mr. Titta Ruffo's first appearance, already once postponed, with the Metropolitan Opera Company yesterday afternoon, were confronted with a sign in the lobby stating that, by the advice of his physician he would not make it. He had been announced as Figaro in a special performance of "Il Barbiere di Sengilla" for the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School. His place was taken by Mr. De Luca. There should have been no violent grief in the audience on account of the substitution.

It was the first performance of Rossini's comedy this season; a performance not such as to take rank with others of years gone by—conditions in the art of singing today are not such as to make that easily possible—but one that had a good deal of the comic spirit that belongs to the work, and that punctiliously followed many or most of the firmly fixed traditions. There were two new appearances; there was Mme. Nina Morgana, who first appeared with the company last season ,as Rosina; and M. Chamlee, who also first appeared last season.

Mme. Morgana's voice is slight and fragile, but it is not pretty, and she sang some of the coloratura in a praiseworthy manner. She has youth and the buoyancy of youth to recommend her in this part, and her impersonation was attractive in its grace and archness. Her "lesson song" was the waltz from Gounod's "Mireille." Mr. Chamlee may have surprised some by the artistic way in which he sang the music given to Almavira. His voice had beauty of color, and if not quite all the flexibility and volubility that certain passages need, a good approach to them.

The excellence of Mr. DeLuca's Figaro is now a familiar story—its unction and comic power; and so is the characteristic grimness of Mr. Mardones's Don Basilio. Mr. Malatesta was Dr. Bartolo, as he has so often been before. There was evidences that the audience was amused and pleased by the performance, notwithstanding the disappointment.

Greta Torpadie, Jencie C. John and Rose Raymond Heard.

Greta Torpadie gave soprano lyrics of Sibelius and other Scandinavian composers, assisted by Walter Golde at the piano, in a matinee recital yesterday at the Town Hall. The popular singer was also heard in Gevaert's "Slumber of the Child Jesus," Dirk Foch's "The Virginia Singing," and other songs of the season. Salvatore Stefano played harp solos of Schuecker, Debussy and Ravel.

Jencie Callaway John, who has appeared here in annual recitals, was heard at Aeolian Hall last evening in three graceful airs of the Italian oratorio and opera composer, Wolf-Ferrari. She sang other groups in German, French and English, one by Milligan to words by Don Marquis. John Doane assisted at the piano.

Rose Raymond, pianist, played Moszkowski's "In Autumn" and Godowsky's "Renaissance" of quaint dances by Rameau, in a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. She was less happy in a Beethoven sonata than in lighter works of Brahms, Chopin and Liszt.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Sergei Rachmaninov as the soloist of the Philharmonic's concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon repeated his performance of his own C minor piano concerto given at the society's concert the night before and thereby won again enthusiastic applause from the large audience. The numbers for orchestra—not repeated from the Thursday concert, but both already played at the Philharmonic concerts this season—were Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, and Dvorak's "New World" symphony.

The fourth Biltmore Friday Morning Musicale had three artists of established reputation on its program. Florence Easton, the popular soprano of the Metropolitan; Paul Althouse, formerly a tenor at the opera house now on a concert tour, and Hans Kindler, perhaps the best known cellist now before the public.

The program included several arias and many shorter pieces. Miss Easton sang the "Vissi d'arte" from "Tosca" and three smaller numbers, besides singing in the duet from the first act of "Madame Butterfly." Mr. Althouse, outside of the duet, sang all concert selections, among them being Cui's "Enfant Si J'estais Roi," Kramer's "The Great Awakening" and Stickles's "Take All of Me."

Mr. Kindler played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, a Chopin prelude, "Passepied," by Delibes, "Chant russe," by Moussorgsky, and a Liszt rhapsody.

Dec 18 1921

'Mefistofele' and 'Il Trovatore' at the Metropolitan

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The unfortunate Dr. Faustus, in search of a moment so beautiful that he would command it to remain was again the subject of consideration by a large assemblage of people in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. It was the Boito version of the legend that was presented. The members of the cast had been heard in the work in previous performances, the first and second of the season.

The real protagonist of this drama is *Mefistofele* himself and, therefore, he must lead the procession. Mr. Didur was the impersonator of the fiend. He seemed to be in his best estate and tempted *Faust*, smashed the world, summoned all the powers of darkness to dance a remarkable ballet and invaded the classic Sabbath with abundant wickedness of voice and action.

Mme. Alda repeated her pleasing impersonation of *Margherite*, a role which in this opera is a mere sketch, but has one effective episode, namely the prison scene. Mme. Easton was the *Helen* of Troy, who has absolutely nothing to do with the case except to look very beautiful, sing admirably and learn to love *Faust* in five minutes. Mr. Gigli was *Faust*. He sang the music quite as well as he always does.

Miss Perini as *Pantalis* and Mme. Howard as *Marta* were the other ladies in the cast and Mr. Bada was once again praiseworthy as *Wagner*. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

In the evening "Il Travatore" was sung, with Mme. Peralta as *Leonora*, Miss Gordon as *Azucena*, Mr. Martinelli was *Manrico*, Mr. Danise as the *Count di Luna*. Mr. Papi conducted.

HEIFETZ PLAYS BRILLIANTLY.

Violinist Welcomed by Big Audience on His Return.

Jascha Heifetz, the now famous violinist, has been roaming. He has traveled in far countries and the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. He has come home, for it is probable that this country and not Russia will be his domicile for the future. It is not good for violinists out there. It is very good here, and the legion of players, Russian and otherwise, grows yearly.

These players need not disturb themselves about the return of Heifetz. It will not affect them. Nevertheless when he plays the public tries to be present. Not all of it can be, so many must be turned away, as they were yesterday, for yesterday the young artist gave his first recital of the season in Carnegie Hall. The house had been sold out before the day dawned. The standing room was crowded. The applause was long and vigorous. The recital was admirable. A sonata by Beethoven was followed by the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. Short pieces by Chopin, Achron, Godowsky and Popper (the last arranged by Auer) formed the next group and the list ended with Ernst's "Otello" fantasy.

It is not essential that a searching examination of the playing of Heifetz be made at this time. Little could be said about it that has not been said before. Perhaps there was more dash, more virtuoso brilliancy, in his performance of the Vieuxtemps music than he usually exhibits, but the next time there may be less. But the unerring technical accuracy, the dazzling swiftness and crispness of the staccati and the flowing beauty of the cantilena excited an admiration which seems new at every hearing of this extraordinary artist.

Young students of the violin can always profit from listening to him if they are intelligent. For one thing, they can easily perceive what a vital factor rhythm is in his playing. It is in all musical performance, yet musicians themselves are prone to fancy that it has little to do with the violin or singing. Heifetz might teach them better.

MANY DIE IN THIS OPERA.

Pillows for Those Who Fall in Chicago.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—Dying made easy. No, it's not a story about a dry cleaning establishment. It's about the rehearsal of the opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," to be heard here early next month. A good deal of dying goes on in the opera and the composer, Serge Prokofieff, called the "musical bolshevist" and "futurist," has proved himself unconventional in the manner of making the death scenes easy.

So after watching the painful death of the "three oranges" he has ordered nice soft pillows for all future rehearsals. The three princesses—Philine Falco, Jeanne Duscau and Frances Paperte—now can die to their heart's content without bruising themselves on the hard stage floor when they tumble from the giant oranges.

The opera is said to be one of the most unusual ever written. Hard work is necessary to whip itinto shape. At the last rehearsal yesterday Miss Paperte died four times—and then M. Prokofieff ordered the pillows.

MISS WILLIAMS IN SONGS.

Miss Irene Williams, a soprano who has sung here in light opera and recitals, gave a programme of songs yesterday in Acolian Hall. Her singing was very warmly received by an audience filling the hall. Her light, charming voice was used with a varying degree of ability.

In Hue's "A des Oiseaux" and Rubinstein's "I Feel Thy Breath Blow 'Round Me," both of which songs she repeated, her tones were for the most part clear and her scale even. But in certain old airs and heavier songs her voice often took on a poor quality because of a bad attack. Her color palette was without the deepest tints, but she yet showed much delicacy and taste in using it.

Altogether Miss Williams's delivery was that of a charming singer with a limited range of style. Charles Albert Baker provided excellent accompaniments.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Jascha Heifetz's First Recital.

After a seasno's absence in foreign parts Mr. Jascha Heifetz returned to the New York concert platform in a recital which he gave yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. That he had not been forgotten in his absence was shown by the number and the temper of the enormous audience that filled the hall, the seating capacity, the standing room, the stage, and they tumultuously applauded everything he did.

Mr. Heifetz's program was not one that commended itself to the more serious music-lovers among his listeners. He began with Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin in G, Op. 30, No. 3, with which to appease those serious-minded ones; but Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin are works peculiarly unfitted for performance in a hall the size of the one he was playing in; they are intimate works of chamber music and lost much of their character and effect in such surroundings, as this did. And something better is expected o fa great artist than a "violinist's concerto," even though it be one of the better ones such as Wieniawski's in D Minor, and especially than Ernst's fantasie on airs in Rissini's "Otello"—a piece affected by virtuoso's fifty years ago, but now quite as obsolete as the opera itself—and a group of transcriptions from Chopin, Godowsky and Popper, with a highly unimportant piece, "Cognetterie," by Joseph Achron, with the addition of another transcription, of the "Hymn to the Sun," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d' Or" as an encore.

But the audience cared nothing for the appropriateness of his program. It listened politely to Beethoven's sonata, and applauded uproariously everything else he played, indiscriminately. There were, of course, many of the qualities in his playing that won him so much admiration in past years: there was the tone of wonderful richness, warmth and bigness; considerable purity of intonation; the marvelous technique of finger and of bow-arm, to which no difficulty seems to cause effort; the imperturbable repose, of style which nothing breaks down.

But were all these qualities remembered from his previous appearances here, wholly unimpaired? It semed as if his much traveling had done his artistic powers no good. It seemed as if something had been brushed off from the bloom of his former perfection. His tone did not emerge in all its fullness in the sonata by Beethoven; and there were were more technical slips, more deviations from complete accuracy of intonation than when he was heard here at his best.

They were not such as would trouble the contemplation of a lesser artist's achievement very serlously; but they were such as to be disturbing in this case of one who stands in the very highest rank and who has such a remarkable reputation to uphold as Mr. Heifetz. He must have his ovtaves all perfectly in tune; he must have all his harmonies soundful—not about three out of four, as they did in Ernst's trumpery piece; and there must be no hint of failure in reproducing Beethoven's phrases.

And from a little higher point of view, a great artist does not condescend to give such a program as that of yesterday. Mr. Kreisler and Mr. McCormick, for instance, are great artists who give popular pieces but they put more stuff first. Mr. Heifertz has something finer and higher ahead of him than sending his audience into ecstasies and such a low average of music as he did yesterday.

Last night brought the annual revival of "Trovatore," which—like the colleges' burial of calculus and the higher mathematics—always refuses to stay dead each year. It was a popular occasion on both sides of the footlights, with Martinelli as the troubador, Gordon as his dramatic mother, Peralta as the lady of the tower and Danise as the villain of other days. Papi conducted, while Setti's chorus sang as if they, too, enjoyed it.

IRENE WILLIAMS SINGS.

Prima Donna Charms at Her Matinee in Aeolian Hall.

Irene Williams, in her few years a prima donna both of Gilbert and Sullivan and of entertainments less weighty on Broadway, sang to a full house at her own matinee in Aeolian Hall yesterday, assisted by C. A. Baker at the piano. With slender means, Miss Williams contrives to do all she attempts so charmingly as to vanquish criticism with enjoyment. Her audience instantly, and rightly, redemanded Hue's song "To the Birds," and added another like it after the French group, while Rubinstein's "I Feel Thy Breath Blow 'Round Me," of the translated pieces, was repeated.

In Grieg's "A Dream," both tone and diction were delightful, Miss Williams's momentary "fading" of interest and voice in many phrases, while concentrating on the high spots, is a stage trick patterned from the spotlight. Artistically she could sing all her songs as she sang the best of them yesterday.

Dec 19 1921

19

MUSIC

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Friends of Music Present Bach.

The third concert of the Society of the Friends of Music, held yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, was devoted entirely to the music of Bach. The small chorus of the society, well trained by Stephen Townsend of Boston, an orchestra and five soloists took part. The concert was under the direction of Artur Bodanzky.

The program consisted of the church cantata, "Herr, deine Angen schen nach dem Glauben"; the D minor concerto for harpsichord, and the "Coffee Cantata." The church cantata opens with an ample fugued chorus, a setting of the gloomy words of Jeremiah in which there are some suggestions of tonal painting of the kind familiar to students of Bach. Miss Marion Telva, contralto, and Messrs. Maeder, tenor, and Gustafson, bass, all of the opera company, sang the solos—arias, an arioso and recitatives, none of them easy for singers of today, or probably of any other day.

Miss Telva's aria with an oboe obbligato is a somewhat laborious one, in which the oboe persistently refuses to melt its tone with the voice, because it cannot; nor did the singer cope with it with signal success, in a voice that was somewhat unsteady. Messrs. Gustafson and Maeder had tasks not quite so burdensome, and were more successful. The chorus sang the opening fugato vigorously, with a good volume and quality of tone ano precision in the delivery of the contrapuntal passages; and the final choral, such a one as most of the church cantatas end with, impressively.

The cantata, however, is not one of the most interesting of its kind. It has neither the grandiose power nor the poignant beauty and tenderness that characterize so many of them; and it was not the most fortunate choice to lead the public of the Friends of Music to the knowledge and love of Bach.

The "Coffee Cantata" is a jocose production, representing the efforts of a

ern parent to check his daughter's propensities in coffee drinking, a new habit o which there was much opposition in he seventeenth century. After an introductory and explanatory recitative by he tenor, it consists chiefly of a conersation in recitative between Herr chlendrian and his daughter, Lieschen, vith a couple of arias for each and a losing trio. It is interesting and, if istened to from the right point of view, musing; though it would undoubtedly ot make the fortune of a Broadway audeville turn. Miss Lucille Taylor, oprano, sang the part of the contumaious daughter with a somewhat more raiseworthy intention than execution, specially on account of the lack of a ympathetic quality in the voice. Mr. ustafson in his expression of the faier's reprimands was excellent and Mr. Meader sang the short tenor recitatives ith the same intelligence that he had sed before.

Mr. Harold Bauer was the soloist in he D minor concerto, in which the arpsichord was represented, of course, y the modern piano. The work is ldom heard, for it is difficult to make ffective; all its beauty is not easily licited from it. The imposing first heme speaks for itself and cannot be isinterpreted. The adagio is of surassing loveliness, a loveliness which has o be wooed with the tenderness and rdor which Mr. Bauer brought to it. is playing was beautifully artistic in hrasing, rhythm, the plastic molding f many passages, the wide variety of onal coloring, of which he is such a aster.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted the concert ith skill and sympathy in his treatment of both chorus and orchestra.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

There is a widespread error to the ffect that Johann Sebastian Bach never miled. It is possible that he never aughed, but without doubt he somemes indulged in a quiet chuckle, and ay even in his own chosen language ave uttered the equivalent to "What ools these mortals be!" Any man who ould compose a piece of music bewailg the departure of a beloved brother nd console himself by writing a fugue n the fanfare of the post horn had a ense of humor—his own, of course, but till unmistakable.

Therefore when the industrious riends of Music met once more yesteray afternoon in Town Hall and held a Bach session no one was astonished to ind that Mr. Bodanzky had placed on he programme the "Coffee Cantata." Iere does not begin a long and learned ssay on the origin and nature of the antata, on the discovery and first rinking of coffee, on its injurious efects upon the nervous system and the nvention of British coffee rooms and Brazilian coffee houses.

Suffice it to say that cantatas are ocal pieces with solos and choruses nd more or less elaborate accompaniments and that all cantatas are divided nto two kinds, sacred and secular. Bach wrote sacred cantatas because writing hem was part of his job in the Thomas Church. When he wished a day off, he wrote something secular. Hence his antata celebrating the comparatively new thing, coffee.

This cantata has a comic opera story. Schlendrian, an old fashioned theater father, disapproves of his daughter's drinking the brew. He announces to her that she shall not marry till she gives it up. She counters on papa by proclaiming that she will accept no husband who will not permit her to absorb her Mocha. That's the plot. Bach unfolds it in a series of recitatives and airs, all made according to the ancient model; hits off the personalities of the characters and winds up with a jolly trio in folk tune style.

The singers in this merry conception were Miss Lucille Taylor, soprano; George Meader, tenor, and William Gustafson, bass. Mr. Meader showed understanding of Bach's style and his humor. Mr. Gustafson was not quite so successful, Miss Taylor even less so.

The concert began with the church cantata, "Herr, deine Augen seher, nach dem Glauben," written for the tenth Sunday after Trinity in 1731. Messrs. Meader and Gustafson sang also in this work, together with Miss Marion Telva, contralto, who found the waters of the great brook very deep indeed.

Between the two cantatas Harold Bauer was heard with the orchestra in the D minor concerto, which was probably composed originally for violin. Mr. Bauer plays Bach always with artistic insight and with great beauty of style. His performance yesterday was restful to those who had sympathized with the labors of the singers. The orchestra which came with the vocalists from the Metropolitan Opera House played at times well and at times ill. Mr. Bodanzky conducted resolutely.

WALTER DAMROSCH'S LECTURE.

Gives Final Discourse on Wagner With Piano Illustrations.

Aeolian Hall was quite filled with perfect Wagnerites yesterday afternoon when Walter Damrosch gave his final lecture with piano illustrations on "Der Ring des Nibelungen." He had reserved for this concluding discourse the last act of "Goetterdaemmerung," which contains much matter. *Siegfried* tells the story of his life to *Gunther*, and immediately afterward come his death and funeral.

Playing the funeral march on a piano is a formidable undertaking, but Mr. Damrosch was not daunted. He passed on to the final scene, the immigration of *Bruennhilde* and after that to what the old masters would have called the "grand finale de l'opera," the destruction of Walhalla and the finish of *Wotan* and his futile family by the triumphant *Loge*. All of this was explained, illustrated and expounded by Mr. Damrosch in the happy manner which he long ago made popular. Soon he is going away from here to Europe, but when he comes back there will be more lectures—"Tristan und Isolde," "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger."

Harvard Orchestra on Tour.

Special to The New York Times.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 18.—The Pierian Sodality of Harvard, playing its first tour away from Cambridge, will gave a concert of orchestral music in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on Monday, Dec. 26, when the Sodality will have the assistance of Miss Helen Stanley, soprano. In addition to the New York engagement, the Sodality will visit Providence on Dec. 23 and Washington on Dec. 27. The concert in the capital will be given in the National Theatre. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the Vice President, will be one of the patronesses and Mrs. Harding is expected to attend.

The Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening offered a program of much worth and variety, mixing with the usual operatic numbers a few strictly concert pieces. This was due mostly to Alberto Salvi, the visiting soloist, who, as a concert harpist, played the little-known Harp Concerto by Zabel and several of his own compositions.

The Metropolitan artists contributing were Marie Sundelius, Raymonde Delaunois, Leon Rothier, Thomas Chalmers and Aureliano Pertile. Each sang one number. Mr. Chalmers chose Valentine's Aria from Gounod's "Faust," while Mme. Delaunois offered the Musetta Waltz from Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Rothier sang two short numbers, an aria from Mozart's "The Magic Flute," and Schuman's "The Two Grenadiers." In the second half of the program Mme. Sundelius sang the "Depuis le jour" aria from Charpentier's "Louise," receiving at its conclusion much applause. Mr. Pertile also pleased the audience with his rendition of "O Paradise" from Meyerbeer's "L'Africana."

The orchestra was particularly happy in its choice of selections, playing Siegfried's Rhine Journey from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung," Tschaikowsky's Overture-Fantaisie from "Romeo et Juliette," the overture of "The Bat" by Johann Strauss. Paul Eisler conducted.

Dec 20 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Trio Classique.

Another new chamber music organization calling itself the Trio Classique made its first appearance last evening in Aeolian Hall, where there was a large audience. It may be hoped that the multiplication of such organizations means a real growth of interest in hearing chamber music, as well as in playing it. The Trio Classique consists of Miss Celia Schiller, piano; Maurice Kaufman, violin, and John Munday, 'cello. They are excellent musicians, Miss Schiller having exceptional qualifications as the pianist of such an organization, great technical facility, discretion and reserve. Mr. Kaufman's tone is sometimes a bit dry and Mr. Munday never shows undue excitement or the influence of passion, but both are skilful technically and musically and are well equipped for the task they have undertaken.

The program was made up of Brahms's trio C, Op. 87, Eugene Goossens's "Five Impressions of a Holiday," Op. 7, and Saint Saens's trio, Op. 18. Goossens's pieces were erroneously announced as played for the first time in New York—a mistake easily made by ambitious searchers after novelty; they were played by the New York Chamber Music Society on Nov. 3, 1919.

The performance of all three compositions was excellent in understanding, taste and finish of ensemble. Saint-Säens's trio came as a reminder of the composer's death a few days ago. It is hardly likely that the performance was intended or could have been prepared as a memorial. The piece itself might stand as an exemplification of Saint-Säens's recent declaration of his view of music, that it is not "all expression and passion"; that "form is above all else," and that "art is capable of existing apart from the slightest trace of emotion or passion." This trio has beauty of form, elegance and grace of contour, and as little emotion or passion as may well be conceived. Yet it is a fascinating piece, engrossing the listener's attention from beginning to end and especially when it is played with so suitable a style as three displayed.

Mr. Grassens's little pictures are slight but pretty; no doubt they do not sound quite so "modern" now as they did a very few years ago when they were new os as Mr. Grassens makes his current productions sound. Modernity is difficult to keep up with in these days.

HOLIDAY OPERA THRIVES.

Attendance Promises to Set a New Record in New York.

Holiday opera attendance bids fair to set a new record in New York, the usually "dull" week before Christmas having begun last night with a packed house for "La Bohême." In the cast were Gigli, Alda, Roselle, Scotti, Rothier and Didur, and Papi conducted.

An extra Metropolitan matinee of "Aïda" today engages Peralta, Pertile and others. The company also gives a performance of "Rigoletto" this evening at the Brooklyn Academy, with De Luca again "batting for Babe Ruffo," Mario Chamlee as the Duke and Cora Chase as Gilda, making her first local appearance of the season.

Double Christmas Day performances on Monday next will include "Zaza," with Farrar, in the afternoon, and "Ernani" in the evening, with Ponselle and Martinelli. "La Forza del Destino" will be sung at popular prices on New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, with Ponselle, Delaunois, Martinelli, Danise, Chalmers and Didur. A special matinee of "Parsifal" will be sung Monday afternoon, Jan. 2.

Dec 21 1921

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philadelphia Orchestra bestowed upon this city the delights of its fourth concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Since the entertainments of the admirable organization belonging to the regions of the Delaware and the Schuylkill rivers have become leading features of the season of music in this town the spectacle of a crowded auditorium no longer causes astonishment. But it is undeniable that some small clouds, not yet larger than a man's hand, are visible upon the firmament in which blazes the antares of conductors called Stokowski.

There are persons so difficult to please that they grumble at his interpretations of Bach as well as at his glorifications of Schoenberg. Even last night there were carpers. The programme began with Bach's Brandenburg concerto in F, and some carpers whimpered at the way in which M. Stokowski caused it to be performed. The first movement is marked simply "alle gro," and the rebellious ones thought that Mr. Stokowski had of his own volition made this more specific by adding "pesante."

Of course ach was not meticulous about such matters. It did not occur to him that Stranskies and Bodanzkies and Stokowskies would be giving readings of his works 171 years after his death. Otherwise he might not have left so many opportunities for editing. Mr. Stokowski felt obliged even to edit the instrumentation of the concerto, but about this the malcontents made less complaint than they did about the generally soporific delivery of the composition. As to the elegant finish of the performance there could have been no diference of opinion. What Mr. Stokowski wished the orchestra to do was done beautifully.

After Bach, Haydn. The good old father of the modern symphony was represented by his familiar one in G major. There was more life in this performance, albeit practised carpers might declared that they had heard it done with more of Haydn's irrepressible humor and gayety in the first and last movements. The slow movement was admirably played and the minute had the true flavor.

The last number on the list was Rimsky-Korsakov's melodic translation of passages from the "Arabian Nights" entitled, "Scheherazade." What a series of charmed evenings she gave that fortunate Sultan. She was better than a domesticated O. Henry, and yet the delectable custom which she introduced degenerated in time into the noctural preachments of Mrs. Caudle. If she had never done anything else, however, she would have deserved well of the world for inspiring Rimsky-Korsakov's muse and enriching the kingdom of music with the composition heard last evening. It sent every one, even the carpers, home quite happy.

Bach's orchestral music usually gives some trouble to conductors. The practices of the eighteenth century are not those of today and some compromise has to be made. Bach wrote for trumpets in higher ranges than present day players can move in with any certainty, or sometimes at all. In Bach's day there were two kinds of trumpets, those that cultivated the "tip" necessary for high passages and others that cultivated the low. Mr. Stokowski, as reported by Mr. Gilman's note, divides the trumpet between two players, and transposes som eo fit an octave lower. Mr. Stokowski has superb trumpeters, as has before been observed, and they sent up no signal of distress.

Something also has to be done with the "continuo," the figured bass generally expanded upon the harpsichord, which was always a member of the orchestra in Bach's day. Mr. Stokowski, instead of having a harpsichord or a modified piano to imitate the tone of the harpsichord, which would have got near to Bach's style, filled out the figured bass for strings.

These are compromises that must be expected, apparently; but it was unfortunate that Mr. Stokowski took the whole concerto in a more restrained spirit than that which seems obviously to belong to the music. The first allegro was played at so measured a pace as to rob it of much of its vigorous and brilliant character. In the andante and the last allegro he employed a small orchestra in certain passages. These two movements were more nearly in the spirit of the music, with a rather lingering tenderness in the andante.

The "concertino," or solo instruments of the concert grosso, were the violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, and were admirably played. The concerto called out much aplause; it would have made a deeper impression in a little more virile performance.

RUSSIAN CONTRALTO SINGS.

Mme. Tarasova Gives Her First Song Recital Here.

Miss Nina Tarasova, Russian mezzo-contralto, gave her first song recital of t season last night at Town Hall. Mme. Tarasova, popularly known as an erpreter of Russian folk songs and llads, deviated from her rule and ing folk songs from several lands and few art songs. She gave also, as she has done before, folksongs which have been used by standard Russian composers.

Mme. Tarasova's delivery grows more artistic. Always a singer of fine dramatic instincts, last night her diction was commendable in several languages, her skill in phrasing and coloring more finished. Her personality is always charming. A humorous Russian folk-song given as an encore and with remarkable expressiveness told of how the family had potatoes to eat every day and the on Saturday (Jewish Sunday) as a great treat they had potatoes!

Yasha Bunchuk assisted the singer by playing some cello solors. Lazas Weiner played her accompaniments and Gregory Ashman those of the cellist.

MME. PERALTA AS AIDA.

A special matinee performance of "Aida" at popular prices was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. The singers were Mme. Peralta as *Aida*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Amneris*, Mr. Pertile as *Radames*, Mr. Danise as *Amonasro*, Mr. Mardones as *Ramfis* and Mr. Gustafson as the *King*. Miss Galli danced in the triumphal ballet and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The house was crowded.

By Deems Taylor

Dec 22 1921

~~(R[illegible]te [illegible]tions.)~~

JERITZA AGAIN.

Marie Jeritza repeated her amazing performance of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan last night. Once more the magnificent voice and acting of this beautiful Viennese swept everything before them and turned Puccini's rather shopworn heroics into a taut and breathless adventure into reality. Once more the audience, genuinely stirred, burst into thunderous and unpremeditated applause at the end of her affecting singing of "Vissi d'arte."

Her performance marked one epoch in operatic history that may have passed unnoticed by many of her listeners. She wore a scarf over her head in the first act, thereby quieting the storm of controversy that arose after her first appearance in the role as to whether or not a woman should appear uncovered in church—even a mimic one. The chorus, however, pursued its usual unconventional form of worship by turning its collective back upon the high altar during a service in order to sing to the audience.

Mr. Scotti was Scarpia, incomparable as ever in his impersonation and displaying unwonted vocal powers. His voice, particularly in the second act, took on accents of freshness and beauty such as Metropolitan audiences have missed for some time. Scotti has been rather dry of voice in recent seasons, but if he continues

to sing as he did last night he may yet surprise his most devoted admirers. Beniamino Gigli replaced Mr. Pertile as Cavaradossi. Vocally he was excellent, but dramatically—! He seemed to think he was singing in "Lucia." When it came time for his outburst, "Vittoria!" in the second act he broke away from his guards, rushed down to the footlights and hurled it straight at the heads of the edified audience. He repeated the performance in the last act, delivering "E lucevan le stelle" from a position practically on the stage apron—a sort of private song recital.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted abominably. He dragged everything, several times leaving wide gaps between orchestra and singers. He was so slow in the opening bars of "Vissi d'arte" that he nearly ruined the aria. The effect upon the nerves of both Jeritza and Scotti was perceptible. How many years has he conducted "Tosca"?

The close of the opera witnessed a curious demonstration. Many of the boxes were still full of bitter-enders and perhaps a fifth of the audience downstairs remained standing in their places applauding. Directly the curtain had fallen a crowd of about seventy-five, all Italians and all men, ran down the aisles to the orchestra rail clapping loudly and shouting at the tops of their voices for—Mr. Gigli. The soprano and tenor took several calls together, with the orchestra rail contingent shouting "Gigli!" and the rest of the house merely applauding. Some one threw a corsage bouquet to Mme. Jeritza. More applause from the seats, more shouts of "Gigli!" Finally, after several more curtain calls together, the soprano retired, Mr. Gigli took a call alone, the tumult and the shouting died as suddenly as it had begun, and the rest of the audience, after applauding a little longer, went home. Throughout the evening Mme. Jeritza did not take a single curtain call alone. At her first appearance she was allowed to take six. Curious.

15 NOTED PIANISTS

$15,000 FOR MOSZOWSKI

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Moritz Moszkowski, composer, pianist and pedagogue, distinguished in all three capacities, lies ill after an operation in Paris and nearly penniless. To assist him, and to show that the brotherhood of art is something more than a name, fifteen of the most distinguisehd pianists now in this country united in a concert last evening in Carnegie Hall.

It was very successful in what it brought in for M. Moszkowski. The sale of seats and boxes amounted to $9,100. There were various donations and complimentary insertions in the souvenir program that will bring the entire sum netted to about $15,000.

It was a concert such as there are some historical records of in the past, but very few in the audience last evening had ever seen or heard one like it. Each of the fifteen pianists had a piano so there were fifteen pianos of five different makers, on the stage. They played all together, two by two, separately, and in one piece three together. Then they played all together. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who occupied a conductor's stand at the back, conducted the fifteen. This kept them together; another advantage of it was heard, for the first time, a New York audience could see how he looks to his orchestra.

The fifteen players were, in alphabetical order, Bachaus, Bauer, Casella, Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Hutcheson, Lambert, Thevinne, Mme. Novo, Mme. Ney, Ornstein, Schelling, Miss Schnitzer and Stojowski. Several others who had hoped to take part were prevented by engagements elsewhere.

The program began with a memento of another great artist who died a few days ago. Saint Saen's variation on a theme of Beethoven for two pianos. The theme was played by all fifteen together, as was the funeral march; then the variations by all (except Messrs. Grainger and Ornstein), two by two. In Schumann's "Carneval" the "Préambule" and the final "Marche des Davidsbündler" were played by the whole company and the other movements by the several pianists individually (except Mr. Grainger). Various "orchestral" effects were introduced into the march by having different groups playing different portions and the theme of the "Grandfather's Dance" reinforced.

Moszkowski's "Spanish Dances" for four hands, one of the composer's most popular pieces, known to all schoolgirls, were played by the entire company, as was Schubert's "Marche Militaire," a duet beloved of all. Messrs. Grainger and Hutcheson played Grainger's march "Over the Hills and Far Away" for two pianos; Messrs. Bauer, Gabrilowitsch and Schelling the overture to Rossini's "La Gizza Ladra" in an arrangement for six hands, and Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch o waltz by Arensky. Solo pieces by Moszkowski were played by Mr. Lhevinne and Miss Schnitzer. There was enthusiastic applause for all these offerings.

In the intermission Mme. Alma Gluck appeared as an auctioneer and succeeded in selling three programs of the concert, autographed by all the artists taking part, at high figures: one to John McCormack at $1,000, one to Charles Mitchell at $650 and one to Mr. Eitinger at $500. Mr. Damrosch also took a turn at auctioneering and disposed of two photograps of Moszkowski at $150 each.

A telegram was red by Mr. Damrosch from Ignaz Paderewski, dated at his California ranch at Pasorobles, as follows:

"I decply regret my inability of joining you and other fellow artists on this occasion. My most mordial wishes go to you all for the success of your enterprice, which is not an act of charity but a tribute due to a true and noble artist who has faithfully served the public for so many years and has been a dear friend to many of us. My personal experience with that wonderful New York audienec, which will forever remain chrishd in my grateful memory, makes me confident that your worthy endeavors wil be received and supported with an unfailing generosity."

If any had expected a lark from this extraordinary concert they were disappointed. The fifeen pianists entered into the spirit of the occasion with great zest, but they all gave their best in their art. There were fifteen specimens of very fine piano playing, as well as some extraordinary finished examples of ensemble. And if any had had unsatisfied curiosity o know how fifteen pianos sound when played all at once in Carnegie Hall, they had the satisfaction of finding that they make a grand and noble sound rather than a noisy one. And those who came with dread lest the tuning of fifteen pianos together in unison were an impossible feat, found hat they could endure the evening's entertainment without excruciating pain.

In a word the concert was an extraordinary success in promoting the object for which it was given, in pleasing a very large audience and in demonstrating the spiri of mutual helpfulness among musical artists.

Dec 23, 1921

"Carmen" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was a repetition in almost every sense of the word. The members of the cast were those who had been concerned in previous performances of the work in the course of the present season, and in their various impersonations they effected no radical changes. Nor was there evidence that any of them, save Miss Geraldine Farrar, made any heroic effort to do so. The soprano is still ambitious. She still seeks for new methods of expression and even cultivates vocal technic with tireless assiduity.

It is said that she has been studying tone very earnestly for months past. The report is undoubtedly true, for she is singing better this season than last. She is not trying to produce volume, but quality, and with good results. Her medium register in particular shows a decided gain in rich of timbre and in smoothness. This was at once noticeable in the familiar numbers of the first act, and subsequently in the dance song of the second.

Miss Farrar looked unusually well last evening, and her acting of the wayward gypsy had a convincing directness and simplicity. There is reason to wish that her sincerity might be bestowed upon a more engaging object than the *Don Jose* of Mr. Martinelli. This impersonation is one of honest intion, but the gods did not make the tenor poetical. It is difficult to be lieve that such a Don Jose would have exclaimed in his heart, "All for love and the world well lost."

No one could have blamed *Carmen* for transferring her volatile affection to the *Escamillo* of the evening, for Mr. de Luca acted and sang the part with romantic gallantry and a fine show of enthusiasm. Mme. Marie Sundelins, permanent *Micaela* of the cast, added to the musical pleasures of the evening, to which much smaller contribution was made by Misses Mellish and Fornia as the joyous gypsies at the popular resort of Lillas Pastia. Mr. Wolff conducted and the audience was of good size.

Dec 24, 1921

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold's opera, "Die Tote Stadt," was given once more at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The performance was attended by a large audience, which was evidently well pleased. The interest of the assembly seemed to be centered upon the impersonation of the naughty *Marietta* by Mme. Marie Jeritza, who made her New York debut in this part. The prima donna was in good voice and also in good spirits. It was not possible to detect any material change in her impersonation. It was just as brilliant and skillfully colored as it was when first revealed.

Orville Harrold as *Paul*, the devoted husband of a dead wife, again deserved well of his countrymen. It may be true that he is not an ideal *Paul*, but it would be an active and ingenious imagination that would construct one. He is probably like the elusive Mrs. Harris: "There ain't no sich pusson." The music of *Paul* is painfully trying and it is to Mr. Harrold's credit that he can sing it at all. To say that he sings much of it well is to indulge in one of these radiant bursts of enthusiasm which are underestimated by the artist and unnoticed by the public.

There is also Mr. Laurenti as the *Pierrot*, who sings a small sized serenade with a large sized art. He has received much applause for this senerade and—mirabile dictu—he continues to sing it well. He employs the same discreet volume of tone and the same finished phrasing. This young man should arrive somewhere in time, provided he perseveres in his refusal to lose his artistic poise.

The other members of the cast of last evening were those who appeared in the performance of "Die Tote Stadt." The opera was generally well done and Mr. Bodanzky again conducted with authority.

RUSSIAN TENOR PLEASES.

Dobkin Gives an Enjoyable Song Recital.

Dmitry Dobkin, a Russian tenor, who made his American debut as the soloist at a Philharmonic concert here last season, gave a song recital last night in Æolian Hall. His program included three groups of Russian songs and operatic airs and songs from Italian composers.

His singing was received with admiration from an audience containing many of his own countrymen. His style is that of the typical interpreter of Russian vocal music. With a good, powerful voice and a helpful breath support he depended upon accent, clear enunciation and an intelligent turn of phrase to portray the meaning of the texts. His delivery of an air from Tschaikovsky's "Pique Dame" had dramatic effect and fine feeling.

Dmitri Dobkin Gives Program Composed Principally of Russian and Italian Numbers.

Dmitri Dobkin, who was heard here last season as soloist with the Philharmonic, last night gave a recital at Aeolian Hall, making the third Russian tenor to be heard in the space of a few weeks. Mr. Dobkin had more to offer than some of the others, disclosing a voice of power, whose tones were well rounded and clear, and rising occasionally to moments of thrilling portent. This was especially evident in the great aria from Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," where the artist did his best singing of the evening. His was a truly sensational performance.

Again in the group of songs by Gliere were three stretches of excellent work, and this is a series none too easy for the human voice to encompass, with its rather startling intervals. "Why?" by Kudrin, proved to be of more than ordinary interest, as were Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Zuleika's Song," Tschaikowsky's "When We Sat Together," and "Aubade," by Leoncavallo.

Other numbers included Gretchaninoff's "Reflections at Suuset," Aria from "Pique Dame," by Tschaikowsky, Aria from Verdi's "Marked Ball," Tosti's "I'd Wish to Die" and Rossini's "Tarantelle."

Dec 25, 1921

50 YEARS ON OPERA STAGE.

L. Viviani to Celebrate at Metropolitan—Farrar in Double Bill.

Three hundred musicians and employes of the Metropolitan Opera Company will celebrate a home Christmas today for the first time in some years, the theatre being occupied only by tonight's Sunday concert, while the usual extra matinee takes place on Monday. The opera staff, as noted elsewhere in THE TIMES, will miss the shower of gold-pieces that were the annual gift to chorus and orchestra from the late Enrico Caruso. A personal incident tomorrow will be the fiftieth anniversary on the stage of Ludovico Viviani, a former basso and now assistant stage manager.

Mr. Viviani, who is the company's oldest member in point of service, was born in Russia of Italian parents, and made his opera début as a youth of 19 in Verdi's "Luisa Miller," at Cremona, Italy, on Dec. 26, 1871. After singing at Milan, Turin, Venice, Cairo and Buenos Ayres, he joined the Metropolitan under Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau in 1891, singing Mephistopheles on several occasions in "Faust," an dtaking part in the first production here of "Tosca." In 1902 he abandoned singing, but has remained a familiar figure backstage in the successive companies of Conried and Gatti-Casazza.

Geraldine Farrar in "La Navarraise" and Aureliano Pertile in "Pagliacci" headed a double bill of operas at yesterday's well attended matinee. With the prima donna in the French war piece appeared Kingston, Rothier and others, conducted by Albert Wolff, while the Italian tragedy engaged Miss Easton, Messrs. Danise, Bada and Laurenti, under the baton of Moranzoni. Mr. Pertile scored a personal success as Canio, singing the Caruso rôle at short notice in place of Crimi, who was ill. "Tristan" was repeated last evening to another large house, the cast including Matzenauer, Gordon, Sembach, Whitehill and Gustafson, under the leadership of Bodanzky.

HIGH HONOR TO SAINT-SAENS

National Funeral Held for French Composer at the Madeleine.

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The remains of the great French composer, Camille Saint-Saëns, received national burial today, the impressive ceremony taking place at the Madeleine this morning. Beside official representatives of the Government, high dignitaries of the Legion of Honor and many prominent musicians and literary men attended.

Mgr. Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, officiated, while an orchestra played a selection of sacred music by the dead composer.

After the ceremony at the Madeleine the body was taken to the Montparnasse Cemetery and buried there.

Dec 27, 1921

AT METROPOLITAN

Dec 27 1921

Farrar in "Zaza" Christmas Attraction—Morgan Kingston in Tenor Role—De Luca as Cascart.

Christmas Day at the Metropolitan had a distinct Italian flavor, since three operas of the "verimisso" school were presented. The holiday matinee was Leoncavallo's "Zaza," with Geraldine Farrar in the title role, with which she has scored such a success. The performance also saw a new and pleasing Dufresne in the person of Morgan Kingston, who substituted at the last minute for Mr. Crimi. Others in the cast were Giuseppe de Luca as the suave Cascart, Kathleen Howard, Myrtle Schaaf, Minnie Egener, Cecil Arden, Millo Picco, Angelo Bada, Paolo Ananian, Pompilio Malatesta, Mario Laurenti, Louis d'Angelo, Giordano Paltrinieri, Ada Quintina, Pietro Audisio, Phyllis White and Veni Warwick. Roberto Moranzoni conducted.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Martinelli, "Ernani," the opera announced for last night, had to be postponed. In its stead was offered the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." In the former appeared Rosa Ponselle, Flora Perini, Beniamino Gigli, Millo Picco, and Louise Berat. The Leoncavallo opera was sung by Florence Easton, Aureliano Pertile, Giuseppe Danise, Giordano Paltrinieri and Mario Laurenti. Mr. Pertile sang the role of Canio in a most pleasing manner. The audience heard consistently good singing throughout the evening and was not slow to show its appreciation.

Mr. Moranzoni made his day complete by conducting both operas.

Reuben Davies, a pianist who has proved his worth as a master of difficult scores, last night gave a recital at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Davies exhibited a technique equal to any demands placed upon it, playing with an abandon and freeness delightful to hear. His program contained several very exacting pieces; in fact, he seemed to major in the more intricate notations.

The Bach-Busoni "Chaconne" and Ravel "Sonatine" illustrated this, as did two Liszt and two Chopin numbers. Other numbers on the program included Debussy's "Arabesque" and "An Evening in Granada," Griffes's "The White Peacock," Bartok's "The Bear Dance," Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," Rubinstein's "Staccato Etude," and Mr. Davies's own "The Spirit of Passing Clouds."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza declared that it was not a merry Christmas. It was yesterday afternoon when he said it, and there was a special matinee performance of "Zaza." Mr. Crimi was to have sung the role of *Dufresne*, but he was on the sick list, and the evening program had already been altered for that reason. If he had not been ill he might have had to sing twice in the course of the day because Mr. Martinelli was also indisposed. Mr. Martinelli might have been called on to sing *Canio* in Mr. Crimi's place in the evening. But Mr. Crimi in the natural order of things would have been Mr. Martinelli's substitute in the afternoon. Then there was Mr. Chamlee, who might have—well, he was sick, too.

With all these ill, it fell to the lot of Morgan Kingston, "semper paratus" tenor, to sing *Dufresne*, which he did, to the apparent satisfaction of the audience. With three tenors out of commission, the news came yesterday that Johannes Sembach, tenor of German operas, had also succumbed. Mr. Kingston may have a chance to sing *Siegmund* on Saturday. Four tenors being on the binnacle list, Mr. Gatti-Casazza was not jesting when he said it was not a merry Christmas for him.

Miss Farrar repeated her impersonation of *Zaza* at the matinee with excellent effect. She was in good voice and sang her music well, while her acting exhibited its now familiar diversity.

In the evening the ever faithful and always ready double bill of "Cavalleria

cana" and "Pagliacci" was substi- for "Ernani," which had been l at a revival performance early month.

e large audience apparently felt no t because an old Italian opera— h many persons present had proba- never heard—was replaced by the modern Italian works. A genuine tiay spirit of contentment and inter- prevailed throughout the auditorium, there was abundant applause for the cipal singers.

he cast of the Mascagni opera had a Rosa Pousello as the *Santuzza*, s Perini as *Lola*, Mr. Gigli as *Turid* Mr. Picco os *Alfio*, and Mme. Berat *Lucia*. The chief singers in the Leon- allo opera were Mme. Easton as *Nida*, Mr. Pertile—who seems to be king himself very useful to the com- ly—as *Canio*, Mr. Danise as *Tonio*, Laurenti as *Silvio*, and Mr. Paltri- ri as *Beppe*. Mr. Moranzoni conducted h operas with spirit.

HARVARD ORCHESTRA HEARD.

Peforms Sound Orchestral Music Creditably.

The Harvard University Orchestra gave its first concert in this city in Carnegie Hall last evening. This organization is an outgrowth of the Pierian Sodality, which dates from 1808. None of those '08 fellows are playing in he now orchestra, which is composed of undergraduates. Harvard not long ago formed a chorus, which undertook he commendable task of cultivating among the students a taste for the music of Palestrina and other fathers of capella art. The chorus was a great uccess. It went to Paris last summer nd was much praised.

But an orchestra is a ditferent affair. t is not so easy to develop a body of nstrumental performers, and what the oung gentlement did last evening was udable as an effort in a good direction rather than as an achievement. The numbers played by the orchestra ere Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" verture, Schubert's Unfinished Symhony (that dear old friend of amateur rchestras), Widor's "Contemplation," "Noel" arranged by Emmanuel, rancks "Paris Angelicus," the prelude Saint-Saens's "The Deluge," some luck ballet music, Sibelius's "Valse riste" and the Hungarian march from The Damnation of Faust."

I. H. Rosenberg played the violin solo the Saint-Saens music and George Brown, cellist, and Clair Leonard, organist, were also heard. Miss Imogen Peay, pianist, assisted, and Walter Pison conducted. Mme. Helen Stanley diversified the entertainment with a variety of songs, lending to the concert a ecessary flavor of professional excellence.

Naturally the orchestra betrayed the ommonest of weaknesses found in amteur organizations, namely, bad inonation. That was to be expected. As o the attack the opinion of one Haughon might have been valuable, while a ertain Storrow could have said somehing about the precision and unaniinty. But the spectacle of a body of uniersity undergraduates performing ound orchestral music instead of wanging banjos or plucking mandoline n the familiar mechanical style was leasing. The Harvard move is a good ne and deserves encouragement.

Dec 28 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Dr. Strauss Conducts Again.

The third and last subscription conrt of Dr. Richard Strauss and the iladelphia Orchestra was given last ening in the Metropolitan Opera ouse. Dr. Strauss played two of his gest musical anecdotes, "Les Sprach rarhmstra" and "Ein Holdenleben." twcen them was placed his concerto violin and orchestra, in D minor, S, the performance of which was rusted to Mr. Bronislaw-Hubermann. None of these compositions was new New York, but the violin concerto s been very seldom played here since go Heermann first introduced it in 3. Nor need there be deep search for reasons for this neglect. It is well served; snd, though the violinists y cry aloud for the dearth of contos for their instrument, they are not ely to feel urged to cultivate a work feeble in important points as this conto.

he last movement is enough to invalle it as an item in any repertory. ere are not lacking pleasing traits in first allegro and the slow movement, the music, like so much of Strauss's ller works, has a physiognomy hardly ognizable as individual and shows a ndly acquaintance with the music of er men.

is not every undergraduate that can claim himself a genius at 19, saying ething that has not been said before. young Munich student did a good e of student work that would long e have been forgotten had it not been the later unfoldings of its composer's ers.

r. Hubermann played the concerto ptably, though hardly with the ast of confident authority, and without ully convincing showing of the brilcy that the composer was aiming at the last movement, perhaps without fullest technical knowledge of the s and means to tempt a virtuoso to highest brilliancy

The performance of the tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben," was of superlative excellence. Dr. Strauss as conductor, and the Philadelphia Orchestra as performer showed their highest powers in it. It was apparently a well-nigh complete exposition of the composer's intentions. The performance was not only beautifully modeled in the larger proportions, exquisitely attaining the tonal values, the instrumental colors, the dynamic contrasts and gradations, the propulsive rhythms, but it was made translucently clear—clear in its outlines, in its polyphonic structure, in its musical significance.

Even in "Hero's adversaries," the "Hero's battlefield" were made perfectly intelligible and were no longer the abhorrent welter of noise that once they seemed, and perhaps once they were. No doubt some of the greater intelligibility has come through a greater skill in the listener's ears; since last night when Emil Pauer first shattered them by his performance of the work in New York with the Philharmonic Society. But the unfailing skill of the Philadelphia players, their minute command of the dangers of the score, and the serene mastery of the conductors were the chief elements in this clarification.

They were likewise the dominating factors in the performance of "Also Sprach Zarathustis," which duplicated the excellence of the previous performance in the Metropolitan concerts. Perhaps the most striking impression produced by both symphonic poems was not only of the vast ingenuities and inventiveness, the technocal powers that produced these two colossal works, but also of the unbounded nalveté that imagined they really express what they set out to express.

HERBERT SCHMIDT PLAYS.

Displays a Crisp, Clean-Cut Style at His Debut in Aeolian Hall.

Herbert Schmidt was heard by none too numerous an audience at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, the fourth pianist in as many days to venture holiday-week débuts in New York. He is a player of crisp, clean-cut style, always clear and a little cold, it seemed, in Chopin's B minor sonata and a contrasting ballad, intermezzo and rhapsody of Brahms. These he prefaced with Bach and some French classics, adding later pieces by Ravel, Scott and Carpenter.

In the same hall on the previous night Reuben Davies was cordially received by a small house, his program ranging from Paganini's "La Chasse," arranged by Liszt, to his own tone-picture, "The Spirit of Passing Clouds." Sari Eissner and Sunday at Aeolian Hall played her own "Roumanian Ciocarlia" and more usual works of Mozart, Weber, Chopin and Liszt.

Arthur Schnabel, who came to Carnegie Hall on Sunday with a reputation based on twenty-five years' career abroad, impressed his hearers as an interpreter of skill in larger works of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. There will be early opportunity of hearing Mr. Schnabel in a second recital, announced at the Town Hall on Jan. 14.

SCHMIDT, PIANIST, PLAYS.

Discloses Good Tone But Lack of Finish.

Herbert Schmidt, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He disclosed certain good qualities. His best asset was his tone, which was unforced, never harsh, always musical and, in so far as dynamics were concerned, tolerably varied. There was no wide range of color, however, and this naturally confined his interpretations to a circumscribed utterance.

Mr. Schmidt displayed a regrettable lack of finish in phrasing, to which he added a want of clarity in finger work, due partly to injudicious pedalling and partly to uncertainties of technic. His playing of the Brahms intermezzo in A flat and rhapsody in E flat showed intelligence and artistic instinct, but suffered from the causes already enumerated. He fell still further short of his own manifest ideals in his reading of the Chopin sonata in B minor.

ARTHUR SCHNABEL, distinguished German pianist, on his American debut in Carnegie Hall, played a programme embracing Schumann's fantasie, Schubert's posthumous sonata in B flat major, and Brahm's sonata in F minor.

He had a large audience, but it was not the kind of audience to listen attentively for more than two hours to music so serious.

Briefly, it may be said, that Arthur Schnabel is not only a master of the keyboard, but also an artist in the true sense of the word. Dignified in his manner, even reserved, he is deliberate, introspective, analytical in his methods, rather than spontaneous. A man of detail, he carries his interpretations home by dint of exquisitely elaborated phrasing and finely modulated shading. Yet is there imagination and poetic penetration, too, in his playing, although the brain apparently dominates the heart.

ORGANISTS COMBINE TO GIVE GALA CONCERT

Marcel Dupre and Charles M. Courboin in Joint Appearance at Wanamaker Auditorium.

As a climax to the series of organ recitals sponsored by the concert division of the Wanamaker store, Marcel Dupre and Charles M. Courboin, who have appeared singly, last night combined to give a gala concert. Mr. Dupre is organist of the Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, and Mr. Courboin is equally well known in America and Europe.

The artists alternated, each playing twice during the evening. Mr. Dupre offered J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, d'Aquin's Noel with Variations Bourdon's "Carillon" and his own Prelude and Fugue in G minor. Among Mr. Courboin's selections were Franck's "Piece Heroique," Lotti's "Aria," J. S. Bach's Fantasie and Fugue in G minor, Saint-Saens's Prelude in E major, and a Pedal Study by Pietro Yon.

Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, presented each of the organists with a gold "couronne d'honneur" as an appreciation of the exceptional work they have done in the concert series.

Dec 29 1921

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"La Boheme" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. One more performance of Puccini's popular opera of love among the lowly might signify nothing beyond a unit of addition to the column of figures in the record. But there were new items in last evening's performance. Miss Lucrezia Bori made her first appearance of the season, singing the grateful and sympathetic role of *Mimi*. She was cordially welcomed and was called before the curtain many times, not only in company with her principal associates, but alone. It was a happy evening for her, for her numerous admirers and for the opera house, which is benefited by the return of one of its most attractive prima donnas.

Miss Bori is a charming *Mimi*. She has the most important of all requirements for the role, namely youth, a slender figure, a mobile countenance and eloquent eyes. Furthermore, in spite of the vocal affection from which she suffered and which kept her off the stage for several years her voice is still fresh and beautiful, and it has a peculiarly individual character well suited to such music as that of "La Boheme."

The effect of her vocal illness is at times discernible in her singing. She seemed last evening, for instance, to be timid about her upper register and approached the higher tones with an excess of caution which drew her into an exaggerated use of poraamento. This is a grace of singing when judiciously employed, but when over used it degenerates into a mannerism and becomes tiresome.

Miss Bori's middle register, which was in perfect condition, was most delightful to hear. Her style was generally admirable and her interpretation of the music was replete with artistic touches in expression and color. Her *Mimi*, to reiterate what has already been said, was charming.

Mario Chamlee was the *Rodolfo*. He sang the part for the first time in his career and achieved most pleasing results. His voice proved to be excellently suited to the music and he sang with freedom, richness of tone and confidence. His acting was good, and it may be said without hesitation that Mr. Chamlee is rapidly proving that he is a valuable member of the company.

The other members of the cast were those concerned in the last previous performance, except that Miss d'Arle instead of Miss Roselle was the *Musetta*. The whole performance moved with the proper spirit. Mr. Papi conducted.

DAMROSCH TALKS ON DEBUSSY.

Gives Illustrated Lecture on Composer's Innovations in Harmony.

Walter Damrosch interested a good sized audience in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with an illustrated lecture on Debussy and his art. He explained the innovations in harmony made by Debussy through his systematic development of the series of modulations based on the harmonic and whole tone scales. He pointed out that the Frenchman had not, as some music lovers supposed, invented the whole tone progression, which had already been employed by Glinka and Debussy, and which Mr. Damrosch thought belonged to Russia.

He directed the attention of his auditors to the fact that continual use of whole tone harmonies deprived music of harmonic clarity and imparted to it a restlessness which in the end became wearisome. He also noted that Debussy sometimes thought as a pianist when writing for orchestra, and thereby tried to produce effects unsuited to the instrumental body. He played most of the last act of "Pelleas et Melisande," telling the story of the work and making enlightening comments. Mr. Damrosch, as usual, was clear and thoroughly comprehensible in his discourse and once more exhibited his great facility in explaining music.

DUPRE'S FAREWELL RECITAL.

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame, Paris, who has just completed a series of free inaugural recitals on the new concert organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium, gave a farewell public recital before sailing for France on Saturday in the same hall yesterday afternoon.

John Wanamaker's purpose in giving the recitals—to increase the general love of organ music and the knowledge of organ literature—seemed to be rapidly bearing fruit. The auditorium was densely packed and the listeners at the end of the program demanded from the player encore after encore. These he generously gave, ranging his selections from the old French school down through Bach and modern music. His printed list comprised Bach's choral prelude on "Jesus Christ, Our Saviour," Cesar Franck's second choral in B minor and three numbers, preludes and fugues by himself, respectively in B major, F minor and G minor. These works were played with the spiritual insight, lofty feeling and artistic mastery of his instruments upon which his fame rests as an interpreter.

For the final number he gave an improvisation on a theme submitted by the audience. Alexander Russell asked for a series of the scale notes, taking five from the balcony and five from the orchestra, and writing each one down in turn. He then handed the slips of paper containing the notes to Mr. Dupre, who selected from them ones to suit his purpose and own rhythm and then played the theme standing before the organ bench. Seating himself and arranging his registrations, Mr. Dupre began to play. His improvisation ran through a splendid fantasia which displayed not only his own fine creative power, but the marvelous tonal range, from the most exquisite pianissimos to mighty crashing chords of the instrument whereon he performed.

By Richard Aldrich

Miss Bori and Chamlee in "Boheme."

Everybody knew how sympthetic and appealing her interpretation would be in its simplicity and charm of personality, its gayety and pathos; for it is well remembered. Perhaps some cannot rid themselves of a little solicitude about her voice since her recovery from the trouble that took her out of the company at the height of her success and kept her out for several years. There was no reason for solicitude disclosed in her singing last evening. The voice was fresh and pure in quality, abundant in power and amply expressive. There was a slight tendency toward caution in taking her tones toward a superfluous use of the "portamento" instead of a positive attack. So, possibly, ill-natured purists may have thought; but their scruples were not shared perceptibly by the friends and admirers of Miss Bori, who made no reservations whatever in the heartiness and enthusiasm of their applause and in their enjoyment of which it was the expression.

Mr. Chamlee's Rodolfo was admirably sung, for the most part, in a voice of musical quality which he had the artistic feeling and the good sense to keep consistently below the shouting point, and which he employed with much fine "mezza voce"; though he had abundance of power for the points of climax he wished to make. Mr. Chamlee's Rodolfo will, no doubt, gain in freedom and flexibility, humorous point and pathetic expression as he gains greater familiarity with the part.

The other members of the cast had appeared before in performance of this opera. Miss Yvonne d'Arle had presented herself once recently as Musetta at a matinee performance. She disclosed much vivacity and piquancy in appearance and action—more of these than of vocal quality and skill. Mr. Scotti's Marcello is memorable for its communicating vitality and dramatic truth; more so in these days than for the voice. Messrs. Didur and Ananian were the Schaunard and Benoit and Mr. Rothier the Colline. Mr. Papi conducted.

Dec 30 1921

Coates Directs Sy

English Guest Conductor Damrosch, Who Be

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Walter Damrosch sat in a box and listened to the concert of the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He said it was a good orchestra. He had the opportunity to be an audito because his own duties as conducto have ended for the season and to-morrow he sails for Europe. Yesterday's concert was directed by Albert Coa

Rimsky-Korsakov and listened to a story of Poushkin told by Scheherazade.

Saturn brought the benison of old age from the pontifical lips of Gurnemanz and laid the weary limbs of senility to rest with all the repose of Good Friday. Uranus was too kindly to be a wicked magician. He set off at a spirited pace but soon proved that his tricks were old ones and that he himself was only an apprentice to a sorcerer.

Neptune, the mystic, created his most confounding mystery by using two solo violins, the concert master and the first player at the third desk. Only a mystic could have had such a conception. Perhaps some hearers could tell how differently it would have sounded if the second soloist had been the first player at the second desk, or the second player at the first desk. Anyhow, it was some puzzle.

About the performance of this musical interpretation of the unresisting planets, our neighbors in the vast realms of relativity, only praise can be uttered. The orchestra discharged its duties most admirably, and Mr. Coates, we may be sure, delivered to us the authoritative reading of the work. As to the interpretations of the other two compositions on the program opinions will doubtless be divided. The mastersingers were more deliberate and more vociferous than is their wont. These were probably mastersingers of Manchester, who distributed cotton to the world before and shells during the war.

Many things could be said of the reading of the Tschaikowsky "Romeo and Juliet." It was neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but it sufficed. The audience was cordial in its reception of Mr. Coates and of Mr. Holst's planetary system.

MAX KOTLARSKY'S RECITAL.

Pianist Holds Interest of Audience at Aeolian Hall.

Max Kotlarsky, a pianist, who gave a recital here last spring, was heard in a program of piano music last evening in Aeolian Hall. He played a prelude in C called "Con Solennita," by Schuett—an unfamiliar, imposing, but not important composition—Bach's chaconne, transcribed by Busoni—already heard here this week—MacDowell's "Tragica" sonata, which has not been given here recently, a number of shorter selections by Russian writers and a "Pastorale" of Corelli arranged by Godowski. Among the Russian numbers there was Balakiereff's "Islamey" fantasy.

Mr. Kotlarsky is a serious artist and one who is making progress in his art. His performance had intelligence and admirable technical power. His tone, while clear and often good, was perhaps not so rich in warmth and color as it might have been, but a certain ease and freedom of style enabled him to hold the interest of his audience.

Albert Coates Conducts.

The concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, was conducted by Mr. Albert Coates, the English conductor who for the next ten weeks will be in charge of its performances. Mr. Coates is known to the frequenters of these concerts, for he came to New York just a year ago and conducted the orchestra in three concerts, presenting in them two programs. He was received with a warm welcome, and the audience made it evident that he had not been forgotten when he came upon the platform. He took his place upon the conductor's stand surrounded by a very substantial iron railing that had apparently been erected for his benefit.

Mr. Coates's welcome was the expression of agreeable memories, for at his appearances here a year ago he made a very considerable impression as a master of orchestral technique that enabled him to achieve some highly individual interpretations — interpretations that were undoubtedly and without question the ones he aimed at. He demonstrated in them, along with a number of other excellent qualities, strength, robustness and virility. The authority that Mr. Coates showed before, the strength, robustness and virility, were amply demonstrated again in his performance yesterday; but some of the other excellent qualities were left in evidence.

It may be hoped that his reading of Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger," with which his program began, did not give unqualifiedly the "keynote" of what he is about to do in the next ten weeks. It was a reading of almost brutal violence in the matter of tone. Everything was forced to produce the greatest possible volume—string, woodwind, brass, and especially kettle drums. The brass was frequently so overblown that its tone degenerated into a hoarse roar. Mr. Coates's tempo seemed so measured that the first section and its conterpart at the end lost something in vitality of movement.

But all through the performance there was great attention to detail as Mr. Coates wished it attended to. No inner voices were lost; some were thrust rudely to the surface, but they were heard. The beautiful senorities and warm color of the pieec were lost by being made too sonorous, too highly colored.

A similarly vigoorus treatment was administered to Tschaikwsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture, with powerful dramatic contrasts between the several sections, strong emphasis upon the suggestions of strife, wherein tonal beauty was again sacrificed, and a passionate eloquence in the love music.

Mr. Coates comes avowedly as an interpreter of the new British school of composition, and the disclosures of this music that he promises will be the most interesting features of his visit. He began in this concert with a performance of the symphonic suite, "The Planets," by Gustav Holst, who, notwithstanding his name, is one of the most prominent of that school. None of his music, except a couple of songs, has been performed in New York; portions of this suite have been heard in Chicago, and, with other orchestral compositions, it has been much in evidence on the programs of the London orchestras since it was first played there some three years ago.

There is no program for the music except the titles of the seven movements, which the composer wishes to be understood in an astrological rather than an astronomical sense; hence, no doubt, the attributions to the various gods for whom the plants are named, some being familiar neither in astronomy nor mythology: "Venus, the "bringer of peace"; Jupiter of jollity, Uranus, the magician; Neptune mystic.

Mr. Holst writes as a modern, well freed from entangling alliances with the past; but he has not cut loose from the sense of beauty, from the claims of melody in music, and from a due consideration of a human ear, for sweet reasonableness in general. His utterance is not only "advanced"; it is individual; and his right to be numbered among the real personalities seemed to be declared by "The Planets" of modern music. But this part is no easy bearing, nor are is full significance and quality to be grasped at once; the seven movements offer a bewildering richness of idea and variety of expression. There is much complication in their development and the orchestral apparatus is large and elaborate; all the usual instruments with such additions as bass, flute, tenor tuba, six kettledrums, organ, celesta and various percussive instruments; a chorus of women is also demanded.

The martial msic representing the "Bringer of War," is not the most striking or characteristic of the suite; it is not easy to be new in such music, even with a 5-8 rhryhm and the persistent drum of figures. Venus does not suggest to the composer passion but peace;; violin solo of elegant melodic contour is its most significant feature, as the glistening interlocking runs are of the "Mercury" section. A greater interest belongs to the one marked "Jpiter, the Bringer of Jollity," in which the are two square-cut themes of a "modal" character, and then there strangely appears a solidwly old English tune.

The first indication that Mr. Holst is subject to reminiscence comes in the sad gray music of "Saturn, Bringer of Old Age," with its persistent two-note figure, when it merges into something that suggests "Parsifal" not only in the obvious way of the use of the bells, but in the theme, and in the spirit of the music. There is a delightful note of grotesquerie in which a "Glissands" for full organ is heard in the magic of Uranus; and perhaps this most original and striking section of all is the last, "Neptune, the Mystic," in which a hushed note of mystery is sounded and in which the compisition signs into silcence and the end.

The small chorus of women behind the scenes that should have been heard in thi slast movement was not heard. It was explaire dthat the chorus parts did not arrive in time for sufficient study, and that therefore Mr. Coates played "the composer's authorized orchestration without chorus."

Mr. Holst is fully master of the elaborate orchestral apparatus that he calls for in "The Planets," and uses it, not for strange or ear-tickling effects, but for the suitable expression of his thought. That thought is for the most part new, and it is complex. But the music gives the impression of genuineness, of intellectual honesty; and it gives the impression of being the utterance of a man with something of his own to say.

It was listened to with attention and interest yesterday. Mr. Coates interpreted it with great zeal and coviction and the orchestra played it with apparently a full mastery of its difficulties. It would be worth playing and hearing again.

By Deems Taylor

Albert Coates, the Russo-British conductor whose visit here last year occasioned much excitement in musical circles, began his season as guest-conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Coates's visit did not begin very auspciously, for he opened the programme with one of the worst performances of the "Meistersinger" overture on record. The tempo did not drag, as is often the case; but that is about all the good to be said of the event. It was a noisy and vulgar reading, totally lacking in balance or subtlety. All of Wagner's carefully planned effects went for nothing in a general sprawl of brass and timpani. Throughout the score the brass parts are almost invariably marked "f" when the strings and woods are marked "ff." Mr. Coates disregarded these markings consistently, with the result that in the tuttis the themes, whether on strings or wood, were drowned under the vociferation of the filling-in notes played by the trumpets and horns. What is the good of leaning menacingly over the first violins, as Mr. Coates is so fond of doing, to urge them into redoubled frantic scrapings when the brasses are blowing their heads off on the opposite side of the platform?

Chaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture went better, thanks in part to the fact that Peter Ilich keeps his brasses so low that it is well-nigh impossible to get more noise out of them than the composer wanted.

The novelty of the day was a first New York performance of Gustav Holst's symphonic suite, "The Planets." Holst is an Englishman, a former pupil of Villiers Stanford, whose large-scale compositions include two operas, a masque and several choral works with orchestra. "The Planets" has seven movements, subtitled as follows: "Mars, the Bringer of War; Venus, the Bringer of Peace; Mercury, the Winged Messenger; Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity; Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age; Uranus, the Magician; Neptune, the Mystic." Further than these brief indications the work is mercifully free from programme notes. It was first publically performed on Nov. 15, 1920, by the London Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Coates's direction, and the success of the work is said to have been so great that the audience interrupted the performance in the middle to call the composer to the platform.

Tastes certainly differ. To one listener yesterday "The Planets" sounded bloated and bombastic, a work written beyond doubt in deep sincerity but evidencing no powers of eloquent or convincing musical utterance. Louis Dutton, the novelist, once referred to a contemporary as "one of those people who are perfectly willing to tell the truth, but don't know any." This seems to be the trouble with the composer of "The Planets." The work calls for an orchestra of stupendous size, is scored with the utmost complexity, and takes a full hour to play; yet, when all is over, despite the tinkle of celesta and harp, the chatter and scrape of wind and strings, the bellowing of brass and the thud of the six timpani, there remains no memory of any gift of magic or glimpse of mystery and dreams. No clear voice makes itself heard. The conceptions are conventional and their musical utterance, despite its terrific emphasis, remains essentially sterile and hackneyed. If Mr. Holst were a painter his Mars would be the familiar unshaven hoplite of the newspaper cartoon; his Jupiter would be John Bull and his Uranus the regaliafied Chairman of a lodge meeting. The music abounds in quotations. Saturn sounded in places suspiciously like a senile Parsifal and Venus voiced some of her pacific sentiments by singing "Vissi D'arte."

The Venus and Neptune movements are the best. In the latter particularly one felt the evocation of a real mood. The audience listened respectfully and applauded several of the movements with evident pleasure, although the length of the work occasioned a train catching exodus before it was over. The closing chords of Neptune, in fact, were rendered almost inaudible by the "creak, creak" of an impatient feminine commuter putting on her rubbers.

Boito's "Mefistofele" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening to the evident pleasure of a large audience. This opera, which has suffered many vicissitudes, now seems to have gained a permanent place in the local repertoire. Many operagoers doubtless hoped that Feodor Chaliapin would be induced to appear at least once in his impersonation of the tmpter, but according to the latest advices from the soat of the lyric conference this is unlikely. However, the famous Russian bass is to return to this country next season, and it may be possible that he will sing in Boito's work.

Meanwhile the Metropolitan, which possesses two competent devils, gets on very well, and the opera profits by making its career without hitching its wagon to a star. Sometimes Mr. Didur impersonates *Mefistofeles* and sometimes it is Mr. Mardones. Last evening it was the turn of the latter, and his performance was received with abundant applause.

The other members of the cast were Mme. Alda as *Margherita*, Mme. Easton as *Elena*, Mme. Howard as *Marta*, Miss Ferini as *Pantalis*, Mr. Gigli as *Faust*, Mr. Bada as *Wagner* and Mr. Paltrinieri as *Nereo*. Mr. Morganzoni conducted.

BAGBY MUSICAL MORNING.

Miss Hempel Sings at Last Concert for December.

The last of the Bagby musical mornings for December attracted to the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday a large audience. The artists were Miss Frieda Hempel and Giuseppe de Luca of the Metropolitan Opera and Bronislaw Huberman, violinist. Coenraad Bos, Paul Frenkel and Giuseppe Bamboschek were at the piano and Louis Fritze, flutist, accompanied Miss Hempel in some of her songs.

Miss Hempel's numbers included songs by Schubert, Reger, Mendelssohn and some old Norwegian melodies. She sang "Casta Diva" from Bellini's "Norma" and with Mr. de Luca the duo from the second act of "La Traviata." Mr. de Luca's numbers included the aria "Dio Possente," from Gounod's "Faust"; the "Aubade," from Lalo's "Le Roi D'Ys," also songs in English, French and Italian. Mr. Huberman played compositions of Bruch, Wilhelmj, Brahms-Joachim, and the "Carmen Fantaisie," arranged from Bizet's music by Sarasate.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Oct 30 1921

The Philharmonic Society.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was conducted by the assistant conductor, Henry Hadley, while the conductor, Mr. Stransky, took a 'busman's holiday by sitting, looking and listening in a box. The program was wholly modern; but not in any terrifying sense; most of the modernity was that of day before yesterday. One of the numbers, Henry F. Gilbert's "Indian Sketches," was new; but the rest had not been heard recently from the Philharmonic.

Mr. Gilbert has written pieces—six of them—based on Indian themes; he has not merely harmonized the themes, nor has he used them literally. He has, as he says, taken "certain piquant bits of rhythm and song as nubs from which to build up his own melodic structure." Only occasionally do such "nubs" turn up, as Mr. Gilbert's study of Indian music has taught him. "The larger part of the Indian music is very meagre and valueless as music, * * * monotonous and truly characterless."

This is perfectly true; and because Mr. Gilbert has recognized the fact and has used the Indian material only as a starting point, he has been more successful than a good many others who have labored with Indian music and followed it more closely. In fact, it might almost be said that the further away Mr. Gilbert gets from his Indian subjects the more interesting and really musical his music becomes.

This is particularly to be observed in the "Invocation," the second of the series, in which there is a truly fine and eloquent development. In the "Song of the Wolf" that follows, unexpectedly much is derived from somewhat unpromising beginnings; and in the "Nocturne" there is a really poetical use made of the material. The last, a "Snake Dance," is, as Mr. Gilbert suggests, a "frank piece of barbarism." His writing in this suite shows much skill in treating the instruments, in molding and building up an orchestral movement, as well as an essentially musical imagination. His work is one of the better Amerian contributions to music based on the Indian material.

At the end of his suite Mr. Gilbert was called out to accept the applause of the audience.

Reznicek's overture to "Donna Diana" is light, graceful and fleeting music of a comic spirit not too distinguished. Glazunoff's symphony seems to have "dated" somewhat. He has recently declared himself to be "the composer who has remained true to the rules of harmony and counterpoint." A singularly well founded claim; but, after all, something more is needed.

Glazunoff has been the victim of his own fatal facility, fluency and fecundity. He is, as in this symphony, an easy originator of tunes, not always his own. He has much dexterity in presenting and developing them, true to the rules of harmony and counterpoint; so true that the listener is continually beguiled into thinking, as he listens, that he knows what is coming next; and sometimes he does. So this symphony can be listened to in a cheerful frame of mind and without perplexity, especially when played in so cheerful a spirit as Mr. Hadley brought to it yesterday.

The final numbers on the program were Borodin's orchestral sketch, "On the Plains of Central Asia," a bit of landscape painting in music that seems very innocent today, and an orchestral arrangement of Liszt's polonaise for the piano in E flat.

Miss Leginska and Mr. Ornstein.

Miss Ethel Leginska and Leo Ornstein gave a recital for two pianos last evening in Aeolian Hall that was well attended by ardent admirers of the two as pianists and of Mr. Ornstein as composer. The most important place on the program was given to a new sonata for two pianos, Op. 89, by Mr. Ornstein.

It is in the composer's later and most maturely considered manner, in which he devotes himself to the elaboration, in his way, of a prodigal numoer of themes. Mr. Ornstein has not turned backward in his ideas about harmony and devotes much ingenuity to adorning ideas that seem in themselves somewhat dry and inexpressive. Of course, he has written in the most advanced style of piano technique, sought far and wide for means of producing color, and has composed some pages of terrifying difficulty. The sonata sounds, of course, to many extravagant; to others, dull rather than terrifying. To Mr. Ornstein's numerous admirers it made a deep appeal in the brilliant performance which the two virtuosas gave it. It was so applauded that, as an encore, they gave Mr. Ornstein's "Valse Boufonne," also for the pianos.

They began with a fugue in C minor by Mozart and Schubert's theme and variations, Op. 35, and closed with Mozart's sonata in D. But why did they play on two pianos four-hand pieces written for one piano, unless because they are contracted to two different makes and could not write them in one instrument, which is not reason enough.

MISS FARRAR IN "LOUISE."

Pertile Successfully Sings Julien for the First Time Here.

harpentier's "Louise," with the Metolitan's most crowded hour of Pari-n night revel on Montmartre to echo popular mood of holiday week in w York, drew a packed and brilliant ise at last night's opera. Miss Farrar the sewing girl heroine, Mr. White-l as the honest father and some forty ncipals more, reappeared under Mr. olff's authoritative direction.

Ir. Pertile for the first time here sang artist-lover, Julien. It was said for that he first learned the rôle in lian, under the French composer's pervision, and enacted it with success Italy and Spain. On a week's notice, mastered the French text recently, d a performance in Philadelphia a rtnight ago was in effect his only pub-rehearsal for Broadway.

There need have been no apologies for impersonation of so high merit as his st night, artistic throughout, refined in hrase, powerful at need, though the ll Italian is no spendthrift of voice. nder his conventional guise of Gallic hemnian, there was a warmth of outhern temperament, as if Julien were wly winner of a Prix de Rome. With liss Farrar and the others, he shared any curtain calls.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

rpentier's "Louise" was given at Metropolitan Opera House last ing in the presence of a large au-ce. The work serves as a medium he exercise of the art of Miss Ger-he Farrar in a field differing from other cultivated by her. It also s to enlarge the somewhat meagre ich repertoire of the house. It fur-makes itself useful by furnishing thful exercise to a large company inor singers who might otherwise rusty for want of movement.

iss Gladys Axman as a street eper and Miss Mary Ellis as a in, Vizio Righi and Giuseppe Ster-as policemen and Miss Mary Mel-as a vendor of seed "pour les ts oiseaux" present little pictures often seen.

iss Farrar was in excellent voice and g the music of *Louise* with much ity of tone and expressiveness. There e some changes in the cast. Aure-o Pertile replaced Orilio Howard as n, and Leon Rothier instead of Mr. itchill was the *Father*. Mme. Berat, o has been the mother of *Louise* for ny seasons, continued to berate her d box here ears with unflagging gusto. e performance as a whole moved oothly and with good results. Albert liff conducted.

HAWAIIAN TUNES, MADE IN N. Y., FROWNED UPON

Commission at Honolulu Will Publish Music.

HONOLULU, T. H., Dec. 30.—Hawaiian usic to be effective should be composed Hawaii and not in the Greenwich Vil-ge section of New York nor in the ter of Chicago, it was decided at the st meeting of the Hawaiian Legends d Music Commission, appointed re-ntly by Gov. Wallace R. Farrington to rpetuate the island fables and melo melodies.

The smooth arrangement of notes so miliar in local compositions is possible ly in Hawaii and cannot be produced mid the rumble of elevated railroads, bway trains and other discordant ises of large cities on the mainland," e speaker declared.

The committee decided to take imme-ate action toward preserving selected tive legends that already have been ritten, to be followed later by the blication of legends, as yet unwritten, hich have come down through genera-ons of the Hawaiians by words of outh. It was pointed out that some of ese latter might be lost unless early eps are taken to have them written d published.

INDIAN SKETCHES' IN CONCERT

F. Gilbert's Composition Played by Philharmonic Orchestra.

nry Hadley, associate conductor of Philharmonic Society, directed the ert at Carnegie Hall yesterday after-. The program comprised Roz-'s "Donna Diana" overture, Glazou-fifth symphony, Henry F. Gilbert's ian Sketches," Borodin's "Over the ps of Central Asia" and Liszt's E r polonaise. Mr. Gilbert's compo-n, an orchestral suite, was new here, gh it had been played in Boston.

is work is in six movements, of h the titles are "Prolude," "Invoca-" "Song of the Wolf," "Camp ce," "Nocturne" and "Snake Dance." Gilbert spent much time among the ans transcribing their melodies for ard S. Curtis's "The North American an," but he cherishes no delusion t their music as material for white 's compositions. He knows that certain racial and poetic suggess are to be obtained from it and that ask was not to compose Indian mu-but rather to give "a white man's ressions" to use his own words, "of moods of the Indian."

r. Gilbert has been singularly suc-ful in this suite in accomplishing his artistic purpose. He has written with spontaneity, with freedom, with strongly marked character and with a clear and generally beautiful embodiment of moods. His orchestration is particularly effective throughout and his handling of rhythms common to Indian chants and dances is that of a musician who has completely absorbed his material and reproduced it stamped with his own individuality.

All of which would be of minor importance if the suite were not good music and agreeable to hear. But it is both. It has a true American flavor too and introduces itself as something that belongs to us and not to a Leipsic or Dresden composition factory. The suite was received with plenty of applause by a manifestly well pleased audience, which increased its demonstrations when Mr. Gilbert appeared on the stage to acknowledge the tribute. Mr. Hadley conducted this and the other music very well.

NOVEL GRAND OPERA PRODUCED IN CHICAGO

'Love for Three Oranges,' Costing $100,000, Is Heard.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 30.—Serge Prokofieff's "The Love for Three Oranges," which has cost the Chicago Opera Company more than $100,000 and three years of work to produce, had its world premiere to-night at the Auditorium before an audience that packed the house.

For the first time an opera audience saw buffoonery in grand opera boldly staged. In fact the entire opera is a fairy tale and satire as opposed to precedent as the composer is openly to accepted music scores. Prokofieff led the orchestra.

The story of the opera, which was sung in French, concerned the son of a ruler of an imaginary kingdom who cannot be cured of his ills until he laughs.

Scenic effects staged by Jacques Coini were lavish in brilliancy and the settings by Boris Anisfeld brought applause with the raising of the curtain.

Aside from Nina Koshetz, who made her debut to-night and was warmly greeted, the cast reflected the unwillingness of Director Mary Garden to risk any of her first run stars in the opera, which she inherited from the previous management and produced in an effort to get back some of the money that had been spent on it.

Jan 1 1921

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Dr. Strauss and His Songs Again.

The third recital of Dr. Richard Strauss's songs, with the composer "at the piano," was given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, where the audience was as small as it has been at the previous entertainments of this character. The singer of the songs was George Meader, now of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who had already shown his skill as an interpreter in this branch of art.

There were some of the best known and most popular of Dr. Strauss's songs on the program, with others that are less well known; as "Mit deinen blauen Augen," "Sie wissen's nicht," the "Ephên" and "Wasserrose" from Op. 22. It would have been difficult to find a better singer for these songs than Mr. Meader; he is one of rare accomplishment and skill, a musician; and sings them with a rare comprehension and an intelligent and artistic reproduction of their style. Mr. Meader's voice is not of the most distinguished beauty or power or compass. There were a few tones that were too high for him and that he was obliged to take with circumspection. But his singing is of distinguished beauty, full of the character and the expression of the music, a real interpretation of its moods and its spirit. It is technically of fine finish as regards production of tone, his use of the head voice, of mezza voce—he used both beautifully in "Die Wasserrose" and elsewhere—as well as of legato. His phrasing is finely conskillfully carried out; and his diction celved and skillfully carried out; and his diction was such that a book of the words was hardly needed.

In spite of giving a much more distinguished performance of the vocal part of the songs than Dr. Strauss did of the accompaniments, Mr. Meader let the composer take most of the applause; and perhaps, after all, it showed a musician's appreciation of the relative importance of creator and interpreter in music that he did so.

See Holst 1st col

the London conductor, who was here for a short time last season and is now back for a more extended visit.

Mr. Coates's program consisted of the Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger," Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia overture and a suite, new to New York, entitled "The Planets," composed by Gustav Holst, who, in spite of his name, is an Englishman. Mr. Holst's suite is not a suite, but a series of short tone poems, and its character was suggested not by the astronomical but the astrological attributes of the planets.

The composer elected to take the members of our solar fraternity in an order of his own. People habitually enumerate them in rotation from Mercury, the nearest to the sun, outward to Neptune, the furthest away. But Mr. Holst's seven movements are called "Mars, the Bringer of War"; "Venus, the Bringer of Peace"; "Mercury, the Winged Messenger"; "Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity"; "Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age"; "Uranus, the Magician," and "Neptune, the Mystic." Wisely he has offered no other program of his music, nor does it require any. The characters of the seven movements are well defined and thoroughly in keeping with the titles.

Mr. Holst writes with assurance and with a brilliant technic. He is wholly modern in his conception of music as tone pictures and he uses all the contemporaneous apparatus of harmony and instrumentation with the craft of a master. He is modern without being either ugly or affected. He writes music, not always of distinction, perhaps, but always agreeable and interesting. He creates moods and portrays fancies. If he is not always as independent in thought as he is in style he is none the less a composer whom we are glad to meet.

As a bringer of war Mars is quite himself, and his trumpets blare and his drums sound the alarums just as they did in the merry England of Shakespeare's Henry V. Venus brings peace from the fountains of Rome in true Respighian accents, and Mercury takes wing in a scherzo of honorable and ancient lineage. Jupiter might properly have been renamed Jupiotr; for he surely had his very jolly time at a revel somewhere in the season of the great bazaar in Nijni-Novgorod, where he bestowed his Olympian blessing on smooth and, although not very full, sounded to much better advantage in the smaller hall.

Robert Volkmann's second Serenade for strings, which began the program, was in four movements, an opening allegro, followed by a light, rapid movement which gave Mr. Bodanzky and the orchestra a chance to display various nuances in pianissimos, a Valse Lente and a march. It was pleasant, melodious, easy-going music, putting no strain on the intellect, and was well performed by the strings, which carefully followed Mr. Bodanzky's variations of tempo and volume. The "Song of the Shepherds" and "March of the Three Holy Kings" from Liszt's "Christus" oratorio added a seasonable touch to the performance, rather long drawn-out, but well performed, especially by the wood-winds, which had a prominent part. The audience was moderate in size, but quite satisfied.

Jan 1 1922

MANUEL SALAZAR

Manuel Salazar, tenor, sang for the first time with the Metropolitan Opera Company Saturday night at the first performance this season of one Verdi's worst operas, "La Forza del Destino."

In the first act the tenor is surprised by his lady's father as he is about to elope with her, and to prove her purity he throws away his pistol and offers himself defenseless to her father's vengeance. The pistol goes off as it strikes the ground, and the bullet removes the father. One killed. If the pistol had not gone off, the opera could have gone on further, perhaps. After that, nothing of importance happens to relieve the padding of the second and third acts; and in the fourth act the lady's brother, a baritone, finds the tenor, engages him in a duel, and is wounded mortally. Two killed. The sound of the combat attracts the lady, who happens fortuitously to be near by, and her dying brother stabs her. Three killed. Then the tenor jumps off a cliff. Fourth and last killed. So the opera comes to an end. The music is as bad as the libretto.

Martinelli was cast for the tenor role but a cold prevented him from singing, and Salazar was compelled to make his debut at the Metropolitan in a part where the tenor sings Italian dialogue rather than Italian arias, where he does not appear at all in the second act and where in the third act one of his appearances was in a section which a merciful management cut from the opera to shorten a particularly tedious stretch. Such occasions as remained for Salazar to sing showed him to have a head voice with nasalized tones and a tendency to be sentimental and lachrymose in his interpretations.

Guiseppe Danise sang in splendid voice, aided by Rosa Ponselle. The bright spot in the performance was Rosina Galli's dancing. She dances with her legs, her arms, her fingers, her face and her draperies in a way which makes the music visible.

Huberman's Program on Violin Well Received

Soloist at Society of Friends of Music Concert Plays Unfamiliar Pieces

A resurrection of unfamiliar pieces was accomplished at the fourth concert of the Society of the Friends of Music yesterday afternoon at Town Hall, with Bronislaw Huberman as soloist in Spohr's Violin Concerto No. 7, a work composed in 1815. With the familiar sequence of Allegro, Adagio and Rondo, it gave the violinist ample opportunity to display both tone and technique. The first movement abounded in runs and fireworks, succeeded by a tuneful slow movement and a gay finale which, as the program remarked, recalled Rossini. Mr. Huberman's technique was brilliant, while his tone was clear and

MUSIC NOTES.

The Symphony Society's third concert for children filled Aeolian Hall yesterday morning, when Walter Damrosch illustrated the drums and like instruments in music of Berlioz, Dvorak, Johann Strauss and Casella.

Ukrainian singers, dancers and bandsmen of New York gave their national music at the Town Hall last night. Vera Stetkewicz, Maria Korin and a chorus of children from the Ukrainian Home in Jersey City assisted in a program recalling the Russian Isba.

Anthony George Bilotti, a pianist of this city and Naples, appeared last evening in Aeolian Hall for the benefit of Italians blinded in the war. He played a Bach-Busoni toccata, Beethoven's sonata Op. 53 and works of Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Coates and the New York Symphony

Albert Coates conducted the Sunday concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, and, appearing before this set of subscribers for the first time, was given another warm greeting. His program comprised Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; a symphonic cycle, "Potpourri," by John Gerrard Williams; a ballet suite, "La Boutique Fantasque," on themes of Rissini, arranged by Respighi, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade."

The "Potpourri" and the "Boutique Fantasque" were played for the first time in America. The English composition made no such demands upon the attention and the receptive capacities of the audience as that other English composition, "The Planets," which Mr. Coates played the other day at his first concert. "Potpourri" refers to that old-fashioned faint perfumery that women make by putting different kinds of flowers and sweet-smelling herbs into a jar and letting them dry there. There are nine movements, all short, and two or three of them very short, each entitled with the name of a constituent herb—lavender, thyme, pinks, cassia, roses, musk, rosemary and rue, lilies of the valley; and there is an epilogue.

The music is not so old-fashioned as the herbs, but its new fashion is delicate and restrained, gently imaginative, transparently and subtly colored, intimate in its appeal. The epilogue is made on a quaint little tune for the oboe, suggestive of the old style.

The effect is of a succession of miniatures, and is pleasing. One trouble with the "cycle" is the lack of contrast in the successive movements, which illustrate moods very similar and of the same sort of amiability. But musical amiability, in these days, is something not to be lightly undervalued.

The second new piece was equally harmless. Rossini, it appears, left at his death a scrapbook filled with various odds and ends of tentative and unfinished compositions, on the cover of which he had scrawled "rien." Mr. Diaghileff, who obtained possession of the volume, seemed to think this meant something, and got Respighi, the Italian composer, to arrange from its contents a balict suite. The orchestration, according to the program note, was made by Howard Carr.

There are seven movements, bearing the titles, "Danse Cosaque," "Nocturne," "Mazourka," "Tarentelle," "Valse Lente," "Cancan" and "Galop." The most that can be said of these is that they are bright, gay, melodious, vivacious, and that they do not seem to show any very pointed reminders of Rossini's style as it has been delivered to us in his operas and his very few other compositions that are remembered.

Mr. Coates has not yet got the orchestra absolutely in hand so far as regards finish of detail and perfection of co-ordination; and in the two new compositions there was playing that verged on raggedness. The old idea that time is needed for a new conductor to get an orchestra wholly in hand did not seem on this occasion to be thoroughly exploded.

Mr. Coates's authority in the music of Russia comes from his heritage as half

a Russian himself. It was evident that he had a clear and cogent conception of Rimsky-Korsakoff's sumptuous fantasy, and he played the "Scheherazade" with a multitude of imaginative and picturesque details, with rhythmic sweep, force and rich tonal color. And it may be said that in this concert Mr. Coates did not find occasion to assault the ears of his listeners so violently as he did in Carnegie Hall the other day; and that in any case, apparently, he wisely took the size of the smaller hall into consideration in arranging his scale of dynamics.

By H. E. Krehbiel

In his second efforts to win admiration for contemporaneous English music, made at a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall Hall yesterday afternoon , Mr. Alfred Coates made a change of tactics from the fortiter in re of last Thursday and Friday to the suaviter in modo. Instead of another assault upon the tympani of his listeners ears, as well as the tpnipani of the orchestra, such as he made in Mr. Holst's singular illustration rf the musie of the spheres he cooed as gently as any mocking dove in a set of little pieces called "Potpourri," composed by a young man named John Gerrard Williams. There were nine of these pretty trifles and they did not occupy many more minutes in performance than their number. Originally composed for the pianoforte they were transcribed for orchestra by the composer at Mr. Coates's suggestion as the annotated program informed us. The music was as innocuous as the titles of the different pieces and as our colleague of many years, Mr. William Winter, would in great probability have observed were he alive and sitting in our chair, they left the interesting pallor upon the cheek of modesty undisturbed.

The music did not "exhale a faint, old-fashioned fragrance," as the society's official annotation invited us to think, and we were glad of that. It is enough to hear music, and we are weary of being asked by composers to see and taste it also. An eminent Viennese critic once expressed his horror at the idea at the aesthetician Vischen's speculation that there might be ill-smelling music and intimated that something like it had been realized in Tschaikoffsky's violin concerto. That was at a first performance of the work of Mr. Brodsky and the concerto has won its way to popularity since, no doubt, beeause audiences have lent their ears and not their noses to its appreciation. Sometimes we cannot help but follow mad, flower-dressed Lear's advice and look with our ears, as we did yesterday in "Schherezade," but we regret his request for civet to sweeten our imagination in the concert-room, and we smelled neither lavender nor thyme, neither pinks nor cassia, neither roses nor musk, nor rosemary, nor rue, nor lilies of the valley in Mr. Williams's potpourrie, for which we could have found a prettier name.

No Hint of Lavender

The dainty bits of melody, daintily tricked out with harmonic and instrumental devices, were appealing to the ear, but they left riddles unguessed in respect of their titles and poetical expositions. We do not know why we were asked to accept the effect of a sustained high tone in the violins (a pedal point above the melody) as suggestive of lavender. Last Friday the same effect pictured the Asiatic Steppes, and perhaps simultaneously may it was appealing to the im[illegible]on as a botanical attribute in [illegible]n Hall and an astronomical in a [illegible]rt room only a block distant. [illegible] and Bodanzky were making the [illegible] of Bethlehem out of it in the [illegible]ch of the magi from "Christmas" [illegible] Town Hall. And we failed to comprehend the association of any caryophyllaceous plant with the little hint of janizary music which Mr. Williams gave us in the second of his cycle of fragments. It sounded as much and as little like our delicious carnation pink as it did like rosemary and rue. In fact, what was most obviously betrayed by all the little numbers was that they were ingenious translated pinaoforte trifles. They were pleasant to listen to, but of little significance in connection with a British or any other school of musical composition.

Rossini's Scrapbook Recalled

Mr. Williams's nosegay, however, disclosed prettier forms and colors than the music, which Respighi developed out of the fragments which Rossini left unused in a scrapbook and which he had entitled "Rien." Out of nothing, nothing might appropriately be the motto of the ballet, which Diaghileff made out of Rossini's left-overs with the help of Respighi and Howard Carr.

"Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearned and make the learned smile."

Apparently Mr. Coates spent so much time over Mr. Williams's flowers and Rossini's dances, and in an effort to put new significances or expressions into Rimsky-Konsakoff's "Schehczrazade" that he left a good many rough edges in the performance of the last. At times it seemed as if the Symphony Orchestra was in danger of becoming a rather rude and uncouth instrument.

The opera forces last night, including thirteen soloists, chorus, orchestra and stage band, took part in concert scenes from "Faust" and "Aida," under Mr. Bamboschek's direction. Orville Harrold sang "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from "Elisir d' Amore;" Mr. Pertile gave the "Cielo E Mar" from "Gioconda," and Miss Gordon, the Habanera from "Carmen." Myrtle Schaaf appeared for Raymonde Delaunois, who was indisposed.

STRAUSS CLOSES

Richard Strauss ended his second tour of America by conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra before a large audience at the Hippodrome last evening in works of Beethoven, Wagner and his own "Till Eulenspiegel," while an assisting artist was Bronislaw Huberman in the violin concerto of Beethoven. Jan 1 1922

Dr. Strauss since his arrival in October has appeared in forty concerts, the twelve in this city alone including seven with orchestra, while he also has conducted or played on repeated occasions in Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago, and has journeyed "once over," at least, all the larger cities east of the Mississippi River.

The composer is booked to sail for Germany on the steamship America tomorrow, prior to which he or his agents will settle with local representatives of the Federal Government a matter of some $8,000 income tax on his earnings here, estimated as reaching at least $50,000. It was remarked last night that, at recent rates of exchange, this should equal 10,000,000 marks, and might double even that figure on further fluctuations during Strauss's homeward voyage.

Josef Stransky, the Philharmonic conductor, read to the guest on the Hippodrome stage, in an intermission of last night's concert, a letter of greeting from Chairman Otto H. Kahn of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The letter expressed Mr. Kahn's regret that absence from New York prevented him from joining Strauss's friends and admirers in a farewell tribute.

"To you, the foremost composer of our day and generation," Mr. Kahn's letter continued, "all lovers of music owe a bedt of gratitude. Your genius has brought joy and inspiration to millions. And there is no country in which your art is held in higher, wider and warmer appreciation than in these United States of America, and particularly in this city of New York.

"You have visited many cities in the course of your present stay in our country. Everywhere you have met with that welcome and that honor which are due to a bearer of the torch of genius. It is not in American nature to store up national ill-will and vindictiveness. These noxious growths do not thrive in our soil. And it is in American nature to love music and to pay homage to great art. Indeed, more and more, this country, mistakenly termed 'the land of the almighty dollar,' is taking its rank among those foremost in striving for the higher things in life, for spiritual attainments, for the realization of ideals.

"This is the first day of a new year," the letter concluded. "May it usher in a period when the sun of true peace and reconcilement will shed its beneficent rays upon a world that too long has walked in the shadow of strife and ill-will. May it be fruitful of actions making for the welfare and progress of all peoples. May it give you health and contentment and happiness, and may it lead you back again to the host of your well-wishers and admirers in America."

Musicians of the orchestras here and elsewhere that have played in Dr. Strauss's concerts were invited by him to contribute to a fund for their fellow musicians in Central Europe still suffering from the effects of the war. It was said by local contributors last night that Mr. Strauss hoped to take back $500 for that object in subscriptions from his American players.

Philharmonic and Friends of Music —New Orchestra Heard.

Philharmonic subscribers filled Carnegie Hall to its limits yesterday afternoon for a second and last Wagner program of the season under Stransky. The conductor folowed selections from "Lohengrin," "Master Singers" and "Parsifal," with his own serial arrangement of passages from "The Nibelung's Ring."

Arthur Bodanzky conducted an orchestra largely from the Metropolitan in the fourth concert of the Friends of Music yesterday at the Town Hall. In addition to a string serenade of Robert Volkmann, rarely heard now, he gave excerpts from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus," and Bronislaw Huberman played a violin concerto of Spohr.

The American Orchestra Society, organized by Mrs. E. H. Harriman and conducted by Dirk Foch, made a first appearance last evening in the free concerts at Cooper Union. Mr. Foch's program included Tchaikovsky's symphony No. 5, Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser," and that of Nicolai to "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Jan 3 1922

By Richard Aldrich

"L'Amore dei Tre Re."

L'AMORE DEI TRE RE, opera in three acts, book in Italian by Sem Benelli, music by Italo Montemezzi. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Archibaldo	Jose Mardones
Manfredo	Giuseppe Danise
Avito	Giovanni Martinelli
Flora	Lucrezia Bori
A Maid	Myrtle Schaaf
A Young Woman	Grace Anthony
An Old Woman	Louise Berat
The Shepherd's Voice	Cecil Arden
Flaminio	Giordano Paltrinieri
A Youth	Pietro Audisio

Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

For the first time this season Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was a large audience that found abundant occasion to applaud a fine performance.

The opera has kept its place in the repertory now for seven seasons since its first production and has indicated a very considerable degree of vitality. It is the product of a man with real ideas, a man who was fired by the poignancy of his subject and who worked with a deep feeling for beauty and for dramatic expression in music. He had a libretto of unusual poetical form and spirit and imaginative ability, and he clothed it with music of surging passion and intensity that raised it to a higher power.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re," in fact, is an opera in which the book and music stand on an equal artistic plane. There are not many modern operas of which this is true; perhaps there are not many operas of any period of which it is true. In his music Montemezzi has broken no new paths, allied himself with none of the schools that are aiming at overturning hitherto accepted canons of beauty or setting up new ones. But it cannot for this reason be said that his music is not original; it is an individual and powerful utterance, and there are, no doubt, those who have listened to the opera for season after season and who find its emotional power, its appeal, its sense of beauty no only diminished, but more potent on fuller acquaintance with it.

The performance, under the direction of Mr. Morganzani, was a truly fine one; a performance in which there were delicacy and refinement as well as power and glowing color in the orchestral playing and the accent of passion and tragedy. Miss Bori appeared again in the part of Flora, a part which she was the first to assume here and her performance of which did much to disclose here finest powers. It is a performance of infinite charm and appealing pathos; one in which the tragedy of the heroine's lone subtly delineated. It is a beautiful figure, eloquent in pose and gesture; and her singing was heard in its greatest geauty of tone of phrasing art, at the emotional climaxes was of thrilling power.

Mr. Danise's Manfredo is fittingly paired with her Flora; he sings the music with great skill and expressive power. It is not often that a finer passage of mezzo voce singing, deeply charged with emotion, is heard than he gave in his scene at parting with Flora in the second act. Mr. Martinelli's voice was apparently not at its best. At all events he experienced difficulty when he undertook to sing in less than full voice, which, to be sure, was not often. And it cannot be said that his impersonation had romantic grace or an ardor that could be called knightly. Mr. Mardones's Archibaldo was admirably presented.

"Parsifal" was given in the afternoon with a cast comprised of Florence Easton, Johannes Sembach, Clarence Whitehill, Marion Telva, and Mmes. Ellis, Schaaf and Messrs Gustafson, Didur, Bada, D'Angelo, Meador and Laurenti. Bodanzky conducted.

BIG CROWD HEARS HEIFETZ.

Audience Overflows on Stage at Violin Recital.

Jascha Heifetz gave his second violin recital this season yesterday in Carnegie Hall. The audience filled all the seats, including several hundred placed on the stage, and all the standing room. Many were unable to gain admission. He held his hearers enthralled while he played and the applause was long and enthusiastic.

He was not entirely at his best in Goldmark's A minor concerto, with which he began, and especially in the first movement. Probably the cold affected his violin, as the notes were not all smooth nor the intonation impeccable. But on the whole he performed the difficult score with fine rhythm, dash and brilliance.

In the sarabande, double and tempo di bouree, for violin alone, from Bach's second sonata, each note was clear and full, with breadth and repose of style. This number won for Mr. Heifetz many recalls.

Then followed Saint-Saens's "Havanaise," in memory of the composer, which was given with rare feeling and brilliant execution. The air of Lensky, from Tschaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," arranged by Mr. Heifetz's teacher, Leopold Auer, had great beauty of tone and polished phrasing. The "Perpetuo Mobile" of Ries, in the same group, was played with dazzling speed and accuracy of notes. Wagner's "Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger," and the "Introduction and Tarentelle" of Sarasate completed the program. Samuel Chotzinoff gave Mr. Heifetz admirable accompaniments.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR PLAYS.

George Smith of Syracuse University in Piano Recital.

George Smith, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. Mr. Smith is professor of music in Syracuse University and was heard here for the first time. His program was arranged on lines out of the ordinary. He began with Chopin's great fantasia in F minor, which is usually reserved for a later place in piano recitals. Possibly this very fact served to make the player unduly nervous, for it was plain that he was not himself in the first number. Later he gained in composure and more clearly disclosed his merits as a pianist.

His most engaging quality was his tone, which was always good and often beautiful. His finger technic proved to be equal to the demands of his exacting program and his taste was most commendable. His second group was composed of five pieces by the Finnish composer Selim Palmgren, who was heard here earlier in the season in a joint recital with Percy Grainger. Chopin's B flat minor sonata led to a group of short numbers by Cyril Scott, Glazounov, Leschetizky and Chopin, which closed the recital.

The audience was of good size and liberal in its applause.

George Smith, Pianist, Applauded.

George Smith was the first of the new year's pianists yesterday at the Town Hall, where a small audience but one representative of musical New York greeted the young Bostonian, now on the university factulty at Syracuse, N. Y., as well as writer on music in a newspaper there. He played much Chopin—the F-minor fantasies, B-flat minor sonata, and a final climax of preludes, waltz and C-sharp minor scherzo— with alternating interludes of four pieces by Palmgren and three picturesque bits by Cyril Scott, Glazunov and Leschetizky. There was in all a winning energy and enthusiasm that held his hearers for later encores, including Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," with a personal dash and dynamic vim of no mere pedagogic order.

Another pianist invited critical consideration yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, making what was probably his first local appearance before a small but attentive audience. It was George Smith, of Boston, teacher of late at the University of Syracuse.

Mr. Smith had embellished his programme with sundry compositions of small dimensions.

That his instincts and feelings are essentially musical was shown clearly in his finely modulated and expressive phrasing. His touch has delicacy and warmth, and he knows how to lend color and eloquence to a simple cantilena.

While his fingers are well trained and nimble, his wrists lack something in resiliency and zest. Considered as a whole, indeed, his technique is not yet sufficiently developed to meet easily and accurately transcendant virtuoso demands.

Jan 4 1922

Stokowski Places New Interpretation

By H. E. Krehbiel

Once upon a time, not much more than a generation ago, Brahms's third symphony was new and the patrons of Mr. Van der Stucken's Novelty Concerts then giving in Steinway Hall heard it with minds unperplexed by the interpretations of augurs, seers, oracles and Wise Men of the East. Dr. Riemann's discovery that there was a reminiscence of the Venusburg music in its first movement and his deduction that it might therefore have been designed as a tribute to Wagner had not reached us.

We were also ignorant of Joachim's suggestion that the finale had something to do with Hero and Leander and Mr. Apthorp's fantastic notion that because there is a momentary clash be-

en major and minor chords in the ening Allegro the composer intend- to illustrate the conflict between od and Evil and that a malignant go was seeking to set down the pegs the well-tuned music and make it e himself. We did not even know t it was particularly heroic, as hter thought, though we recognized strength of its sweeping first me and were glad of a composer who ld make so joyous and eloquent a clamation without muttering and wling in the preface. We had not rned then that because four notes e the intervallic succession and in- entally the rhythm of four notes in prayer from "Zampa" that the bject of the Andante con moto had n cribbed from a tune with which has no more affinity than the Old ndredth and "Green Sleeves"—to rrow the words of one of Shake- eare's Merry Wives. But the com- entators have had their way with the mphony since them and we have been vited to believe that it resembles a asel dumped like a camel and very e a whale.

Last night Mr. Stokowski, leading the iladelphia Orchestra in Carnegie all, added to our information and w we know that it has two slow ovements in the middle and fractions others in the beginning and end. lso that there may be a conception andante con moto which makes the rm mean that the music should move sluggishly as possible and threaten become congealed and utterly to stop owing whenever a conductor chooses introduce a ritardando at intervals f a minute or two, and that its themes nd counter-themes should start and top with jerks. We confess to having eceived this novel information about he work, but it was with an unwilling, recalcitrant, a grieved and protesting ind. For us the music was robbed of ts beauty; the waters were stagnant nd covered with scum.

Miss Elena Gerhardt sang Wagner's ongs, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerezen" nd "Traume" to orchestral accompani- ments with intense fervor and opulence f voice, but not with impeccable in- tonation, which was a pity, and the con- cert ended with six excerpts from the music which Stravinsky composed for the pictures and action of Fokine's "L'Oiseau de Feu" and which ought not to be dissociated from the ballet.

HE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Brahms, Wagner and Stravinsky re the ingredients of the Philadel- ia Orchestra's fifth concert at Car- gie Hall last night. The Brahms s the third symphony, into which commentators have read all rts of poetic—and conflicting—pro- ammes. Perhaps Mr. Stokowski s trying to decide which one to low last night. That would at least plain a certain want of conviction his conducting of the work. It was conscientious reading and an im- eccable one but it lacked eloquence. Wagner contributed three of the ngs for which Mathilde Wesendonck rote the words, "Im Treibhaus," chmerzen" and "Traeume." One pes that Mrs. Wesendonck did not thorize the rich doggerel transla- ns that adorned last night's pro- amme. An unkind footnote at- buted them to Francis Hueffer, and ey abounded in poetic gems such as Keep my inmost soul revolving," and Nature, me such pain as this!" Miss ena Gerhardt, who sang them, was sappointing, for her good phrasing nd sincerity of intention were the ly reminders of the great lieder nger we are accustomed to hear. e forced her tones, sang several rong notes and flatted consistently "Im Treibhaus" and "Traeume." he audience recalled her four times.

All was forgiven in Mr. Sto- owski's gorgeous reading of the ex- acts from Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau Feu." It was the revised score at Stravinsky made two years o, when he condensed the origi- l instrumentation and made hanges in the musical content of he first suite. The New York ymphony Orchestra played it here st February. There are six move- ents: Introduction; the Fire-Bird nd her Dance; Round Dance of the rincesses; Infernal Dance of King oshchei; Cradle Song; Finale. ing Koshchei, by the way, is the lfsame Koshchei the Deathless to hom Jurgen rendered such service nd by whom he was so interestingly warded—except that Stravinsky lls the monarch; and the fire-bird erself is the Zhar-Ptitsa by whose elp King Manuel was able to give fe to his Figures of Earth.

By this time Stravinsky has trav- lled so far toward the musical ho- izon that he himself probably looks pon "L'Oiseau de Feu" as a quaint urvival of his Mozartian days. Even King Koshchei's infernal dance, while t sounds horrific enough, is about he sort of thing that Schoenberg vould label "Staendchen." It is still nusic of great vividness, rhythmic clan and, at times, piercing lovell- ness. Last night's performance was a dazzling piece of work on the part of both conductor and orchestra; it wrung from the score the last drop of beauty and eloquence that it pos- sessed.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Leopold Stokowski, the tall young man who conducts the Philadelphia Or- chestra, is undoubtedly a musical Mil- tonian. It has been said that the melody of Chopin is like that of Swinburne, but that of Brahms like the organ music of Milton. Mr. Stokowski gives many of his days and nights to Brahms, and last evening, when he and his company of artists from Broad street gave their fifth concert of the current season in Carnegie Hall, the voice of Brahms was again heard. This time it was the third symphony, of which Hanslick wrote:

"It repeats neither the poignant song of fate of the first, nor the joyful idyl of the second; its fundamental note is proud strength that rejoices in deeds." Hanslick strove to find in the work— or at least in the first and last move- ments—a character similar to that of Beethoven's "Eroica." But in these days none except young critics who suffer from overcrowded memories occupy their time in observing the resemblances between Brahms and other great mas- ters. It is much easier and much pleasanter to note the differences and above all to accept without the inter- position of defensive barriers the beauty, the deep, noble feeling and the lofty thought that Brahms left us.

The performance of the symphony last evening had most, if not all, the well known characteristics of Philadelphia Orchestra performances under Mr. Sto- kowski. There were peculiarities of tempo, for without these no conductor can construct his own reading. There were also that translucent clearness and that mirrorlike smoothness which mark the best playing of this admirable organization.

After the symphony Miss Elena Ger- hardt, the distinguished German so- prano, sang Wagner's three familiar songs, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traeume" with orchestral accom- paniment. It was not Miss Gerhardt's happiest evening. Understanding of the songs and sympathy marked her deliv- ery, but so also did much bad intona- tion, considerable forcing of disagree- able lower tones, some carrying upward of the medium and some very labored breathing.

The program was brought to its con- clusion with the concert suite which Stravinsky made from his ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu," made known to New York by the Russian Ballet at the Cen- tury Theater in January, 1917.

MISS TAGLIONE'S CONCERT.

Miss Evelione Taglione, an American pianist of Italian parentage, gave her first recital here last evening in Aeolian Hall. Sixteen years old and dressed in a sailor suit, she sat modestly at the piano and played numbers by Bach and Mozart with an understanring which be- spoke a rare musical talent and much taste. She was also heard with her teacher, Leginska, in five little pieces by Stravinsky and in Ornstein's "Valse Bu- fon," a clown dance—all for four hands and marked as receiving their firsts per- formance in this country. The last named piece had been unexpectedly played by Leginska and Ornstein as an encore at their two-piano recital here last week.

The Stravinsky numbers—in the true dissonant vein of their composer—have the titles "Andante," "Espanola," "Bala- laika," "Napolitana" and 'Galop." Miss Taglione's list contained further selec- tions from Ornstein, MacDowell and Chopin.

In her general performance she showed not only a musical intelligence seldom met with in so young an artist, but her technical powers were finely developed, and she played with well graded dy- namics, good rhythm, tonal variety and brilliancy.

MISS VERA POPPE'S RECITAL.

Miss Vera Poppe, 'cellist, gave a re- eital yesterday aternoon in Aeolian Hall. The most important numbers on her program were a sonata by Boccherini, Tschaikowsky's 'Variations on a Rococo Theme" and a set of short pieces of her own entitled "From a Sketch Book." An audience of moderate size was present and gave the young player encouraging applause.

Dr. Richard Strauss sailed yesterday for London on the steamship America. Dr. Strauss will start a concert tour of England on January 17 at Albert Hall, London, conducting the London Sym- phony Orchestra.

Jan 5 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Leoncavallo's opera "Zaza" was re- ted at the Metropolitan last evening. he continued popularity of this work a demonstration of the power of a ngle artist to keep an opera before the public. Not that "Zaza" has no merits of its own. On the contrary, it is a lyric play of some value. Its first act is espe- cially happy in its musical and dramatic delineation of life behind the scenes of a music hall.

In the later scenes sentiment plays its part. It is neither profound nor poetic in expression, yet it is quite as signifi- cant as the sentiment of the ordinary play and it affords a brilliant contrast to the ebullience of the first act. Miss Geraldine Farrar has made the role of Zaza entirely her own. It is not at all likely that any other member of the company will care to dispute her rights in it, for without her peculiar fitness for it the leading part might easily become unconvincing.

In the present season Miss Farrar has retained all the dramatic features of the impersonation which she gave last winter, but she has added considerably to the musical value of her work. She has been singing better all the season than she did in the previous one, and in *Zaza* she does some of the most admi- rable vocal interpretation of her career. Furthermore, she makes much of the scene with the child, a thing by no means easy to do when the little one is compelled to so disturb the artistic at- mosphere by the employment of spoken lines.

Miss Farrar finds excellent aid in the *Cascart* of Mr. de Luca. This popular barytone has very flexible methods and seems to be as much at home in comedy as in serious drama. His *Cascart* is a very sympathetic impersonation. Mr. Crimi was the original *Dufresne* and continues to be acceptable in the part. Mme. Howard always arouses admira- tion by her well planned and executed performance of the tippling mother. The house was filled last evening and there was much applause.

Giulio Crimi sang the role of M. le Du- fresne in satisfactory manner: Cecil Arden appeared as the wife of Dufresne: Giuseppe De Luca was Cascart, Minnie Egener the maid, and Ada Quintina the child, Toto. Others in the cast were Marie Tiffany, Phillis White, Venie Warwick and Messrs. Picco, Bada, An- anian, Malatesta, Laurenti, D'Angelo, Palirinieri and Audisio.

Jan 8 1922

By Richard Aldrich

"Le Roi d'Ys" at the Metropolitan.

LE ROI D'YS, opera in three acts and five scenes; book in French by Edouard Blau; music by Edouard Lalo. At the Metro- politan Opera House.

Mylio.....Beniamino Gigli
Karnac.....Giuseppe Danise
The King.....Leon Rothier
Saint Corentin.....Paolo Ananian
Jahel.....Millo Picco
Margared.....Rosa Ponselle
Rozenn.....Frances Alda
Conductor, Albert Wolff.

Another of the new ventures of the arrangement of the Metropolitan Opera Company was launched last evening when for the first time in New York, and for the first time in America outside of the half-mythical French opera of New Orleans, Edouard Salo's opera of "Le Roi d'Ys" was given. The opera was heard in a production in many ways fine, and engrossed the attention of a large audience that found abundant reason for cordial applause, though that applause apparently seldom rose to the pitch of an overwhelming enthusiasm.

The production of "Le Roi d'Ys" at this time suggests no reckless or im- provident haste on the part of the man- agement. It has taken the opera some thirty-three years to reach the stage of the Metropolitan, during which time it has been well seasoned by uninterrupted prosperity at the Opera Comique in Paris and in other institutions abroad. But it had been announced for produc- tion here from time to time without tangible result in the jaunty manner of the operatic impresarios of other days. It may be said that the freshness and bloom of youth is no longer upon its countenance.

The French music of thirty-four years ago was a very different thing from what it is today. The Wagnerian in- fluence was then strong upon French composers, perhaps at its height. Lalo was thought in those days to have a strong leaning toward Wagner. He was spoken of quite as a matter of course by some of his conservative compatriots as "at the head of our most ardent, most advanced and most uncompromis- ing Wagnerites." It was said that in "Le Roi d'Ys" he had made a prac- tical application of the extravagant prin- ciples that he maintained in theory.

The charge of "Wagnerism" was habitually brought against any who de- parted from the traditional methods of the French opera, and especially against any who had a predilection for the orchestra and who wrote for it with any skill and success. Now, Lalo had been known before "Le Roi d'Ys" was heard of as a symphonist, and by some that for it was considered not only to disqualify him for operatic composition but also, when his opera was produced, to be a certain evidence of his "Wag- nerism."

In a way, no doubt, Lalo had sub- mitted to this influence; but it seems strange today that "Le Roi d'Ys" was ever thought to be "Wagnerian" in its musical substance. It seems peculiar- ly and characteristically French. In so far as it denotes the abandonment of the old-fashioned recitatives and arias and set divisions of "numbers" in favor of the freer and more logical treatment of the lyric drama, it no doubt shows that Lalo, in common with most others of his day and generation, had been tarred with the Wagnerian stick.

There are now and then odd little reminiscences that will strike the ob- servant listener more with amusement than with any sense of lalo's plagarism— a measure or two that seems to start off into the "Tannhäuser" overture; another measure of two that can hardly be restrained from launching into Web- er's "Invintation to the Dance." But they are wholly inconsequential—as in- consequential as most of the bags of the reminiscence hunter usually are.

There is much in "Le Rai o'ys" that is vigorous and alive today. The libretto is effective in a somewhat conventionally operatic way, though there are spots in it of dramatic nullity where the com- poser can hardly do more than mark time and fill in. The action of the opera is presented in broad and simple lines, without complications and without sub- sidiary intrigue. It turns upon the jeal- ousy and lust for revenge of a woman infatuated with love, namely Margared, daughter of the Kings of Ys, for Mylio, a warrior of her father's court, though she is to be betothed to Pince Kanac.

But Mylio, who has taken ship for foreign parts and is thought to have perished, has given his heart to Mar- gared's sister, Rozenn. As the betrothal is about to take place Mylio returns, and Margared publicly refuses to wed Karnac, who thereupon, justly enraged, throws down his gauntlet at the King's feet.

In the war that follows Mylio gains the victory, and the defeated Karnac meets Margared after the battle at the chapel of St. Corentin and conspires with him for revenge. She takes her revenge by giving him the key to the sluces which protect the town of Ys from the inroads of the sea. He opens them and the tide rushes in. As the town and its people are on the point of being sub- merged Margared is stricken with re- morse and throws herself into the sea. St. Corentin, the patron saint of Ys, whom Margared and Knarnac had af- fronted in their conspiracy on the rocky coast before his shrine, accepts the sacrifice of her life; the sea rolls back and the town is saved.

This is a retelling of a Breton legend which is said to appear in various forms in the folklore of other branches of the Celtic people, the Irish and the Cornish, but which has been considerably modi- fied and simplified with the chartered libertinage of operatic librettists, for use as an operatic libretto by Edouard Blau. There are pages which more than by Lalo's music, something of "Lohen- grin" is involuntarily suggested to the listener. He is reminded of Telramund by the gloomy and defeated Karnac; of Ortrud by the passionate and vengeful Margaret. There is even a herald. The nocturnal plotting after the battle and the appearance of the pair together as the wedding procession has entered the chapel can hardly fail to recall the sim- ilar scenes in Wagner's opera, in mood and suggestion, even though the resem- blance is hardly more than superficial.

Music by Lalo is well known in the New York concert halls. The overture to this opera—played in the performance not at its place in the beginning but in two intermissions between the first and second acts in order not to "waste" it on mere early comers—has long been a familiar number on orchestral pro- grams, considered a strong representa- tive of the French music of its period. His "Symphonie Espagnole" is an in- dispensable part of the repertory of the violin virtuoso, and his violin concerto, in the more usual form, has been often played. Other of his orchestral works are not unknown.

In this opera, as in those pieces, Lato's music is of strong fibre, vigorous and picturesque rather than subtle. One of its admirable qualities comes from the composer's gift of significant char- acterization in the music he allots to and throws about his characters. He can write pregnant and warmly-felt melody. Thirty-three years ago such melody was not so much in disfavor as it is now, and it probably never occurred to Lato to hide or disfigure his melodic gifts. The overture, of the type made familiar by Weber, giving a resumé of some of the important material used in the opera, reveals much of this melodic quality.

It was notural that in treating a Breton legend, Lalo should turn to the Breton folksong; and he has made ad- mirable use of a few Breton melodies. The most striking and most beautiful of them is in the nuptial chorus with which the third act opens, and the answering strophes sung by Mylo; a characteristic and full-flavored tune of its type of which the composer has made delightful use. Likewise of the folk tune char- acter are the strophes that Rozenn sings in the same answering form.

There is another Breton folk tune in the chorus with which the opera opens that has a c harming effect.

There are beautles in certain pages of the passionate duet between Margaret and Rozenn in the first act, though in others, notably in the second act, the passion seems hardly to have translated itself into the music; nor is there the highest exaltation in the scene in which Mylio returns and finds Rozenn, nor in the d ramatic scene in which Margaret disowns her promise to Karnac and he throws down his gauntlet. There is more in the long and passionate aria with which Margaret in the hall of the palace opens the second act. The scene of Margared's meeting with Karnac at night after the battle has an orchestral color suited to the scene and the situa- tion, but the music is not of itself es- sentially eloquent.

The last act is the weakest, both mu- sically and dramatically. The edge has been taken off redemption through the sacrifice of a woman by both Weber and Wagner. And when late endeavors to depict the scene of horror, the flood- ing ocean, the terrified crowds, the plunge of the guilty woman, he has few rccources left.

In his use of this orchestra Lato shows richness and color and a general effect of robustness and perhaps an over fond- ness for fanfares of trumpets and other brass instruments which lose some of their effect by their frequency. The

choruses are among the finest, most poderful and most skillfully written constituents of the opera. Besides those already mentioned, there are others of splendid power.

In fact, the impression produced by the opera, if not one of the highest inspirations, is of unfailing skill and success in the disposition and treatment of all the material. The composer writes with understanding and effect for the voices. His treatment of the orchestra is that of one who thoroughly knows its sonorities, its colors and contrasts; and the orchestra has been given its significant and well calculated functions in the whole.

It may be said that everything in the opera is effective; that it "sounds"; that it is the work of one thoroughly at home in his profession; that it is "well made." It is a work that can interest and even engross the musical understanding as well as the dramatic sense, and the mounting is such as must please the eye.

The performance had many excellent features. Mme. Alda as Rozenn presented a figure not unsympathetic, though her's is not the character in the opera that will evoke the deepest interest in the audience, even though her wholly justified claims to sympathy. Perhaps if Mme. Alda sang with more beauty of tone and mastery of style she would secure more sympathy for the gentle sisterliness of the heroine.

Miss Ponselle presented the turbulent Margaret as a dominating personality, full of passion of the robustest sort, and singing with an equivalent turbulence and passion and with no little violence done to vocal beauty. There was great musical value in Mr. Gigli's singing; more restraint and less persistence in the use of the fullest voice than he has sometimes shown; and in certain passages, as in his air at the opening of the third act, "Vocinement, ô bien-aimée," with beautiful refinement of art. But Mr. Gigli will have to "find himself" a trifle more in the part of Mylio if he is to give a convincing picture of that heroic person. He must make him more interesting, more human, more moved by the passions and impulses of a man and a lover. As he presents him Mylio is a rather aloof personage.

There was savagery enough in Mr. Danise's picturesque and vigorous Karmac, the music of which he sang very well. Mr. Rothier added one more to his gallery of kingly portraits with much intelligence and skill.

The scenic pictures of the new opera are made with artistic justice and effectiveness. The terrace of the palace in the first act, the hall in that palace, the wide plain under a murky sky and the chapel of St. Corentin somewhat curiously placed, the castle court—an especially fine effect of architectural solidity and of color—and finally the hilltop above the city where the people have take refuge from the flood, all are well represented, and in accordance with the excellent traditions of the house.

Mr. Wolff conducted the performance with the energy that he has so often shown before, and with similar results in obtaining rapid movement and dramatic vigor. The performance of the overture in its distracted position was exceeding and especially notable for its finish. The audience enjoyed it and gave the tribute of hearty applause. So it did to the principal singers who were frequently recalled. The chorus had the chance of its life and sang with splendid vigor and prime quality of time.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's issue.)

In producing Edouard Lalo's opera "Le Roi d'Ys" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, Mr. Gatti redeemed a promise made by one of his predecessors thirty-one years ago. Whether he burdened or relieved his conscience by the act we shall not attempt to say; the fact is mentioned merely because it has a curious interest. The opera received its first representation in Paris on May 7, 1888, and had sixty representations in the season. Four months before the production New Yorkers were permitted to hear all of its music known here until last night, except a duet, for Mr. Theodore Thomas played the overture on January 14, 1888, at one of his Young People's Concerts in Steinway Hall. Since then this piece, which is the better part of the opera, has repeatedly been performed and was one of M. Edouard Colonne's selections when he conducted concerts of the Philharmonic Society in 1904.

The opera created something of a stir in France when it was new, which fact, probably led to its inclusion by Mr. Edmund Stanton in the prospectus of the German season, 1889-1890, at the Metropolitan Opera House. But nothing came of the promise, which was renewed for the next season. By that time, however, the Wagnerian tide had risen so high in New York that after January, 1891, all the new operas which had been promised, except Wagner's, were submerged in it, including "Le Roi d'Ys," Marschner's "Templar and Jewess," Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," Massenet's "Esclarmonde" and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," every one of which has as just claims for performance now as the first. After the owners of the theater had determined to yield to the demands of fashion instead of the taste of the music-loving public and invited the return of performances in Italian, there was no more thought of "Le Roi d'Ys" until Mr. Gatti issued his prospectus last summer.

We can more easily understand the operation of the minds of the original creators of the opera than of its present producers. "Le Roi d'Ys" is an amusing yet almost pathetic illustration of the struggle of the operatic composers of France against the influence of Wagner—amusing yet pathetic because of the confession of impotency contained in the book as well as the score of the work. Not only does it go to ancient legend for its subject, as did Wagner in nearly all of his dramas, it reproduces Wagnerian scenes and characters. There is a wedding procession like that in "Lohengrin," and no sooner has it crossed the court of the palace and entered the chapel than Karnac and Margared, looking and acting like Telramund and Ortrud, appear and hold sinister converse near the chapel steps. There is a master of ceremonies who ever and anon makes proclamations and like Henry the Fowler's Herald seems always on the point of inviting somebody in the audience to step forward and fight for Elsa of Brabant, otherwise Rozenn. As Senta throws herself from a rock into the sea and by sacrifice of herself releases the Dutchman from his doom, so Margared atones for her wickedness and saves the people of Ys from complete destruction by leaping into the waters which she had loosed upon the city in a jealous fury.

The bridal chorus, which serves to recall an ancient custom in "Lohengrin," has a counterpart in the pretty paraphrase of an old Breton wedding ceremony in the opening scene of the last act—the only scene in which the ear is gratified with pretty melodies culled from the folksong of Brittany. Lalo seeks to avoid the Wagnerian system of composition, but he makes use of reminiscent and prophetic phrases and in spite of him some of Wagner's motives pop up in his instrumental score. In the overture the trombones once start the chorus of pilgrims from "Tannhäuser." God and St. Corentin, his vicar, speak in condemnation of the wicked people of the drama in the old melody to which the sequence, "Dies irae," is sung the world over—which is musico-dramatic commentary of the Wagnerian type. It is not the music of the opera which makes it seem so much like a book of quotations, however, as the stage situations and the stage folk. Henry the Fowler, Lohengrin, Elsa and Ortrud are forever masquerading as the King, Mylio, Rozenn and Margarad. Once, however, the women doff both their dual natures and appear as Aida and Amneris with changed costumes and complexions.

Legend and Romance Combined

The story of the opera is a romance of a commonplace sort grafted upon a legend which lives in the balladry of Brittany and the folklore of Wales, Ireland, Germany and other countries. Edouard Blau, who made the libretto for M. Lalo, said he had heard the legend from the lips of a Breton named Jules de la Morandière, but he might as well have taken all its primitive elements out of De la Villemarque's book entitled "Barzaz-Breiz; chants populaires de la Bretagne," which was in print more than fifty years before the opera was written. From this book we fancy M. Lalo obtained some of the melodies which he used in the scene at the beginning of the third act, which is the only one in which an attempt is made to preserve local color, though folksong motifs are also to be found in the opening chorus. From a peasant M. Villemarque recovered fragments of an extremely old ballad which tells of the submersion of an ancient city of Armorica, called Is or Ys. The catastrophe is supposed to have occurred about A. D. 440, and the Breton ballad (which is in the dialect of Cornouaille, otherwise Cornwall, for the founders of Armorica came from across the English Channel) tells, in brief, how in the reign of King Gradlon, Ys, his capital city, was protected against the encroachment of the ocean by a system of dikes, the secret gate of which was locked with a key which he always kept attached to a chain which he wore about his neck. One night his daughter, wishing to crown a banquet given in honor of her lover, stole the key from the sleeping King, opened the gates and the inrushing flood overwhelmed the city.

The story in this form is Celtic and a possession of the people of Wales as well as Ireland, but in their versions the engulfing waters flow from a fountain. Fundamentally the story is incalculably old and widespread; it is that of the fabled island Atlantis as well as of Vineta, the city under the waters of the Baltic Sea, whose towers are seen and bells are heard at certain periods of the year by sailors and fishermen. The German story is sung in a poem "Vineta" by Wilhelm Müller, composed by Brahms, who also wrote the songs which Schubert has immortalized as "Die Schöne Müllerin." It is only an interesting coincidence that the Breton song whose melody Lalo used in paraphrase in the pretty bridal antiphon at the beginning of his third act also has to do with a miller's daughter "La Meunière di Pontaro" in French.

Into the folklore of submerged cities which occasionally become visible we cannot go, though the subject is interesting. In the course of a few centuries, no doubt, we shall have an Ys of our own, for Lafcadio Hearn has laid the foundation of an analogous legend in his novel, "Chita, a Story of Last Island," which is based on fact the destruction of one of the pleasure resorts in the Gulf of Mexico by a hurricane and tidal wave. Ys, its fabled king and its fabled destruction by an inundation accomplished through an opening of the dykes by the king's daughter, are the only elements of the legend which M. Blau used. To them he has added a story of his own imagining. To preserve peace with the foe of his people, Granton promises the hand of his daughter, Margarct, to Prince Karnac. She consents to a loveless marriage for the general weal, but at the altar refuses to wed the prince, having learned from his sister, Rozenn, that her lover, supposed to be dead, is alive and has returned to Ys. Karnac throws down the gage of battle, and Mylio, Rozenn's lover, picks it up. This is the matter of the first act.

But Margared is also in love with Mylio, and finding that her love is not returned, she seeks out Karnac after he has been defeated in battle and points out a way by which he may at once avenge his defeat and her humiliation. She knows how to open the gate which protects the city from the ocean, but needs the help of a more powerful arm. The horrible deed is done amid the rejoicings of the people over Mylio's victory and marriage with Rozenn. Ys is submerged and the King, Mylio, Rozenn, Margared and the populace are driven for safety to the topmost peak of the highlands. Still the waters rise. Margared, conscience stricken, confesses her crime amid the execrations of the people, recalls a celestial oracle.

"When that it shall receive its prey,
The vengeful flood will pass away."

and hurls herself into the waters from a cliff. At the command of St. Corentin, who had appeared in a vision to warn the wicked pair, the waters recede. Meanwhile Mylio has met and slain Karnac. The people laud the glory of Divine Omnipotence.

The Music and Pictures of the Opera

In the overture, which is that of the dignified potpourri order of which the most perfect examples were given us by Weber, use is made of the principal melodic phrases of the opera. They are not many, for most of the dramatic music is of the declamatory arioso kind, but they are effectively set, and in consequence the overture offers more beauty than any section of the opera of equal length. Mr. Wolff, who conducted the perrfomance, seemed so eager to have its beauties favorably heard that he opened the door (that is, he played the overture) between the first and second acts, instead of at the beginning of the performance. It was a laudable exhibition of respect, and its prompting was like that which in the past led our German conductors to play the "Leonore No. 3" overture after the second act of "Fidelio"; but we fancy that the opera would have enlisted greater interest than it did if the piece had been placed where it belongs and been permitted to invite attention to the few high lights in its musical texture.

The slow movement, with material drawn from Mylio's song on his entrance in the first act, is lovely in sentiment and exquisite in expression. So is the excerpt from the duet between Margared and Rozenn sung by violoncellos. The allegro is less appealing, though its martial strains are stirring enough, and we found reason for self-gratulation in the fact that the fashion of dissonant fanfares for the trumpets had not yet come in when Lalo wrote. Bewitchingly fresh and winsome is the wedding music, combined with the ingratiating dance of the prettily habited lads and lasses of the first scene of the last act. The dramatic effort of the catastrophic music of the final scene might sound more awesome than it does if it were possible to produce the picture of a city sinking under a flood of waters; that, however, would require the submersion of the orchestral pit and the flight of the audience to the upper reaches of the house, or a tank stage like that of the Hippodrome. We must needs get along without that and be content with the pictures ingeniously designed by Mr. Urban, and effectively colored, as we think, though their effect might be improved with better lighting.

What effect the opera made upon the public we shall not attempt to say. The overture was received with a genuine outburst of enthusiasm, the applause coming from its proper source—the audience. Most of the demonstrations bestowed on individual performers sounded as if made to order, though a reasonable degree of approbation was deserved by Mr. Gigli, Mr. Danise, Mr. Rothier, Miss Ponselle and Miss Alda, whose relative merit, we think, is indicated by the order of their mention. Unfortunately none of the characters has dramatic individuality demonstrable in action and song. They are conventionalized replicas of other operatic folk or mere marionettes, and at their best invoke and provoke memories of familiar and finer characters.

For the sake of the record, it being a first performance of the opera in New York, the cast is appended:

Mylio	Beniamino Gigli
Karnac	Giuseppe Danise
The King	Leon Rothier
Saint Corentin	Paolo Ananian
Jahel	Millo Picco
Margared	Rosa Ponselle
Rozenn	Frances Alda

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Monteux Gives Dances of "Three-Cornered Hat" for First Time Here.

The Boston Symphony's 100 men marked vividly their third Winter visit to Carnegie Hall last evening with a gorgeous gay "first time in New York" of Manuel de Falla's dances of "The Three Cornered Hat," with which Diaghileff's ballet had made a great noise in London last Summer, and of which the young Cadiz composer can hardly have heard so stirring a performance by his "seventeen players" two years since in Spain. In its action there had appeared oversea Mme. Karsavina, Messrs. Massine and Idikowsky, the last two remembered here.

Taken as music alone, de Falla's gossippy episode of "The Neighbors" was much liked by last night's critical house; his "Miller's Dance," that the Spaniards found most striking in Moorish flavor, was less decognizable to Western ears, but the "Final Dance," a whirlwind of popular Spanish rhythms in all the aggrandized modernism of instrumental apparatus, fairly outdanced Chabrier's "España" as an orchestral setting of folk melodies of the peninsula. The novelty ended in many recalls, shared by Monteux and his men.

Mr. Monteux preceded the Spanish brevities with Rimsky-Korsakoff's longer "Night on the Triple Mountain," a third act from the ballet of "Mlada," much of which had been used by the Diaghlieff troupe in a "Cleopatra" scene on their earlier American tour, while this music had been played here by Altschuler as early as Nov. 19, 1904. The glowing nocturne of Baltic Slav romance, a ghostly dream of poisoned Princess, revelling spirits, and awakening at dawn on the mountain amid the singing of birds, also was greatly applauded.

Beginning the evening were Handel's concerto in F for strings and two wind choirs, and Brahms's variations on a theme of Haydn's, both conducted with elegance and suavity, and as smoothly played as they were enthusiastically received. The lovely Brahms variations were most appreciated, perhaps, as shown by rapt silence of the house during successive numbers.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

At Carnegie Hall last night Conductor Monteux and his Boston Symphony Orchestra played a lengthy and varied programme. The wind instruments had a chance to sparkle in the first number, Haendel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras. It was a beautiful performance, with the horns and oboes singing in an almost unbelievable unity of tone quality. There are no finer oboes in the world than the two that played last night.

The Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn had their second performance this week, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Night on Mount Triglaff" had its first of the year. The Rimsky work is a concert arrangement of most of the third act of his opera-ballet, "Mlada." Moussorgsky, who wrote "Night on Bald Mount" (the selfsame mount, by the way), should have edited it. It takes too long to gain momentum and some of its material is ineffective without the stage action. It does reveal Rimsky, however, as a generous source of inspiration for some of his successors. One whole section was borrowed by Ippolitoff Ivanhoff for his "Caucasian Sketches," and a passage for trombones and tuba near the end received the sincerest form of flattery from Stravinsky when he wrote Koshchei's Dance in "L'Oiseau de Feu." The orchestration is elaborate, and a D clarinet makes its appearance in a manner irresistably evocative of "Till Eulenspiegel."

The novelty of the evening was a suite of three dances from Manuel de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat." The work was first performed at the Alhambra Thatre, London, in the summer of 1919, with Leonid Massine dancing the principal role. Piccaso did the scenery and costumes. The story concerns a miller, his wife and an elderly and amorous Corregidor, and involves a rather elaborate action, all of which is interpreted in pantomime. The three selections that were played last night depict an evening scene with the neighbors dancing in to pay a friendly call; the miller's dance, which he undertakes for the entertainment of his friends; and the grand finale, when all has ended well and the Corregidor is being tossed in a blanket.

The piece suffered somewhat by its close proximity to the Rimsky-Korsakoff work, but it remained amply effective. It is gay, glittering music, tuneful and vigorous, not at all important, and brilliantly scored. The performance was pluperfect, and the final crash brought a storm of applause. Massenet's overture to "Phedre" came as the final ingredient of a heterogeneous evening.

Alfred Boswell, an American pianist who has lately entered the concert field, last night gave a recital at Town Hall. He disclosed a temperament ably fitted for the demands of artistic endeavor, marked to-day by a good deal of actual work of the most practical nature and a technique entirely adequate to the many problems of piano playing.

Mr. Boswell's program included Schubert's "Impromptu," Chopin's Sonata, opus 35, Liszt's "Etude-Sospiro," Chaffier's "Bouree Fantasque," Albeniz's "Rodena" and five pieces by Emile Blanchet, with whom he studied for three years.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

The sixth matinee of the Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Albert Coates, was the longest concert given by the organization in many moons. When it reached 5 o'clock yesterday scores of people were leaving the hall after having listened patiently to nearly two hours of music which few could have enjoyed in spite of its admirable performance.

Two dances from a Gluck opera gratefully opened the list and then the darkness settled in the auditorium. The violin concerto of Sir Edward Elgar was the second number, and no less an artist than Jascha Heifetz was engaged for the formidable task of trying to make it a delight to a well disposed audience. Mr. Heifetz indeed played the composition like a master, but he could not excite enthusiasm with it.

Followed Seriabin's "Divine Poem," an inordinately long composition, relying largely upon vain repetitions, occasionally rising to real beauty, but mostly being a labyrinth of meaningless convolutions leading nowhere and suggesting nothing either poetic or divine. Mr. Coates is a great admirer of Scriabine's music and doubtless will offer more of it. So it is well to be prepared. The "Divine Poem" was splendidly played and Mr. Coates conducted it with force and authority.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Perry Monteux, conductor, gave the first of its third pair of concerts here last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program was varied and kept the listening powers of the audience in a buoyant mood.

It consisted of Handel's concerto for string and two woodwind choirs in F major, Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn, the third act of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera ballet, "Mlada," as arranged in concert form by the composer and entitled "Night on Mount Triglaff," three dances by the Spanish composer, De Falla—which were new here—from his ballet, "El Sombrero de tres pieos" (The Three Cornered Hat") and Massenet's "Phedre" overture.

The new De Falla dances, based on Alarcon's novel, were written by the composer for Diaghilev of Russian ballet fame. The three parts played last night are "The Neighbors," "Dance of the Miller" and "Final Dance." They are gracefully scored with the use of charming Spanish rhythms. The work of the orchestra in the different numbers was generally admirable and very warmly applauded.

Jan 7 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Lohengrin" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Two features of the performance call for special notice. The original text was used by the principals and Mme. Marie Jeritza was the *Elsa*. In the previous representations the principals and the chorus sang in English, a version produced by the combined efforts of several scholars and containing many astonishing lines. But Mme. Jerlitza has not yet entered the ranks of English singers and in order that she might be heard as *Elsa* it was necessary that all the other singers revert to Wagner's text or offer one of those polyglot deliveries which pique the curiosity of audiences but do little for the cause of art.

The chorus last evening continued to hold fast to the strange language which it had previously used, but as no one cares what choruses say and indeed rarely knows, little harm was done. The dialogue of "Lohengrin" sounds much better in German than in English, for the excellent reason that Wagner, who had a high opinion of the value of vowel sounds in singing, fitted his music to his German text and no translation can preserve the vocal colors which he produced.

The principals seemed to enjoy the freedom offered them by the Wagnerian text and they sang generally with a declamatory effect which was by no means so clear and convincing in the English performances. This was especially noticeable in the singing of Mr. Sembach as *Lohengrin* and Mr. Whitehill as *Telramund*. In the cases of Mr. Schlegel as the *Herald*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Ortrud* and Mme. Jeritza as *Elsa* the comparison could not be made, since they were not implicated in the English proceedings.

Mme. Jeritza's *Elsa* calls for less comment than might have ben expected. It was dramatically most admirable. It must be admitted that *Elsa* is not a role permitting its interpreter to create a brilliant effect of delineation. Its gamut of emotion is not largeti nor its passions of a tumultuous nature. All that could be done through the employment of the theatrical devices of facial expression—often lost in the Metropolitan's large spaces—pose, gesture and general action, Mme. Jaritza did. Her *Elsa* was the tragic "donna curiosa," rich in gentle feeling and womanly tenderness, and driven to her fate by the one uncontrolable impulse.

Her singing of the music was the weaker element of her performance. She sang it intelligently, but she lacks the purity and steadiness of tone, the large command of the phrase and the subtlety of accent necessary to a successful delivery of the essentially legato role of *Elsa*. She was better in the more fragmentary bits of dialogue than in the fluent melodic passages.

The performance as a whole was commendable. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and kept things moving at a fairly good pace. In some rather uncertain spots he held his forces together with great skill. The audience, which was large, seemed to b well pleased.

MISS FOX'S RECITAL.

Miss Dorothy Fox, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the National Theater before a large audience. Her program was of tasteful, but limited selection. Many of the songs were of a somewhat somber mood and they were largely by present day writers. Miss Fox has a good voice which she uses admirably, if within a seemingly limited range of interpretation. She sang well three interesting songs by Respighi—his "E Se Un Tornasse," "I Fauni" and "Nebbie"—as she sang generally well all her other numbers.

Some added spirit came for the final group, when Dwight Fiske appeared as the accompanist, in three songs from Kipling's "Jungle Brook," set by Preston Clarke, Jr., and in three of his own lyrics from the Chinese, namely, "Tears," "Moonlight" and the "Shoreless Sea." Miss Fox had to repeat certain songs in her list, and her friendly auditors gave her warm applause throughout. Her accompanist otherwise than Mr. Fiske was Miss Florence Hays Barbour, who played sympathetically.

RUSSIAN 'CELLIST RETURNS.

Joseph Press, a young Russian cellist, who came to this country and gave a successful reeltal here last month, was heard in a second program of cello musiej at Aeolian Hall last evening, with Gregory Ashman at the piano. His playing again demonstrated his fine musicianship, his beautiful tone and an ability to command with ease the technic of his instrument. His selections, mostly out of the beaten track, included Saint- Saens's A Minor Concerto opns 33, followed by a prelude of Bach and other shorter pieces. Two numbers marked for a first hearing were Rosovsky's "Hebrew Melody" and a "Scotch Pastoral" by Gustave Saenger. The program began with Beethoven's Sonata, No. 3, opns 39, a beautiful score—better suited to a smaller hall than the one in which it was given last night—which received a very artletic performance from the two players.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

At the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening Albert Coates, the English conductor, presented a program comprising two orchestral selections from Gluck's "Orpheus," the "Dance of the Furies" and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits"; Elgar's violin concerto in B minor and Scriabin's third symphony called "Le Divin Poème." Jascha Heifetz was the soloist.

Elgar's concerto is one of the English compositions of which Mr. Coates is making himself the special champion in his American visit, and it needs a little championing. For, although it is eleven years old now, and is the work of one of the most distinguished of living English composers, it has been heard but once in New York, when Albert Spalding played it with the Chicago orchestra.

The reasons seemed plain why it has not been heard oftener. It is long, massive and elaborate; and while it is not ungrateful for the performer—for Elgar began his career as a violinist and knows how to write idiomatically and effectively for the instrument—it is hardly a rewarding piece in its results, either for the player or for the listener. It is neither extremely brilliant nor deeply beautiful.

It is composed largely of the characteristically Elgarian small and blocklike themes, in the development of which the composer is apt to fall into the pursuit of "Rosalien," as the Germans call a string of repeated figures, often decorated with brilliant and effective passages, in glowing and richly colored orchestral setting that is more than an accompaniment and more than a background.

The orchestral part, indeed, forms an essential part of the musical substance of the composition. Of the three movements the andante contains the most conspicuous musical beauty; yet even here the warmly felt and musically expressive opening statement runs too soon into mere figuration, decoration for its own sake and for the sake of making the soloist feel that he is playing a concerto.

It cannot be said that the concert made a deep impression on the listeners, even though Mr. Heifetz—who had played the work in England on his recent visit there—lavished the brilliancy of his technique and the beauty and deep expressiveness of his tone upon it and played it with real style and poise. If it was not a warmly felt and musically stirring performance, the fault was not altogether Mr. Heifetz's. There was much persistent applause for it; there would be difficulty in determining how much was for the composition and how much for him.

Mr. Coates is also a champion of the Russian school of music, and especially of Scriabin, who also needs some championing. His "Divin Poeme" has been played here, but only a very few times; and for reasons that a rehearing of it, also, made plainer than ever. In this, as in the other of his later, grander, bigger, more "important" orchestral compositions, he is disclosed as the salon composer vigorously trying to raise himself by his bootstraps to a higher eminence.

There is grandrose and smelling orchestrations, with special emphasis on the bass tuba; rich and elaborate harmonizations and a persistent and laborious reiteration of some themes of minor significance in a manner that leans heavily upon Liszt and is more than once reminiscent of Wagner. The harmonization no longer seems new nor in the least abstruse, notwithstanding the hushed tone in which the program notes refer to it. It is rich and luscious and is the most potent means of expression that the composer commands; it is ingenious and skilful; but it no longer sounds new, difficult or abstruse.

The essential musical significance of the work, however—it is in three connected movements—is not made to seem important even by so enthusiastic and overpowering a performance of it as Mr. Coates gave, in which every measure was given an effect and every orchestral color brought vividly to the fore.

The first numbers, the dances from "Orpheus," were played with much beauty ;especially the exquisite dance in the Elysian Fields, in which Mr. Barrère played the flute obbligato with a tone of wondrous fullness and limpidity and phrasing that was perfection.

MME. JERITZA IN 'LOHENGRIN'

New Star a Dramatic Elsa of Wagner's Opera Sung in German.

Mme. Jeritza's entrance into the proceedings of "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan last evening was made the occasion of a return to Wagner's German text, as it had been previously only at Philadelphia in Christmas week, when the new Elsa had been variously described in adjectives from "ethereal" to "electrifying." Broadway again saw and early evening queue of standees at the opera gates, while all the lobby doors at mid-performance yawned open with the crush inside the house. It was observable, however, that the crowd straggled in late, as if from curiosity over a sensational new star than desire to hear all the music of Wagner's bridal romance.

Many Lohengrins have sailed the mimic river since Jean de Reszke once forgot his lines at sight of Emma Eames appearing as Elsa with her own dark hair instead of a blonde wig. Mme. Jeritza returned to the Saxon, or at least the flaxen, tradition; always charmingly tall and fair ,a graceful and at need a commanding figure, she appeared at first white-veiled like the quaintly mourning marble bust of "Memory' in a local statuary collection. Veils and restraints she threw off, directl ythe knightly combat won in Elsa's favor, and she sang a bit stridently in her effort to dominate the ensemble at the first curtain.

Her Elsa held interest dramatically with a light touch throughout the later scenes of questioning and disillusion; not the sensational thrills of "Tosea" or "Tote Stadt," but sound traditional acting. Mme. Matzenauer, Messrs. Sembach, Whitehill, Blass and Schlegel also sang, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted with due regard to Wagner, while still showing mercy to the voices.

There should be a word for the apparently abandoned English "Lohengrin," splendidly sung once before this season by Easton and Harrold. "Parsifal," appealing to a mixed audience remains alone of Wagner in the vernacular.

LA FORGE MUSICALE

The fourth of the series of noonday musicales, under the direction of Frank La Forge and Ernesto Berumen, took place yesterday in Aeolian Hall, with Marguerite Schuiling, mezzo-soprano; Elsa Gillham, contralto; Dwight Coy, pianist, and Charles Carver, basso, as soloists, and Mr. La Forge as accompanist.

The program was interesting and as delightful as are all the programs presented under the personal supervision of Frank La Forge and Ernesto Berumen.

The several artists have time and again proved their worth before New York audiences. Miss Schuiling gave particular pleasure with the delicious quality of her rich tones. Mr. Coy displayed a command of technique and sympathetic tone worthy of one of far greater experience. Miss Gillham added the attraction of poise and personal charm to an expressive and well-trained voice, and Mr. Carver sang with his customary skill and ease. Mr. La Forge's presence at the piano added a touch of supreme artistry that made the concert a complete success.

By Deems Taylor

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)~~

JERITZA AS ELSA.

For the first time in several years the Metropolitan Opera House sold out last night for a performance of "Lohengrin," with Marie Jeritza making her first appearance as Elsa. It is the fifth role the beautiful Austrian singer has played with the Metropolitan Company, and her performance reaped her new honors.

The thing that makes her great is not her voice. It is a beautiful voice, lyric rather than dramatic in quality, and she colors it marvellously. But there have been other voices at the Metropolitan that equalled it. Nor is her acting the whole secret of her success, consummate dramatic artist as she is. It is the combination of these qualities, coupled with a personality that projects itself over the footlights with tremendous and inescapable power—this synthesis of talent, intellect and will that we call genius. She has Chaliapin's power of inspiring instant belief in the reality of the character.

So with her Elsa last night. One may review it in two ways. One may point out that she sings German with less vocal ease than she sings Italian; that some of Wagner's long, sustained phrases troubled her, and that, on the other hand, her monologue in the second act was a marvel of lyric beauty. One might point to a score of details in her acting of the part that made it distinctive—to the filmy white veil that covered her hair in Act I., giving her a touching air of helplessness and nunlike innocence; to the stumbling rush of frightened joy with which she ran into the crowd and hid her face at Lohengrin's first appearance; to the lovely vocal and dramatic nuances that distinguished her scene in the bridal chamber.

All these things would be facts but they would not be quite the truth. They are hardly to the point. Better to say, simply, that whenever Marie Jeritza was on the stage there was Elsa, a shining white figure of dreams, wistful, passionate and tragic. There were moments when her great art possessed the overpowering pathos that belongs to all things of perfect beauty. One saw her through a mist of tears.

The performance otherwise was an exceptionally good one. The work was sung in German, in deference to Jeritza's lack of English, to the obvious relief of Mr. Sembach, who sang Lohengrin better than he has done anything this year. It is a pity Mme. Matzenauer has sung so many high roles. The part of Ortrud, which fits her natural voice, found it strained and wanting in color above. Her acting of the part had great power. Mr. Whitehill was not in good voice, but made Telramund impressive, as he always does. Mr. Blass and Mr. Schlegel were both good as King Henry and the Herald, respectively.

Mr. Bodanzky's conducting left nothing to be desired. The orchestra was superb in tone and dynamics.

Accompanist Overshadows Joseph Press's Cello Playing

The piano accompanist, Gregory Ashman, was so good last night at Aeolian Hall that the 'cellist whom he was accompanying, Joseph Press, suffered by comparison. Mr. Ashman's excellent rhythms and shading and his effective tone coloring in Saint-Saens's concerto in A minor prepared a succession of backgrounds which Mr. Press could not occupy adequately. His tones sounded dry and lustreless.

It was not a usurpation of attention by Mr. Ashman—the concerto is not written so that usurpation would easily be possible—it was simply a failure on the part of Mr. Press to equal an accompanist who is a good pianist. With an ordinary accompanist he would possibly have been credited with a good technique, ordinary tone and sound, traditional interpretations.

In addition to the concerto he played Beethoven's third sonata for cello and piano and shorter works by Bach, Rosovsky, Saenger and Davidoff.

Jan 8 1922

PABLO CASALS RETURNS

Attentive listeners crowded the auditorium, overflowed to the platform and stood in the rear of Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Pablo Casals play the cello. And he played to them, unhampered by any technical limitations, with persuasive rhythms which might have carried away their emotions but for the quality of his tone.

It was sombre in his low tones and somewhat acrid in the high—not very much, but sufficiently to make his brightly moving allegros suggest a pessimist who was almost able to enjoy himself and sufficiently to make his dance movements sound like a vaguely distasteful duty. In the slow movements, his tones went effectively with his rhythms and produced a feeling which might be enjoyed by those who

like the emotional key of complacent disillusionment or the physical key of age approaching with discomforts.

There were some who seemed to be listening raptly—there always are—but for others, at least, it was music which engaged respectful attention rather than stirred the feelings.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Josef Stransky conducting, in Carnegie Hall last night played Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," the prelude and love-death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," two elegiac melodies by Grieg and four Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's Caucasian Sketches.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, the performance yesterday afternoon was "Madama Butterfly," with Farrar and Martinelli. The evening performance was for the benefit of the Italian Hospital, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" being sung with Ponselle and Gigli in the former and Bori and Crimi in the latter.

Pablo Casals's Recital.

After an absence from New York of a season, Pablo Casals, the famous Spanish 'cellist, has returned, and yesterday afternoon gave a recital in Aeolian Hall, that was filled with as many people as it could hold, including a large number seated on the stage. It was an audience that fully appreciated the high artistic value of Mr. Casals's performance and that rapturously applauded him.

He is indeed, as he shows anew at each appearance he makes, a consummate master of his instrument, as well as a consummate musician in his profound intelligence and knowledge, his musical feeling, his exquisite taste, his purity of style, his repose and authority. There are others who have a more fiery temperament, a greater striving for eloquence, a warmer and bigger tone upon the instrument; also others who play with more recklessness in the matter of intonation and "sliding" upon the fingerboard. Mr. Casals's intonation is unerring; his left hand a miracle of clearness and accuracy. He has, indeed, so far as his instrument is concerned and so far as human limitations will permit, the spirit of a just man made perfect.

The solo 'cellist is limited, necessarily, in the programs he can present by the limitations of the repertory of the instrument. Mr. Casals founds his art upon Bach, of whose music he is an unsurpassed interpreter. Yesterday he began his program with two important works by the great master; the sonata in G major, with accompaniment of the piano, and the unaccompanied suite in C major. Both of these he played with an extraordinary beauty of style, with poetic insight, with an ease and fluency that made light of difficulties, and with a rhythmic quality that kept the vitality of the music undimmed. In the accompanied sonata he was more than accompanied by Mr. Edouard Gendron at the piano, who played the part with a delicacy, clarity and certainty that were wholly in keeping with Mr. Casals's style and that showed to perfection the contrapuntal equilibrium of the work.

Mr. Casals then gave Beethoven's variations on the theme "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen," from Mozart's "Magic Flute," Op. 60, an early work of the master's that shows his early and somewhat primitive conception of the variation form, and that 'cellists have not often though it worth while to play in public. The music is indeed simple and harmless enough, and has none of the depth and significance for which Beethoven found afterwards such profound expression through the medium of variations. But Mr. Casals discovered much charm in it, which he made the dominating quality of his performance, and a range of expression in the several movements by which they were made to seem a succession of little dramatic pictures.

His other numbers included shorter pieces by Mojr. Henschel, Fauré and Lalo, and an adagio and allegro by Lingi Boccherini, a master of the 'cello in his day.

A Concert of Modern Piano Music.

The first of a series of international concerts of "la libre esthétique," organized by Lady Dean Paul, better known by her professional name of Poldowski, was given yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel. The aesthetic freedom of which these musicales are an exemplification is apparently exhibited in the performance of works of the modern style by some of the most modern composers. For Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, was the performer, and played pieces by Debussy, Albeniz, Granados, De Falla, Scriabine, Rokofleff, Poulenc, Szymanowski and Raval.

Mr. Rubinstein is a skillful and intelligent artist, but on this occasion he did not seem to have gauged exactly the proportions of his muscular strength, the sonority of the piano and the resonance of the small room. A number of his interpretations, when he modified his power, were truly fine, as that of Granados's "La Maja y el Rniseñor."

The plans of the organizer of these concerts are such as to promise a series of entertainments of musical character and interest.

Jan 9 1912

JOHN M'CORMACK'S CONCERT.

Gives Vocal Treat to Large Audience at Hippodrome.

John McCormack, singing in the Hippodrome last evening before all the hearers the house would hold, gave another of those vocal treats which have made him not only famous but dear to hundreds of thousands. His program contained airs by Mozart and Handel, songs by Julius Harrison, Deems Taylor, Granville Bantock, Arthur Whiting, Walter Kramer and others, and the usual group of Irish folk songs. Donald McBeath contributed violin solos.

All the features which have made Mr. McCormack's art noteworthy were in evidence last evening, together with some not always exhibited. Rarely does an audience have an opportunity to hear how fluently and with what long phrasing he delivers florid passages, but he gave the opportunity in his Handel numbers. His voice was in excellent condition, and as to his singing of the songs, it need only be said that it had all its familiar charm.

Not often are two such lessons in vocal art given in one day as those set before local audiences yesterday by Mr. McCormack and Mme. Calve. The number and demeanor of their hearers went to prove that good singing is still at least a dangerous rival to stentorian voices and generally rude methods.

Mme. Calve Sings

By W. J. HENDERSON.

It is twenty-eight years since the great *Santuzza* glided upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. That was on the evening of November 29, 1893, when Mme. Emma Calve made her American debut. The *Carmen* furore came a little later. Mme. Calve was a great *Carmen* till she succumbed to public adulation and began to believe herself more authoritative than the score. She sang the role for the last time at the Metropolitan on March 2, 1904, but Oscar Hammerstein brought her back to New York for a few appearances in two seasons at the Manhattan, where she was heard as the gypsy, as *Santuzza* and in "La Navarraise," which Massenet wrote for her. She made her last appearance at the Manhattan on March 23, 1908, as *Carmen*.

Yesterday afternoon she came before a local audience once more in a concert in Carnegie Hall. It was a characteristic entertainment. Mme. Calve, whose shadow has not become less, clad in a voluminous and flowing robe of fuschia tint, strode about the stage in the glare of footlights, acted, gesticulated, and even hinted at the dance, while she sang various songs and operatic excerpts to the accompaniment of a piano played with manifest anxiety by Francis Moore.

The opera fragments were an air from Gounod's "Sappho," the "Casta Diva" from "Norma," "Lasciatemi morire" from Monteverdi's "Arianna" and the "Habanera" and dance song from "Carmen." The songs ranged from old French airs through Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba Oscura" to Berlioz's "La Captive." It was an unusual afternoon. To those who heard Mme. Calve in the bloom of her young womanhood and voice the recital was a faint echo of far off times and an elder art of which almost nothing is known to the contemporaneous opera stage. It was sad and it was wonderful. And it was astonishing.

For with what remains of her natural equipment and in spite of her personal idiosyncrasies, Mme. Calve must have impressed those who never heard her before as a genuinely great singer past her prime. The voice long ago lost its marvelous pliancy, its voluptuous tints, its subtle shades, and acquired a hardness and brittleness which robbed it of much of its pristine eloquence. Long ago, too, the singer abandoned her respect for the written text and violated rhythms, phrases, and even melodic progressions to suit her own whims or vocal convenience. But no matter what she did, there remained the potent spell of a great singer and a commanding personality.

Yesterday, although sometimes the proceedings of the prima donna were almost ludicrous and though she sang off the key not infrequently and shattered phrases at will, the same impression remained. There were voice and art which stood forth the peers of anything known to the contemporary opera stage. The skill in coloring tone which was one of Mme. Calve's most valuable assets, was still present in a sufficient degree to captivate the ear and the intelligence of the young music lover who is accustomed to incessant monotony and loudness of tone. Mme. Calve still can sing a ravishing pianissimo, a full blooded forte, a brutal chest tone, a fine spun head tone. She can still make her voice as black as night and the next instant emit a thin, cold "voix blanche." She can still declaim text with an almost infinite variety of accent.

She might better have omitted the "Casta Diva," which she sang very feebly indeed and with every evidence of want of breath control. Once she was one of the foremost florid singers of the stage, but that time is gone. She sang "In questa tomba oscura" as it is rarely sung by any one. It was beautiful. Of course she gave all the young listeners a lesson in what might be done with the "Habanera." But enough has been said. Mme. Calve in her later years preserves much of what made her one of the idols of this town twenty-five years ago and is still well worth hearing and study.

By Deems Taylor

AFTER MANY YEARS.

There were gray heads at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, hundreds of them—heads that had been blond and brown and black when Emma Calve's singing of "Carmen" was making history at the Metropolitan Opera House back in the nineties. And along toward 4.30 they were lifted proudly, those heads, and their owners walked up the aisles with something that looked suspiciously like a strut. For Calve, their Calve, had come back to sing to them and to show some of these supercilious youngsters that there were great singers in the old days, after all.

When she first appeared, a plump figure in a flowing gown of crimson velvet, her jet black hair framing a face still piquant and expressive, it seemed almost incredible that this woman should be sixty-four years old. One's incredulity was increased, if anything, when she sang. For she is still a great vocal artist. Her voice is not what it must have been, to be sure. Her extreme topmost voice is thin, sometimes tremulous, and not always in tune; and her extreme low notes are a bit hollow. But it is a voice showing only the signs of honorable service in the cause of art. Calve's middle voice is almost as good as it ever was. The dark tones are still velvety in their richness, the higher ones still warm and expressive. She is a great artist playing on a worn instrument.

Her programme was sensibly calculated to keep within her powers—not that it was an elementary one, however. It included three old French songs, the "Casta Diva" from "Norma," and songs by Carissimi, Monteverde, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Chaminade. She sang all of these with expressive tone-coloring, fine phrasing and a diction that made every word crystal-clear.

She gestured freely. It was not quite cricket, recitalistically speaking—but who cared? Besides, if she had not gestured, we would never have had the thrill of hearing her do the Habanera and the Chanson Boheme from "Carmen," gestures, imaginary Don Jose, and all, not forgetting that rose behind her left ear! How they shouted, the old-timers, when she sang them! Some of the youngsters would have liked to shout too, if it had been quite respectful. When the programme was over, everybody ran down to the footlights, demanding encores. She sang a song of Mistral's without accompaniment. More cheers. "J' n'en peux plus!" she declared; and the graybeards went home to brag.

Concert; Pianoforte Concerto by Delius Is Heard

By H. E. Krehbiel

It was a good thing to get rid of the taste of frippery sentimentalism and labored preciosity which Mr. Stokowski's performance of Brahms's third symphony last Tuesday evening left in the mouths of the lovers of healthy music and the admirers of that composer. Mr. Coates helped to that act of purification by playing the work at a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. One does not need to be affected by the Brahms cult or be a Brahmsin of least emotional type to know that, however abstruse and excessively recondite his music may seem, he was at least a virile composer to whom mere prettinesses were anathema and dalliance with musical affectations utterly obnoxious and revolting. His music is strong meat for strong men. So Mr. Coates conceives the F major symphony to be, and so he presented it yesterday—straightforwardly, clearly, eloquently, a thing of bone and sinew, imbued with the beauty of strength and the strength of beauty. We might have wished that the cyclopean masses of the principal subject of the first movement had been permitted to come tumbling from their splendid heights a little more precipitantly, that there had been a little less restraint of the melody's exuberant joyousness, but there was little else in the work to be longed for which the audience did not get. The performance was worthy of the work and brought a fine concert to a dignified and uplifting conclusion.

For reasons not explained, the promised novelty, Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "Comedy Overture," was omitted from the list, but Mr. Coates's purpose to acquaint New York's music-lovers with the music of the English composers of to-day found expression in a performance of Frederick Delius's pianoforte concerto in C minor, the solo part of which was played by Mr. Percy Grainger, whose personal popularity helped it to an enthusiastic reception. It was due to Mr. Grainger's interest in the composition that the patrons of the Philharmonic Society were privileged to hear it a little more than six years ago. Not the least significant fact about the concerto is that in its first subject and the more beautiful melody of its slow movement it reflects the spirit of the American environment in which it was born. It was conceived on a Florida plantation owned by his father which Mr. Delius visited as a youth and where he fell under the influence of Afro-American song. This influence is most obvious in the slow section (the concerto has three movements, which are played without pauses between them), over which there broods a melancholy charm like that exhaled by many of the old slave songs. Mr. Grainger was too desirous to keep the sparks always flying to permit all of this feeling to become manifest, though Mr. Coates showed fine appreciation of it in his treatment of the orchestral part.

The concert began with eight Russian folk-melodies set for orchestra by Liadoff. Two or three of them had been heard here before at concerts designedly of light caliber. The beauty of the tunes, some heavy-hearted, some gay, one daintily humorous (it was set down on yesterday's program as "I danced with a gnat," but heretofore has been called "Mosquito Song") others wildly hilarious, no less than their exquisite settings by Liadoff, makes them worthy of repeated performance.

The rarely heard Delius piano concerto had been introduced to America by Mr. Grainger on November 26, 1915, at a Philharmonic concert here. The work was composed in this country in Florida in 1897, and was first performed in Eberfeld, Germany, in 1904. Delius when a young man came from England to manage a plantation owned by his father in Florida. There he heard the songs sung by the negro workers, from which he took melodic matter for his concerto. The slow movement is the best for melody, while the first and last movements run the gamut of piano pyrotechnics. The whole, with the orchestral part, is not a creative score of distinction.

MISS ROTHMAN'S RECITAL.

Miss Marie Rothman, a young soprano living in this city, gave her first song recital anywhere yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. She was heard by an audience unusually large. In a tasteful and comprehensive program of airs and songs she disclosed a pleasing, clear, light voice, a generally good knowledge of tone production and a considerable variety of feeling in interpretation.

Marie Rothman, a young lyric soprano whose work is fast becoming known in New York, gave her first recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, where she sang a varied and interesting program in a manner that pleased a representative audience. Miss Rothman is gifted with a voice of rare clarity and sweetness and this, combined with an attractive personality, should take her far on the concert stage. Her songs represented the works of Mozart, Donizette, Schumann, Gretchaninoff, Cherniassky, Grainger and many other composers.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

Albert Coates, finding apparently that the program arranged for yesterday afternoon's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall was long enough without H. Balfour Gardiner's "Comedy Overture," or perhaps not having prepared it sufficiently for performance, omitted it, and played Liadow's eight Russian folksongs, Delius's piano concerto, with Percy Grainger as soloist, and Brahms's third symphony.

Mr. Grainger had played Delius's concerto some years ago with the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Delius lived eight years in Florida, and the negro element is said to appear in some of his music, including this concerto. Not so much the influence of Florida as of Norway, represented by Grieg, comes to the surface in this concerto. It is in three connected movements, of which the value is rather uneven. Several of the themes are vigorous and expressive. One of these in the slow section has real beauty and individuality. Their development is sometimes flamboyant and sometimes in the most aggressive virtuoso style; but the composer has done better things in the slow movement, which has a truly poetic atmosphere.

Delius works in a rich field of harmony which has little of the offense to the ear prevalent in the present fashion. The orchestration is one of the features of the work in which unevenness is shown. The effects of striking color the composer has joined others of crass unskillfulness, and to both of these taints the solo instrument makes additional contribution. There are passages in which the piano is made to fight the orchestra laboriously and uselessly; others, again, show unusual deftness in bringing about a harmonious union of the two. Mr. Grainger left no stone unturned to make the concert effective in his brilliant and forceful performance, and was much applauded for it.

rgan Kingston, in the flower song Carmen," and Marie Sundelius, acing Florance Easton in the jewel from "Faust," shared the Metro-an's stage and orchestra last night the young violinist, Erika Morini, rning for her second season in erica. Miss Morini was warmly ted in Mendelssohn's concerto and three artists added lesser groups and bres.

ena Gerhardt gave her third and recital at the Town Hall last even-singing Schumann's cycle of "Wo-'s Life and Love" and two groups lyrics by Brahms.

arie Rothman, a matinee débutante the Town Hall yesterday, had more ple to hear her than the building uld hold. She gave an ambitious gram from Mozart and Brahms Naida Boulanger, Zimbalist and linger.

Jan 10 1922

ss Farrar in "La Navarraise" and Miss Bori in "L'Oracolo."

letropolitan stars last evening made t of a Grand Guignol night of it for influential Monday subscribers, pre-nting a double bill of one-act thrillers varied as "La Navarraise" and L'Oracolo." Miss Farrar reappeared Massenet's war episode, sung for the irth time, with Crimi, Rothier and hers, as before.

Miss Bori, newly returned to the for-r "Cat and Cherub" play of San ancisco's Chinatown, resumed an ap-aling and exotic rôle she had created me years ago. Chamlee was again e Chinese lover, and Scotti and Didur e tragic protagonists of Oriental calm. r. Wolff conducted the Franco-Span-h and Mr. Moranzoni the Italian-merican score.

There was a slight interruption at e point, when a man in an orchestra hair was carried from the theatre. hough reported at first as a case of oplexy, the man was restored to con-iousness and able to sit up when an nbulance arrived.

RUSSIAN PIANIST'S CONCERT.

Manfred Malkin, a Russian pianist ho lives in this city, gave the first of vo programs of music for the piano st evening at Carnegie Hall. His per-rmance of Liszt's transcription of the minor organ prelude and fugue of ach and Beethoven's "Appasionata" nata was clear, dignified and finely ecuted.

Mr. Malkin relies upon a good under-anding of dynamics for his soft and rte effects rather than upon warm and nsuous colors. His general tone is ten hard and metallic. His tyle, if ot poetic, is commendable for taste and telligence. His well chosen list in-uded Schumann's "Carneval." He was ard by a large and enthusiastic audi-nce.

MISS RUMSEY'S RECITAL.

Miss Ellen Rumsey, contralto, gave er annual song recital at Town Hall esterday afternoon. She again sang ith a voice of rich quality and an in-inctive feeling for musical interpreta-on. Radical defects of tone produc-on were also again present in her de-very such as prevented artistic results n certain numbers. Her legato style as illustrated in Bach's air, "Gods bove" from "Phoebus and Pan," but Haydn't "Spirit Song" and Rachmani-ov's lyric "To the Children" were on he whole pleasingly given.

FOUR ARTISTS HEARD AT BAGBY MUSICALE

Dux, Sassoli, Graveure and Casals Appear.

The January series of the Bagby mu-ical mornings started yesterday in the Valdorf-Astoria. Mme. Claire Dux, Miss Ada Sassoli, harp; Louis Graveure, bary-one, and Pablo Casals, cello, were the rtists. Walter Golde and Edouard Gen-ron were accompanists. Mme. Dux ang an aria from Bizet's "Les Pecheurs es Perles," Mimi's air from the first act f "La Boheme," some old English songs nd two by Richard Strauss. Mr. Gra-eure's numbers included English and rench songs. Miss Sassoli played ompositions of Bach, Pierne, Zabel, Olsen and Hasselmans, and Mr. Casals played solos by Boellman, Godowsky, Sgambati and Popper.

Ellen Rumsey, Contralto, Pleases in Song Recital

Ellen Rumsey, contralto, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall. Her program included "Gods Above," by Bach, and Haydn's "Spirit Song" in English, numbers by Donizetti and Recli in Italian and by Tereschenko, Laparra and Fourdrain in French. There also were songs in English by Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff and Moussorgsky and various modern numbers.

Her voice had considerable range and moderate power, with a fairly clear lower register and higher notes much more so, although loud passages sometimes produced a metallic timbre. With satisfactory shading and expression Miss Rumsey made an agreeable impression, pleasing a moderate-sized audience. Gordon Thayer was the accompanist.

Beethoven Association Gives Superb Concert

Jan 11 1922

By H. E. Krehbiel

(last edition)

The most characteristic feature of the concerts of the Beethoven Association is the spiritual union between the performers and their hearers. In it lies an expression of devotion to music without alloy of any kind, love free from the dross of ignorant affectation. The artists give their services gratuitously that the art may be advanced in the appreciation of the listeners, and therefore they give of their best. There could scarcely be a lovelier exhibition of artistic ideality than that made in Aeolian Hall last night when Madame Elena Gerhardt, Alexander Siloti, Paul Kochanski, Pablo Casals and Coenraad V. Bos united in giving the third concert of the association's third season. Mr. Siloti had not been heard here in nearly twenty-four years and his first recital is announced for next Sunday, yet he joined Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Casals in the performance of two pieces of ensemble chamber music—Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1 (called the "Ghost Trio" in Germany because of the mood of mystery which pervades its slow movement) and the trio in B, Op. 8, by Brahms.

It is not the rule, but the exception to the rule, when artists of strong individuality meet in such performances without long and studious association; but the three men played as if ... by a common inspiration—as they were. A more transfigured performance of Beethoven's supernatural Largo we have never heard; in fact, we cannot recall a performance that offered a parallel or a happier expression than that given to the finale. The music dates from 1808, the year which saw the creation of the fifth and sixth symphonies and the Choral Fantasia, which fact sufficiently explains its beauty.

Between the trios Mme. Gerhardt, with Mr. Bos lending his inimitable talent as accompanist, sang songs by Schubert—the two Suleika songs from Goethe's "West-Ostlichen Divan," "Der Tod und das Madchen," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Der Musensohn," "Wohin?" and "An die Musik," the last two in compliance with an enthusiastic demand for additions to the five numbers on the printed list. She put her heart into the songs as completely as her equally famous associates put theirs into the trios, and wrought a golden link between the music of the first great classic romanticist and the last.

BY MAX SMITH

At the Beethoven Association's third subscription concert, last night in Aeolian Hall, Alexander Siloti, distinguished Russian pianist and pedagogue, made his first public appearance here in more than a score of years.

Taken all in all, though, the combination was not a happy one. In fact, the music of the two masters might well have fared better at the hands of players less famous, but more in sympathy with one another.

There were hitches in the rhythmical ensemble and often a lack of dynamic balance. At times the finely drawn pianissimi of Senor Casals, who looked disgruntled, to say the least, could not be heard at all. And Mr. Kochanski, though doing his best to hold his own with his older associates, appeared to be on the outside, as it were.

More satisfying than the Beethoven was the Brahms, especially the fascinating Scherzo, the only part of this trio that the composer left intact in his revision.

For the most inspiring contributions of the evening, decidedly, Elena Gerhardt was responsible, although vocally not in good form. With Coenraad Bos as her devoted accompanist she could sing as she willed without interference of others. Her selections were all by Schubert.

By Deems Taylor

The concerts of the Beethoven Association have sometimes suffered in the past from the defects of the all-star system; for while it has enlisted the services of many of the world's greatest instrumentalists, their ensemble work has often been faulty because of the clashing of individual mannerisms ... lack of sufficient rehearsal ... night's concert emerged ... nless from this pitfall when Paul Kochanski, Pablo Casals and Alexander Siloti joined forces to play the Beethoven D major trio and the revised version of Brahms's in B major. From the perfection of their ensemble one might have supposed that they had been playing together for months.

Throughout the evening the three players were as one, not only as regard tempo and rhythm but—much more important artistically—in their intentions. They seemed to think alike and feel alike about the music they were playing, with the result that both works received performances of extraordinary beauty, bigness of conception and technical brilliance. Considered merely as sound their work was flawless. The violinist and cellist achieved a beauty and homogeneity of tone color that often made the two instruments sound as one. Mr. Siloti, although he somewhat underestimated the strength of his instrument in the Beethoven work retrieved himself nobly and impressively in the Brahms—a performance of dignity and noble beauty.

It was the first American appearance of the famous Russian pianist, and he made a decidedly favorable impression. It would be difficult and unfair to consider his work aside from its relation to the whole, for the very excellence of his ensemble playing necessarily involved a subordination of his own style.

A fourth performer was Elena Gerhardt, who sang five Schubert songs: "Suleika," I. and II.; "Der Tod und das Maedchen," "Gretchen am Spinnrad" and "Der Musensohn." The audience demanded two encores—Schubert's "Wohin?" and "An die Musik." Miss Gerhardt had not yet recovered fully from the cold that has hampered her singing for some time. Her voice lacked warmth, and the obvious effort necessary to produce her high notes made some of them doubtful as to pitch. Needless to say, she still retained her old mastery of interpretation, and the entire group was done with beautiful phrasing and emotional command. "Der Tod und das Maedchen" in particular was a masterpiece of mood creation.

Coenraad Bos played such transcendent accompaniments for Miss Gerhardt that his rank as fifth artist on the programme could hardly be disputed. A sixth—and unannounced—artist was Szymanovski, the young Polish composer, who turned the pages for Mr. Siloti with flawless virtuosity.

'Die Tote Stadt' Repeated

nese Soprano Again Cap

Jan 12 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Tote Stadt," the remarkable opera of the precocious Eric Wolfgang Korngold, was given for the fourth time last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. People in this carefree town do not permit themselves to be kept at home by unseemly weather, provided the means of transportation are not all out of business. Therefore it is safe to say that the audience would not have been much larger had the stars been shining outdoors as well as in. It was a good sized audience and its applause was hearty and long continued after each act. But, nevertheless, in regard to the endurance of the opera on the local stage it is not possible to make what Bacon would have called "firm and pregnant conjectures."

"Die Tote Stadt" has real quality, and no one would be astonished to find it enjoying a ne wlease of prosperity next season. Much of its favor, however, will depend on the return of Mme. Jeritza and her willingness to repeat her admirable impersonation of the volatile dancer who almost persuaded *Paul* that he could live his life twice. In this part the brilliant Viennese artist has revealed most of her talent, though it was reserved for *Tosca* to bring out her tragic power. Again last evening she dazzled and captivated her audience by her witchery, her picturesque action, her subtility of vocal color and her radiant personality.

Arville Harrold once more impersonated the fatuous *Paul*. This role has been his chief occupation in the current season, and it is enough. The psychology of the character is well nigh impossible to convey clearly to an audience and the music is well nigh unsingable. As for that, however, Mr. Harrold sings it, and he has also succeeded in giving the part a clear outline and an air of reality.

Among the secondary personages in the drama, the *Pierrot* of Mr. Laurenti and the *Frank* of Mr. Leonhardt continue to be well presented. Miss Marion Telva as *Brigitta*, the housekeeper, and Misses Miriam and Anthony as the dancers who went dancing out into a square, were other members of the cast. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Leon Sametini, Violinist, in Debut.

Leon Sametini had the time-honored benediction of "Kneisel weather," as it once was called in musical New York, on his début here at the Town Hall last night. A sad, bad night for fiddles, the Dutch violinist found, when his strings played him false in his early Kreisler arrangements; but not such as to daunt him in Paganini's D-major concerto, Chausson's "Poeme," a Vieuxtemps rondo and lesser pieces by Ysaye, Hubay, Thibaud and Sametini himself. A native of Rotterdam, he had played as a boy of 12 with Mengelberg's orchestra, and at 15 had been sent by Queen Wilhelmina to study at Prague. He has appeared hitherto in America with the Chicago, Cincinnati and Minneapolis orchestras, and will doubtless find welcome by more New Yorkers than scantly filled the little hall last night. Harry Kaufman assisted at the piano.

DUTCH VIOLINIST FAILS TO IMPRESS

Leon Sametini's violin recital in the Town Hall last night was interesting only because it showed how little a player may be able to present after about twenty years of experience.

Mr. Sametini seems now to be about thirty-five years of age, and according to the biography furnished by his managers before the recital he made his first public appearance when twelve, under the baton of Mengelberg in Holland. At the age of fifteen he became the protege of the Queen of Holland. She presented to him a violin and sent him to Prague, where he was graduated from the conservatory in a year. And in England later he made his first appearance in a joint concert with Melba.

All of this was impressive to read, and for a listener who had never before heard Sametini play it led naturally to the expectation that twenty years or more of handling a violin should have resulted at least in virtuosity, dexterity, sleight of hand—to a sufficient degree to hold interest. It was not so last night.

Mr. Sametini was inaccurate in pitch. His high tones were shrill and often they whistled. The quality of his tone wavered and introduced jarring effects. And his rhythms and phrasing could scarcely be felt. Occasionally he did execute a passage of double-stopping or a cadenza with good effect, but such occasions were widely separated.

He played Kreisler transcriptions of Pugnani's Preludium and Allegro, of Leclair's Tambourin and of Bach's Gavotte, together with Paganini's concerto in D major, Chausson's "Poeme" opus 25, the introduction and rondo from Vieuxtemps's concerto in E major, and shorter works—stirring little or no feeling and failing very often even to hold attention.

Harold Morris's Recital.

Harold Morris, a young New York pianist who is not unknown also as a composer, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He began with Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; he played the fugue not very eloquently but cleverly and solidly, and better than the fantasy, his performance of which was dry, unmoved and unwarmed by the romantic spirit of the music. So, too, the romantic spirit of Schumann's fiery sonata in G minor escaped him, though he was not baffled by the technical difficulties of the work.

After a group of Glinka, Webr and Chopin, Mr. Morris arrived at an interesting series American compositions: the minuet from Powells "Sonata Noble," Albert Stoessel's "Seguidilla," Marion Bauer's Prelude in B minor, Leo Sowerty's "Irish Washrwoman" and Mr. Morris's own "Adagio Elegraco" from a sonata and "Doll's Ballet." There was an audience more numerous than might have been expected to brave the weather.

Jan 13 1922

Chaliapin as Boris

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Boris Godunov" was given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House before an audience of great size. All the standing room was packed and hundreds dwere turned away. The cause of the public interest was, of course, the repetition of Feodor Chaliapin's splendid impersonation of the conscience stricken Czar. To those who had heard the famous Russian in his first appearances of the season the performance of last evening was of especial importance. When Mr. Chaliapin sang *Boris* the first time he was suffering from a cold which obliterated the natural quality of his voice and made his delivery labored.

Lasts evening he was in perfect command of his voice, and the whole measure of his extraordinary richness and beauty was disclosed. Furthermore, he was able to show his consummate command of tone and his noble style. Mr. Chaliapin at his best—as he was last night—is a singer of great s..., as well as an actor of the first order. His *Boris*

was magnificent. It held the audience in breathless atention, and at the close of the great scenes there was prolonged applause. The death scene was the climax of the impersonation. There has been nothing so thrilling in this line since Hiemann's death of *Siegfried*. The other members of the cast were the same as before.

In the afternoon "Carmen" was given for the benefit of the Neighborhood Music School. Miss Farrar was the *Carmen* and Miss Borl the *Miscaela*. Albert Wolff conducted for the last time before returning to his duties in Paris.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

The observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Brahms's death, that has already been begun by others, premature by some weeks, was continued by the Philharmonic Society last evening with a performance at the concert in Carnegie Hall of the master's first symphony. The commemoration was not very marked, as the symphony frequently appears on the programs of this and other orchestral societies with no more of a special purpose than to give pleasure to an audience. But the playing of a symphony by Brahms was not out of place, even though an effort to do something more out of the ordinary course would have marked the anniversary more notably.

The program contained a new composition, played for the first time, by an American composer, Emerson Whithorne, now of New York; a symphonic fantasy entitled "In the Court of Pomegranates." Mr. Whithorne's name is not unknown to Philharmonic audiences, for another orchestral piece, "The Rain," was played by the Philharmonic Society four years ago. The composer has given no "program" for this composition, but has quoted on his score a paraphrase from John Hay's "Castillan Days," suggesting a picturesque ruin in Spain, "the feasting and loving and plotting," that once went on in its court, now occupied by scarlet blossoming pomegranate trees, gigantic cacti, strange and gaudy birds nesting in fretted cornices.

He has sought to evoke an exotic mood; but he has given hardly more than a suggestion of Spanish character to his music. There is glittering and shimmering orchestral color; and in his treatment of the orchestra, in accordance with the modern manner, Mr. Whithorne has shown skill and an individual style. But in thematic substance the work does not shine. The "three important subjects" upon which he declares the music is based do not emerge very potently. They are short-breathed and show little physiognomy of their own. The mingled complication of rhythm that is evident, and of which the composer speaks, in his account of his work, hardly seems to be more than a contribution to a background; and there is little that stands out from this background.

But it may be set down as greatly to Mr. Whithorne's credit, in a day and generation of musical ugliness, that his music is not ugly, but beguiling to the listener's ear, even though it makes little positive statement and produces not much more than an agreeable effect of mood and color.

The piece was not insistently applauded; but there was applause enough to summon Mr. Whithorne to the platform, where he was cordially received. Before his piece, the audience heard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Tod von Verklärung," and after it Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

The Whithorne fantasy had its first who lives in Cleveland, O., was introduced to Philharmonic audiences on January 6, 1918, when Mr. Stransky produced his characteristic piece, "The Rain," at one of the society's Sunday concerts.

His composition heard last night was written in 1918, and the program notes contained some information concerning it which fas furnished by himself. Paraphrased lines from John Hay's "Castilian Days" preface the score, which tell of the scarlet blossoms of gay pomegraanate trees, gigantis cacti, strange birds, much feasting and loving, a lovely court in a distant age—all now seeming but a fable. Thus does the composer suggest the atmosphere of his work, which is without any definite program.

At first hearing it seemed as though the composer had hardly made full use of the suggestions offered him by his text. On the other hand, the three important themes were treated with much skill in melodic orchestration fancy, lavish color and languorous mood. The fantasy was admirably played by the orchestra, and at the close the composer come upon the platform and bowed his acknowledgments with Mr. Strawsky.

Mr. Whithorne's work received its first performance anywhere. He calls it a symphonic fantasy and wrote it in 1918 as the musical integument of some descriptive lines by John Hay. It is smoothly and ingeniously scored and is of grateful brevity, but lacks outline. There are interesting rhythmic patterns, but no broad design. The orchestral argument leads nowhere. One group of instruments will introduce a theme and start a brief discussion, only to lose interest and drop it in order to listen to what some other group has to say upon some other topic. One listens with a baffled sense of having been interrupted just as something really interesting was about to be said. To be sure, it is impressionistic music. But even impressions must not be all background.

Chicago Opera Piles Up Deficit Of $800,000

Special Dispatch to The Tribune

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Eight hundred thousand dollars will be the deficit of the Chicago Grand Opera Association this season, the largest ever faced by an opera company in the history of music in America. It is said in inner circles, however, that Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick personally has agreed to shoulder the losses that will be met in the New York engagement—perhaps $250,000—and her former husband, Harold F. McCormick, and she together will cancel the Chicago losses, save that part which may be paid by minor guarantors.

When the ten week's season closes at the end of next week the deficit here will have reached more than $550,000. The tour to and from the Pacific Coast and the one-night stands in other cities will not reduce the total, although the Pacific Coast trip has been largely underwritten.

Mary Garden, chosen director again, feels certain she can keep the deficit next season below the $500,000 which the Civic Opera Association will guarantee. Her re-election was a distinct victory over foreign forces which have been fighting her chiefly because she insists upon giving American singers and American productions a fair showing before the American public. Her enemies blame "petticoat management" for the $800,000 deficit, but the men and women who are suplying the money viewed it in another light and re-elected her.

Attendance Increased

Attendance at the operas this season has been larger than ever before, but prices have mounted at the rate of $100,000 a week. Enormous sums have been paid to singers—much of it for stars who have appeared only once or not at all, and additional thousands have been spent in discharging contracts for services that could not be used at all. Here are some of the reasons for the great deficit:

Maric Ivogun, brought from Europe, to sing only once in Chicago.

Ulyssus Lappas, coming from Monte Carlo, will be heard twice.

Claire Dux, commanding a great salary, has sung only three times.

Vincenie Ballester, a high salaried soprano, has been heard twice.

Marguerite d'Alvarez, a great success on the opening night, has sung once.

Marguerite Namara made a single appearance.

Nina Koshetz and Charles Marshall to be heard only twice.

Edward Laukow has sung only twice.

Riccardo Martin, paid $1,000 a week, has appeared three times.

Edward Johnson, also drawing a large salary, sang only once.

Gadski Contract Costly

Forrest Lamont, an American tenor, has been up three times, once in a "patch" performance.

Johanna Gadski, engaged for the German operas, was paid $7,500 to cancel her contracts, according to inner circle gossip.

Florence MacBeth, Lydia Lipkowska and Grazielle Pareto, all high priced stars, have not been heard at all.

Every idle singer represents a dead loss. Tens of thousands of dollars were lost through the production of "The Love For the Three Oranges," which, after costing $100,000 or more, was given only two performances. Its future is undetermined.

When the company returns from its tour of the Pacific Coast and all debts are paid, Mr. McCormick and his former wife, it is understood, will have reached the end of their term as volunteer guarantors, and the new managers will undertake to inject more money into the enterprise.

Jan 14 1922

'Ernani'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Verdi's "Ernani" was the opera at the Metropolitan last evening. It was the second performance of this work, which was first given December 8. The cast was that which revived the work here early in the season. Miss Rosa Ponselle repeated an impersonation of *Elvira* marked by great vigor of voice and much physical activity, but somewhat deficient in the finer graces of song demanded by Verdi's score.

Mr. Martinelli was once more the *Ernani*. There was much vividity in his impersonation and he sang with energy. Mr. Danise as *Don Carlos* was without question more completely immersed in the spirit of the opera than the others. He looked the king, acted with dignity and sang the music of his part with admirable tone and style. Mr. Mardones as *Don Ruy Gomez de Silva* was also excellent.

Although the opera is old fashioned and many of the methods employed by the compooser have outlived their efficacy, the score nevertheless contains considerable fine music. Such numbers as "Ernani involami," "Infelice" and "O sommo Carlo" would make the fortune of any young opera composer in these days. A large audience attended and seemed well pleased.

MME. HEMPEL'S CONCERT.

Mme. Frieda Hempel gave her annual song recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. Earlier in the season she had been heard here in a program of songs given as a benefit. The hall was filled with an admiring audience. Mme. Hempel was assisted by Coenraad Bos at the piano and Louis Fritze, flute. With the flutist she sang the "Pastoral" from Varacini's "Rosalinda," the grand aria di bravura "Ah non credea Mirarti" and rondo. "Ah, non giunge," from Bellini's "La Sonnambula" and Taubert's "Bird Song." She began with the "Agnus Dei" from Mozart's "Coronation Mass," which she followed by the "Voi che Sapete" air from the same master's "Figaro."

Among her other numbers were a group of Schubert's lieder, Grieg's "I Love Thee," d' Albert's "Slumber Song," Strauss's "Staendchen" and Brahams's "Wiegenlied." The soprano's beautiful lyric voice was for the most part sweet, true and clear, and it seemed to have taken on some added power, also lustre. She sang with the rare musical taste and skill associated with her work here in the past. Her delivery of the opening airs had a fine legato and flexibility. Her German songs were given with beautiful nuance and phrasing. A song exquisitely sung was an encore, "Der Nussbaum" of Schumann. Her coloratura, which was facile and brilliant, delighted her hearers as did, seemingly, everything she did.

MISS ERZA'S RECITAL.

Miss Berthe Erza, denominated a French dramatic soprano, but in reality an Algerian and born in Tunis, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was not her first appearance in this city, however, as she sang at a Stadium concert under Henry Hadley's direction last summer. She undertook some very exacting tasks last evening in opening her programme with Bach's "Mein glaubiches Herzen," a short air of Gluck and also his "Divinites du Styx." Afterward she sang songs by a variety of composers, including Saint-Saens, Rhene-Baton, Debussy and Rachmaninoff.

Miss Erza is the possessor of a voice of excellent natural quality. It has warmth, tenderness and power, as well as a range sufficient for recital purposes. With such a voice Miss Erza may hope to accomplish much when she has improved her breath control, her phrasing and her diction. She was happiest last evening in the shorter numbers on her list. Two "Chants d'Orient," by Davico she sang with understanding and beauty of tone. Her audience was remarkably large and liberal in applause.

MISS MARY DAVIS SINGS.

Miss Mary Davis, a mezzo-contralto, who sang here last season, gave a song recital yesterday afternon at the Princess Theatre. Her program included old Italian airs, with songs by Koopman, Debussy, Warford and Kramer. She interpreted her program with a voice of god quality and some knowledge of style. The subtler qualities of her art were generally lacking, and this fact brought resultant monotonous effects to her delivery. She seemed to be a singer who is thoroughly in earnest, hence further study may give her work more vocal finesse. A friendly audience heard the recital, the high lights of which were furnished by Coenraad Bos, who played the accompaniments.

Jan 15 1922

Josef Hofmann

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.)~~

Amidst the mass of pianoforte music which concertgoers are privileged to hear this season there is so much of a high order of merit that no reviewer need feel called on to make comparisons in order to point out instances of individual excellence. It is one of the peculiar charms of Mr. Josef Hofmann's recitals, nevertheless, that, no matter what others have done, there is always an invitation to comment in his programs as well as his performances. He is not a seeker after the unusual either in his selections or his interpretations, but his playing enlists interest in the music and the music in turn challenges keen interest in his playing. At his recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the list of composers was not unconventional, for the names were those of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikoffsky, Schubert-Liszt and Schumann; but it was out of the ordinary to have the program end with Schumann's Fantasia in C, and a less cultivated audience than that which crowded the big room might have wished a more scintillant close than that provided by the profoundly poetical and introspective final movement had it not been conscious of the fact that when Hofmann plays there is always a supplementary concert after the set program is finished. For the knowing, moreover, there is a comforting assurance that in the added pieces, whether in the middle or at the end, there will be something illuminative of the artist's ideals.

Scores in Three Beethoven Numbers

So yesterday. There was somewhat of the familiar indifferentism in his performance of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue"—a suggestion that he did not have his mind altogether on the fantasia portion more particularly, but was rather perfunctorily doing his duty by it and no more. And Beethoven's "Andante Favori" did not seem to appeal to him otherwise than as a vehicle for the beautiful quality of tone which it enabled him to evoke from his instrument. But now he entered into the spirit of the master, and with the Rondo in G (which Beethoven labeled with the singular title "The fury over a lost groat furiously spent *(ausgetobt)* in a Rondo") he whirled his hearers off their feet into amazed delight, and in this attitude he held them with the two extra Beethoven numbers with which he rewarded their applause. These pieces were the Janizary march from "The Ruins of Athens," which he played much in the manner of his master Rubinstein, and the Scherzo from the Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3. This he embellished with many brilliant touches, one of which, a quintuplet glissando up to the theme where it is repeated in the key which makes the effect possible, no doubt would have called out a quizzical look on the face of the composer had any of his pupils taken the liberty.

Plays Two Brahms Numbers

The Brahms pieces were the Intermezzo in A and the Rhapsody in G minor. The lovely interrogatory phrase which begins the intermezzo must have had a charm for Brahms, for use of it is also made in one of his string quintets. Is it a conscious quotation from Mendelssohn? We wonder. It is the fundamental motive of the latter's song "Ist es Wahr?" Op. 9, No. 1, and we have a vague memory of a story that the song used to be sung in Mendelssohn's home circle as introductory to one of his string quartets, in which it also plays a pretty rôle. After playing these pieces with fine poetic feeling and beauty Mr. Hofmann gave a ravishingly lovely performance to a waltz in A and a berceuse in A flat minor by Tschaikoffsky, the latter with embellishments by Pabst. Just before the Schumann Fantasia he played Liszt's transcription of Schubert's song "Die Forelle" with exquisite clarity in the figuration and the "Hofmann tone" in the melody; but as when listening to other performances of Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert (Mr. Lhevinne's "Lindenbaum," for instance), we could not help wishing that the player as well as the transcriber had kept the poem in mind during the performance. Such a procedure would sometimes cause a different reading of the melody—and a better.

Hall Audience Apathetic.

Josef Hofmann strolled in through a door at one side of the platform at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon as casually as if he were simply about to cross the platform and make his exit at the other side. Then, an observer might have said, he seemed with great persence of mind to realize the significance of the piano at the centre of the platform and of the crowded audience out in front—as if he remembered that his managers had said something to him about having his first recital of the season on a Saturday afternoon. So as he walked he changed his direction away from the opposite door in a swinging arc toward the piano and sat down nonchalantly, as if to dispose of the obligation before continuing toward the other door and an afternoon engagement.

The manner of his entrance might have passed without mention—forgotten as an eccentricity—if all of Hofmann's playing had been as good as his first number. By the time the programme was completed, however, the entrance had become fixed in the listener's mind as an appropriate introduction to the whole recital.

Hofmann's first number was Bach's Chromatic—a beautifully played suite of rushing impetuosities, grave pon-

rings, light scampers, ripping cascades of shimmering sound—and attention alertly followed the rapidly moving rhythms so clearly pronounced, the brilliant melodic figures and the changing moods; and understanding seemed to be condensed and immediate. This was Hofmann's only great achievement.

The next number was Beethoven's Andante Favori, an etherealized boudoir melancholy which justified itself on the programme only because it gave Hofmann an opportunity for such delicate planissimos that they seemed to be sensed rather than heard. The next was Beethoven's Rondo "Fury Over the Lost Penny," which seemed less like fury than like impatience, followed by chagrin, all expressed in naively marching rhythms.

That was the end of the first group; and, after some moderate and restrained applause, Hofmann volunteered two encores. Listeners here and there drew their lips into pleased smiles and turned to their companions to be seen to smile.

During the next four numbers—a Brahm's intermezzo and a rhapsody, a Tschaikovsky waltz and a Tschaikovsky-Pabst berceuse — Hofmann played as if at some time in the past he had decided upon the interpretations which he now played dexterously but coldly. During the first two of these the audience apparently supplied the warmth and interested itself in the effort; but then it seemed to tire, and when Hofmnan started the third of these, and also when he started the fourth, the intermezzo of conversation continued well into the playing without being hushed by any one who seemed particularly anxious to hear. When an audience reaches this state of mind it is probably the great name of the artist and the recollection that they have paid to hear his full programme that hold so many.

Hofmann next played Liszt's transcription of Schubert's exuberant "Trout," but it was a stuffed and varnished trout which he delivered. Finally, during Schumann's Fantasie, where the directions are to play "fantastic and impassioned," women listeners powdered their noses and examined the occupants of the boxes, men stared at the ceiling, and turned the leaves of their programmes and coughed. There was no reason why they should not. Mr. Hofmann could not hold their interest because he did not offer any feeling.

Jan 16 1922

Siloti Appears in Conservative Mood

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Persons familiar with the manner of Rachmaninoff and given to rapid deductions after hearing Mr. Alexander Siloti play the pianoforte at his recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon might well be inclined to say that Russian pianists of huge physical structure have a common trait in a desire to put the sounily musical to the fore rather than their virtuosoship. It was that quality which took our fancy captive when Mr. Siloti first played here twenty-four years ago and has kept Mr. Rachmaninoff in our admiration ever since he took up his residence among us. The men have much in common, including their stature and unaffected deportment upon the concert platform. Mr. Siloti appeared for the first time in America at one of Mr. Anton Seidl's Astoria concerts on January 25, 1898, when he played the second concerto of his teacher, Tschaikoffsky. We thought and said then that public and critics would have to reckon with him in a serious and thoughtful mood. His mastery of the technical side of pianoforte playing was that of a virtuoso of the highest rank, but it was his reposefulness, his broad tone, his avoidance of trickery or mawkish sentimentality, his strength coupled with appreciation of sensuous beauty which won our admiration, though when he gave his first recital we felt called upon to deplore a kind of impatient impetuosity in some of his readings. Evidently, though he had not disclosed it in the concerto he thought it necessary to "show off" a bit in his recital, for he played such things as Liadoff's "Music Box" and some glittering but empty effects in a transcription by Pabst of themes from "Eugen Onyegin." At his last recital, on March 25 of the same year, he played Balakireff's "Islamey," "which may be said to introduce machine gun technics into pianoforte playing."

Very different was the music which he played yesterday, in which (we say it without intending to reflect upon the composition) there was nothing to remind us that it was Mr. Siloti who made us acquainted with the C sharp minor prelude of his pupil Rachmaninoff. That performance stands out firmly in our memory, and also the enthusiasm.

Yesterday Mr. Siloti seemed to be predominantly in a conservative mood. After some Schubert-Tausig, four pieces by Chopin (three studies and the A flat ballade), Liszt's study in D flat, the "Consolation," No. 5, and the twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, he devoted the rest of the meeting to Bach. There were two transcribed organ preludes (E minor and G minor) a transcription of the prelude from the fourth violoncello suite, a revised version of Busoni's transcription of the Chaconne for violin alone, and five preludes from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord."

This last group was a novel experiment in program making, the preludes, "in the original package," to use a commercial term, being played with only a momentary rest between them. They were played in the reposeful, unaffected spirit of their time, with an obvious conviction that the beauty of their contents was their sufficient justification and that any attempt to dally with tempo and nuance would but destroy their exquisite nature. For a disclosure of changing moods, from whispered serenity to thundering tumult, Mr. Siloti was content with the varied pages of the Chaconne. His Chopin readings were virile and his Lisztian interpretations Lisztian—pianoforte utterances, no more.

Pianist and Tenor In a Recital at Aeolian Hall

Margita de Regeczy, pianist, and Fausto Cavallini, tenor, shared a recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Miss de Regeczy played Schubert's A flat Impromptu, Weber's Rondeau Brillant and Chopin numbers with a heavy hand favoring the bass, which gave these compositions a leaden, uncharacteristic sound, while the tempo suffered strange variations. Liszt's fourteenth Hungarian rhapsody was better, and encores were granted.

Mr. Cavallini, accompanied by Antonio dell' Orefice, was a "tenor robusto" with emphasis on the adjective. He sang Italian numbers of an operatic flavor, including "Che gelida Manina" and "La donna e mobile," with plenty of spirit in a powerful but hardly regulated voice, with piercing loud notes that threatened the eardrums, but brought many calls for encores from a select band of enthusiasts.

RUDOLF JUNG'S DEBUT.

Rudolf Jung, a Swiss tenor who has sung Wagnerian roles in European opera houses, gave his first song recital here last evening at Town Hall. His fine program comprised Handel's air, "Dank Sei Dir, Herr"; "Zwei Geistliche Lieder," by Back; Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise"; three lieder by Schoeck, which were scheduled for a first hearing in this country, and two lieder from Schumann, including "Der Hidalgo." Mr. Jung sang with a voice of power and admirable breath support. His color range was limited, but he showed musical feeling and his diction was commendable. He seemed to be, on the whole, a singer whose vocal abilities are better suited to opera than to the recital platform. Walter Golde was at the piano.

CHALIAPIN'S LAST CONCERT.

Feodor Chaliapin, Russian bass, gave his third and last concert this season at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon. Every seat in the great auditorium was filled. Many of the singer's countrymen were in the throng, and their demonstrations of delight rose at times to planes of wildest enthusiasm.

Some of his selections were Glinka's "Doubt," given with cello obbligato; Schubert's "My Dwelling House," "The Old Corporal" by Dargomvizhsky and Lishin's "She Laughed." Another lyric was Glazounov's "A Toast to the Sun and to Love" and an encore—"without a number"—as he said was the "Song of the Vagabond" from "Boris." Mr. Chaliapin's singing was often great in its varied powers of dramatic interpretation. His voice seemed at times to be a little hoarse, but it served his purposes well. And yet he often seemed hampered by the limitations set by the concert platform. His individual style, so great in magnitude, seemed often cramped in its expression. He needed to act as well as to sing, though he did allow himself some facial play and gesture. In operatic settings and supported by an orchestra, there only is he at home and at his best.

Mr. Chaliapin was assisted by Josef Stopak, violinist; Nicolai Levienne, cellist, and Leo Berdichevsky at the piano.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A striking array of forces appeared in the regular Sunday afternoon concert given by the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall yesterday. Josef Stransky led his orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony, and again for the closing number he held the baton in Smetana's "Vltava" poem. Following the symphony the society's associate conductor, Henry Hadley, took the stand and directed the orchestra in his dramatic tone poem, "The Ocean," which is based on Louis Anspacker's "Ocean Ode," and was first produced by its composer last November at a Philharmonic concert. Bronislaw Huberman as the soloist gave the third number, Tschaikovsky's violin concerto. His reading of the work, while wanting somewhat in breadth of tone and conception, was polished and brilliant.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Alexander Siloti, the distinguished Russian pianist, one of the few remaining pupils of Liszt, gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He lately made his reentry here in a concert of the Beethoven Association after an absence of twenty-four years. His program yesterday was original in arrangement. Variations of Schubert, touched up by Tausig, led to three Chopin etudes and the ballade in A flat. Then followed three Liszt numbers, including the twelfth rhapsody. The second part of the program consisted entirely of Bach (with some improvements). Among the pieces were Busoni's transformation of the violin chaconne and Mr. Siloti's metamorphosis of a prelude from a cello suite.

Mr. Siloti made his debut here at one of Anton Seidl's Astoria concerts, on January 25, 1898, playing Tschaikowsky's second concerto and afterward a Chopin etude and Liszt's fourteenth Hungarian rhapsody. He gave his first recital in Mendelssohn Hall on February 9, when he immortalized himself by introducing to this public Rachmaninoff through the medium of his C sharp minor prelude. He played it also at his second recital and had to repeat it.

What was written about Mr. Siloti twenty-four years ago might be written again with little modification. It was found then that his best accomplishment was his variety of color. It seemed to be dazzling. He is still a colorist, but his palette is perhaps not so rich, or we have heard tone painters who surpassed him in the range and subtlety of their tints. His immense dynamic scale was also a subject of comment.

"Mr. Siloti's playing lacks profundity of conception," said the present writer twenty-four years ago, "and this was most frequently evinced in a carelessness in phrasing and a tendency to hurry passages which would be much more satisfactory if given in a broader style. In some portions of his work yesterday his playing was unquestionably deficient in clearness and he pedalled with very muddy results."

The leopard, it is said, cannot change his spots. Mr. Siloti's performance of yesterday might fairly be described in the words of twenty-four years ago. He is an authoritative player, we suppose, or at any rate a pupil of Liszt ought to be in certain matters. But he stormed tremendously through Chopin's A flat ballade, and the records of twenty-four years ago say that he did it then. Possibly Liszt taught him to play it that way and all the gentle ones are wrong. So, too, the Liszt rhapsody roared and thundered in the forte passages and in the less violent parts shimmered like the plumage of a dove. There was no question that the hammer of Thor smote bravely, but the rainbows sometimes followed, as they ought to. At any rate, Mr. Siloti is a personality. He has his own ways of doing things and he can make them interesting, even to those who find them somewhat disconcerting at first.

Vecsey in Opera Concert

Distinguished Violinist Plays Tschaikowsky's Concerto

The feature of last evening's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House was the appearance of Ferenc Vecsey, who gave a violin recital here, for the first time in many years, a month or more ago. Mr. Veesey is one of the most distinguished violinists now before the public. In matters of tone, technique and interpretation he is an artist of the first rank. Last evening his playing of Tschaikowsky's Concerto was marked by the same admirable characteristics which he disylayed at his recital. Not the least of these were dignity and absence of all spectacular mannerisms.

Miss Rosa Ponselle and Orville Harold were the other artists of the evening and there were orchestral numbers conducted by Mr. Bamboschek.

Bronislaw Huberman in Solo

Bronislaw Huberman, who has had a busy career of late, was the soloist at the Philharmonic concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, where he played Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto in D major before the usual large and appreciative Philharmonic Sunday audience. Henry Hadley's tone-poem, "The Ocean," dashed and undulated for the third time under the composer's direction, while Mr. Stransky created a pleasant atmosphere in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—especially its second movement—and the smooth, melodious flow of Smetana's symphonic poem "Vltana."

Alexander Siloti's Recital.

Alexander Siloti, the noted Russian pianist, who generously made his first public appearance in his present American visit as an assistant in the Beethoven Association's concert last week, gave his own recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Nor had his generosity, apparently, hindered his "business," for his audience was large, as well as appreciative. Mr. Siloti came to New York twenty-four years ago and played then with distinction. It is not strange that he looks considerably older now. In the intervening years he has occupied a distinguished place in the musical life of his native land, and most recently has fallen under the displeasure of the Bolshevlki.

He played yesterday with an artistic self-control, with a fine sense of fitness. His tone is beautifully silvery, especially when he is not aiming at the greater sonorities. When he does, it is less fine in quality. He played with a truly poetical introspection Tausig's editing of an "Andante and Variations," by Schubert, and three études and the A-flat Ballade by Chopin—and in these latter made no violent attempt to demonstrate the "greater Chopin," which sometimes means the louder Chopin.

As a friend and pupil of Liszt, it was expected that Mr. Siloti should play works of his master; and here, too, were less sonorous ones; the étude in D flat and the fifth of the Consolations, with the twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. His last two groups were of Bach's music; an organ prelude in E minor in Mr. Siloti's own transcription; the Chaconne after Busoni's transcription, not forgetting the Bach Society's edition, which is simply Bach's own idea of the matter; the G minor organ prelude, transcribed also, of course; Mr. Siloti's own transcription of the prelude from his fourth 'cello solo suite, and, in the midst of this very considerable amount of transcribing, five preludes from the "Well Tempered Clavier," as Bach himself conceived and wrote them. There was much cordial applause for Mr. Siloti's playing.

Ravel's 'Scheherazade' Given for First Time in America, With Estelle Liebling Satisfactory as Soloist

Unfamiliar numbers again were offered at the fifth concert of the Friends of Music Sunday afternon at the Town Hall. Ravel's "Scheherazade," for voice and orchestra, with Estelle Liebling as soloist, was performed, according to the program, for the first time in America. Composed in 1904, it is strongly characteristic, with vague, exotic harmonies that convey a vivid, thoroughly Oriental atmosphere and give a musical illustration of the text, Tristan Leclere's three poems, "Asie," "La Flute Enchantee" and "L'Indifferent." The picture is more impressionistic, of a more delicate coloring than Rimsky-Korsakoff's, for instance, but none the less distinct. Miss Liebling's mezzo-soprano was effective in the flowing, sustained notes of the vocal part, a continuous recitative or chant rather than a song, although her lower tones were apt to be weak.

Mozart's Double Concerto for flute and harp was written, it is said, as a diplomatic move to please a flute-playing duke and a daughter devoted to the harp, although of all instruments Mozart liked these the least. This distaste, however, could not be guessed

"Scheherazade"—three poems for voice and orchestra—with Miss Estelle Liebling as the singer. Daniel Maquarre, flute, and Carlos Salzedo, harp, were engaged in the Mozart presentation. Ravel's lyrics were said officially to be heard for the first time in America, but there are people who believe they heard Miss Marguerite Namara sing them once upon a time in Aeolian Hall.

The matter is of no importance. Neither are the songs. They are honest songs, well made, but not projecting themselves beyond the mass of respectable song literature of this time. The French like these songs better than the well known orchestral suite of Rimsky-Korsakov. As they say in their country, Chacun a son gout."

For the first time in America, as the program announced, Ravel's "Scheherazade" was given: a setting for voice and orchestra of three poems by the French poet who calls himself "Tristan Klingsor," whose name is Tristan Leclère. The title is forced, in that the poems have nothing to do with the immortal Arabian story-teller of "The Thousand Nights and a Night."

The first, indeed, appears to embody the aspirations of an Occidental possessed of a desire to visit Asia and full of anticipations of what is to be seen there. The other two, "The Enchanted Flute" and "The Heedless One," are much briefer pictures of Oriental scenes as supposed to be seen by an Oriental.

A French commentator quoted by Mr. Humiston speaks loftily of the superiority of Ravel's musical orientalism in his "Schéhérazade" to Rimsky-Korsakoff's in his. The superiority is not unquestionable. Ravel speaks in his most highly sophisticated idiom, suggestively, with innuendo rather than with direct statement, and in a manner that is often fragmentary, desultory and disconnected. There is glitter in the orchestration; there are slight pictorial touches, as when the poet speaks of China and the mandarins lolling underneath their umbrellas; or of the headsman chopping off innocent heads. But as a whole the impression gained from this music is not deep nor forcible, nor productive of an unalloyed pleasure.

Miss Estelle Liebling sang the vocal part in excellent voice and style, but with a French diction that was not wholly perfect.

Rudolf Jung, Swiss Tenor, Heard.

Rudolf Jung, a powerful tenor from the land of Calvin and William Tell, made his first American appearance in a recital last evening at the Town Hall, a place of more intimate acoustics than the Vienna Opera, where he had lately sung in the Wagner "Ring" cycle under Weingartner. He gave, with Walter Golde's accompaniment, two spiritual songs of Bach, sung with more militant than devotional character, but at least not sentimentalized. There were also an air of Handel, the varied "Winter Journey" songs of Schubert, two of Schumann and a novel group by Schoeck, a German-Swiss composer.

Jan 17 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The tenth week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House was ushered in last evening with the second performance of Wagner's "Die Walkuere." The revival of the second drama of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at thematinee on the closing day of the old year aroused general interest. The work had been unheard since the United States entered the world war and it was felt that its restoration to the repertory meant an early return to performances of the entire cycle. Most operagoers would welcome such a renewal of former pleasures.

The current representations of the story of the young Volsungs are creditable to the Metropolitan. They have their imperfections, but they are carried on with earnest spirit and with no small musical excellence. Mme. Matzenauer is an imposing figure as *Bruennhilde* and sings most of her music to the satisfaction of her hearers. Mme. Jeritza is an interesting and beautiful *Sieglinde*, although her delivery of the music is not ideal.

Mr. Sembach impersonates *Siegmund* in approved European fashion, and Mr. Gustafson, who is young and yet inexperienced in Wagnerian drama, shows promise as *Hunding*. Miss Gordon is acceptable as *Fricka*. The noblect figure in the tragedy is the *Wotan* of Clarence Whitehill. This capable American artist presents a splendidly composed characterization in which vocal art and action have their proportionate shares. The choir of Valkyrs in the last act is commendable and Mr. Bodanzky conducts with intelligence.

SCHNABEL'S SECOND RECITAL.

Pianist Appears in More Favorable Light at Town Hall.

The second recital of Artur Schnabel, pianist, at Town Hall last evening, showed him in a more favorable light than his first. The program was entirely of Beethoven's compositions, namely the sonatas in A major, opus 2, No. 2; A flat major, opus 110; D minor, opus 31, No. 2, and C minor, opus 111, and the thirty-two variations in C minor, which preceded the third of the sonatas. It was a formidable program, calling for a master's breadth of vision, and a virtuoso's command of technic. Mr. Schnabel's performance, though disclosing some weaknesses, was one of power and authority.

It would be fruitless to pursue his playing through all the details of the program. A comprehensive view of it should be more informing. Mr. Schnabel showed high musical intelligence and deep musical feeling. He played Beethoven's music as one who had studied it long and affectionately. He played it with conviction and convincingly. His tempi satisfied, his rhythm and his phrasing made the melos always clear and prominent and exhibited perfectly the outline of every work.

The features of Mr. Schnabel's recital which militated against its complete success were two. In the first place he played most of the time with a hard and therefore cold tone. He seemed to place little value on sensuous warmth or variety of color, but obtained most of his effects by subtlety of accent and by the employment of an immense range of dynamics, reaching from a true pianissimo to a crashing partissimo. The latter was often forced, and this was the second regrettable feature of his playing.

It will be understood from these statements that the pianist showed himself to be a player of a school more popular in Berlin and Leipsic than it is here. In this country what may be denominated "romantic" piano playing is preferred, and the old fashioned theory that it is unsuited to Beethoven's music was long ago discarded. But as a representative of his school, which has great authority behind it, Mr. Schnabel commands the warmest admiration.

MISS DEYO'S RECITAL.

Miss Ruth Deyo, American pianist, gave a recital yesterday in Town Hall. Her performance was for the most part enjoyable. She is a thoughtful player. She employs a musical tone generally well colored and she has lyric feeling grace and charm. Defective rhythm and some lack of poise marred the playing of her first number—a "Novelette" by Schumann—as was the case in certain other pieces. Her interpretation of Chopin's F minor fantasy and one of the same master's scherzos, which followed as an encore, brought to the fore some lack of brilliant technical virtuosity combined with her best assets already noted.

Her chief success, perhaps, was achieved in a sonata by Scarlatti, Couperin's "Le Carillon de Cythere" and a gigue by Bach. All of these pieces she could have repeated. Her list included further selections from Ravel and Balakirev's "Islamey" fantasy. Miss Deyo had a large and friendly audience.

Jan 16 1922

Rudolf Jung Enthusiastically Applauded by Fellow Countrymen.

A Swiss tenor, Rudolf Jung, gave his first recital in America at the Town Hall last night—probably one of the most tiresome recitals that has ever been given.

After introducing himself with Haendel's "Thanks to God" and two pious songs by Bach, he entered upon an hour and a quarter of steady singing—all of the twenty-four songs in Franz Schubert's "Winter Journey," pausing between them only to allow the audience to read the connecting text which he himself had arranged. The poems (so called) by Wilhelm Mueller are unmitigated sentimentality—the posturings of a young man who leaves the town where his love has married another, writing a diary as he goes. Schubert's music, if it were to redeem the trivial expressions on which it is wasted, must be sung with marvellous variety of style by a singer who is able to summon intense feeling into his imagination and to communicate it to his voice. Mr. Jung, however, cannot do it.

He has one or two golden head tones which his Haendel and Bach introduction permitted him to exhibit so that they glowed, and the remainder of his voice seems fairly good; but that is all that can be said in his favor. His interpretations consist of a few crude conventions, such as singing vigorously when he wishes to be intense and softly when he wishes to be tender, and delivering utter tragedy in a toneless high voice. He sings complacently of his sorrows, and he intones sombre expressions brightly—singing all the while with a heavy metronomic accentuation which gradually sends part of his audience to sleep.

When he finished the "Winter Journey," strange at first to relate, only about one-tenth of the audience fled; the remainder applauded enthusiastically and seemed willing to wait for the concluding numbers—three musical settings for some unimportant lyrics of Heine and Goethe, arranged by a Swiss composer, O. Schoeck. Then the tenor announced his encore, the Swiss National Song, and as he sang it the audience in its enthusiasm could not wait until the end. They broke in with applause. Most of them seemed to be Swiss, and they were expressing their patriotism, not approving of singing.

The atmosphere of vestal calm that has of late brooded over the concerts of the Friends of Music was somewhat ruffled yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall by Maurice Ravel when the society offered his song cycle, "Scheherazade," sub-titled "Three Poems for Voice and Orchestra." The work was written in 1904, to a text by Tristan Leclerc. It is in three parts. The first, "Asie," voices picturesquely the poet's dream of travelling in the Orient, "et puis . . narrer mon aventure aux curieux de reves." The second, "La Flute Enchantee," is a monologue by a young slave who hears her lover's flute in the distance, and the third, "L'Indifferent," is an amorous girl's plea to an indifferent young stranger.

If all of the society's finds were only as good as Scheherzade"! Here is unfamiliar music that is really worth performing. Though it reveals Ravel's debt to Debussy even more plainly than his later works, it nevertheless has great distinction of its own. It weaves the shimmering, golden web of sound that Debussy loved so well, but the outlines are clearer, more definite, than those Debussy evoked. "Asie" in particular is as eloquent and suggestive in its colors and sound-pictures as Rimsky-Korsakoff's more ambitious "Scheherazade." Yesterday's audience sat as though drugged by its sensuous wood-wind and vaporous muted strings.

Estelle Liebling sang the voice part—one of uncommon difficulty—with excellent intonation and vocal command. Her interpretation was not entirely successful. Her tone wanted flexibility—she conscientiously sang even where the music spoke—and she failed to make enough of the irony and whimsicality of much of the verse.

Jan 17 1922

Pianist and Tenor Give Recital.

Margita de Regeczy, pianist, and Fausto Cavallini, tenor, gave a joint matinée yesterday in Aeolian Hall. The singer, who came with Mugnone to America and appeared with the Scotti company in the West, was heard in airs from "Mignon," "Andrea Chenier" and "Faust," displaying a voice of light quality but ample volume. Miss de Regneczy, a Hungarian noblewoman with estates formerly near Budapest, proved herself a sincere musician, of less stage experience, in works of Schubert, Weber Chopin and Liszt.

William Van Hoogstraten Conducts.

Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor, and Mme. Elly Ney, pianist, having united in an orchestral concert two weeks ago for the purpose of commemorating Brahms's death by the performance of his works, gave another one last evening with apparently no other purpose than to present themselves again before the New York public in their respective capacities.

Mr. Van Voogstraten conducted the Philharmonic orchestra in Max Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a theme of Mozart," Op. 132, and Tschaikowsy's fourth symphony; his wife played Mozart's piano concert in B flat. Mr. Van Hoogstraten comes without a great reputation as a conductor; but he is one of exceptional ability in many ways. Whatever his experience has been, he has undoubtedly a market talent for the office; authority, a feeling for orchestral expression, a command over the orchestral forces, the ability to obtain what he wishes. And what he wishes is an intelligent and musical interpretation of the music before him, without sensational effects, without exaggeration, with beauty of tone and clarity of orchestral color and a just balance of the orchestral choirs. He has a fine rhythmical sense. In the few rehearsals that he had with the orchestra, he succeeded in obtaining a finished performance, a careful elaboration of detail.

Reger's variations are not familiar to New York. They are based on the first movement of Mozart's well-known piano sonato in A, an enchanting and heart-felt tune. Its juice has pretty well disappeared in most of Reger's variations, which are the vehicle of arid ingenuity and jijune skill, culminating in the combination of the tortuous fugue theme at the end with the simplicity of Mozart's melody. Of this complex score Mr. Hoogstraten produced a singularly clear and lucid interpretation, even in the polyphony of the fugue. His reading of Tschaikowsky's symphony was effective and full-blooded, but not riotous. He made an excellent impression as a conductor.

Mme. Ney played Mozart's concerto with clarity, with charm of style, with the urbane gayety that is of the essence of the music. It justly aroused enthusiasm; and she gave as an encore Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" in a delicately restrained manner that admirably fitted it.

The eight Valkyries were represented by Mmes. Sundelius, Tiffany, Miriam, Perini, Telva, Wakefeld, Anthony and Howard. Artur Bodanzky conducted.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Tributes to the manes of Mozart by composers who idolized him and to their ghosts by artists ideally capable of expressing their devotion were paid at concerts in Carnegie and Town halls last night. At the former Mme. Elly Ney, accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by her husband, Mr. Willem Van Hoogstraten, played Mozart's pianoforte concerto in B flat after the orchestra had given a hearing to Max Reger's sometimes beautiful but often also bewildering variations on the principal subject of Mozart's A major sonata. When this was over the orchestra, also under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's leadership, played the F minor symphony by Tschaikoffsky, to whom Mozart's was the all but ineffable name. Simultaneously, at Town Hall, Mr. Artur Schnabel gave a pianoforte recital at which all the music was by Beethoven, whose worship of Mozart to the end of his days was but little this side of idolatry.

Leaving the first concert to hear the concluding portion of the second, the reviewer was involuntarily reminded of Beethoven's ejaculation to a fellow musician with whom he had been listening to a Mozart concerto—perhaps the very one which Mme. Ney had just finished: "Cramer, Cramer, neither of us will ever be able to write music like that!"

As a matter of faet Beethoven never did write anything in Mozart's manner comparable with either the B flat or the D minor concerto of Mozart—music of such serene loveliness that it sounded as if made for the delectation of blest shades wandering among blooming asphodels in the fields of Elysium—but a few minutes later the walls of Town Hall were echoing to the transporting tones of the concluding arietta of Beethoven's last sonata. Now the music was that of a transfigured human soul soaring in the regions where earth and heaven meet—the region which the imagination sees when the eye catches the first glimpse of the peaks of the high Alps floating in fleecy whiteness in the blue sky.

The reviewer's progress was from one pure delight to another. Mme. Ney and Mr. Schnabel seemed both "in the spirit"—like John on the isle of Patmos. Both proclaimed eloquently and convincingly their different but harmonious evangels. The tones of Mozart rippled with unified clarity and loveliness from the pianoforte under the caressing fingers of Mme. Ney; those of Beethoven, as played by Mr. Schnabel, detached themselves from the instrument and became embodied beauty vitalized by feeling. Virtuoso performances both, they invited thoughts of many things, but not mere pianistic virtuosoship. In the truest sense the performers were musicians making music. So we were spared the idle task of detailed comment. It is enough to add that before he reached Beethoven's C minor sonata Mr. Schnabel, who is the last comer of a brilliant company of pianists with us this season, and far from the least, had played the sonatas Op. 2, No. 2; Op. 110, Op. 31, No. 2, and the thirty-two variations in C minor—all at a sitting.

In Mr. Van Hoogstraten's conducting it was a pleasure to recognize the work of a thoroughly capable, earnest and unaffected leader, in admirable command of the technics of his art and devoted to high ideals.

In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall Margita de Regeczy, pianist, gave a joint recital with Fausto Cavallini tenor. Neither offered a particularly interesting programme. Miss Regeczy's numbers included Shubert's A-flat impromptu, Weber's Rondeau Brillante, two Chopin pieces and Liszt's fourteenth rhapsody, while Mr. Cavallini's offerings included several operatic selections and songs by Tosti, Gounod and Rossini. The pianist displayed a fair techique, a hard tone and a range of expression rather too limited for public playing. It was a good conservatory performance, hardly more. Mr. Cavallini has a good voice, produced with the unvarying brassy quality that so many vocalists mistakenly consider to be good Italian singing. He sang everything in a style that had nothing whatever to do with the concert stage, with many gestures and too many long-held high notes. A friendly audience greeted both performers cordially.

Jan 18 1922

Miss Myra Hess, British A Great Talent and W

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Myra Hess, English pianist, gave her first recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Her program, which began with three of Scarlatti's short sonatas, included Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Air and Finale," Schumann's "Papillons," a group of Debussy pieces and two Chopin numbers. In England Miss Hess is regarded as one of the foremost pianists of the day. Her recital proved her to be an artist of fine fiber and worthy of high admiration.

To begin with Miss Hess is one woman who does not play like a man and for this let us be grateful. It is not essential to the health of art that every woman should play piano like a man. Certainly men would not, or should not, like it. Men should wish to hear the song of the eternal feminine and it certainly was heard in the playing of Miss Hess.

In the Franck and Schumann compositions she revealed exquisite delicacy of perception, sensitiveness to color, light and shade, and that clear musical vision which embraces details as well as outlines. Fancy and humor marked her Schumann, for who that knows and loves the 'Papillos" could have failed to recognize her appreciation of the heavy footed and awkward grandfather's dance? It was in such episodes as this too that she showed her excellent comand of rhythm and her excellent command of rhythm and phrasing.

In the same work Miss Hess exhibited in the opening number a refreshing mastery of light and rapid octaves and used this technical accomplishment to good ends in other places. Her tone was beautiful always and never marred by attempts at forcing. Her butterflies were all butterflies, and she took no trouble to try to transform them into hawks.

In the Schumann number as well as in the Franck she disclosed poetic sentiment. Whether she ever indulges in tempestuous utterance or endeavors to storm up and down the keyboard after the manner of the various lions and llonesses was not to be discovered. A well poised artist is this who seemingly has no desire to take her cue from Mark Antony and "cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war." Her playing from beginning to end was well controlled, directed by intelligence and finished in its technical qualities. Such a newcomer is welcome. That she will be heard often and always with restful pleasure can hardly be doubted.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Olaf College, of Northfield, Minn., ich has come to stand for the best at we are privileged to hear in a pella singing, having established that putation at a single concert last sea- on, confirmed it at a second in the etropolitan Opera House. A red let- r day in the musical calendar, surely, nd one that cheered the heart of many nteiligent devotees. No single reviewer an comment on all the incidents, since ot even the possession of Fortunatus's rishing cap would have enabled him hear all the music, but it is possi- le and a pleasurable duty to mention he generous and goodly dispensation s a prelude to a short commentary on wo of the incidents.

Miss Hess's Recital

Miss Myra Hess, the new pianist who appeared at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon, comes to us from England. That fact is in itself interesting. All the other artists in her department, outside of a dozen or so native or naturalized Americans whom we have heard this season, hail from continental Europe. We cannot tax our memory for the sake of absolute correctness and explicitness, but Russia, Poland, Germany and Austria have sent the largest contingents, Spain and Italy have been represented, and we fancy that delegates from Hungary and the new states hatched by the war, if not already with us, are in the offing. We have heard from Ireland, but only through her composers and singers. Perhaps she, too, will make us realize that she has other musicians than Kilkenny cats and the wielders of shillelahs, and Scotland ought soon to send us something better than the bagpipers who welcome Sir Harry Lauder. But Miss Hess comes from England, and we now know, to paraphrase a German saying, that there also live artistic folk "on the other side of the Mountains," or the Channel. And Miss Hess comes bearing a beautiful message. None of our visitors has brought a more beautiful one.

She is every inch an artist; every fiber in her comely and well-poised body is musical. Her knowledge, her instincts, her technical skill are of the highest order. She possesses not only fancy, but the higher gift which is imagination. Her expositions are not merely intellectual, they are poetical also. The book of music is open to her. She knows its letter and its spirit from the serene, pellucid classicism of Scarlatti to the flocculent, airy impressionism of Debussy. So much at least she revealed yesterday in the three little compositions called sonatas (because they are instrumental, not vocal) and the group of sonorous fantasies by the Frenchman, who dwelt in a musical dreamland full of exquisite tonal exhalations, whose significances are but feebly suggested by their title. Her Debussy list was not that announced last Sunday; but what booted it if we were asked to imagine minstrels instead of goldfish, or a submerged cathedral instead of a festival in Granada? Whether the chant of monks in "La Cathedrale engloutie" came from the present site of the mythical city whose story is presented to us at the Metropolitan Opera House or through enshrouding veils of harmonic mist is all one to us.

This is music which exists because the modern pianoforte exists. Detach the pedal damper and play it as Bach's music, even with the exquisite clarity, suavity and reposeful symmetry with which Miss Hess played the Prelude and Fugue from the first book of Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord," and its beauty would vanish. In Chopin's A flat Polonaise we heard the pianist of the familiar virtuoso type who can thrill and amaze, but in Schumann's "Papillons" we heard the poet-musician singing with exquisite voice and comforting symmetry of phrase—perfect beauty of thought paired with perfect beauty of expression.

St. Olaf Choir at Metropolitan

The concert of the St. Olaf Choir in the evening filled the Metropolitan Opera House with an audience drawn from our Lutheran churches and our citizenry of Scandinavian extraction. The choir, which numbers between sixty and seventy mixed voices, is a marvel in the quality of its tone, its precision, its purity of intonation, its command of nuances, its responsiveness to the wishes of its conductor, Mr. F. Melius Christiansen. We wish that we could bestow as much admiration on his taste and judgment in selection and interpretation as we gladly do on his skill as a trainer and his sense of tonal beauty. But we cannot like some of the harmonizations of the stout old Lutheran chorales which he substitutes for those of the old masters who introduced them into the Protestant service, nor the undignified catchpenny effects to which he is willing to resort.

Such singers as his, whose tonal utterance has the beauty and equability of a perfect organ, with a hundred times the potential expressiveness of the instrument, ought to make a revelation of the music of the church from Orlando di Lasso down to to-day. They were tremendously uplifting in three psalm anthems by Georg Schumann and the motet by Gustav Schreck and in the sustained portions of Bach's motet for double chorus, "The Spirit helpeth us"; but all the allegros were robbed of dignity and breadth and made finicky, by an obvious desire for crisp incisiveness, and the splendid music suffered in consequence. But when the musical ear was so successfully wooed everywhere else by the equable flow of the beautiful voices and a truly seraphic serenity, it seems churlish even to wish that anything had been different than it was. We shall enjoy no such choral treat till the choir comes to us again.

THE ST. OLAF CHOIR.

Under the direction of F. Melius Christiansen, the St. Olaf Lutheran Choir, an organization from a small agricultural college in Northfield, Minn., sang a programme of Protestant Church music last night at the Metropolitan Opera House that was a remarkable example of good choral work. The volume of tone produced by this comparatively small chorus—there are only sixty-four members—and the excellence of their ensemble, are an eloquent tribute to Mr. Christiansen's gifts as drillmaster and interpreter. They sang everything unaccompanied and from memory, with a clarity of diction, a beauty of massed tone and a perfection of attack and release that many larger and more pretentious organizations could not hope to approach.

The work of this chorus is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that its vocal material is nothing out of the ordinary. One of the soloists had a contralto voice of richness and beauty and there was one splendidly sonorous bass (rumor had it that he was the Dean of the college, but the report could not be verified). On the average, however, the voices, while young and fresh in quality, had obviously had no training except what they had acquired in rehearsals under their really remarkable conductor. All the more creditable then was the extraordinary mellowness and delicacy of their concerted singing.

The programme opened with three short pieces by Georg Schumann and a motet for Advent season. Particularly fine was Schumann's "Lord, How Long?" with a quiet close that had the richness of deep organ tones. The motet was divided antiphonally between the choir and a solo quartet. For an encore—there were several encores—a contralto soloist sang a hymn to the accompaniment of hummed male voices. The second group, antique in flavor, included Bach's motet for double chorus, "The Spirit Also Helpeth Us"; a sixteenth century chorale, "How Fair the Church of Christ Shall Stand," and Hassler's lovely "O Sacred Head," the last harmonized and arranged by Mr. Christiansen.

The third group contained a 16-part anthem of Grechaninoff's—written uncomfortably high, as so many multi-voiced works are likely to be—a fourteenth century "In Dulce Jubilo" beautifully arranged by the conductor with an ostinato accompaniment that suggested bells, and Mr. Christiansen's own "A Christmas Song." This last was written with consummate skill in the handling of vocal timbres, was rich in polyphony, and revealed the conductor as a composer of undoubted gifts. It was sung con amore.

Mr. Christiansen conducted throughout with splendid vigor and with an admirable economy of gesture. The discipline of his chorus is as near perfection as one is likely to encounter on this earth. Their response to his slightest gesture was instant and eager. Everything had been rehearsed, even to their entrances and exits, which were executed with a precision that would have aroused the grudging admiration of a West Point drill sergeant. No one knows yet how they got the key. They would finish a number exactly on the pitch (their intonation never faltered throughout) and begin the next one, in a widely unrelated tonality, without any sign of hesitation or of audible prompting. Indeed, the only criticism heard during the evening was voiced by a neighbor who thought they were too perfect to be human.

MYRA HESS PLAYS.

An English pianist, Myra Hess, was heard at the Town Hall in the afternoon in a programme that included three short Scarlatti sonatas, a Bach prelude and fugue, Cesar Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale, Schumann's "Papillons" and four Debussy pieces. Miss Hess is a fine pianist, well above the average even in this season of pianistic plenitude. She played both the Bach and the Cesar Franck numbers with a crisp, clean-cut enunciation and a sense of structure that revealed without ever distorting the hidden beauties of the inner voices. In addition, her Bach had dignity and her Cesar Franck had poetry and eloquence. "Papillons," under her hands, was fleet and wilful in its agile tempi and kaleidoscopic shifts of mood. All that keeps her from being a great pianist, in fact, is the—comparatively—small scale upon which she works. She lacks the sweep and power of a master, working out her details with a loving care that sometimes weakens the broad lines of her design. She is an artist, however, and an acquisitiv

Fritz Kreisler's Reappearance.

Fritz Kreisler returned to the New York concert platform from his European tour last evening in Carnegie Hall, greeted with warmth and enthusiasm by a great audience filling all the seats and standing room of the hall, and as much of the platform as Mr. Kreisler and his accompanist, Mr. Lamson, and his piano did not need.

It was at once made evident that Mr. Kreisler's voyaging had not touched his art unfavorably. He played with all the repose, the elevation of spirit, the confident security, the impeccable intonation and the richness, warmth and beauty of tone that he has ever shown. And in the matter of his tone, indeed, there was a greater power and expressiveness than many will remember.

He began with César Franck's sonata, which he played with a truly beautiful absorption in its uplifted spirit, with a soaring imagination and poetical expressiveness. In this Mr. Lamson showed high qualities than that of an accompanist, for he was at one with Mr. Kreisler's conception of the work.

There followed Bach's suite in E major, all five movements. It was originally written for violin unaccompanied, and is generally played so, especially the brilliant and rushing prelude. Mr. Kreisler has followed the example of Schumann and Mendelssohn in writing for it a piano accompaniment, with wich he played the suite last evening. Much might be said as to the considerations which led all these musicians to attempt this. Probably the chief one is a feeling of the need for a support, a more substantial basis for the music than the G string of the violin.

At any rate, Mr. Kreisler has performedd his task with skill and discretion, using, for instance, in the prelude, the same kind of fragmentary imitations of the violin part that Schumann used in his, and finding other similar felicities in the other movements. To some there may have been a strange sound in the very fact of there being an accompaniment; but it is an effective sound and meets the need that prompted it in themusician's mind. Hr. Kreisler's playing of the suite was superb in its masculine vigor, its breadth, its rhythmic power, and especially in the "Loure" in its delicate and poetic feeling.

The lesser pieces at the end included an andantino by Padre Martini, a rondo by Mozart, both of a provenance not given, and both played with an infinite grace and charm; an arrangement from Schubert's "Rosamunde," ballet music, probably by Mr. Kreisler, as the succeeding arrangement of two of Dvorak's Slavonic dances was; and two caprices by Wieniowski.

Jan 19 1922

DON CARLOS, opera in four acts and eight scenes after the composer's "shortened" version; book by Mery and du Locle, music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Philip II	Adamo Didur
Don Carlos	Giovanni Martinelli
Rodrigo	Giuseppe De Luca
The Grand Inquisitor	Louis D'Angelo
A Monk	Giovanni Martino
Elisabeth of Valois	Rosa Ponselle
Princess Eboli	Jeanne Gordon
Tebaldo	Ellen Dalossy
Countess Aremberg	Maria Savage
A Herald	Giordano Paltrinieri
A Voice	Marie Sundelius

Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

"Don Carlos" at the Metropolitan.

Verdi's opera of "Don Carlos" produced for the first time at the Metropolitan, was restored to the repertory last evening, when it was heard by a very large audience. The cast was one that had been engaged in some of last season's performances; but there were some changes in the form in which the opera was presented.

Verdi, after the production of "Don Carlos" in Paris, revised and shortened it for Italy, leaving out the prologue, the action of which takes place in Fontainebleau, and began the opera with the act that passes in the church and at the portal of the Convent of San Ginsto. Besides this, he took the tenor air of the prologue "Iv la vidi" and to the same words write different music, suitable for somewhat different surroundings and a different posture of circumstances and inserted it into the first act. The ballet, also, which appeared in the Paris production, but not in the Italian, was retained in last night's representation.

It is doubtful if the details of these changes gave rise to any deep sense of loss or if they disconcerted or puzzled last night's audience to any considerable degree; or, indeed, if they were noticed by many. "Don Carlos" is full of historical details, and a few more or less are not of momentous importance for the enjoyment of the opera, so far as enjoyment may be obtained from it. It did not seem, in last season's experience, to be a work fully characteristic of Verdi's style, either of his earlier or his later. It is generally set down as music of a "transition period," or as denoting an attempt to turn his inspiration into the channels favored under the Second Empire at the Grand Opéra in Paris, in which it would not flow with the freedom and spontaneity that give vitality to his best work, earlier and later.

The performance had the same qualities that one remembered in it from last season. Mr. Martinelli's emphatic singing as Don Carlos, Miss Ponselle's equal emphasis as Elisabeth, Mr. Didur's very royal Philip II. and Mr. De Luca's finely finished Rodrigo weer the principal elements in the performance, though Mme. Jeanne Gordon's Princess Eboli showed excellent singing. Mr. Didur was not in his best voice and for his relief the bass air "Ella giammai m' amo," one of his important numbers, was left out. The performance was under the direction of Mr. Papi, who secured vigor and sonority throughout.

"Tosca" was sung to a crowded house at yesterday's special matinee, the "entire net proceeds" being devoted to the Florence Crittenton League, whose President and Board of Directors issued a printed address of thanks to the management of the Metropolitan. In the cast of the opera, as on several recent occasions, were Mme. Jeritza, Messrs. Gigli and Scotti, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Frances Nash, Pianist, Returns.

Frances Nash, for some years an interesting personality among women pianists of the younger school, returned to Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon from a season's absence, playing a program of individual quality, prevailingly modern and in part unfamiliar. To Franck's prelude, aria and finale, she added little descriptive pieces of Granados, Gabriel Dupont and Debussy, with a waltz study by Saint Saens and others of Schumann and Liszt. Miss Nash has matured a refined and ingratiating style, sincerely presenting the composers' ideas in music within her technical powers, while never seeking effects merely noisy or sensational.

By Deems Taylor

"DON CARLOS" AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Verdi wrote "Don Carlos" for production at the Grand Opera at Paris in 1867—the year of the great Exposition. It had scant success. For one thing, the French musicians were not oxactly overjoyed at having an Italian commissioned to write an opera for their capital during Exposition year; for another, the Empress Eugenie, who was a devout Catholic, applauded the ballet and some of the arias but turned a regal and literal cold shoulder upon the stage during the scenes that reflected more or less unfavorably upon the Spanish Inquisition. When the opera was finally withdrawn the operatic wiscacres predicted that the composer would never write another. They reckoned without their Giuseppe, however, for the indefatigable Verdi revamped "Don Carlos," omitting the first act and the ballet and reducing the performing time to a good deal less than the original five hours and twenty minutes, and finally saw it produced at La Scala, Milan, with much success.

Last year the Metropolitan Company revived it, employing the Milan version, but with the ballet restored. This version it was that had its first performance of the season last night. The story of "Don Carlos" is rather difficult to grasp, even after a diligent perusal of the libretto; nor has the omission of one whole act done much toward making the action clearer. In the main, it concerns the fortunes and harrowing fate of Don Carlos, Crown Prince of Spain and son of Philip H. and his love for Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France—a love that persists, with disastrous consequences, even after Elizabeth's marriage to Don Carlos's father. Mixed in the plot there are all sorts of incidental Grand Inquistors and autos da fe and deputies from oppressed Flanders, together with sympathetic confidants, secret meetings in gardens and deserted monasteries, a few murders, and a ghost or two.

The music is middle rather than early Verdi, which is to say that it relies less upon set pieces for its appeal than upon the inherent dramatic values of the score. There is not much of the composer of "Ernani" to be discerned in its measures, and a good deal of the composer of "Aida" and "Otello." Not one of Verdi's most popular scores, perhaps, but decidedly one of his most meritorious and interesting. The large number of separate scenes—there are eight in the present four acts—keeps "Don Carlos" from being tedious even when it is most complicated.

The Metropolitan production is a lavish one. Joseph Urban, of course, did the scenery, and much of it is Urban at his best. The scene in the Cathedral square, with its polychromatic banners flying gayly among time-mellowed brick facades, and the massive walls of the cathedral filling the background, violet-tinted in the misty Spanish sunlight, is one of the most effective sets ever shown at the Metropolitan.

Last night's cast did much to make the performance one of the best of the year. Mr. Didur as Philip II. was a magnificent figure. He was reported in poor voice—so much so that a whole scene in the first part of Act

III., including the famous monologue, "Ella giammai m'amo!" was omitted—but he sang so carefully and effectively that few in the audience noticed the omission. Mr. Martinelli in the title role gave one of his most artistic performances; he is a splendid singer when he does not force his voice. Equally admirable was Miss Ponselle, whom the role of Elizabeth fitted to perfection, both dramatically and vocally.

Mr. de Luca touched the part of Rodrigo with the unerring potent magic of his fine art. He almost "stopped the show" in the prison scene at the end of Act III. The house insisted upon his taking three curtain calls alone, this despite a marked lack of participation in the proceedings on the part of the standees near the proscenium arch. Jeanne Gordon gave a fine performance as Princess Eboli, and Marie Sundelius sang beautifully the few off-stage bars allotted her in the second act. Mr. Papi conducted well. Some of the Metropolitan revivals have been of questionable value. There is no doubt, though, that "Don Carlos" deserved one.

Mme. Rosina Lhevinne, a pianist of unusual attainments herself, appeared in joint recital last night in Carnegie Hall with her distinguished husband, Josef Lhevinne, whose command of the keyboard is unsurpassed.

Together the twain played at two instruments an effective suite, opus 17, by Rachmaninoff, adding by way of encores a transcription of the minuet from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" and a waltz unfamiliar.

Alone, Mr. Lhevinne disclosed his best traits—a singing tone, exquisitely modulated, a transcendent technique and a fine appreciation for details of phrasing and nuance—in Schumann's Toccata, Beethoven's Sonata, opus 111, and Chopin's Nocturne in D flat major, Scherzo in C sharp minor and Prelude in B flat minor, the last not promised on the programme.

In Balakirew's "Islamey," the final contribution, he unleashed all of hisb ravura.

Jan 20 1922

Titta Ruffo Sing

Appears in 'Barber of Sev Many Friends in

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera had been given earlier in the season, but last night's performance had special interest. Titta Ruffo, the distinguished Italian baritone, made his first appearance at the Metropolitan, singing the role of *Figaro*. He was to have made his Metropolitan Opera House debut in "Ernani," on December 8, but a severe cold prevented his appearance and *Don Carlos* was impersonated by Mr. Danise. Mr. Ruffo's cold proved to be something serious and he was finally compeled to go to Atlantic City and wait for a month for a complete recovery. Otherwise he would have sung *Frigaro* a month ago.

It was a great delight to his admirers to welcome him last evening. The house was packed and when Mr. Ruffo made his appearance to sing "Largo al fattotum" in the first scene he was received with tumultuous applause and cheers. After the scene he and Mr. Chamlee were called out a dozen times and he appeared twice alone to receive acclamations. Miss Cora Chase made her first appearance of the season, singing *Rosina* and was cordially welcomed. So altogether it was a joyful evening.

Mr. Ruffo's *Figaro* was undoubtedly a surprise to those who had heard him only in tragic roles. It was many miles away from his *Hamlet* and his *Edipo Re*. For instance, the recitativo secco, as it is technically called—the rapid Italian dialogue patter—he sang with great facility, with elasticity, with unction and with color. This recitativo plays an important part in the comedy of Rossini's opera and it was a significant ellement in Mr. Ruffo's gay and infectious impersonation. He sany some of the large vocall numbers well and some more than well, though the temptation to use the full volume of his great voice in questionablle places was irresistible. The florid passages in the first scene, too, were hardlly in his line, but he showed cunning in turning them to humorous uses. On the whole, then, it can be recorded that Mr. Ruffo's *Figaro* was pleasing in its gilee, its vivacity, itss genuine humor and its touches of a hitherto unrevealed skill.

Miss Chase is not unknown in the role of *Rosina*. She has sung it quite often at the Metropolitan, and while she is not one of the great impersonators of the role of *Dr. Bartolo's* ward, she is able to please operagoers and to aid in the general effect of the performance. She sang some parts of "Una voce poco fa" so brilliantly that Conductor Papi was hard put to it to keep up with her.

Mr. Chamlee was again the *Almaviva*. His style of part is quite new to this young tenor, but after a somewhat uncertain delivery of "Ecco il ridente" he recovered himself and sang commendably throughout the evening. Mr. Mardones is a competent, if not distinguished *Basilio*, and last evening he made another success of the "Calumnia" air, the theme of which Rossini uses as a sor of embryonic leading motive in the first scene. Mr. Malatesta was an acceptable *Dr. Bartolo*. The performance as a whole had plenty of spirit.

By Deems Taylor

RUFFO SINGS AT LAST.

After five separate postponements, Titta Ruffo made his long-deferred debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company last night in the role of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." He received a warm welcome on his first appearance. His first offstage "la-la-la" was the signal for a burst of applause that increased steadily in volume until his entrance and quite drowned out the opening phrases of "Largo al factotum." At the end of the number his admirers halted the proceedings until he had bowed his acknowledgments several times.

This was the high spot of the evening. For in the interests of strict veracity, it must be admitted that Mr. Ruffo's debut was not as overwhelmingly successful as many had expected. Perhaps the numerous postponements had stimulated suspense at the expense of memory; certainly, whatever the reason, some in the audience seemed a bit dashed to find that Ruffo is after all the same Ruffo that sang with the Chicago Opera Company in other seasons. His merits remain the same, but so do his defects.

He was painfully nervous, to be sure, his acting was jerky at first, and a missed cue in "La bottega non si sbaglia" at the end of the first act almost brought him to grief. A debut in an important role at the Metropolitan is a pretty trying ordeal. But nervousness did not altogether account for the lack of shading in his singing. He shouted "Piano, piano!" at Almaviva in tones that deafeningly belied his words. Nervousness did not make it necessary for him to share Almaviva's concluding high notes of the first act, thus rendering inaudible the unfortunate Mr. Chamlee.

He seemed much less nervous in the succeeding acts and gave a creditable performance, but by no means an extraordinary one. Mr. Ruffo is strikingly lacking in subtlety. He has a wonderful voice, of immense volume, but he does not know what to do with it. He can color it skilfully upon occasion, and there were moments last night when he achieved masterstrokes of unctuous humor by sudden shifts in the quality of his tone. But these moments were rare. His total lack of a mezza voce, his apparent inability to produce any tone softer than a mezzoforte, tend to make him a monotonous singer, big and beautiful as his voice is.

There is probably no baritone alive who can equal his power of emitting sonorous and powerful sustained tones. But one tone—twenty, for that matter—does not make an evening. If Mr. Ruffo were a great comedian, his acting of Figaro might make his performance notable. But he is only fair, and last night Mr. Malatesta as Dr. Bartolo and Mr. Mardones as Basilio with their unerring comedy sense and uproariously perfect buffooncry, almost eclipsed Mr. Ruffo's rather elementary low comedy acting. Mr Malatesta was in fine fettle and contributed several lines that were not in the original script. After one ringing high note of Mr. Ruffo's in the second act he remarked, "Bravo, Titta!" Later he confided to the house that he was Ruffo's singing teacher.

Figaro is not one of Mr. Ruffo's best parts, despite his avowed desire of the much of

to make his debut in it. He ought to appear to much better advantage after a few more appearances and in roles that are more favorable to his voice and personality.

The remainder of the cast were familiar members. Mr. Chamlee's voice sounded too light for Almaviva. The florid passages seemed to worry him. Cora Chase made a pulchritudinous Rosina, albeit a slightly strident one at times. Her air in the singing lesson scene was the "Charmant Oiseau" from "The Pearl of Brazil." Mme. Berat was Berta and Mr. Reschigian was Fiorello. Mr. Papi conducted a performance that dragged in spots and that was not always free from raggedness.

LIBERTY CHORUS CONCERT.

The second gala concert of the People's Liberty Chorus of New York, Lorenzo Camiliere conductor, took place last evening at Town Hall. The occasion served to celebrate the sixth birthday anniversary of the organization. Mrs. Douglas Robinson in her note of acceptance to Mr. Camiliere to be the guest of honor at the concert said: "I am only too delighted to show openly my appreciation of the splendid work you have done. I feel that music and its influence mean more to a great city than almost any other art, and I congratulate you on what the People's Chorus of New York has achieved." The soloist of the concert was Miss Luella Mellus, whose beautiful, clear voice seemed to delight the audience. She sang an air from Bellini's "I Puritani" and songs which included Strauss's "Serenade" and, with the chorus, Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home." The advanced unit of the chorus performed music by Praetorius, Haydn and among the selections from other composers Handel's "Come, Ever Smiling Liberty," and Camiliere's "Home Is Best."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Miss Erika Morini was the Philharmonic's soloist at the society's regular Thursday concert in Carnegie Hall last night, playing Bruch's G minor violin concerto, of which she gave a musical and effective performance. For the opening number in the program the orchestra, under Mr. Stransky's baton, performed Mendelssohn's overture "Fingal's Cave," Debussy's "Faun" and after the intermission Tschaikovski's "Pathatique" symphony. The house was sold out. The program will be repeated at the society's concert this afternoon in the same hall.

Mme. Luella Meluis, coloratoura soprano, appeared last evening as soloist with the People's Chorus of New York in a program of song and music given in the Town Hall. It is needless to state that Madame Meluis carried off the honors of the evening, singing au aria from Bellini's "Puritani," with piano and flute accompaniment; "Serenade," by Strauss; "Fiocca la neve," by Cimara, and "My Old Kentucky Home," the latter with full chorus.

Clarence Whitehill was the *Mephistopheles*. His voice was not in its best state; there was a little roughness and sometimes the tones were a trifle cloudy. But in style and in diction the singer gave a lesson. Mr. Whitehill is the best *Mephistopheles* who has trod the Metropolitan Opera House stage since the days of Plancon and Edouard de Reszke. He has not the impeccable vocal finish of the former, nor the ponderous voice of the latter, but his treatment of the music is that of a master and his French is made intelligible to every auditor. He gives the part full value in sardonic meaning, in contempt for the human puppets, in ribald jest and sinister threat. It is one of the most brilliant achievements of this versatile artist, who is at home in German, French, Italian and American opera—though he usually leaves the last very quickly to go on new foreign travels.

Mr. de Luca was an excellent *Valentin*, a gallant figure and vocally pleasing to the ear. Mr. Martinelli has sung *Faust* often in the same vigorous style as he sang it last evening. The other singers were Mme. Berat as *Martha*, Miss Myrtle Schaaf as *Siebel* and Mr. Ananian as *Wagner*. Louis Hasselmans conducted, making his Metropolitan debut and succeeding Albert Wolff, who has gone back to his post in Paris. Mr. Hasselmans comes from the Paris Opera, was here formerly with the Chicago Company, and knows the authentic reading of Gounod's score.

The sixth Biltmore musicale of the current season occurred yesterday morning at the Hotel Biltmore with Evelyn Scotney, soprano; Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and Percy Grainger, pianist, as the artists. The musicale was well attended and the program contained excerpts from operas old and new and a generous supply of solos from present day composers.

Mr. Grainger played two numbers by Liszt, "Dream of Love" and a "Polonaise," and two numbers arranged by him for piano. He received a full measure of applause for the tunefulness of his efforts. Miss Scotney sang an aria from "Barber of Seville" and a group of pretty songs in English. Miss Scotney is a delightful concert artist. Mr. Gigli sang an aria from "Faust" and a group of songs by De Curtis and demonstrated the fact that high toues were as nothing to him even in the early morning hours.

Katherine Bacon, pianist, was heard in her third recital of the season last night in Aeolian Hall, where she presented her usual fine type of program. Her first group was composed of "Three Preludes and Fugues" from "The Well-tempered Clavichord" by Bach and "Sonata No. 4, Op. 30" by Scriabine. For her second group she gave two Brahms intermezzos and three Chopin numbers. The last group consisted of four selections by Liszt.

Miss Bacon displayed fine technique and excellent phrasing throughout the program and she possesses at all times a musical tone.

Jan 21 1922

Farrar Sings Marguerite

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Faust" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season on a subscription night. The house was packed to its utmost capacity, and there was much applause. Both the house and the applause ought to go without saying, for "Faust" is worth a dozen of the slashed and mangled messes of opera jingle which seem to focus public attention on occasions of mingled regret and astonishment among graybeards. What can operagoers desire, if not this work reeking with sensuous melody, full of sentiment, and singable in every measure? It is remarkable that the opera is not given oftener, especially when it can be performed as acceptably, and in some instances with such distinction as it was last evening..

It will be polite to invite attention first to the *Marguerite* of Miss Geraldine Farrar, an impersonation which has so changed in the course of years that it is no longer the one disclosed fifteen years or so back. Miss Farrar used to make many experiments in the stage business of such parts, but experience taught her that the traditions of the Paris Grand Opera had not only the authority of Gounod, but good, hard, theatrical sense behind them. She now presents a correctly conceived *Marguerite*, which would be admitted to the Avenue de l'Opera without question. She has never sung the role more beautifully, though she has sung it more loudly than she did last evening. Her voice was in excellent condition and she sang every phrase with exquisite quality of tone and with unusual finish. In other words, she sang Gounod as Gounod ought to be sung. And she was very beautiful to see.

Beniamino Gigli, the gifted tenor, in excellent voice and spirit, sang "Salve Dimora" from "Faust," "Vesti la Giubba" from "Pagliacci," a group of songs by De Curtis and a number of extras graciously added to appease the prolonged applause that followed each offering.

Evelyn Scotney, coloratura soprano and countrywoman of Melba, made her season's debut. Her opening selection was Rossini's florid "Una Voce Poco Fa," from "The Barber of Seville." In a measure she has conquered the habit of producing an infantile quality in her middle register, a habit that marred her otherwise artistic singing at the Metropolitan. Four charming songs gave evident delight to her hearers.

Percy Grainger, who is a specialist in folk tune transcriptions, played his piano arrangements of old English, Irish and American airs.

Erika Morini Again Soloist At Concert of Philharmonic

The program of Thursday evening was repeated at yesterday afternoon's concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall. Erika Morini was again the soloist and gave an excellent performance of Bruch's G minor Concerto. The orchestral numbers were the Mendelssohn "Fingal's Cave" Overture, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tchaikovsky. A large audience was present.

Before a large and very enthusiastic audience Emma Calve once more gave a demonstration of her art yesterday afternoon; this time, however, in Aelian Hall, where the beauty of her voice and the peculiar charm of her personality counted for even more than in the bigger auditorium on Fifty-seventh street.

A piano recital that deservedly attracted a good sized audience was given by Harriette Cady yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre. Her performance yesterday amplified the promise of earlier appearances. Her list was broad in its demands and appeal. She played smoothly and with variety of expression the Air and Variations by Handel.

Jan 22 1922

By Richard Aldrich

Louis Graveure's Song Recital.

Lovers of good singing will think it a pity that the song recital of Louis Graveure given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall was announced on the bill as the only one he would give in New York this season. There is need of more of the kind of singing he does, and less of various other kinds that are heard often enough and without the announcement of any limit. Mr. Graveure has steadily gained in artistic power since he first made himself known here. In quality of voice—a little metallic, but capable of great variety of emotional expressiveness—in phrasing, in diction, in the skillful use of the head tones and in the power of penetrating to the inner meaning of a song and embodying it in interpretation, Mr. Graveure's singing is a source of great enjoyment. Such artists as he are none too common.

His audience yesterday, which filled the Town Hall, heard a program of unconventional selection and a wide variety of sharply contrasted moods, which he convincingly expounded, often using subtly just enough of facial expression to emphasize them. The autumnal sadness of Joseph Marx's "Der Rauch" and Lange Müller's "Autumn" were contrasted with the humor of Wolf's "Mausfallen-sprüchlein," the mild sentiment of Grieg's Mit einer Wasserlilie," the archness of O. G. Sonneck's "Summer Midday"—which Mr. Graveure had to repeat—with the somewhat rhetorical elegance of Coleridge Taylor's "Too Late" and Treharne's "Winter Storms," which he saved from excess by his judicious delivery.

In his group of French songs he showed a sympathy with their style, though his French diction, much improved, is not yet so good as his German and English. A group of classical lieder included the unfamiliar, long and expressive song by Schubert, "An die untergehende Sonne," unfortunately marred by premature applause on the part of the audience. His last group included songs in English by Kramer, Treharne and Richard Hammond and a song from "The Hills of Vermont," "The Birds' Courtin' Song."

Three Concerts in Afternoon, One at Night and an Opera Are the Offerings.

Three popular artists presented themselves simultaneously to the concertgoers of New York yesterday afternoon, and each one was heard by a crowded audience.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the great Russian, Feodor Chaliapin, again sang as Boris, and, in the opinion of one listener who heard him and also heard Louis Graveure sing at the Town Hall and Ossip Gabrilowitsch play the piano at Aeolian Hall—all of the afternoon's music—Chaliapin was the one of the three who offered something which could be absorbed by an audience for the enlargement of its existence or its soul, or whatever it may be called.

By contrast, Louis Graveure, at the Town Hall, seemed to entertain his audience with suave niceties. His drinking song, for instance, suggested the excitement induced by a cup of tea—an excitement which is real and enjoyable in its proper setting but insufficient in a song which was made for stronger drink.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, at the Town Hall, played Schumann's Phantasie, opus 17, Carnival and a group of Chopin works, exploring them with exquisite dexterity but with a didactic manner which seemed to elaborate them rather than illuminate them.

In the evening, at the Town Hall, George Barrere and his Little Symphony, assisted by three composers, John Alden Carpenter, Mme. Poldowski and Karol Szymanowski, together with Adolf Bolm and his Ballet Intime and Povla Frijsh and Alice Miriam, sopranos, repeated the programme which they performed for the first time Friday afternoon. It was reviewed in yesterday's editions.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, in the evening, the recently imported French opera, Lalo's "Roi d'Ys," was given for the benefit of the French Hospital, with Mmes. Alda and Ponselle and Messrs. Gigli, Danise, Rothier, Picco and Leonhardt.

Jan 21 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Modern Music and Ballet.

What was announced as a "concert and ballet intrine" was given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, the same program to be repeated at the same place tonight. A number of musicians of prominence were concerned in presenting a program that was far too long and exacting for human nature's daily food—that lasted, in fact, for more than two hours and a half. And as the music was all of the most ultra-modern type or types, without relief or contrast, many beautiful women and strong men emerged staggering from the hall at 5:40 o'clock with bruised and battered ears; and there were heard appeals for somebody to play the chord of C-major plain. But nobody did, either during the concert or after it.

The Little Symphony, a small orchestra conducted by George Barrère; Poldowski, or Lady Dean Paul; Mme. Povla Frijsch, soprano; Miss Alice Miriam, soprano; Mr. Van Amburgh, clarinet; John Alden Carpenter, who played the accompaniments of his own songs, and Alan Tanner, accompanist, in others, were the musicians who took part. Margit Leeraas danced in a ballet setting of Charles T. Griffes's "White Peacock" in its orchestral arrangement; Adolph Bolm danced Prokofieff's ballet called "Suggestion Diabolique." At the end, John Alden Carpenter's new "jazz pantomime," "Krazy Kat," was performed by a company of dancers headed by Mr. Bolm.

The musical part of the program comprised Karol Szymanowski's "Divertissement Grotesque," for a comedy of Molière, for orchestra; seven piano sketches by Poldowski, played by the composer, who has before now shown herself to be an excellent pianist; five new songs by Mr. Carpenter, sung by Mme. Frijsh to the composer's accompaniment, to which she added as an encore one of his war songs; instrumental pieces by Poldowski, "Phryne" and "The Dying Child" for orchestra; "Pat Malone's Wake," for piano and orchestra; a dance for piano and clarinet, played by Mr. Van Amburgh and the composer, and five songs by Mr. Szymanowski, sung by Miss Miriam.

These songs perhaps indicated the high-water mark of dissonance and melodic inconsequence of the afternoon—and the general level in this respect may be said to have been very high. Miss Miriam, who sang the songs with intense seriousness and conviction, is deserving of great credit for pursuing their vocal line—if vocal line it may be called—unmoved and undisturbed by the harmonic assaults upon it of the piano accompaniment.

There was no little interest and curiosity to see and hear the new pantomime by Mr. Carpenter, which had recently been produced in Chicago by the Chicago Opera Company. "Krazy Kat," some may not be aware, is a newspaper cartoonist's creation, who goes through daily antics with certain customary companions, in certain favored newspapers. It was Mr. Carpenter's brilliant idea to present a selected series of these antics for action in a ballet, and to illuminate them with music on the order of jazz.

Anybody who has shown Mr. Carpenter's competence in treating the orchestra heretofore might be expected to master the principles of jazz and to present it in a favorable light. This he has done, and it may be said that much more objectionable jazz is daily to be heard almost anywhere. There may be some difference of opinion about the humorous value of the doings of Krazy Kat, Officer Pup, Bill Poster, Joe Stork and Ignatz Mouse—though even the sternest must have felt a certain amount of indulgence for the beguiling charm of the last.

There may also be difference of opinion about the humorous or any other value of Mr. Carpenter's jazz. He may reflect, to be sure, that his delightful "Birthday of the Infanta" was done only after great difficulties and only once in New York, and that now "Krazy Kat" is to have two performances fresh from its Chicago première, with much less effort. It may seem to him that things point toward jazz.

Nevertheless, we think, it behooves Mr. Carpenter to remember that art is long and life is short; that he was graduated in the Class of 1897, Harvard, already about to have its twenty-fifth anniversary, and that there is still a great deal for him to do in music besides the admirable things he has already done, and that jazz pantomime is not among it.

Louis Hasselmans Conducts 'Faust.'

Louis Hasselmans, who led some of the Chicago Opera Company's performances a season or two ago and who succeeds Albert Wolff in charge of the French operas at the Metropolitan, made his "début" in the local orchestra pit at last evening's repetition of "Faust." A large audience greeted cordially the conductor's entrance and also gave perhaps more marked welcome than usual to Geraldine Farrar, as Gounod's heroine, appearing for the first time since the announcement of her coming departure for a year's concert tour. Martinelli, Schaaf, Berat, LeLuca, Whitehill and Ananian completed a familiar cast. The recalls were shared by Mr. Hasselmans from the stage and Miss Farrar received many flowers.

By H. E. Krehbiel

After Bunthorne had recited his "Oh, Hollow," a wild, weird, fishly thing which was not a hunting song but the wail of a poet's heart on discovering that everything in this world is commonplace, and the rapturous maidens have heard it clinging passionately to one another and thinking of faint lilies, prosaic Patience declares it to be nonsense. "Nonsense, yes," says Sapho, "but, oh, what precious nonsense!" There was a good deal of precious and a modicum of wholesome nonsense in the entertainment, called Concert and Ballet Intime, given in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. The latter sort was found in part of the music composed by John Alden Carpenter for a grotesque ballet based on the "Krazy Kat" newspaper cartoons, though why the composer thought them humorous enough to waste his talent upon them is only a little less explicable than the solemnity with which he expounded them in his note on the program. He might have written his "Katnip Blues" to illustrate his conception of what can be accomplished with music of the "jazz" type (as he has done in a couple of songs which bear a pen-name, we believe) and let it find appreciation through performances at such places as the Rialto and Rivoli theaters, where there are good orchestras, and let it go at that. The weariness of the flesh and vexation of spirit to which he and his associates subjected an audience which had some of the attributes of Mr. Gilbert's rapturous maidens might have been spared the folk with normal musical stomachs who had to wait two hours for it yesterday and endure a monstrous deal of precious music by Szmanwski and Poldowski meanwhile.

For most of the music (we except Mr. Carpenter's songs sung by Mme. Povla Frijsch) we confess to be at a loss for fitting terms of characterization. Mme. Poldowski's pianoforte pieces may have been Studies in the evasion of Triad Harmonies, or fleeting, flocculent fancies in tonal Fluidities, or Venturesome Vagaries in musical Vacuity, or Specious Spasms of Sporadic sonorous Spume, or Morbid Musings over Amorphous Melodies or—anything you please. The room was too dark part of the time to read the program, and once we were abashed by discovering that a piece for clarinet and pianoforte was not "The Dying Child," but a dance; but when "The Dying Child" was performed we discovered that it made but little difference that we had got the first button of our musical coat into the second buttonhole, for the clarinet gurgled pianissimo at the end, and when the child drew its last breath the fiddles also gurgled pianissimo. Mr. Szymanowski's songs, sung by Miss Alice Miriam, were wild, weird, disembodied things. There were a few moments gracious to eye and ear in a dance by Margit Leeraas, entitled "White Peacock," but the music for this (by the late Charles Griffes) needed no pantomic illustration to be charming, while Serge Prokofieff's transcription of a pianoforte piece, was made not a whit more tolerable by the prancing of Adolph Bohme, which was supposed to turn it into a "Suggestion Diabolique." There was more than a suggestion of the kind in the music itself. Mr. Barrère and his Little Symphony were implicated in the singlar affair, and while Mr. Carpenter only saw and heard "Krazy Kat," he helped to give the pleasure which Mme. Frijsch provided by his songs.

Miss Cady Gives Recital

Pianist at Her Best in Lighter Modern Pieces

Harriette Cady gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theater in a program including three American pieces, Cadman's "Minstrel of Capistrano," Griffes' "Lake at Evening," and Dett's "Juba" dance. Her initial classical numbers, Handel's Air and Variations and Weber's "La Gaite" Rondo, were played with technical skill and agility, her performance of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique," although technically adequate, hardly revealed depth of feeling. Miss Cady was at her best in the lighter modern pieces, the American numbers, a romance by her teacher, Lesschetizky; a ballade by Debussy, and her own arrangement of a Spanish folk song, while the last number, Brassin's arrangement of the Fire Music from "Die Walkuere" had quite an orchestral sound. There was a small, but cordial audience.

Mme. Calve Sings Classic Airs.

Mme. Calvé, singing in the more intimate surroundings of Aeolian Hall, interested many new hearers yesterday with her revivals of vocal classics such as the airs from "Alceste," "Norma" and "Carmen," sung in the "grand manner" of the days when Grau was consul, and of the stars of that period, of whom she alone returns. Romualdo Sapio assisted at the piano in a program almost wholly French save for Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba." Most effective, too, were Calvé's folksongs of Southern France and lyrics of Franck and Massenet.

Katherine Bacon Ends Recitals.

Katherine Bacon, an English pianist now resident here, concluded her second year's series of three Aeolian Hall recitals last evening, when she presented a sonata No. 4, Op. 30, by the late Alexander Scriabine, which she believed to be new to the Russian composer's admirers. Among familiar works there were a group each from Bach, Brahms, Chopin and Liszt, the last including "Feux Follets" and an "Allegro Agitato" from the "Etudes d'Execution Transcendante."

hicago Opera Co.

Special Dispatch to The Tribune

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Mary Garden's throne, albeit somewhat shaken by the tempestuous departure of Luien Muratore, the uproar among his friends and a flock of rumors conerning general revolt among the other stars, seemed seure to-day. With the exception of Muratore and Lina Cavalieri, his wife, who departed last night for New York, all other stars in the opera company to-day appeared to be revolving calmly in their orbits.

Miss Garden's status in the company is that of an elected general director who has not yet been supplied with a contract. It was asserted by the new managers of the financial end of the opera company, that no contracts for next season had been offered any one, nor would they be until every penny of the required $500,000 to anticipate next season's deficits has been assured. So Miss Garden is in the same position as the other singers, although she is the director.

"Will Mary Barden be deposed as general director?" was asked to-day of Samuel Insull, president of the new Civic Organization which has taken over the opera company.

"Will one of my engineers," he replied with considerable asperity, "depose one of the vice-presidents of the Edison Company?"

Mr. Insull paced the floor, shaking his finger at an imaginary opponent.

"Do you think for a minute," he contined, "that a Frenchman can come over here and run our opera? Not for a minute. This is a grandstand play on the part of Muratore. It was good publicity. It created a sensation. He had been paid with the McCormicks' money—more than he ever had in his life before. And now he turns on the organization that has been supported by his benefactors.

"Has he given value received? Did his name alone ever sell out the house? Well, hardly. There are other tenors and the Chicago Opera Company will manage to survive without Muratore."

Jan 23 1922

By Richard Aldrich

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

Albert Coates displayed in yesterday's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra his two specialties, the Russian and the English schools of music. Of the former he played Borodin's second symphony in B minor, a composition that has not been made familiar to New York concert goers, though it is not easy to suppose that in the last forty years or so it has not been played here by some Russian-loving conductor.

It is thoroughly representative of the work of the "Five," whose ambition was to base a Russian school upon Russian national melodies. All four movements are strongly suggestive of those melodies, whether they are real folk songs or on themes devised by the composer in their likeness. "A picture of feudal Russia," the Russian critic Stassoff called it; and there is in it also the touch of Orientalism that is so nearly akin to the Russian. The themes are for the most part short, clear-cut and emphatic; and they are used with an insistence of repetition, apparently designed, instead of free development, that goes far toward giving a feeling of monotony to the music, which in itself may also be a part of the design.

The orchestration is laid on with a large, thick brush, and seems, indeed, somewhat coarse and noisy. And yet the symphony received the attention of

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the wet nurse of the Russian school of chemical engineering, military and naval composers, whose musical ambitions, and even inspirations, were often so far beyond their technical skill. Rimsky-Korsakoff did much to make their productions presentable, "viable"; and has not always received thanks for it.

The performance of this symphony under Mr. Coates laid emphasis upon the "heroic" qualities of the work that are expressed in its subtitle. It was vigorous, and it did little toward refining the orchestral tone color.

The English school was represented on the program by Elgar's "Enigma" variations; one of the works with which Mr. Coates first presented himself before this public at his visit a year ago. The performance he gave yesterday at Aeolian Hall seemed not quite so finished as the previous one, which was heard in Carnegie Hall—no doubt the smaller hall is relentless toward minor deficiencies of finish. But it had quite all the spirit and the elasticity that belong to the music, the grace and vigor of what continues to seem one of Elgar's most felicitous productions.

Messrs. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison were the "soloists," and the word seems hardly a misnomer for performers upon two pianos so completely unanimous as they are in spirit and deed. They played Bach's concerto for two pianos in C minor with accompaniment of string orchestra, and an arrangement made by Mr. Pattison of Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique," in what was announced as its first performance in New York.

The concerto by Bach manifested that extraordinary vitality, that living beauty, that so much of his music possesses today after 200 years, and that so seldom fails to transfix a musical audience with its magic. The concerto did so yesterday in a performance of much finish and of genuine style by the two players. Yet it may have seemed to some that in using practically all of his strings for the accompaniment, Mr. Coates gave it somewhat too much weight.

Whether Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" has ever been played here in any form, of which it has taken on several, may not be certain. Liszt wrote it originally for a single piano, calling it—and in this he followed Schumann's example—a "concerto without orchestra." Then he rewrote it for two pianos; Von Bülow made another version; then somebody else arranged it for one piano and orchestra. And now comes Mr. Pattison, who has added an orchestral accompaniment to Liszt's version for two pianos.

It may be feared he is a little too late. The piece is hardly Liszt at his best; it has less that will engage public attention than either of the solo piano concertos, though there are both Lisztian bombast and Lisztian sentimentality in it. Mr. Pattison's orchestral additions are effective and undoubtedly add to the value of the work as a concert number. The twain played it with the brilliancy and effectiveness that it needs.

The other orchestral number was Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" variations. In this composition Elgar, having chosen an accommodating theme, writes variations on it characterizing fourteen of his friends. You guess who the friends are. He calls it an enigma. He might just as well have named it a musical charade or a puzzle or even "Who's Who in Variations." He might also have told us how this theme came to confess so candidly its blood relationship with the Volga River boatman's song "Ay Ouchnem."

But the variations are interesting when regarded as music and nothing else. To know who Sir Edward Elgar's fourteen friends were is not the point—not even fourteen points. We can shake hands across the sea without recognizing any one of these friends as he walks down Piccadilly with a Russian folk tune in his hand. Sir Edward Elgar knows how to make the orchestra sing and he understands the art of contrast and variety. The variations received long continued applause.

The soloists were the brilliant binary system of pianists, Lee Pattison and Guy Maier, gentlemen who perform on two pianos at the same time and usually give more pleasure than thirteen simultaneously smiting the keyboard, as recently heard in Carnegie Hall. Messrs. Maier and Pattison played Bach's concerto in C minor for two pianos with string accompaniment, and after the Elgar number Liszt's "Concerto Pathetique" in a new version with orchestra made lately by Mr. Pattison. Whether this double concerto had ever before been played in this town is uncertain. It was composed for one piano as far back as 1850, rewritten for two pianos in 1865, revised (with additions by Von Buelow) in 1877, and finally in 1880 made over into a piece for one piano with orchestra.

Mr. Pattison's version for two pianos and orchestra is new and is based on the 1865 version. The musician has accomplished his task with skill. The new edition sounds like Liszt. The orchestral enlargement blends with the original thought excellently and the result is a pompous and aggressive, if superficial, work for ensemble players.

But when all was finished yesterday the music which calmly intrenched itself in the foremost position was the double concerto of Bach. Old masters are not necessarily the best masters, and there were many composers who lived in Bach's day and now are deader than the Pharaohs. But old Bach refuses to grow any older. When one listens to his serene and authoritative utterances one is compelled to confess that this is the music of the past, the present and the future. Messrs. Maier and Pattison played the concerto beautifully. They showed in the two widely different piano pieces of the afternoon that precision in ensemble was not their only merit but that they were also profound students of style.

Three Saint-Saens Symphonic Poems

By H. E. Krehbiel

In performing a pious duty to the memory of Camille Saint-Saëns in placing three of his symphonic poems on the program of yesterday's Philharmonic concert Mr. Stransky, no doubt unconsciously, called attention to the strange neglect with which that composer's larger works have been treated by the society. Though the gifted Frenchman's first symphony was published nearly seventy years ago, when the Philharmonic Society was already a flourishing institution, it was not until February, 1887, that one of his works for orchestra was given a place on one of its programs.

Thomas Played One Symphony

It was the symphony in C minor, which was then new. Mr. Theodore Thomas, the conductor who brought it forward, had not been neglectful of the composer, but at his own concerts gave frequent performances to the most popular of the symphonic poems, as well as the "Suite Algerienne," the ballet music from "Henry VIII" and the Tarantelle for flute, clarinet and orchestra; but for some reason which seems inexplicable the first and second symphonies, as well as the symphonic poems "Danse Macabre," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaéton" and "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" never found favor in the eyes of the program-making powers of the Philharmonic Society. Occasionally a singer would sing one of the arias from "Samson et Dalila," and instrumental artists would play the concertos for violin, violoncello or pianoforte, but otherwise the patrons of the concerts were kept in ignorance of the composer through the consulships of Bergmann, Thomas (save on the single occasion noted), Seidl, Paur, Walter Damrosch and the guest conductors who filled the interregnum between Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Safonoff. Of the visitors, only Mr. Colonne, we believe, gave one of the symphonies (the second) a hearing.

Mr. Stransky brought a turn in the tide. In his first season "Phaéton" appeared in his lists, besides some solo pieces; in his second it was repeated, and the third symphony, which had been silent since 1887, and the "Danse Macabre" were played. Within the decade which has elapsed since scarcely a season has passed without the performance of at least one of the symphonic poems, and six seasons ago we heard not only the three works which were played in memoriam yesterday ("Phaéton," "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Macabre"), but also the march from the Algerian suite, the ballet music from "Henry VIII," the C minor pianoforte concerto, the violoncello concerto and the inevitable air from "Samson et Dalila."

Music Worthy of Honor

All this music is worthy of the noblest traditions of the venerable organization and of the tribute which Mr. Stransky paid to their composer yesterday. He could not make good the strange neglect of the past, but could and did give expression to the aroused consciousness of the present. Besides the symphonic poems the orchestra played Haydn's "Military" Symphony in G, whose American life is much older than that of the society and which figured on one of its programs as long ago as 1845, and the first of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies, besides uniting with Mme. Elly Ney in a performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat—the so-called "Emperor." There was considerable dash and spirit in Mme. Ney's playing, but it was not distinguished by clarity, rhythmical incisiveness or depth of sentiment. Indeed, the performance was greatly inferior to that which she gave a Mozart concerto last week.

GEORGE MEADER'S RECITAL.

George Meader, now tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, gave his annual song recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. He had been heard here recently as the singer in Richard Strauss's third intimate recital.

Mr. Meader's selections yesterday, except the opening number, Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutti" air, "Un' aura amorosa," were entirely German, taken, five each from Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Schumann, the lyrics were all generally familiar, yet from among their masters' finest gems. In the list were such songs as the "Mainacht" and "Wie Bist Du Meine Koenigin," of Brahms; Wolf's "Fruehling Ueber's Jahr" and "Nixe Binsefuss," and the "Mondnacht" and "Die Beiden Grenadiere" by Schumann. Mr. Meader's fine voice was smooth and fluent in tone and he used it with his accustomed skill in delivery. In his songs there was a rich measure of tender feeling and charm paired with deeper emotion and exquisite finish of details.

In the Mozart air he gave a fine display of sustained legato and good tone and won for his efforts warm applause from his many auditors, as he did for his delivery of the songs. Miss Meta Schumann was the accompanist, but, playing with some seeming constraint, she hardly gave the singer satisfactory support.

Easton and Kochanski Heard.

Paul Kochanski, the Polish violinist, was heard in Wieniawski's D minor concerto and a group of solos at last night's concert at the Metropolitan. Of the singers, Miss Easton was applauded in Wagner's greeting to the hall, from "Tannhäuser," and Weber's "Ocean" air from the English "Oberon." Miss Sparkes returned, singing Bizet's air of Micaela from "Carmen," while Crimi added the flower song from that work and Miss Roselle an air from "Pagliacci."

Sing Ballads at the Selwyn.

Frederic Warren opened a third season of Sunday ballad concerts, with the motto, "Your favorite song in English," and with various vocal and instrumental participants, last evening at the Selwyn Theatre. Olga Warren and Lionel Storr sang two solo groups each from composers of current interest, finishing with duets from the Spanish by Schindler and a graceful original by Cadman. The New York Trio, Messrs. Adler, Guidi and Van Vliet, gave light works of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Wolf-Ferrari.

Jan 24 1922

"Snegourotchka," Sung for First Time in America, Is

By H. E. Krehbiel

~~(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)~~

Mr. Gatti, continuing his experimentation with Russian operas, produced Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegourotchka" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. "Prince Igor," by Borodin; "Pique Dame" and "Eugen Onyegin," by Tschaikoffsky, have apparently lived out their brief spans of life at our proud lyric theater. "Boris Godounoff" endures, but interest has been concentrated this season on the performance of Mr. Chaliapin as its chief character. Little else in the representation has aroused the admiration which the work as a monument of musical and dramatic nationalism ought to command. Except for the singing and acting of Mr. Chaliapin and the sincere singing of Mr. Rothier, the representations have become listless and without distinction and the stage furniture shabby. Yet New York has a large Russian population which is singularly devoted to music and drama of the kind which is native to it. To that population, as well as to the desire of the general public to have operas that have not been worn threadbare, Mr. Gatti obviously wishes to appeal; but his efforts have not been strikingly successful. Whether or not he will make a hit with his latest venture we shall not attempt to say just now. Many elements are involved in the problem, the most important of which, to our mind, is the extent to which the factors which he has employed can be made to give vital embodiment to the spirit of the lyrical drama.

The opera is one which contains a great deal of charm for both eye and ear, and might be made fascinating to the fancy, imagination and emotions as well. But if this is to be done it will be necessary to impress its racial characteristics more deeply upon the performances. "Snegourotchka" had its origin in an enthusiastic endeavor of those who created it to effect a close union of dance, song and drama. Fifty years ago one of the theaters in Moscow, the Little Theater, as it was called, was closed for renovation. Meanwhile the ballet, drama and opera were housed at the Grand Theater, and the government official charged with the duty of selecting the works to be performed conceived the idea of a new piece in which all the factors factitiously brought together on a single stage should be combined. He appealed to A. N. Ostroffsky for a book, and the poet undertook the task with enthusiasm. For the incidental music the director went to Tschaikoffsky and met with an equally hearty response. The two authors were at one in their devotion to the mythology and legends of their people as they had been preserved for ages in folktale and folksong.

Nature Myth Their Inspiration

For the foundation of their work they went to a nature myth which is universal and invented a pretty story of the kind which has appealed to the imagination of mankind ever since the human mind has occupied itself with fancies engendered by the observation of natural phenomena. Out of an amour between the personifications of Winter and Spring they called into being a dainty creature, lovely as her mother, but with veins filled with snow, wherefore she is incapable of passion. Nevertheless she becomes enamoured of the beautiful Lehl, who is a shepherd lad and the personification of popular song. Despite her admiration of him Lehl finds Snegourotchka (who is the Schneewittchen, or Snow White, of the German fairy tales, but in name only) unresponsive to love and repels her for a maiden of his kind. Another mortal, Mizour, discards his sweetheart, Kupava, and seeks to gain the love of Snegourotchka, whose father seeks to keep her in seclusion and places her under the protection of a Faun, but whose mother endows her with human passion, while warning her not to subject herself to the rays of the sun. Now Mizour woos and wins the maiden, but in the morning dawn of their happiness a shaft of sunlight—one of the arrows of Yarilo, the Apollo of the ancient Slavs—strikes her and she vanishes from the earth.

This was the pretty and gracious conceit which Ostroffsky put into dramatic shape and for which Tschaikoffsky provided the music in the spring of 1873. The fairy play took so strong a hold upon the mind of the composer that he resolved to turn it into an opera, but before he had put his resolution into effect Rimsky-Korsakoff's setting appeared. Tschaikoffsky (so his brother says) took the disappointment of having been forestalled so greatly to heart that it was not until fifteen years later that he was willing to recognize the beauties of his rival's music. Gretchaninoff also came under the fascination of the drama and wrote incidental music for it, though anticipated by the two greater masters.

New From Fertile Field

The story is not only pretty and gracious, but it is one which enabled the authors to make copious drafts on legendary lore, on ancient myths and customs which are still embodied in the life and song of the Russian people. So we have in the opera not only allusions to Slavic deities and other supernatural folk, but the personifications themselves and reproductions of ceremonies and songs of vast antiquity in which relics of pagan beliefs are embalmed. We have these things in the book of the poet and the music of the composer, but they do not seem patent enough in the representation to capture the popular sense and feeling as they might and ought. For one thing, Mr. Gatti, because a performance in the original tongue is impracticable, gives it to us in French. We had "Pique Dame" in German, "Prince Igor" and "Boris Godounoff" in Italian, and "Le Coq d'Or" in French sung by persons who took no part in the action. Now it ought to be an obvious duty to the American public to let them hear English whenever for one reason or another the tongue in which an opera was written cannot be employed. Moreover for the often rude forcefulness of the Russian dramas English is a better substitute than either French or bastard Latin, as it is for German, which, however, does not seriously embarrass Mr. Gatti's people. Even the pronunciation of the title of the opera is imperfectly reproduced in the libretto and house program. A better transliteration would have been "Snyeh-góo-rotch-kah"—the accent on the second syllable. Moreover, here we have a fairy-play which has an especial charm for children, big and little; and every listener ought to understand every word that the people sing—a thing which is required by the principles of art professed by the school of composers to which Rimsky-Korsakoff belonged and to which he adhered in his straightforward and beautiful lyricism. The opera ought to make good some of the loss which the Metropolitan's opera-goers have felt keenly ever since the departure of "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Königskinder"—a loss for which the French "Blue Bird" was but a pitiful compensation.

Moreover, the representation ought to give us a better representation of the ancient ceremonials which mark some of the climaxes of the opera. Here we feel moved to utter again the complaint which we raised against some of the performances of the Russian Ballet five years ago. The stage manager and his puppets at the Metropolitan Opera House seem to have no knowledge of folklore and little imagination. Deficient in the latter highly essential attribute (as is obvious every night), they seem to act on the dictum that the public has none and that, as Berlioz remarked when he beggled the dénouement of "Romeo and Juliet," imaginative music has no public. They seem to think that they have done their duty when they have filled the stage with fantastic scenery (that of Mr. Anisfeld has much to commend it in design and color—indeed, it is generally admirable, though it lays heavier stress on the grotesque than the poetical effects) and performed the music with as great a degree of perfection as their agencies allow. But much that is presented is arbitrary and little shows study of the purposes of poet and composer or the marvelous folk-stuff to which both went for their material.

Music and Dance Familiar

The music and an accompanying dance from the opera were presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1916 by the Diaghileff Ballet under the title "Le Soleil de Nuit." The operatic scene ought to be a so-called Khorovod in

which winter is buried. The music and the words are those of a Whitsuntide song beginning "Ai vo polie lipenjka." The French version begins:

"Te voilà debout glorieux et fier,
Bourré de foin, ne tu de mousse."

The ceremony is performed on the last day of "Butter Week" (the week before Lent, since the Christian priests made it so after failing to eradicate the ancient pagan festival), and in it a straw mujik (otherwise a heap of straw to which the celebrants have all contributed) is burned amid much merry-making. The singers sing to Lado (the ancient god of love and spring). In the opera Mr. Meader, clad in straw and looking like the scarecrow in Montgomery and Stone's old operetta), waves his arms about and runs away, while the dancers cut grotesque capers.

This comes near to the original conception, and the composer's use of the old folk-tune is thrilling, but there isn't the least likeness in the dance of the last act (also a Khorovod), which in words and music is the old marriage ceremonial song, "Sowing the Millet" ("A mui proso syeyali," preserving the old custom of marriage by theft), to the game as it has been played since time immemorial and still is in Russia. For that we have parallels in the children's game, "Come to see Miss Jennia Jones" and, without music, "Prisoners' Base."

There are many other relics of pagan deities and their worship in the opera—the Faun, for instance, a sylvan creature whom Christian priests have transformed into one of the angels ejected from Heaven along with Satan; the appeal to flowers, the dance of birds, the cuckoo, which sends its call into one of the instrumental preludes and for which, on the theory that the god of life used to take the form of the bird, festivals used to be held at Eastertide. Many things besides which we cannot stop to discuss. The music, too, even when it is not direct quotation, is filled with the essence of Russian folksong, which is the most varied, expressive and beautiful folksong in the world. Ought not all these things be made manifest in the representation—in the pictures, the action, in intelligible song? We think they ought and might be if Mr. Thewman knew better how to go about the stage management and the language used were that of the people who listen and not that of two or three of those who sing.

Like Moussorgsky in "Boris," Rimsky-Korsakoff depends largely on the choral scenes to get animation into the play; there is but a modicum of action in the development of the story of the sentimental personages, and were it not for the participation of the chorus the drama would be stifled by monotony. It was the lack of variety of movement on the part of the principals that the piece had but a trifling success when it was brought out with Tschaikoffsky's lovely music, and its capacity for lyrical expression no doubt that prompted his desire to turn it into an opera. Rimsky-Korsakoff has filled it with song from beginning to end—song winning and graceful on the part of Lehl (the best of his numbers has long been familiar in our concert rooms and Snegourotchka, song humorously characteristic on the part of the peasant folk who become the heroine's foster parents, fantastic on the part of the Czar's court and subject people.

The orchestration is peculiarly charming throughout, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's transition from genuine folksong to his own inventions is so ingenious that none but a profound student of the people's songs is likely to distinguish between the two elements. His declamation is lyrical throughout and the boundary between dialogue and set song is drawn with a master hand. The characters are musically limned in with as perfect a mastering and Boby, Bobylycka, Mizour and the Czar of Berendeyevka are made to stand out as distinctly for the ear as they look to the eye. Unhappily, save for the choruses, there is a paucity of ensemble music in the score, a defect which forces itself upon the attention of the listeners whenever the story is carried on by the principal characters without the help of the auxiliary chorus. It was one of the composer's set notions that he wanted nothing to interfere with his music and forbade all unnecessary movement. He also forbade cuts in his score; but if something like a quarter of it had not been elided last night we fear the final curtain would have closed with half the seats in the audience room empty.

Outside of Mr. Anisfeld's scenery every disclosure of which was greeted by applause, the dances, designed by Rosina Galli, seemed last night to take the strongest hold on popular favor. There was a dance of birds in the prologue which caused the first expression of approval, but a greater outburst followed the grotesque ballet at the beginning of the third act, when the bright, not to say garish, costumes and comical figures, changing from moment to moment like the figures in a kaleidoscope under the inspiration of gay music, made a perfect riot of life and color. Here high tide in popular approval was reached, and Miss Delaunois held the water on a level for a space with her singing of the song of Lehl. It was Miss Bori in the character of the Snow Maiden, however, who won admiration at the start and held it unfalteringly to the end by exquisite singing and graceful, poetic and pathetic acting. In figure, pose, gesture and voice she is beautifully adapted to the role.

Mr. Rothler, always excellent in diction, had little opportunity to distinguish himself and left the chief histrionic honors to Mr. Bada, who showed himself, as he always does when he has an opportunity, a character actor par excellence. For Mr. Harrold there must go a fair meed of praise for his singing and also to Miss Yvonne d'Arle, though her action betrayed the novice. The chorus sang spiritedly and there was much reason for grateful expression in the manner in which Mr. Bodanzky directed the music. To complete a necessarily hasty record of a first American performance the cast is appended:

Snegourotchka (the Snow Maiden) ..... Lucrezia Bori
Lel, a Shepherd ..... Raymonde Delaunois
Koupava ..... Yvonne d'Arle
The Fairy of Spring ..... Marion Telva
Bobylicka ..... Kathleen Howard
The Faun ..... Giordano Paltrinieri
A Page ..... Grace Anthony
The Czar ..... Orville Harrold
Mizgir ..... Mario Laurenti
King Winter ..... Leon Rothier
Bobyl ..... Angelo Bada
Berendiate ..... Louis d'Angelo
Carnival ..... George Meader
First Court Jester ..... Pietro Audisio
Second Court Jester ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian

Birds, the Czar's Suite, Boyars and their Wives, Bouffons, Shepherds, Boys and Girls

Conductor ..... Artur Bodanzky
Stage Director ..... Samuel Thewman
Chorusmaster ..... Giulio Setti
Technical Director ..... Edward Siedle
Stage Manager ..... Armando Agnini
Scenic Production by Boris Anisfeld

CHICAGO OPERA OPENS.

There's one thing about the Chicago Opera Company; it never allows its domestic troubles to interfere with its public career. Its New York season opened last night at the Manhattan Opera House as promptly and brilliantly as though the newspapers had never carried so much as a paragraph about last-minute resignations and hurled opera scores. Family rows or no family rows, Mary Garden, the world's only singing impresaria, sat in the left hand stage box and applauded Lucien Muratore and Giorgio Polacco. Yes, they were both there, apparently unmoved by the thousands and thousands of passionate words that have of late been appearing in the public prints about them and their reported doings.

A great many others were there also. The audience that gathered at the Manhattan last night was large enough to fill the house to overflowing. Between acts the First National lobby, that represents the late Oscar Hammerstein's idea of the last word in theatrical architecture, was almost impassable. The balconies and galleries were as full as the parquet, and there were standees, rows of them, upstairs and down. One noted among the latter the same faithful band of Italian music lovers who used to approve the San Carlo performances so frenetically, still carrying their half-smoked cheroots, still wearing their hats on the backs of their heads—even during the performance, so as to leave the hands free—still breaking in with applause and cheers at the proper places. It was touching to hear their brawny leader shouting "Bravo, Muratore!" with all the enthusiasm he might be expected to expend upon a Gigli. Great lovers of French opera, these Italians!

Mr. Muratore hardly needed such applause; the rest of the huge audience was only too eager to applaud him without guidance. For the opera was "Samson and Delilah," and the great tenor was at his best. He gave a magnificent performance, of thrilling dramatic intensity and emotional power. There are few actors alive who can surpass him, either upon the singing or the spoken stage. His power lies in his great simplicity. He gestures much less than the average opera singer, certainly much less than any tenor one sees nowadays, but every gesture is meant. It starts because he meant it to start, and it finishes, not because he has forgotten what else to do, but because he has willed it to end. His singing is no less remarkable. It is much more colorful than that of the average tenor—it recalls a baritone in its richness and emotional significance—and in its middle register has a smooth, caressing quality that is like velvet. His singing in the great second act duet last night was a marvel of lyric tenderness that quite swept his audience off their feet.

Marguerite D'Alvarez was Delilah. Her voice was not at its best last night. She seemed from a cold, and her middle voice was husky and lacked power. Her fine presence and extraordinary histrionic ability nevertheless enabled her to give a performance that helped to make the evening a memorable one.

It was good to hear Mr. Dufranne once more. He sang the High Priest with his usual authority and artistry. Paul Payan made his New York debut as the Old Hebrew and displayed a good voice and considerable acting ability. Mr. Dufrene was Abimelech and Mr. Mojica was the Philistine Messenger. The ballet had much to do and did it stupendously. The temple scene in particular was a marvel of sensuous beauty. Messrs. Pavley and Oukrainsky deserve the highest possible praise for their really remarkable work in staging these dances. The staging and general handling of the production throughout were admirable. The scenery, while neither new nor notable, was good and well lighted.

There were curtain calls innumerable after every act, and cheers for Mr. Muratore and Mme. D'Alvarez. After the second act a delegation of Philistine slaves appeared before the curtain and presented Mr. Muratore with a small wagonload of flowers, an enormous sheaf of palms, and a gargantuan laurel wreath slightly smaller than Columbus Circle. The tenor seemed pleased.

A special and final paragraph must go for Mr. Polacco's exceptionally fine conducting. He led a performance of quivering intensity, perfect ensemble and nervous strength, yet never once did the orchestra even suggest encroachment upon the rights of the singers. Every syllable was audible, as well as every voice and nuance of the instrumentalists. It was a noteworthy example of fine balanec.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Samson and Delilah" (in French), by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Samson ..... Lucien Muratore
Delilah ..... Marguerite D'Alvarez
The High Priest of Dagon ..... Hector Dufranne
Abimilech ..... Desire Defrere
An Old Hebrew ..... Paul Payan (debut)
A Philistine Messenger ..... Jose Mojica
First Philistine ..... Lodovico Oliviero
Second Philistine ..... Salustio Cival
Conductor Giorgio Polaccio.
Incidental Dances by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, assisted by Mlles. Shermont, Millar, Nemeroff, Dagmara, Eliatus and the entire Corps de Ballet.

CALVE SINGS AT MUSICALE.

With Martinelli and Miss Morini on Bagby Program.

Mme. Emma Calve, Giovanni Martinelli of the Metropolitan and Miss Erika Morini, violinist, were the artists at yesterday's Bagby musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mme. Calve sang an aria from "Marriage of Figaro" in French; Caccini's "Tiedes Haleines," Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour," the Habanera from "Carmen," some French songs of the ninth century and "L'Evantail," one of the Chansons de Geste. Miss Morini played compositions of Paganini-Kreisler, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Brahms, Zarzycki, Sarasate and Wieniawski. Mr. Martinelli sang "O Paradiso" from "L'Africaine," "E Lucevan le Stelle" from "Tosca," also songs in English and Italian.

ELSA FISCHER QUARTET MAKES DEBUT A PLEASING CONCERT.

The first appearance of the Elsa Fischer String Quartet at Aeolian Hall last night was marked by smooth, careful playing, without departure from the usual in interpretation. Miss Fischer, Miss Rausch and the Misses Neihardt played Schumann's quartet in A minor, a quartet by Malichevsky and the Haydn G minor. There was all one could ask of mild sweetness in the andante passages, with now and then a surprisingly well-planned rise of emotional quality, but the lack of sustained power could not be ignored, especially in the allegro of the Malichevsky quartet.

Mme. d'Alvarez was a darkly Oriental and opulent Delilah, surrounded by charming singing girls and young dancers, her tones, somewhat pale in the "Spring Song," warmed later with opalescent color in the superb, ensnaring love duet. Mr. Muratore made Samson a conscience-stricken lover, stealthy and tiger-like rather than leonine, but he, too, developed a dramatic climax in the crucial second act, singing with an impassioned fervor marred only by one last topnote on the borderland of falsetto, or over the border.

The role of the strong man did not fit the French tenor to perfection either vocally or histrionically, and apart from the fact that he is by no means a tenor of the heroic variety and that the music of this opera demands a certain tonal ruggedness, his voice was not in the best of condition, nor was its timbre improved by a continuous tendency to force tone. Mr. Muratore's voice appeared to have lost in quality since last season. Perhaps this was due to the taxing demands of the role. Perhaps a different impression will be conveyed when he again appears in a purely lyric role. Whatever the reason, his tones were often white, they occasionally wabbled, and the singer at times strayed from the true pitch. Particularly unfortunate was his use of falsetto in the second act. Histrionically his impersonation was that of an artist long familiar with operatic routine, conventional, intelligent, but never for a moment tinged with greatness.

Mme. D'Alvarez was far more successful in suggesting the character of the celebrated siren. Although she too, wandered from the pitch, the true opulence of her tones was a continuous pleasure, and she displayed no little skill in the coloring of her amorous entreaties. A truly sensuous Dalila, her appeal in the first act was irresistible, while her interview with the High Priest before the scene of Samson's downfall was acted with striking haughtiness not always attained by every Dalila.

Mr. Dufranne, as the High Priest, appeared in a role which he sang in the same opera house in the seasons of 1908-'09 and 1909-'10 under the Hammerstein regime. He acted the part with consummate art, but suffered from slight vocal rigidity as well as the prevailing tendency of the evening to fall below the true pitch. Mr. Payan, who appeared here for the first time, sang the music of the Old Hebrew well.

Perhaps the real star of the evening was Mr. Polacco, who gave an admirable reading of the score. The work of the chorus, too, was notably commendable. Altogether a fair, not a brilliant performance.

Jan 25 1912

Traviata'—Tita Sc

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second evening of the Chicago Opera Company's season at the Manhattan Opera House, which was last evening, was given over to a performance of "La Traviata." The presentation of this well worn opera, which steadfastly declines to become worn out, served to introduce a new coloratura soprano. Her name is Miss Graziella Pareto, a young singer who is at the outset of her career and has therefore had no profound experience. Tall and agreeable in appearance, she pleased an audience that seemed to be not altogether acquainted with the traditional points for applause, but was eager to show its approval all the time.

Miss Pareto possesses a serviceable voice, very light and thin in quality, reminding one at times of the voice of Mme. Barrientos, but generally of a somewhat larger caliber. The natural scale of the voice is equal in quality, and the singer ought to have no great trouble with register breaks; but owing to a peculiar method of tone production in the upper range, she seemed to experienced listeners to be usually in difficulties there. Thin, wiry and pinched tones issued whenever she attacked a phrase beginning above the medium. If she had used an easy, relaxed head tone there, her phrases would have had the musical beauty which they lacked.

Sometimes, too, the soprano was erratic in the matter of rhythm, and the conductor, Angelo Ferrari, was hard put to it to keep time with her. A melody whose rhythm is distorted loses its character. But it seems that operagoers in general are satisfied if they see a pretty girl and hear a pretty quality of tone most of the time. Miss Pareto may be classed as pretty and she proceeded through the role of *Violetta* in an entirely proper and decorous manner. Her performance did not appear to be that of a young and untrained artist, but of one who had been well prepared for a task to which her powers were hardly equal. The sunny land of Italy is fairly well supplied with prima donnas who can sing *Violetta* as Miss Pareto did.

Tito Schipa was the *Alfredo*. He has sung the part here before and there is

before now. Produced under Liszt at Weimar in 1877, then in France in 1890 at Rouen, and London and New Orleans in 1893, it had been widely heard here in concert form when a single performance as opera was staged on Broadway in February, 1895, with the heroic tenor, Tamagno, and Mme. Mantelli of the stars of Grau. The Metropolitan, under Gatti-Casazza, turned again to the work as affording a rôle for Caruso, who appeared in it on Nov. 15, 1915, and sang it during his last six seasons, some twenty-five or thirty times in all, first with Mme. Louise Homer as Delilah and later Mme. Matzenauer, and with Pasqua le Amato as the High Priest. Oscar Hammerstein meanwhile had added "Samson" to his French seasons at the Manhattan, on Nov. 13, 1908, giving eight repetitions during that and the following year, with Charles Dalmores, Hector Dufranne and an admired French contralto, the late Jeanne Gerville-Reache.

nothing new to be said about him. He sings it just as he always did, by fits and starts. A broad, fluent legato seems to be contrary to his vocal principles. This is a pity, because this tenor has a good voice and an agreeable presence. He wins a great deal of applause, but he might arouse fervid enthusiasm if he did not shatter so many good tunes.

Joseph Schwarz was the *Germont*. He has been heard here in concert and has made a favorable impression. He has a good barytone voice of high range, which he uses with dramatic instinct. His performance last evening was commendable. There are no other important parts in "La Traviata." The opera was well put on the stage and the chorus did its share creditably.

Jan 24 1922

"BUTTERFLY" BEGINS WEEK

Farrar Appears in Puccini Opera in Special Matinee.

The eleventh week of opera at the Metropolitan started out in busy fashion with a special matinee of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." It offered the public an opportunity to hear Geraldine Farrar in her favorite role of Cho Cho San, and be it said she did not disappoint. Miss Farrar was at her best.

Giulio Crimi sang the part of Pinkerton and Antonio Scotti was Sharpless. The remainder of the singers in the cast included Rita Fornia, Minnie Egener, Giordano Paltrinieri, Pietro Audisio, Paolo Ananian, Paolo Quintina and Millo Picco.

Roberto Moranzoni conducted.

Jan 25 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Violetta Valery .....Graziella Pareto (debut)
Flora Bervoix.....Alice D'Hermanoy
Alfred Germont .....Tito Schipa
Giorgio Germont.....Joseph Schwarz
Gaston, Viscount of Letorieres....Jose Mojica
Baron Douphal .....Desire Defrere
Marquis D'Obigny .....Salustio Civai
Doctor Grenvil .....Constantin Nicolay
Annina, Servant to Violetta..... Anna Correnti
Servant to Flora .....Harry Cantor
Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco
Incidental Dances by Andreas Pavley, assisted by Miles. Shermont, Ledowa and Corps de Ballet.

MISS ELLERMAN IN SONGS.

Contralto Gives a Recital and Makes Pleasant Impression.

Miss Amy Ellerman, contralto, gave a recital of songs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She had the competent aid of Francis Moore at the piano, and Hugo Kortschak, who performed certain violin obligati. This recital began darkly, but soon emerged into sunshine. Miss Ellerman did not appear to be nervous when she sang the opening numbers on her list, Schubert's "Dem Unendlichen" and Liszt's "Drei Ziegeuner," but it transpired that her very faulty intonation in these songs was the result of disturbed breath control caused by nerve excitement.

The proof of this was revealed in her third number, Wagner's "Traeume," from which the bad intonation was almost entirely absent. In this lyric Miss Ellerman began to disclose her true quality, and thenceforward her recital was a pleasing entertainment. Her voice is one of considerable natural beauty and richness, tending to hardness in the low tones, but very flexible in the medium. Her production was generally good, and frequently of a high order of technical excellence, giving lovely results in tone.

The singer's interpretations were good. Her pronunciation was clear, her use of dynamics and changes of time intelligently applied, her skill in publishing through song the poetic color and feeling of text very creditable. Numerous auditors seemed genuinely pleased. Miss Ellerman may not be one of the great figures in the world of recitals, but there should be a comfortable niche for a singer who has so good a voice and so much ability to convey the sentiment of her songs.

A GOOD CONTRALTO.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Amy Ellerman, a contralto who, to the best of several recollections, has not been heard here before, gave an unusually interesting recital. To begin with, her programme was unconventional, and began with some of its most interesting numbers. Schubert's "Dem Unendlichen," Liszt's "Die Drei Zigeuner," Wagner's "Traeume" and Van Eyken's "Schmied Schmerz" comprised the first group.

A second group contained only two numbers, "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied," both by Brahms and both calling for viola obligato. Her other songs included a vocal arrangements of Saint-Saens's "Dance Macabre," Augusta Holmes's "L'Heure Rose," Winter Watts's "Wood Song," and two by Francis Moore.

Miss Ellerman's voice is rich in quality and good throughout its range. It is a large voice, inclined to be intractable, but she handled it in general with considerable skill, displaying a variety in tone color quite unusual with contraltos. Her interpretations were marked by sincerity and emotional power. "Traeume"—much to her credit—was one of the best things she did. It had mood and tenderness. She just misses being a Lieber singer of the first order through an occasional failure to convey completely the import of the words she sings.

Her German and English were excellent, her French and Italian less so. Her diction, however, was remarkably distinct throughout. Hugo Kortschak played the viola obligatos in the Brahms numbers, and Francis Moore, at the piano, handled a programme of unwonted difficulty with skill and intelligence.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Cleveland Orchestra.

The Cleveland Orchestra came a long way to give a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. The journey was apparently to satisfy a yearning often felt by out-of-town orchestra conductors to display their men and their playing in New York rather than from any feeling that New York needs more orchestral concerts or from any design to exhibit compositions unknown here, or even an expectation of revealing any new beauties in orchestral technique.

The Cleveland Orchestra, now only in its fourth season, came to New York for a concert a year ago. Its conductor, who has directed it from its beginning, is Nikolai Sokoloff, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His program last evening, an ambitious one, was made up of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Brahms's second symphony, Respighi's symphonic poem, "The Fountains of Rome," and Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem."

It is not to be expected that a new orchestra, in its fourth year, should have arrived at the beauty and quality of tone, the finish and ensemble, the balance between the respective chairs that should be heard in a seasoned organization. The Cleveland Orchestra has made commendable progress and its playing is deserving of praise. In some respects, notably in technical finish, it does better than might be expected. The tonal quality leaves something to be desired, and so, especially, does the balance of tone. There were places in Brahms's symphony where the higher strings and wood winds seemed to be going on without any support in the bass.

There are some good players; the first horn is excellent, and the first flute as well. The two trumpets are somewhat disposed to magnify their office, but they would doubtless refer to Mr. Sokoloff on this matter; and they do it, at any rate, with punctuality and precision. The large proportion of good Anglo-Saxon names in the list of the players is striking; also the fact that there are three women among them, besides the inevitable harpist, though only two of them seemed to be in evidence last evening.

Mr. Sokoloff is a musician, clearly, of intelligence and authority. His conducting gave at times an impression of some lack of freedom and flexibility, but many things he did were musical. The "Coriolanus" overture was excellently outlined and delivered with ample power. But all that there is in Brahms's symphony was not brought out, and some of the tempos might have been disputed.

In Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" the obbligato piano part was played by Heinrich Gebhard, a specialist in this composition—has it ever been played without him?—the English horn by Albert Rey, the trumpets by Alois, John J. and Charles Henby.

The audience was not large, but displayed interest in the orchestra and its performance. Its doings are undoubtedly such as should encourage its backers and promoters to go on with their good work—in Cleveland.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

It would be an agreeable dispensation of affairs and one which would contribute greatly to the complacency of the cities which send orchestras here to give concerts, and of New York if these cities could also send audiences and reviewers provided with mutually acceptable standards of judgment. We do not believe that either Cleveland or Detroit, nor even Philadelphia or Boston, thinks that an obligation rests upon it to instruct the city which possesses such bands as the Philharmonic and Symphony orchestras in musical rightousness, or that it stands in need of artistic uplift. Neither do we believe that New York thinks that the comparisons which the visits would seem to challenge are in any way instructive. The metropolis is not vainglorious, whatever may be thought to the contrary by the communities situated in other latitudes and longitudes; neither does it like to give itself the appearance of being so by frowning upon its sister cities or adopting a patronizing attitude toward them. So it would be well if there were a conveniently variable standard of appreciation adopted which could be applied whenever visitors come with offerings of a kind of entertainment of which New York has more than a plenty.

Last season the Cleveland Orchestra gave a concert here in the Hippodrome.

It was kindly received, though every judicious person who heard it knew that conditions did not allow a fair judgment of its merits. Last night the band played here again, this time in Carnegie Hall, where the local bands and those which come to us regularly from Philadelphia and Boston give their concerts. It was listened to in a kind spirit, in which mere toleration had no part, but the audience could not be enthusiastic over it for obvious reasons. The program was dignified and interesting, though without novel features; but there came no enlightenment from the interpretation of the pieces and no special charm to woo the ear. It was impossible to find more than evidences of painstaking study, diligent striving and adherence to good ideals; and these evidences came chiefly from a commendable precision of attack. There was a lack of homogeneity in the different works of instruments, as well as in their combined effect; also a deficiency of sonority in the strings and euphony in the woodwind and brass contingents. The band sounded smaller than it looked; its tone was not sensuously pleasing or satisfactory in volume. The program consisted of Beethoven's overture to Collin's tragedy "Coriolan," Brahms's second symphony, Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," in which Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, of Boston, played the pianoforte part as he has done here before.

Jan 26 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Pelleas et Melisande," by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Melisande .....Mary Garden
Genevieve .....Mabel Goodman
Little Yniold.....Alfred Maguenat
Pelleas .....Hector Dufranne
Goland .....Edouard Cotreuil
Arkel .....Constantin Nicolay
The Doctor.....
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

"PELLEAS ET MELISANDE."

The unique quality of "Pelleas et Melisande" is its marvellous underemphasis. Where Wagner explains and anticipates and reiterates, Debussy intensifies. The music is behind the actor and the drama, never in front of them. It steals upon the listener, shy, tremulous—the heartbeats of the action set to music. And as a result the shadowy protagonists of Maeterlinck's play achieve a reality so keen that what was poetry becomes life itself. There are moments in "Pelleas"—the love scene in the garden, for one—whose terrible poignancy almost transcends endurance. It is Debussy, not Maeterlinck, who made them.

In those days of 1902 when Debussy was scoring the last bars of "Pelleas et Melisande" he must have known, for a little time at least, the rare, pure joy of an artist who has wrought a perfect thing. For "Pelleas" is perfect art. Whether it is universal art is beside the point. Perhaps "Aida" and "Carmen" and "Goetterdaemmerung" touch thousands who find Debussy's tenuous fabric too unsubstantial. There must always be a place for "Pelleas." For it is a masterpiece.

Last night's performance at the Manhattan was worthy of the work. It is doubtful whether an ensemble so perfect has been seen here in a long time. Mary Garden as Melisande has been described many times. She was beyond praise. Her performance was a marvellous portrait of the hunted, dreamy, tristful Melisande, "si timide et si silencieuse." One could not ask to have a look, a gesture, or an intonation other than it was. She was a figure of unearthly beauty in the part, and her voice sounded as lovely as she looked.

Alfred Maguenat likewise gave a performance that seemed impossible of improvement. In face and figure he was an ideal Pelleas and he acted and sang the role with moving grace, eloquence and beauty. Hector Dufranne was Golaud. His singing was a shade overstressed at moments—he was too emphatic at the beginning of the last act—but in the main he was admirable.

The others—Maria Claessens as Genevieve, Melba Goodman as Yniold and Edouard Cotreuil and Constantin Nicolay as Arkel and the doctor—were all adequate and better. Mr. Polacco's conducting was superlative, sensitive, impassioned, gorgeously colorful and always of a nervous strength that kept the delicate score from becoming effeminate. A memorable evening.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Pelleas et Melisande" and General Director Mary Garden emerged upon the stage of the Manhattan Opera House last evening. Debussy's opera was heard with profound attention by an audience which, as usual at the performances of this unique creation, seemed steeped in drowsy horrors and almost afraid to voice its approval of the cold and deadly misdoings on the stage.

"Pelleas et Melisande" continues to glide with ghostly step through the tropic valleys of lyric drama. It dwells and walks alone, far from the madding crowd of "Oracalos" and "Pagliaccis," "Fausts" and "Damnations of Fausts." Like the Napoleon of Prentice, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, it sits a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of its own originality." Blood and thunder and rampant passions go tumultuously careering through ten thousand pages of other scores, but here in this visionary land of Maeterlinck strange shades, all pallid and bloodless, wander in chill melancholy, loving in monotone, playing in intangible scales and drying in indeterminate harmonies.

It is a thin, chill, pitiful wail from beginning to end, yet its tragic spell is inescapable. Its icy tentacles fold themselves around every heart. It sends shivers to the marrow of the bones. It fills the night with dread and follows one home like the creeping shadow of pursuing doom. And the keynote of it is perfectly sounded in Miss Garden's pale *Melisande*, lamentable prey of fate (grim fate called *Goulaud*) and sitting like a woman of ice by the fountain while she murmurs in wan accents, "Je vous aime aussi."

Unlike some other world famous opera luminaries Miss Garden does not greatly change with the slow shifting of the north star. Her *Melisande* is the same yesterday and to-day and were she not mortal it might be the same forever. The marble face, the slow undulating walk, the subtle, low curves of the turning head, the distant, thin tone, the introspective style—all these remain with the matchless aureole of hair that drops from the window to strangle the sold of *Pelleas*.

Melisande is without doubt Miss Garden's greatest creation. In it her personality becomes submerged, and she produces a genuinely dramatic illusion. She is not required by this role to be a singer, and the curious manner of her restless portamento fits the dialogue perfectly.

She had an efficient *Pelleas* last evening in Alfred Maguenat. He was a picture for the eye, and his admirable acting, which always combines plasticity with repose in a persuasion mehtod of expression, was to the point in every scene. Mr. Maguenat does not belong to the line of mighty singers, but he is a theatrical artist to his finger tips.

Mr. Dufranne's *Gouland* is as excellent now as it was when the opera was produced here by Oscar Hammerstein. Mme. Claessens as *Genevieve;* Edouard Cotreuil as *Arkel* and Miss Melba Goodman as *Yniold*, were the other members of the competent cast. Mr. Polacco conducted with sympathy and understanding. The performance as a whole was of a very high order of excellence.

"CARMEN" AT METROPOLITAN.

Miss Farrar Repeats Brilliant Impersonation of Gypsy.

Bizet's "Carmen" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The auditorium was packed to the walls. Miss Farrar as the Spanish gypsy repeated her brilliant impersonation of the part. She was in excellent voice and sang her music delightfully. Mr. Martinelli was the *Don Jose* and Mr. De Luca the *Escamillo*. Miss Bori as the *Micaela* was charming. The other singers were the Misses Tiffany and Telva and Messrs. Meader, Martino, Laurenti and Leonhardt. The smoothe and spirited performance was led by Louis Hasselmans. There was much applause for the familiar airs and some unusual demonstration shown on the part of the audience at the close of the different acts. The singers heard in the second act all appeared at its close several times. Here Miss Farrar received many bouquets of flowers and finally Mr. Hasselmans was brought out twice by the singers.

Miss Harriet Van Emden, a lyric soprano, gave her second public recital in Aeolian Hall last night, singing a well chosen, unhackneyed list of Italian airs and German, French and English songs. Three of the songs were compositions by Werner Josten, who played Miss Van Emden's accompaniments. The young woman has a voice of rare beauty and her artistic graces though not fully ripe, are of fine promise. She possesses a refined sense of musical beauty which does not yet

make a convincing appeal because of a lack of spontaneity. It will some day.

Musical Heavens Stormed in Recital By Miss Du Carp

By H. E. Krehbiel

With utter reverence and only as a text for a short discourse on a happening at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, let us quote a passage of Scripture: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." That is from a report of a sermon written by Matthew. Luke records the utterance in different words: "The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the kingdom of God is preached and every man presseth into it." We do not wish to attempt Biblical exegesis, so we set down the text in terms of music: From the days of Franz Liszt until now the kingdom of music suffereth violence and the violent take it by force. Here, the application: Last season a young woman, whose pretty name—Marie Magdeleine du Carp—also has a Biblical sound, gave two recitals of pianoforte music in Aeolian Hall. The newspaper reviewers, we believe, were unanimous in praise of the finesse of her playing, the beauty of the tone which she evoked from the instrument, the poetical and musicianly quality of her readings. But they said she did not produce a large tone. Evidently she felt that she had not met the demands of latter-day pianoforte playing. So, we fancy, she went in during the months which have elapsed since then for physical culture and developed "thews of adamant and pulses of a Titan's heart" that she might produce thunderous sounds from the instrument of rigid steel into which rivalry between virtuosi and manufacturers has transformed the pianoforte for which Beethoven and his beloved disciples, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin, composed some of the most beautiful music in the world.

Exhibits Acquired Puissance

Now it became necessary to exhibit her acquired puissance. So with the help of much money her manager hired a big hall (Carnegie), a big orchestra (the Philharmonic, with its conductor, Mr. Stransky), prepared a big program (Beethoven's "Emperor" and Schumann's concertos and a brand-new "Poëme Symphonique" by Gabriel Pierné) and gave the concert which a multitude of people, many of them musical, listened to yesterday. It was veritably a storming of the musical heavens. But when it was all over the residuum of pleasurable emotion left in the minds of her judicious hearers was that caused by her exhibition of the lovely artistic qualities which she had disclosed in her recitals last season. The rest was amazement at her daring in attempting a prodigious feat and admiration for the splendid technical equipment which she brought to its execution. Her performance of all the music was practically fleckless on its mechanical side; but it was in the serene loveliness of the slow movements of the concertos, not in the brilliancy of their finales, that she showed her knowledge of the works, her sympathy for their emotional contents and her capacity for expression. She placed herself unmistakably in the ranks of the virtuosi, but did not quite convince us that she is a musical poet of the first order. She might, perhaps, have done so had she sought to charm rather than to bewilder us.

New French Composition

The new composition seemed to us one of the best things that have come to us from France since the war—perhaps the very best. It is in one movement, but in it may be recognized the essential elements of the concerto-form, though it was markedly different from the works which preceded it. In one of his erratic periods Beethoven took it into his head that German words instead of Italian ought to be employed as musical terms. So he called the pianoforte a "Hammer-Klavier" and suggested that "Streitstück" be substituted for "concerto." A "Streit" is a quarrel or dispute, and what Beethoven meant to imply by the designation was that a concerto was not exactly a quarrel or dispute between a solo instrument and an orchestra, but a harmonious rivalry in the proclamation of musical thoughts between them. That is what the "Emperor" concerto is; more distinctly that is what the slow movement in the G major concerto is—the movement for which Schumann provided a lovely companion in his Intermezzo played yesterday. The two performing agents vie with each other in the exchange of beautiful thoughts and comments. Mr. Pierné assigned a different role to his solo instrument. It is the expounder of the musical idea underlying the work and remains dominant even when all the full powers of the modern orchestra are released. The work was designed as a glorification of the dead who died for France, and for its program he went to a portion of one of Victor Hugo's "Chants du Crepuscule" in which the poet summons the multitude to pray for the honored dead, whose renown is greater than all other earthly glories. The pianoforte intones a solemn canticle, a song of strong, vital, exalted beauty; and when this is taken up by the orchestra the pianoforte adorns it with vigorous chords, like the tramp of victorious hosts. A middle section is enriched with more scintillant embellishments, and finally there is a crashing mêlée, a fugato, in which the solo instrument holds its own against the fortissimo of the orchestral army:

"Gloire à notre France éternelle!
Gloire à eux qui sont morts pour elle!"

It is a splendid hymn of triumph, and it was splendidly sung.

Jan 27 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.—"The Girl of the Golden West." (In Italian.) By members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Minnie ..... Rosa Raisa
Dick Johnson (Ramerez, the Road Agent), Ulysses Lappas (Debut)
Jack Rance, Gambler and Sheriff, Giacomo Rimini
Nick, the Bartender at the Polka, Lodovico Oliviero
Ashby, Wells-Fargo Agent ..... Virgilio Lazzari
Sonora ..... Hector Dufranne
Trin ..... Jose Mojica
Sid ..... Harry Cantor
Bello ..... Sallustio Civai
Harry ..... Octave Dua
Joe ..... Antonio Rocca
Happy ..... James Wolf
Larkens ..... Vittorio Trevisan
Billy, an Indian ..... Edouard Cotreuil
Wowkle, his squaw ..... Irene Pavloska
Jake Wallace, a minstrel ..... Paul Payan
Joe Castro, with Ramerez's Gang, Constantin Nicolay
The Pony Express Rider ..... Louis Derman

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" was given at the Manhattan Opera House last evening by the Chicago Opera Company. This work had the peculiar distinction of receiving its first performance on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 10, 1910. Its repute was intertwined with that of Miss Emmy Destinn, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Amato. The glory of the singers endured longer than that of the opera, which was found to be singularly lacking in the qualities essential to the true Puccini flavor. In the season of 1913-14 it slowly faded from the public gaze.

Whether its resurrection by the enterprising Chicago organization will give it a permanent place on the American stage is not to be determined at this moment. The public response to Miss Garden's invitation to hear it was not tumultuous. The audience was of fair size, but it was attentive rather than demonstrative. Perhaps a better performance would have evoked warmer plaudits. That of last evening was distinguished chiefly by honorable effort.

Miss Rosa Raisa was an attractive *Minnie* to see and she sang some parts of the music very well, but in many passages there were signs of the results of hard usage of a voice naturally of extraordinary beauty and power. Ulysses Lappas, a Greek tenor, was the remarkable representative of the gentleman of the road, *Mr. Johnson* of Sacramento. Mr. Lappas looked somewhat like a Guacho, but not much like a cowboy or a miner of the days when the Wells Fargo Express was periodically held up. Mr. Lappas sang vigorously and exhibited a few high notes of large volume. But his voice was for the most part dry and not warmly expressive.

Mr. Rimini was the *Jack Rance*. He wore the wrong kind of hat and coat for a Sicilian bandit, but otherwise he looked not unlike one. He walked about quite as solemnly as Puccini's Western Sheriff is supposed to walk and his gaze was full of unutterable things. This was fortunate, for his singing was so gloomy that no auditor could have wondered that the emotional *Minnie* preferred even the lyric wooing of the Greek tenor. Mr. Dufranne as *Sonora* was wandering in strange regions, but Edouard Cotreuil as *Billy Jackrabbit*, the Indian, was still further at sea.

The miners were astonishing persons. What a pity they had not had Mr. Belasco, who sat in an orchestra chair, to tell them to put their hands in their pockets when they felt like gesticulating! Mr. Polacco conducted with generally good judgment. But it remains an open question whether it was a brilliant idea to make an opera out of the forty-niners, the road agents, the pony rider and straight whisky.

The exciting development of the ingenious melodrama held last evening the attention of the audience. The music itself had little to say and had little part in the interest, the suspense and the significance of the drama. Indeed, those who remember Belasco's play—perhaps it is too long ago for memory of it to be general—cannot help feeling that Puccini's music adds nothing to it, gives no enhancement of its effect, but is rather a hindrance. A few lyric passages are extended and enlarged by the musical setting of them, dull as the music for the most part is, but the critical moments of the drama, moments of intense suspense, are clogged and delayed by it. Puccini's music is emphatic, insistent, noisy, but seldom of an intensive expression, and still more seldom of specific beauty or charm.

Mme. Raisa's impersonation of Minnie, the heroine, was full of life, passion and strenuous intensity; an impersonation that had value on the dramatic side. She put the same amount of strained and strenuous intensity into her singing, which was very loud but not of fine quality.

Ulysses Lappa, as Dick Johnson, the highwayman, made his first appearance in New York. He showed a ready command of a melodramatic and expeditious style of acting, virile and picturesque in its way. His personality is sympathetic. The music of the opera is not such as to show the finer qualities of anybody's vocal art. Mr. Lappas's voice is powerful and apparently somewhat strident in quality, without much warmth or variety of expression so far as was made known last evening, when he chose to use it almost incessantly at its full power, especially in the high tones. It seemed that he had little command of mezza voce or of the finer graces of the art. Another kind of music may show him in a better light.

Mr. Rimini made a lowering and forbidding sheriff with extremely moderate vocal powers. Hector Dufranne distinguished the minor part of Sonora; and the other members of the community were represented with spirit and what, in this kind of performance, passes for picturesqueness. Mr. Polacco's conducting was of the most positive sort, but it kept the drama in movement. The settings were unusually characteristic of what they were meant to represent.

New Concerto By Prokofieff

By H. E. Krehbiel

Last summer down in Hancock County, Maine, a native woman was overheard complaining about the treatment which she had received at the hands of her sister. She ended by saying: "We ain't no more alike than zif we wasn't us. She's just as different as I be t'other way!" The remark came back to mind yesterday while listening to the pianoforte concerto composed and played by Mr. Serge Prokofieff at a concert of the Symphony Society and seemed to us an apt characterization of the music as compared with all other concertos, ancient or modern.

It was different and its composer obviously and emphatically intended that it should be so. We cordially join him in the hope that it will remain peculiar if not grand and gloomy like Napoleon sitting on his throne "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

The only element of similarity which we could discover in it was that existing in the relationship between its three movements. Though one of them was a set of variations on a theme which had an Oriental cast of countenance when it first presented itself, they all came out of the same mold. They were not formless, for they all had symmetry, and even logicalness of structure, but they were a rattle and crash and bang of chords whose chief object seemed to be to avoid every succession or combination of tones in which the ingenuous, unsophisticated musical ear might recognize obvious beauty. It might serve to describe its effect on this reporter to say that while it seemed to be correct enough in its syntax, its grammar was like that which Mark Twain ascribed to cats—cats could swear, but it was bad grammar which made their talk sound habitually profane.

Mr. Prokofieff's skill as a pianist has repeatedly been exhibited and won the praise which, in some respects, it deserves. The music yesterday permitted him to exhibit only his technical mastery of the instrument, especially his crisp and incisive rhythmical touch. The concerto was in the key of C major and the third work of the kind which has come from his pen. Sketched in 1918, said the program notes, it was finished in October, 1921, and played for the first time by the composer in Chicago on December 16 of last year.

Besides it Mr. Coates gave his audience a suite made up of excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "Le Coq d'Or," by A. Glazounoff and M. Steinberg, and, for the sake of contrast (or was it in expiation?) Brahm's symphony in C minor. The offense against Rimsky-Korsakoff's memory in detaching the music of the suite from the dramatic scenes, which it was composed to illustrate, was almost as great as that of the inartistic folk who turned "Le Coq d'Or" into an "opera pantomime."

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

Russia again came to the fore in Mr. Coates's program for the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon. The old régime was represented by a suite taken from Rimsky Korsakoff's opera of "Le Coq d'Or"; the new by Mr. Serge Prokofieff's third piano concerto, an information and belief said to be in C major, Op. 26, in which the solo part was played by the composer. At the end came Brahm's first symphony.

The suite consists of four movements composed of varying excerpts from the opera arranged, as the program note announced, "in accordance with the composer's intentions," by Glazunoff and Steinberg. It is the result of a pretty thorough exploration of the contents of the opera, which is so familiar now to the New York musical public. No doubt, if Messrs. Glazunoff and Steinberg say so, it was the composer's intention to have a suite arranged from his opera; yet it seemed that the music lost something of its point and significance, more than is the case with some other operas, in being thus divorced from its dramatic context. It is, however, fascinating heard even in this way, and as a reminder of the quaint and fantastic scenes that belong upon the stage. It gave rise, indeed, to the hope that the opera, which has been in the active repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House for the last four seasons, has not yet been shelved; its title has not so far appeared upon the season's bills.

Mr. Prokofieff's concerto is new; it was finished last October, after an interruption occasioned by the composer's visit to this country, and was first played at a concert of the Chicago Orchestra last month. It is in three movements, the second consisting of five variations on a theme. Though it no doubt represents Mr. Prokofieff's most advanced state of mind as a "modernist," it is by no means unintelligible as music. It is not so swamped in a morass of discard that its outlines are not perceptible, especially in the first movement.

But it seems singularly hard and dry as music, bringing little to nourish the intellect or war mthe soul. It is written with a certain sort of brilliancy for the piano, with an avalanche of crescendo at the end; and in this movement, as in the others, the pianist is kept incessantly at work. The theme of the variations is a tuneful enough tune, dight with acid dissonances, in which the orchestra does not apparently always play in the same key as the piano. In these variations the composer seems to have given his ingenuity and his calculating facility more play than his imagination or fancy, or even his musical inventiveness. In the third he progresses farther into the region of discord; and here the material seems to be more desultory, more disconnected, than in the previous movements. The solo player is even more busily employed than in them, and in a manner that ought to sound brilliant, but does not, even in the whirling close.

It is difficult to love Mr. Prokofieff's concerto on a first meeting. It is not even easy, as a whole, to endorse it. Whether the stages of pity and of embracing would follow in the appointed course if opportunity were given does not seem certain. But it does seem almost certain that the opportunity will not be given. It is difficult to imagine him being asked often to play it, or any other pianist than Mr. Prokofieff playing it. His performance of it yesterday was powerful, clearly articulated, rhythmical, fleet; almost everything, in fact, but musically beguiling.

CHALIAPIN MAKES SPEECH.

Addresses Opera Audience, Thanking America for Aiding Russia.

The final appearance of the famous Russian bass, Feodor Chaliapin, took place in a special matinee performance of "Boris Godunov" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The house was crowded to the walls and there was great enthusiasm throughout the opera. When the curtain had descended on the last scene there were repeated calls for the star, who finally addressed the audience first in Russian and afterward in French.

He spoke briefly, saying that he wished to thank the great American people for their nobility of heart and generosity of spirit in their attitude toward his starving countrymen. He was eager to make this acknowledgment not only for himself but for his fellow Russians at home, who were profoundly grateful.

The performance was a repetition of the impressive impersonation of an unhappy usurper already made familiar to this public. Mr. Chaliapin was in good voice and acted and sang with his customary power. His associates, who had all assisted him before, rendered competent aid.

In the evening "Die Walkuere" was repeated. Mme. Matzenauer was again an imposing *Bruennhilde* and Mme. Jeritza an impassioned *Sieglinde*. Mr. Sembach as *Siegmund* and Mr. Whitehill as *Wotan* were again worthy of commendation, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted with authority. The audience was large and there was much applause.

SCHNABEL IN RECITAL.

Pianist Heard in His Third Offering at Town Hall.

Artur Schnabel, pianist, was heard in his third recital of the present season yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, where he again demonstrated his ability to hold the interested attention of his audience. Mr. Schnabel chose for his program Weber's "Sonata, A flat major," "Four Impromptus, Op. 90," by Schubert, and Chopin's "B minor Sonata." These tunefully beautiful numbers gave him ample opportunity to disclose a fine singing tone and exquisite phrasing. That his taste in music is poetic and fanciful was shown to delightful advantage in the Schubert "Impromptus," although his audience found much to enjoy in the Chopin and Weber sonatas.

SYMPHONY SOCIETY CONCERT.

The hero of the Symphony Society's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was a respectable old gentleman named Brahms, who contributed the last number on the program, a symphony in C minor. This composition has been heard on many occasions in this town and Albert Coates, who is directing the concerts while Walter Damrosch tries to gratify a long crushed "wanderlust," made his conception of it known on January 2 of last year. A strong and brave conception it was, too. But at this moment other matters demand consideration.

The soloist of the concert was Sergei Prokofieff, the young Russian bear of the piano, who introduced to New York his own third concerto for piano and orchestra. It was first performed in this country in Chicago on December 16. This is a formidable composition, from which the typical pianist of this day will retire in fear and trembling. Perhaps Leo Orinstein may be persuaded to play it, or mayhap Alfredo Casella will take it to Italy and frighten Malipiero and Pizzetti with it.

Words fail in the presence of this work. There are three movements, of which the second is a theme and variations. And such variations! Mr. Prokofieff poured into them all those amazing tricks of double octaves and rapid chord successions which he plays so easily, and sometimes in the midst of all the tonal bewilderments one suspects that he was on the verge of music. But he always escaped.

Complications set in early in the first movement and rapidly grew worse as the concerto proceeded, till in the last things were in extremis and the audience applauded desperately, probably because it felt that something was due the man's magnificent daring. No doubt the world will love such music some day, but at present it has not caught up with it. Mr. Prokofieff played his concerto mercifully. He has been heard to play much more loudly. The opening number was Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or" suite, very simple music indeed compared to that of the younger Russian.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Josef Stransky, giving a Beethoven-Wagner program, led the Philharmonic Orchestra for the last time this season in a Thursday evening concert by the society at Carnegie Hall last night. The compositions, all for orchestra, were Beethoven's gay and rhythmic symphony No. 7, and by Wagner the "Prelude" and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," the "Prelude" to "Lohengrin," and, arranged by Mr. Stransky, "The Wanderer's Ride," "Siegfried's Passage Through the Fire," and "Dawn and the Rhine Journey," from "Siegfried" and "The Dusk of the Gods."

Mr. Stransky's reading of the Beethoven symphony gave evident delight to his many hearers. It had much freshness of spirit, tonal richness and nuance. This afternoon in the same hall the program of last night will be repeated with Mr. Stransky wielding the baton for the last time this season in the orchestra's series of Friday concerts.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, assisted by the students of her School of the Theatre, with Mildred Dilling, harpist, and Edmond Rickell, pianist, presented a program, composed for the most part of French songs and numbers, in the Town Hall last evening.

Mme. Guilbert's art is fully as delightful as in the days when she visited this country on a concert tour with Albert Chevalier. Her speaking voice is at all times musical and lovely and since she has never claimed to be a real singer, one does not look for vocal flights in her songs which she chants rather than sings.

During the evening Mme. Guilbert personally presented "Deux Chansons du Moyen Age," "Farces Villabeoises de Normandie," "La Plainte de Notre Dame" and also sang with her assisting players. Miss Dilling played three old French songs arranged for harp and Mr. Rickell accompanied.

John Meldrum, a blind pianist, who made several successful appearances on local platforms last year, came back yesterday evening to Aeolian Hall in a recital wherein he again proved that his unfortunate affliction hampers him not at all in his work. Mr. Meldrum disclosed in his playing a touch of great delicacy, that he was able to control to the most exacting of his wishes.

His program, too, was of special interest, including, as it did, pieces of either romantic or picturesque description. On it were found Schumann's "Des Abends," a nocturne, etude and ballade of Chopin, two new pieces by Deems Taylor and Emerson Whithorne and three of Rachmaninoff's preludes.

Miss Alys Lorraine to Wed.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The marriage of Miss Alys Lorraine, the American prima donna, and Richard Northcott will take place on Thursday in London at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Yvette Guilbert Gives Recital.

Yvette Guilbert, who will sail Feb. 16 for Europe, gave a recital of her illuminative sort at the Town Hall last night. Assisted by Edmond Rickett, Mildred Dilling and others, the artist was heard in French religious pieces, folksongs and poems from the Middle Ages to the present day. Some novelties by her young women were an American negro song, "Hammering," and a "Plaint of the Wives of the Iceland Fishermen."

A musicale given in the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Gallery yesterday afternoon featured Beatrice F. Weller, a young harpist of much skill. Miss Weller exhibited a technique and general understanding of the instrument far in advance of her years, playing with fine effect several numbers of more than ordinary interest. Among these were "Clouds and Sunshine," by Charles Oberthur; "Chanssou son Paroles," by Debussy; "The Minstrel's Lament," by Thomas, and as an encore Chopin's "Prelude."

Robert Murray, a boy soprano, sang several arias of the coloratura type and Cadman's "At Dawning."

To complete the youthfulness of the artists, a young pianist, Cosmo McMoon, played two Liszt rhapsodies and the same composer's "Liebestraum."

ROSE GIVES PROGRAM.

Russian Violinist in Interesting Recital at the Town Hall.

Maximilian Rose, a Russian violinist, whose name is well established as a concert artist, gave an interesting recital in the Town Hall last evening, presenting several numbers by Bach, a group comprising Mazart-Wilhelmji, Wieniawski-Kreisler, and Moussorgsky-Rose compositions, and the Bruch Concerto in G minor. Mr. Rose has a broad, resonant tone and fine command of technique. The recital was well attended.

Jan 28 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Madama Butterfly" was sung last evening at the Manhattan Opera House. The familiar opera was heard by an audience of fair size which apparently enjoyed it as if it were quite new. A work of art ought always to wear an aspect of novelty and a good musical composition renews its youth with every repetition.

"Madama Butterfly" needs no critical discussion at this time. It has all the merits and most of the defects of Puccini, and it has one salient excellence, to wit, that it glows with color and passionate melody.

It is essentially a vocal opera, and that, too, despite the fact that the orchestration is voluptuous in its sensuous coloring and its changeful instrumental combinations. A comprehensive view of last evening's performance disclosed one shortcoming that stood out above all others.

The orchestra too often overbalanced the voices. Mr. Polacco had conducted some other operas with such an excellent balance between stage and orchestra that his failure to get the correct proportions last evening was especially noticeable.

The principals concerned in the singing of Puccini's music were Miss Edith Mason as *Cio-Cio-San*, Edward Johnson as *Pinkerton*, Giacomo Rimini as *Sharpless* and Miss Irene Pavloska as *Suzuki*. Let Mr. Rimini be dismissed first and with appropriate brevity. The consul may have been filled with the milk of human kindness, but his utterances were exceedingly acidulous. Miss Mason, on the other hand, showed a distinct gain in mellowness of tone. Her voice was perhaps a little too full and sonorous for the "quindici anni" of the Japanese girl, but this is a common superfluity. She sang her music generally well. Her acting was less important. It had little distinction and at times seemed to lack point.

Mr. Johnson was a thoroughly good looking *Pinkerton* with a military bearing and a manner quite suggestive of the passion of the young naval officer. He sang his music quite well, and with Miss Mason called forth prolonged applause after the popular duet of the first act. Miss Pavloska was an acceptable *Suzuki*. Octave Dua looked a prosperous and well fed marriage broker as *Goro*.

MISS COTTLOW'S RECITAL.

Miss Augusta Cottlow gave her annual piano recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. The principal number in her program was MacDowell's "Tragica" sonata. She also played Bach's C major toccata transcribed by Busoni, a group of pieces by Chopin and, among other selections, four "Studies"—based on American Indian melodies—from Busoni's "Sketch Book." Long known here as a pianist of excellent purpose and fine achievement, her performance last night again strongly emphasized these artistic claims. Her program was very warmly received by a friendly audience.

"DOI D'YS" AT METROPOLITAN.

Lalo's New Opera Repeated With Alda as Prima Donna.

Lalo's opera, "Roi d'Ys," with all its lyric beauty of scene, song and action, was given for the third time at the Metropolitan Opera Hous elast evening. The performance, of smooth and traditional standards, was led for the first time here by Louis Hasselsmans, who recently took over the French baton of the house from the hands of Albert Wolff, returning to his post in Paris.

The cast again had Mme. Alda as *Rozenn*, Miss Ponselle as *Margared*, Mr. Gigli as *Mylio*, Mr. Danise as *Karnac* and Mr. Rothier, Mr. Auanian and Pieco, respectively, as *The King, Saint Corentino* and *Jahel*.

The roles of the different singers were effectively taken and the chorus and ballet added their allotted shares to an altogether pleasing ensemble. The large audience received the production with much enthusiasm.

Jan 29 1922

By Richard Aldrich

"The Barber" at the Manhattan.

The delight of hearing things in the Manhattan Opera House never seemed greater than it did yesterday afternoon, when the Chicago Opera Company gave Rossini's opera "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," in a lively and in certain respects even brilliant performance.

It is the right place for this opera. All the details of the comedy are focused and brought within seeing distance. The byplay, the facial expression, all the comic touches in the action, are given their full value; they are not lost, they do not have to be broadly generalized, and none of their points is sacrificed.

And for such singing as is required in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" there is the same kind of focus. It is brought within hearing distance; and there is no need of exertion on the part of the singers, no temptation to force; and delicate brilliancy, if it should happen that any is offered, is allowed to stand for what it is worth.

It was fortunate for Miss Maria Ivogun, who made her first appearance here yesterday afternoon as Rosina, that she had surroundings so well adapted to her gifts and her styles as are afforded by the Manhattan Opera House. Her voice is a small one; in "Another Place" it would perhaps seem too small. Yesterday it sounded exquisite, and needed no more size or power to accomplish its function in the opera. It is a voice of sweet and charming quality, delicate and fragile. Miss Ivogun's singing is finely finished, excellent in style and delivery. Her coloratura has the truly spontaneous quality that is essential to the charm of such singing; it has also delicacy and precision. Her singing of "Una Voce poco Fa," floridly decorated, was highly commendable.

Miss Ivogun made in every way a charming Rosina. She is young, pretty, lively and arch; captivating in her gesture and facial expression, adept in the resources of comic action. It was an impersonation of real grace and vivacity. Miss Ivogun is a Hungarian who has sung coloratura rôles in many German opera houses and come out of it unscathed—more fortunately, in fact, than some other singers who have reached New York after experience in German lyric theatres. For such parts as Rosina and in such a place as the Manhattan Opera she is a valuable acquisition for the Chicago company.

The Figaro was Vincente Ballester, who was not new to New York, for he had sung here with the San Carlo Opera Company, but no doubt he was a new appearance to a large proportion of yesterday's audience. He is an accomplished representative of the part of Figaro; admirable in voice, voluble and characteristic in his delivery of the music, and in his action showing the agility, the lightness of touch, the verve, the humor and the comic unction of the true Figaro.

Tito Schipa acquitted himself well as Almaviva. He sang with a commendable approach to the difficult style of the music, with considerable facility in the florid passages, and presented the character with abundant vitality. Mr. Trvison had an amusing style as Dr. Bartolo; and Mr. Lazzari, peculiarly grotesque as Don Basilio, introduced a few original variations on the antiquely crusted comic "business" of that part. Angelo Ferrari conducted with knowledge but not with all the finesse desirable.

The audience was not large, but it could scarcely restrain its enthusiasm and its eagerness to applaud, even in many places where restraint would have been desirable.

Mary Garden, Muratore, Bakianoff and a largely familiar cast revived "Carmen" at the Manhattan last evening, under Mr. Polacco's direction. As at all the Chicago company's performances of the past week, there was a début, in this instance that of Mary McCormic, a young girl, who was cordially welcomed as Micaela.

Miss McCormic, described as "a daughter of the Southwest," had entered unheralded into the early Chicago season as a result of Miss Garden's quest of American voices. There, as here, her début was in the rôle of the gentle Spanish maiden. She also sang Musetta in "Boheme," as she will here this week, with more opportunity for critical consideration.

Ruffo Gets Ovation in "Ernani."

Titta Ruffo received an ovation at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon on his appearance as Don Carlos in "Ernani," twice sung without him during the earlier weeks of the season. With the baritone appeared also Miss Ponselle, Messrs. Martinelli and Mardones, and Mr. Papi conducted.

Mme. Jeritza again sang to a house sold out in blizzard weather last night, when the first of Mr. Gatti's novelties, Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," reached its sixth performance and a first time at popular prices. Mr. Harrold and others sang and Mr. Bodanzky conducted the work, which gained so unexpected favor through affording the debut of the now popular woman star.

Spanish Tenor Decorated by King.

MADRID, Jan. 28.—King Alfonso today decorated Hipolito Lazaro, the Spanish tenor, with the Grand Cross of Alonso XII.

FOR CELLIST CASALS

The storm which struck New York on yesterday afternoon interfered with musical appreciation at Aeolian Hall for at least ten minutes after the famous Spanish cellist, Pablo Casals, had commenced his recital.

A listener who had walked a few blocks in the cold wind with snow blowing in his face and his pulse pumping vigorously, arrived at the hall with his senses in a boisterous stir and found it a weak offering, at first, when the piano commenced to discourse thin, bright notes which followed each other slowly and the cello tones then entered softly, as if with a meek voice.

It was Hure's Sonata in F sharp. And it was only when attention was directed upon it by a deliberate act that it was found to be delicately executed, with exquisite qualities of tone and suave rhythms—music which evoked fantastic, naive images like Dusany's "far-off, lonely things."

In the Hure Sonata and in Bach's Suite in G, which followed, Mr. Casals's interpretations might give great pleasure to delicate natures that live in seclusion where fancy may play in fine, idealized patterns. However, for those who are involved in the vigors of an active existence, with their feelings exposed to external forces which they cannot control, acquainted with surprise, agony, triumph, such an interpretation of this Bach Suite as Kreisler gave when he played it two weeks ago would be more to their taste—it was more humanly felt and more vividly proclaimed.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Two singers hitherto unknown, except, perhaps, by name, to the New York public were introduced at performances by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday. They were Maria Ivogun in Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," in the afternoon, and Miss Mary McCormic, in the secondary part of Micaëla in "Carmen" in the evening. The former is an artist of experience, having been a member of the opera company at Munich, her native city, ever since the beginning of her career, not many years ago but long enough to have enabled her to win an enviable reputation in Germany, especially in the operas of Mozart. Munich is the Eleusis of the Mozartian cult, so that a reputation as a priestess in his mysteries means something; or ought to. The circumstance that she sang but once in the home of the company of which she is a member might also be supposed to possess significance. So did her singing yesterday. It would be interesting to try to throw light upon the triple complex, but that is unnecessary; we have sufficient concern in dealing with her performance yesterday.

Mme. Ivogun is a richly endowed singer of the type whose great exemplars belong to the past, and whose standards must be modified in listening to the representatives of the present. She has a voice of ingratiating timbre, within a range more restricted than that of several singers now before the public who are deficient in the elements of charm which are indubitably hers. Her instincts are musical. She knows the meaning of phrase and its value. She has flexibility if not great volubility of utterance. She commands a serviceable if not brilliant staccato. We cannot unqualifiedly praise her trill, but it will pass muster in these days, when analyses like that in which we are indulging are seldom called for; and we had to deplore some lapses from

the pitch, which is a more serious matter. Time was when singers were estimated almost entirely in terms of this sort—the kind of voice, the extent of its range, its equableness, the technical finish of the trill, the justness of intonation. The capacity to body forth a dramatic character was of minor consideration. We have heard that down to the days when Italian opera was already established as a favorite entertainment in New York the great Grisi caused excited comment by disclosing emotional agitation as Norma and other tragic folk. Dramatic singers, at least, have different fads nowadays.

Her Companions Boisterous

Mme. Ivogun's dramatic instincts are not eminent. She was not a particularly graceful (for that she indulges in too long a stride), or arch, or piquant Rosina. If she had been she would have been a little out of the dramatic picture created by her companions in the cast, all of whom were in an extremely farcical mood and bent on creating as much rude jollity as the opera allowed, even at some sacrifice of the music. Perhaps she is not familiar with some of the ruder sort of Italian traditions, and had her mind more on the music than on comic fooleries. Mr. Lazzari's mental workings were different. He thought snuff, a big colored handkerchief, spectacles and a great deal of clownishness necessary to publish the humor of Don Basilio, but fell far short of giving the delicious spirit of Rossini's music to the air "La Calunnia."

Mr. Schipa sang better, though in a style rather heavy for the music of Count Almaviva, and also acted better. We liked one of his variations from the stereotyped performances very much; he sang the cavatina under Rosina's window to the accompaniment of a guitar. This was a return to a device which, though excellent in purpose, helped to wreck the first performance which the opera had something more than a century ago. Garcia, the original impersonator of Almaviva, persuaded Rossini to let him sing a Spanish song with a guitar as a serenade to Rosina. When about to begin he discovered that the instrument was out of tune. In setting the pegs to mend that difficulty a string broke, and this touched the risibles of the audience, that received the song with laughter and mock imitations of Spanish fioriturі. When Figaro reappeared on the scene also with a guitar the popular ridicule became a boisterous din. For the next representation Rossini introduced the cavatina "Esso ridento in cielo," the melody of which he borrowed from his earlier opera, "Aureliana."

For fun's sake Mr. Trevisan frequently dropped into the speaking voice not only in the recitative but also in the ensembles, adding to the hilarious enjoyment of those in the audience who understood Italian. Signor Ferrari conducted the orchestra. Perhaps it should be added to complete the record of an enjoyable afternoon that Mme. Ivogun sang a vocal arrangement of Johann Strauss's waltz, "Stories From the Viennese Forest" and Dell' Acqua's "Vilanella" in the lesson scene, and that Mr. Ballester, recognizing that there was no need to make Seville's factotum also the town's buffoon, acted and sang well and within the boundaries of legitimate comic opera.

Miss McCormic Does Well

Miss McCormic, who effected her entrance on the New York stage in the evening's representation of "Carmen," is a novice in whom there seems to lie a large promise of future excellence. The performance, which implicated the three artists who have occasioned much waste of newspaper space during the last fortnight—Miss Garden, Mr. Muratore and Mr. Polacco—contained little interest or entertainment except to persons endowed with the to us inexplicable admiration for the Garden variety of song and stage conduct. Miss McCormic has a voice of fine quality, pure, vibrant, and her style, if not developed, is not spoiled. Maidenly reserve and gentleness of utterance and demeanor, which belong to the character, were not pronounced in her impersonation, but her personality as well as her singing made a pleasing impression. Mr. Baklanoff played the part of the toreador.

Jan 30 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Under the baton of Albert Coates the peace of the usual Sunday afternoon ceremonies of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall was considerably disturbed yesterday by the introduction of a composition entitled "Four Conceits," by Eugene Goossens. This British musician of Belgian ancestry is not unknown to local music lovers. We have heard several of his compositions, always with interest, sometimes with astonishment, never with enuni. Nor could any one have been bored by the "Four Conceits" delivered yesterday. If they had possessed a full measure of orchestral spices, they were at least in brevity the very soul of wit.

There was a suggestion in every on of the four titles. "The Gargoyle" reminded us that another Briton, Mi

Ethel Leginska, had found inspiration in a similar theme, and "Dance Memories" recalled Rubinstein and his "Bal Costume." Percy Grainger wrote a "Walking Tune," too, and as for "The Marionette Show" Gounod marched one puppet to the cemetery and Stravinsky made a surpassingly fine ghost of another.

Mr. Goossens cares nought for the Gilbertian advice to "be early English ere it is too late." He prefers to shoot his soul into the future far as human eye can see. He even experiments with methods of writing for orchestra. The program notes informed us that in the "Dance Memories" while the other parts were written in the key of A those of the bassoons, violas, cellos, basses, harp and tympani were in E flat. This cruel divorcement of the violins from the rest of the strings may have presented an extraordinary appearance on the printed page, but to the ear the family quarrel offered no evidence of more violent discord than that to be heard in music of the hereafter written without any key signatures at all.

As for tympani in E flat, these indeed are exotic plants in the instrumental garden. To write for a double bass in E flat when the violins play in A may mean nothing except more trouble for the readers of one or the other; but if they all do play in A and the tympani keep honestly to their two or three tones in E flat, the hearer may taste of those splendid disonances which smite the palate of the ear as aloes smite the tongue. And all the world knows that we are tired of sugary music stealing along the auditory nerves like molasses from a faucet. At any rate Mr. Goossens's "Concelts" were mighty pungent and filled with orchestral whimsies which justified the title, so that when he fell with a cold, hard thud at the end to the shopworn device of parodying the wry-necked sqeak of a piccolo with the coarse snort of a tuba, some hearers must have felt a shock run down their spines and whispered to themselves, "so Ariel consorts with Caliban at last."

The other numbers on the program were a concerto of Vivaldi for strings and wood wind arranged by Alexander Siloti, Saint-Saens's cello concerto, with Lucien Schmit, first cellist of the orchestra, as the solo player, and Tschaikowsky's symphonic fantasia "Francesca di Rimini." Mr. Siloti's version of the Vivaldi work proved to be very discreetly made, and it was performed with much beauty of tone and delicacy of finish. Mr. Schmit, who has been a soloist with the orchestra before yesterday, again proved himself to be an excellent cellist, well fitted to occupy the important post which he holds in the Symphony Orchestra.

FAREWELL STRANSKY CONCERT

Stirring Demonstration in Honor of Philharmonic Conductor.

A stirring demonstration containing the genuine ring of admiration, esteem and affection was shown to Josef Stransky in the Philharmonic's concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, when he led the orchestra for the last time before handing over his baton for the remainder of the season to the society's associate conductors, Willem Mengelberg and Artur Bodanzky. When he appeared upon the platform before the concert began the orchestra arose, and applause of the warmest kind, long continued, was given to him by the large audience.

Beethoven's "Eroica" was the first number in the program. Mr. Stransky gave the score an admirable reading, and at the close, with the audience on its feet, the applause was continued and something like a dozen laurel wreaths were presented to Mr. Stransky. Scipione Guidi handed him one of huge dimensions which bore the inscription, "To our distinguished conductor, Josef Stransky." Another wreath was from the executive committee of the Philharmonic Society and one each "From Germanic Schwitzer" and the "New York Musicians Club."

In the last half of the list the orchestra gave brilliant and finished performances of Tschaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia and overture "1812," and between these two came the master's "Andante Cantabile" for strings. At the close of the concert there were cheers and prolonged applause, and then Mr. Stransky made a speech. He said: "How shall I thank you for all your kindness? This is one of the happiest days of my life. You see that we have worked hard with the Philharmonic, but I think we have arrived, and with the support you have given to us. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I shall have the happiness to be with you next autumn."

MISS SCHNITZER IN RECITAL.

Miss Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. Her program comprised a primitive sonata by Paradies. Beethoven's sonata in A flat, opus 110; Mozart's "Pastorale Variee," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and three Chopin numbers. Miss Schnitzer is well known in this city, where she lives, as a player of brilliant technical powers and intelligence. She was heard yesterday by an audience of fair size and was liberally applauded.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Continued from yesterday's last edition)

Mr. Coates introduced some more new music by a British composer at a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Stransky spoke his farewell to the patrons of the Philharmonic Society at the same hour in Carnegie Hall. Simultaneously the walls of both rooms echoed to the strains of Tschaikoffsky's "Francesca da Rimini"; but that was a mere coincidence, which meant nothing more than that in making up a large number of programs in which the public must be humored the two conductors hit upon the same work of a popular composer at the same time. Tschaikoffsky is ear-filling and must be played often; he is peculiarly ear-filling in his overture entitled "1812," and inasmuch as Mr. Stransky evidently wanted to leave after him echoes which should not be mere ripples but veritable surges on our musical waters he chose the stirring piece in which Russian music enters into combat with the French national air and overwhelms it. That its sonorous glory should be as great as possible he augmented the brass band music in the finale (which in our concert rooms is generally "aggravated," in Bully Bottom's phrase) to make it sound as Tschaikoffsky intended it to sound at its first performance, which took place out of doors. The result was highly acceptable to the audience, which had given the conductor an overwhelming ovation after the performance of the first number of the program—the "Heroic" symphony. The hero celebrated by Beethoven at the beginning of the concert was vanquished and driven out of Russia at the end. Had Mr. Stransky taken the only remaining step and fired a salvo of artillery, as Tschaikoffsky also prescribed, he would no doubt have still further increased the enthusiasm of the audience. He, not Napoleon, was the hero of the occasion.

Ovation for Stransky

After the symphony the audience thundered its applause and rose to its feet with the orchestra, while ushers piled immense wreaths upon the stage—one from the executive committee of the Philharmonic Society, one from the Germanic Switzers, one from the Musicians' Club, others from persons who could not be identified.

At the close of the concert the tumultuous applause was renewed and Mr. Stransky had to make a speech to quell it. He said that the moment was the happiest one of his life, that the ovation was proof of the success of his labors with the society and that he felt honored in being able to thank the public for its appreciative support. A few words altogether justified by a demonstration the like of which has seldom been seen even in an operatic farewell—and concert audiences are generally made of different stuff than opera audiences.

At the concert in Aeolian Hall the Symphony Orchestra played, first a concerto grosso for strings by Vivaldi, which Siloti had transcribed, supplementing the viols with wood-wind instruments and the organ. The concerto, in D minor, was one of three by the Italian composer which Bach transcribed for organ and which for a number of years was credited to Bach's favorite and most talented son, William Friedemann. Siloti's additions seemed to consist of little more than a writing out of the continuo for flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and organ. The discussion of the melodic material was left to the string band, and in the beautiful slow middle movement the additional choir was kept silent. The arrangement increased the sonority of the piece, but added nothing to the splendid vital muscularity of the themes and their workmanship.

Coates Plays Goossens Novelty

Mr. Coates's novelty consisted of "Four Conceits," as they were called by the composer, Eugène Goossens, an ingenious gentleman who is fallen under ultra modern influences so far as harmonization and instrumentation are concerned. The first conceit consisted of fantastic arabesques in which celesta and harp tones were fascinatingly commingled and which were turned into "gargoyles," as Mr. Goossens called them, by a few measures of honest ecclesiastical music near the close.

Thus was it made obvious to the imaginative mind that if architecture is frozen music, as some æsthetician has said, music might by the same token become liquefied architecture—even specifically a gargoyle on a church. There was another little bit—all the conceits were little bits—called "Dance Memories," remarkable from the fact that the dance haunted our memory in one key and another memory in another and different one. We have heard a pianist play a waltz with the bass and treble parts in different keys. He said it was to represent what the pianoforte next door to him in a boarding house sounded like, and it was quite as charming as Mr. Goossens's "Dance Memories." Then came a piece with a good, straightforward British melody made to sound like "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh" by the harmonization. It was set down as "A Walking Tune," and was probably collected by some musical folklorist who overheard it sung by women walking (i. e., fulling) cloth, for it is the custom of the makers of homespun, especially in the Hebrides, to sing at their work when thumping and rubbing cloth on a table to make it shrink uniformly. The meaning of the verb "to walk" thus indicated is not widely familiar and might have invited attention from the annotator of the program. Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Grainger printed a note on one of his settings of "Walking Tune" which left the impression that it was something one might sing or whistle on a pedestrian tour.

Before Tschaikoffsky's symphonic fantasy Mr. Lucien Schmit, the orchestra's principal violoncellist, played Saint-Saëns's concerto in A minor tastefully and altogether well.

The operatic concert at the Metropolitan last night consisted of excerpts from four different operas. The crowd that filled the auditorium attested to the popularity of this sort of entertainment. The same crowd applauded vociferously after each number, with the evident intention of receiving an encore As has been the case this season, the Sunday night encore friends were worsted in their efforts.

Ellen Dalossy, Frances Peralta, Raymonde Delaunois, Giulio Crimi, Orville Harrold, Mario Laurenti, Adamo Didur and Giovanni Martino were the soloists, while the chorus orchestra and stage band did their part. The program contained act one of "Carmen," the finale of act two of "La Forza del Destino," "Lucia di Lammermoor," the finale of act three and the prologue of "Mefistofele."

Giuseppe Bamboschek succeeded in distinguishing the groups on the crowded stage, conducting with good effect.

Rosa Raisa and Giacomo Rimini of the Chicago Opera Company and the Cleveland Orchestra combined to give an interesting concert last night at the Hippodrome. Mme. Raisa delighted her hearers in the "Casta Diva" aria from "Norma," singing the famous number with rare beauty of tone and finesse of technique. Many comments were heard through the audience anent her capability for the part, and many expressed the wish that she could be heard in the entire opera.

Mr. Rimini, in his pleasing baritone, sang the Toreador's song from "Carmen," and a group of Italian pieces; he received much applause for his efforts.

The Cleveland Orchestra played Sibelius's "Finlandia," the finale of Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony and Berlioz's "Rakoczy March."

Jan 31 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Love of Three Kings," by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Archibaldo	Virgilio Lazzari
Manfredo	Georges Baklanoff
Avito	Edward Johnson
Fiora	Mary Garden
A Youth	Jose Mojica
Flaminio	Lodovico Oliviero
A Maid / Young Girl	Philine Falco
Old Woman	Anna Correnti
Conductor	Giorges Polacco

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" was given at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. This opera had not been scheduled for performance. The offering of the evening was to have been Fevrier's "Mona Vanna," but owing to the sudden illness of M. Muratore, necessitating a surgical operation yesterday, the program had to be changed, as there was no tenor in the Chicago Opera Company to take M. Muratore's place as *Prinzevalle*. The substitution of Montemezzi's opera permitted Miss Garden to be heard as *Fiora*, which seems to be one of her favorite parts.

Miss Garden told her hearers at the Lotos Club dinner on Sunday evening that she was not a singer, but a creator. It seems, however, that Montemezzi's music affects her at times as Gounod's used to. She sang *Marguerite* in such a way that some of her admirers thought she must have found a Svengali. Some-

thing of the same impression is produced by her *Fiora*. She sings much of the music with real beauty of tone and with dramatic vocal coloring. Naturally in other passages the declamatory requirements carry her away from vocal beauty.

Her *Fiora* has gained in dramatic quality since it was first made known here. There is less sophistication, more emotional bewilderment, more spontaneous yielding to overmastering passion. She gave herself to the interpretation last evening with abandon, and she made a stirring climax of the great scene in the second act. Here she had capable assistance from Edward Johnson, the young American tenor, who was much praised when he impersonated *Avito* here before. He sings the music well and imbues the action with fire and passion.

Georges Baklanoff was last evening a most satisfactory *Manfredo*, as he has always been. His denotement of the emotions of the unfortunate husband showed dramatic and vocal skill of a high order. Mr. Lazzari was only tolerable as *Archibaldo*. Mr. Polacco conducted and again the orchestra was often too loud. Montemezzi's orchestration is indeed heavy in places and a conductor must use the repressive hand without hesitation.

A performance in many ways excellent was given last evening under the direction of Mr. Polacco. Yet there was a more or less obvious subversion of the whole meaning of Sem Benelli's beautiful piece through the misapprehension of the character of Fiora by Miss Gonden, who sang the part of the heroine.

She is no longer, as the poet represented her, a woman enmeshed in the eb of fate and helplessly, hesitatingly, unwittingly swept away from her husband to the arms of her lover. She appears at the outsct to have a very good understanding of her feelings toward Arito, embracing, not to say pawing him with an obvious end in view. She shows an equally obvious aversion to Manfredo, a stony and implacable attitude toward him, without hesitations, without reticences.

Hence the struggle with herself and with Anita's passionate imploring on the balcony in the second act loses its significance; on the poet's finely delineated emotional climax goes for nothing. Miss Garden sang in better voice than the opera was sung. Her acting was not free from the mannerisms that are familiar.

Edward Johnson made an ardent and romantic figure as Avito and sang admirably in quality of voice and passionate expression. George Dahlanoff as Manfredo was rather inflexible in action and in voice as well as Virgilio Lazzari was a sufficiently vindictive Archigaldo, and was as rough in voice as he was in his treatment of Fiora.

Julius Richter, Violinist, Plays.

Julius Richter, a young Polish violinist who came from Warsaw to this city about a year ago, gave a recital at the Town Hall last night, assisted at the piano by Maurice Narelle. The newcomer made friends by a simple, quiet demeanor on the stage, and he played with taste and good tone the genial concerto of Saitn-Saens, in B minor, and the more techincal F-sharp minor of Ernst. He gave also pieces by Wieniawski, as well as a theem of Gluck arranged by Manen.

Miss Garden's Fiora is a thrilling impersonation. She is not, as she is generally played, a gentle girl, helpless in the grip of a passion she hardly comprehends. This Fiora is a woman, a superb creature whose veins run fire, bound to a husband for whom she feels contempt and little pity, and tormented by the presence of his old father, in whom, blind as he is, she recognizes a dangerous and watchful opponent. There is no pathos in her love for Avito. She is his mistress, yes; but she is her own too.

This conception is not always consistent either with Montemezzi or Benelli, but it is an absorbing and exciting one. The death scene revealed no harried Fiora done to death by a jealous father-in-law. It was murder, stark and simple, a fight to the death between two adversaries mad with rage. Mr. Lazzari was superb as Archibaldo, and contributed much toward making the scene one long to be remembered.

Mr. Baklanoff, aside from his overemphatic first act, was in fine vocal condition and gave a performance of Manfredo that had moving dignity and pathos. Mr. Johnson as Avito did the best singing of the evening. The smaller parts were all acceptably done, and the chorus in the last act was good. Mr. Muratore will surely be missed in the weeks to come, but last night proved that Miss Garden is far from having only one sitting to her bow.

JERITZA IN "LOHENGRIN."

She Makes a Sympathetic and Statuesque Elsa.

The presentation of "Lohengrin" last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House before the Monday subscribers was one calling for and receiving hearty applause from the large assemblage. The cast was that heard in the previous performance of this opera. As *Elsa*, Mme. Jeritza is able to reveal more clearly the true measure of her quality than in some other roles to which she brings exceptional methods.

Considerable variations can be played on *Tosca*, or even *Santuzza*, but *Els* is the eternal "donna curiosa," a rather feeble and and vacillating person who yields to the control of a superior feminine force and goes bleating to her doom. The expression of her emotions is concided almost entirely to smooth and polished music which is not best suited to Mme. Jeritza's flamboyant dramatic style. She makes a sympathetic and statuesque *Elsa* and gives an excellent, but not unconventional impersonation.

Mr. Senbach is a true German *Lohengrin* and Mme. Matzenauer a quite wicked *Ortrud*. Louis Rosza, who made his debut as *Telramund*, proved to be acceptable. The performance of the lyric drama as a whole is laudable, although it must be confessed that the subtle essence of its emotional exaltation partly evaporates in the interpretation. For this, perhaps, Mr. Bondanzky, who is earnest, but not especially imaginative, may be responsible.

"Lohengrin" was the opera at the Metropolitan, with Maria Jeritza as Elsa. She seemed to have a slight cold, for her voice sounded veiled at times, but her performance had all of its familiar plastic beauty and sympathetic appeal. Mr. Sembach was Lohengrin, Mr. Blass the King, and Mme. Matzenauer, Ortrud. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The chorus still sang in English while the cast sang German, but showed more animation and naturalness than has been its wont of late.

A bad cold kept Clarence Whitehill out of the cast and his place was taken by Louis Rozsa, a Hungarian newcomer with the Metropolitan forces, who made a debut as Telramund. He displayed a baritone voice of fine color and quality and used it with a finish and artistry that were out of the ordinary. His acting of the part was safely traditional, but was done with confidence and grace.

In Absence of Whitehill, Rosza Sings in "Lohengrin"

Owing to the indisposition of Clarence Whitehill, Louis Rosza, a new Hungarian barytone, made his first appearance in opera as Telramund in Wagner's "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

Mr. Rozza earlier in the season was on the program at one of the Sunday evening concerts. His fine voice was used effectively last evening. He disatic tradition

Others in the cast were Mme. Jeritza, Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Sembach and Mr. Blass.

CONCLUDE BAGBY MUSICALES.

Miss Claudia Muzio and Tito Schipa Are Heard.

In the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday the last of the Bagby musicales enlisted Miss Claudia Muzio of the Metropolitan, Tito Schipa of the Chicago Opera and William Bachaus, pianist. The accompanists were Emilio Roxas and Julian Huarte. Miss Muzio sang "Pace Mio Dio" fro mVerdi's "La Forza del Destino," and an aria from the same composer's "Il Trovatore," Mr. Schipa's numbers included arias from "Mignon" and "Werther," and a group of Italian songs. Mr. Bachaus played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" and compositions by Chopin and Delibes-Dohnanyi.

Apr 1 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tristan and Isolde" (in German), by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Tristan	Richard Schubert (debut)
King Marke	James Wolf
Isolde	Beatrice Kottlar (debut)
Kurvenal	William Beck
Melot	Desire Defrere
Brangaene	Eleanor Reynolds (debut)
A Shepherd	Octave Dua
The Helmsman	Harry Cantor
Voice of the Outlook	Jose Mojica
Conductor	Giorgio Polacco

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Members of the Chicago Opera Company in a medieval ship, with a red sail, tossing on the stormy waters of German opera, was the novel spectacle presented to an attentive audience last evening in the Manhattan Opera House. The Wagnerian drama is not entirely a stranger to that stage, but a performance of "Tristan und Isolds," with the original text, was something which even the bold adventurous spirit of Oscar Hammerstein might have hesitated to contemplate. But Mr. Otto Kahn lately intimated that there was no telling what Miss Garden would take up next.

The principals engaged in the interpretation of tho drama were mostly new to the Chicago roster. Mme. Beatrice Kottlar as *Isolde*, Miss Eleanor Reynolds as *Brangaene* and Richard Schubert as *Tristan* were previously unknown to local records. William Beck, tho *Kurvenal*, sang here under Mr. Hammerstein, and James Wolf, the *King Mark*, was heard as the *Cardinal Brogni* in the interesting production of "La Juive" in Yiddish last May at the Lexington Theater. The other singers were versatile members of Miss Garden's familiar force.

The performance was not one of high distinction. It belonged to the type to be found in the honest hard working Stadt theaters of Germany. There was much vigorous declamation, much distinct pronounciation of the text, great physical energy and little vocal art. The variety of tone produced by the leading singers was one warmly admired in Germany, but never made popular here.

The *Isolde* evidently had enjoyed extended experience in Europe and showed acquaintance with the meaning of a role to which she was unable to bring the necessary voice and technic. The *Tristan* was a knight of rueful countenance and sang with a cold, hard tone which could not be induced to express passion. But it is not essential to this morning's record that all the details of the performance be described. Mr. Polacco conducted and let loose torrents of orchestral sound, but not alwoys in the most suitable places.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(~~Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.~~)

For the first time in its history, so far as New York is concerned, the Chicago Opera Company departed from its traditions and sang a German opera in German at the Manhattan Opera House last night. Years ago, when it bore the name of Mr. Hammerstein, it performed "Tannhäuser" in French. Mr. Hammerstein confessed that the experiment was a failure and did not repeat it. Even the excellent singers which he had at that time could not bring their Gallic spirit into consonance with the Teutonism of Wagner's musical tragedy. This ebullition of idealism on Mr. Hammerstein's part did not prevent him from performing "Salome" in French; but for this the excuse was offered that Oscar Wilde originally wrote the play in French, and that the translation into German from the English version did not necessarily make it a German opera, though Strauss wrote his music to German words.

That excuse is evidently still considered valid, though Miss Garden announced last year that this season the tongue of the composer would be respected in all her representations. She kept her word so far as "Tristan und Isolde" is concerned, and in last night's performance introduced several singers born and trained to the German manner. The principal ones were the representatives of the immortal lovers—Mr. Richard Schubert and Mme. Beatrice Kottlar. With the help of Mr. William Beck (Kurwenal), to whom German is familiar, and Mr. James Wolf (König Marke), who is a Russian born in Riga, and, like his companions, acquired his artistic experience in German theaters, the chief singers gave a performance which we make no doubt would have passed muster in any one of a dozen municipal or court theaters of Germany which might be named. It had little poetical perspective or atmosphere, but all concerned were familiar with the text and the music, and even Miss Reynolds (Brangäne), though almost wholly unintelligible, helped to carry the music of the greatest of all musicar canticles of love home to the hearts of the audience.

Mme. Kottlar was entirely adequate to her rôle in voice, song and action, and showed how eompletely the idiom of Wagner has been assimilated by German singers. She is vocally well equipped, both as to quality and power, and only a few mannerisms, which may have been due to her failure to realize the size of the theater, resulted in her seeming at times to drop the matter of her discourse. Ever and anon she would fall into an all but inaudible pianissimo, leaving those who were familiar with the text to wonder why she did it. She seemed also innocent of the sarcasm of some of her specches to Tristan in the first act. But had she had the hiting tongue of a Lilli Lehmann it would have been wasted on such a Tristan as Mr. Schubert presented.

The Sir Tristram of Tennyson, Arnold and Swinburne would never have recognized Mr. Schubert's awkward embodiment of Wagner's hero as a brother. Histrionically he was not even of kin to the Tristan of Mr. Sembach, on whom Thomas Malory's Mark would have used his sword "flatlings" and driven him out of the tale. But Mr. Schubert, despite his doleful figure, disclosed a voice of excellent metal. He, more than any one else, made the drama look and sound provincially German. A hero for the people of Buxtehude or Krehwinkel, to use a German manner of speech. Mr. Polacco's orchestra measured up to the requirements of the score, but Mr. Polacco's command of nuance did not, except in the tempestuous passages. His hunting party remained so near to King Mark's castle that the lovers ought never to have had a chance to meet in the second act.

By Deems Taylor

(~~Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.~~)

"TRISTAN" AT THE MANHATTAN.

There are no bad performances of "Tristan and Isolde." Some are better and some are worse, but given the score and an orchestra to play the notes, nothing else really matters very much. Last night's performance by the Chicago Opera Company helped and hindered the music in about equal measure. On the credit side of the ledger Mr. Polacco's conducting easily stood first. He rather dragged the prelude, but otherwise he gave the score a brilliant reading—one of fine color, nervous strength and moving eloquence.

The evening marked the debut of Richard Schubert and Beatrice Kottlar in the title roles. Mr. Schubert was a little disappointing. He made an attractive picture at the opening, as he stood on the ship's deck, tall and slender and robed in black, but his voice proved to be of the indifferent, pinched variety that has made "German tenor" a term of vocal reproach. According to his biographical sketch in the programme, he started life as a baritone, and it must be said that he sounded like one that was trying to sing too high. His acting was likewise inadequate—well intentioned and sincere but lacking breadth and decision. He would probably be good on the spoken stage, for his facial expression is excellent; but his gestures are planned on too small a scale. One needs spaciousness to get over in opera.

Miss Kottlar was much better. Her voice is worn in places, but it is of a size commensurate with the role, and she used it with intelligence and considerable skill. She colors it well, and last night had moments of great vocal beauty. Her acting followed routine lines, but often transcended them. Her stage business in the love-potion scene was unusually graceful, and throughout the garden scene she played with intensity and genuine emotional sweep.

William Beck has a good voice, but made an indifferent Kurvenal, singing and acting in a safely traditional manner that was totally innocent of anything suggesting subtlety or polished detail. Eleanor Reynolds as Brangaene sometimes sang well, particularly in the second act, though her voice sounded hard and her tonality was not always unwavering. James Wolf was King Mark, Desire Defrere was Melot, Messrs. Dua and Cantor were the Shepherd and the Helmsman, and Jose Mojica, in none too good voice, was the Voice of the Outlook. Julian Dove's scenery for the first and second acts was fresh in conception and good in color. The last act was not nearly so well done.

HONOR FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Music Publishers Celebrate Composer's Anniversary.

The Greater New York Music Publishers' Association gave a dinner last night at Delmonico's in celebration of the 125th anniversary of Franz Schubert. A music program was composed largely of selections from "Blossom Time," the operetta with Schubert music now at the Ambassador Theater, and Bertram Peacock and Olga Cook of the company playing it sang for the publishers.

As part of the celebration another Schubert recital will be given at the Ambassador next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The artists will include Carl Schlegel, baritone, of the Metropolitan Opera; Estelle Liebling, soprano, of the Chicago Opera; Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, and Bertram Peacock. No admission will be charged.

MME. ALDA IN SONGS.

Music Dedicated to Her in Recital Program.

Mme. Frances Alda of the Metropolitan gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall last evening, with Frank La Forge at the piano. The soprano was heard by a

large audience. She sang from a stage richly set with palms and potted plants. She was the recipient of numerous floral tributes and much applause was bestowed on her performance.

Her program included many beautiful numbers. It began with a group of older selections, such as Scarlatti's air "Se Florindo E Fedele" and Monro's "My Lovely Celia." Songs from different lands followed, including "The Soldier's Bride," by Rachmaninov; Ansorge's "Tausend Sterne," "Hue's "Je Pleure en Reve," and with 'cello and organ obligati, Franck's "Ave Maria." Scott's "The Unforeseen" was in the final group, and three songs written for and dedicated to Mme. Alda. They were La Forge's "I Came With a Song" and "Song of the Open" and "The Singer," by Maxwell. The artist closed her list with Alltisen's "A Song of Thanksgiving."

In her delivery Mme. Alda's lovely lyric voice was well suited to many of her selections and she sang with a praiseworthy feeling for style. Some of her tones were not well controlled, and she was happier in songs calling for the expression of light and gentle sentiments. In slow, sustained passages her work was generally admirable. Furthermore her singing was tasteful.

ESTELLE LIEBLING.

Estelle Liebling's song recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon had an unusual and interesting programme. She began with Beethoven's four Scotch settings, continued with Schumann's entire "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle, and ended with a group of moderns that included Saminsky, Szymanowski, Poldowski, Wintter Watts and Bainbridge Crist.

Miss Liebling sang with her usual skill and intelligence. She has a rare knack of interpretation, and gets more out of a song than many singers with twice the voice. Several instrumentalists were present to assist her in the programme. Walter Golde was accompanist-in-chief, and at his best, in the Beethoven group, a trio, composed of Mr. Golde, Nahan Franko, violin, and James Liebling, cello, played the accompaniments.

Lazare Saminsky accompanied the singer in his two songs. His "Lullaby," an unpretentious lyric of naive beauty, was so well liked that he had to repeat it. Mme. Poldowski likewise played the accompaniments to her songs, with the further assistance of Fred Van Amburgh, who played the clarinet obligato in the first of them. The Szymanowski songs had real charm and mood. They were much more like songs than the violin pieces with which Alice Mirlam wrestled so nobly at the Town Hall last week.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Bodansky and Mengelberg Conduct.

The Philhgarmonic Society last evening entered upon a new chapter in its history when, for the rest of the current season, it came under the direction of Mr. Bodansky and Mr. Mangelberg. The series of concerts to be given in the Metropolitan Opera House began under brilliant auspices, with a large audience and much enthusiasm.

On account of the late arrival of Mr. Mengelberg's ship from Holland, a change had to be made in the program. The first part, including the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and Brahms's first symphony, was conducted by Mr. Bodansky; the second part by Mr. Mengelberg. In this place in the suite No. 1 from Bizet's incidental music to "L'Arlésienne" and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Stauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," was substituted. It was followed, as originally announced, by the "Tannhäuser" overture.

Mr. Bordansky's conducting of the "Meistersinger" prelude and Brahm's symphony is familiar. In the symphony, he made a deep impression in his early concerts with the National Symphony Orchestra, and he duplicated it last evening and indeed deepened it, with the much finer players that he had at his disposition. It is a performance of much weight, as splendid and sonorous in its larger proportions as it is finished and ornate in detail; perhaps at some points a little over-emphasized, but impressive in its whole effect.

The stage and the auditorium of the Opera House still seem as they have seemed before, not the best possible places in which to play and to hear symphonic music. The tone of the orchestra, large and full of color as it is, does not deliver to the listener in all its saturated richness, nor the completest blending of the different choirs.

Mr. Mengelberg was received with a great warmth of welcome when he appeared. His playing of Strauss's tone poem was a remarkable achievement considering the short time he had had for rehearsing with the Philharmonic Society—for he is not now conducting the body of players with which he spent so much time in rehearsals last season. It was very emphatic, very sweeping, full of passionate power. But with all this there was an amazing wealth of diselled details, that stood out in the whole with a stereoscopic sharpness of relief. There was not, perhaps, all the glowing brilliancy of tone that Strauss's score can be made to yield, and has frequently been made to yield; and that the Philharmonic players are competent to produce. But the effect of the performance was in this way remarkable. No doubt it "sounded a keynote" of what Mr. Mengelberg's activity for the next few months in New York is likely to be, and foreshadowed the kind of performances that may be expected from him.

Joseph Bonnet's Recital.

Joseph Bonnet, the distinguished French organist, who has been heard here in previous years, gave an organ recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The organ in that establishment is not an ideal one; but he probably made it sound as well as any organist could. His program, like some he has given here before, was made up of modern French organ music, with a few classics: Guilmant's first sonata in D minor; a prelude by Samazeuille, the third of Franck's chorals; a Bereense and a "Rhapsodie Catalane" by himself; Ricercare by alestina, a prelude by Clérambault, Bach's G minor prelude and ferque, and Schumann's "Sketch" in F minor.

Mr. Bonnet's delightfully clear articulation, his feeling for rhythm, his expertness upon mannals and pedals and his taste in registration were in evidence throughout the performance. The highest point in his recital was reached in the preludian fuque by Bach, which he played with great power, with varied but not sensational registration, with a fine exposition of its structure, giving the general impression that it is a magnificent and soul stirring piece of music.

Guilmont's sonata occupied an important part of the program. It is a comprehending exposition of organ technique and is made to "sound" to the greatest advantage. But with the best will in the world to recognize the sterling qualities of the composition, its sincerity and fluency, which it shares with other "organist's sonatas," it does not give the impression of being music of strong fibre or really potent expressiveness.

ENGEL'S VIOLIN RECITAL.

Gabriel Engel gave his second violin recital in Aeolian Hall last night. He played Tartini's G minor sonata, Bruch's G minor concerto and a "Negro Spiritual," by himself. He seems to be in earnest in his endeavors to advance in his art. He played with musical temperament and a good tone and gave evident pleasure to his large audience.

Jan 2 1916

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Boheme" and the new ballet pantomime, "La Fete Robinson," by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

"La Boheme."

Mimi	Edith Mason
Rodolfo	Tino Pattiera (debut)
Musetta	Mary McCormic
Marcel	Giacomo Rimini
Colline	Virgilio Lazzari
Schaunard	Desire Defrere
Benoit	Vittorio Trevisan

Conductor, Angelo Ferrari.

"La Fete Robinson."

Arranged by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky. Music by Gabriel Grovlez. By the entire Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet.

Conductor, Gabriel Grovlez (debut).

GGabriel Grovlez had an eleventh-hour début, and his ballet, "La Fête Robinson," an artistic "world-premiere," as a happy afterthought at last evening's Manhattan performance of "La Boheme," with the new tenor, Tino Pattiera. To give first place to the composer-conductor who was second in the bill. M. Groviez, born at Lille, Belgium, in 1879, was a student with Lavignac and Faure, when he won a prize for a composition of "La Ville de Paris," and has since, as conductor for Jacques Rouché at the Paris Opera, directed not only Stravinsky's "Les Abeilles," "Ravel's "Adelaide" and d'Indy's "Legend of St. Christopher," but produced his own ballet, "Maimouna," there last Spring, as well as another, "The Princess in the Garden," at Monte Carlo.

"La Fête a Robinson," referring to a skylarking café Robinson Crusoe in the treetops of a Paris garden of the Second Empire, is a story of young lovers, a painter and his sweetheart, and the girl's forbidding aunt, put to sleep by a potion in her wine. The treetop room is the lovers' retreat, and thither the aunt, too, is drawn as she tumbles into a basket the waiters use to lift food to the guests above. A rival wedding party comes to her rescue, and later to that of the lovers, gaining consent to their marriage by saving the aunt on a runaway donkey ride, whereat all ends in a gay dance.

Pavley and Oubrainsky, who devised the action to M. Grovlez's music, danced with their numerous corps de ballet under his direction, the leading women being Mlles. Milar, Shermont, Nemeroff, Dagmara and Elislus. As the dance brought up scenes of Paris, in the 50s, so "La Boheme" revived earlier and familiar ones of the garret art students of 1830, with Misses Mason and McCormic, Messrs. Pattiera, Rimini, Defrere and Cotreuil, under the baton of Polacco, and not Ferrari, named in the house bill.

Mr. Pattiera made an agreeable impression as Murger's young poet and sang Puccini's "Racconto-" with sufficient ardor, his voice, somewhat veiled in the first act, showing a ruddy warmth at its best, without losing the lightness and comedy of youth—in bohemian Paris—while in duets and ensembles he bore his part as a musician and a gentleman.

GARDEN OFFERS NEW BALLET.

Novelty at Manhattan Follows "La Boheme."

Jan 2

At the Manhattan last night the Chicago Opera Company gave its first performance here this season of Puccini's "La Boheme." There war a large audience to hear the always popular opera and abundant applause followed the favorite melodies and different acts.

Miss Edith Mason was the *Mimi*. She sang her music generally well, but her impersonation needed a little more of the color of the Quartier Latin.

Tino Pattiera, one of the company's new tenors, made his local debut as *Rudolfo*. He disclosed a voice of beautiful quality and one with a velvet surface. He sang artistically, and he understood the routine of stage action. More than this, he has youth in his favor. Miss Mary McCarmic took the part of *Musetta*, and Messrs. Rimini, Cotreuil and Defrere were the other principals. The performance was a splendid one. Angelo Ferrari conducted the orchestra, which at times drowned out the singers' voices.

Following the opera Gabriel Grovlez's one act pantomime ballet "La Fete A Robinson" was given for the first time anywhere. The work, which was composed for the dancers of the company, Pavley and Oukrainsky, who wrote the story, was ordered by Miss Garden.

The time of the scene is the Second Empire—a beautiful day in spring. The Parisian plot is taken up with the adventures of a pair of young lovers who have a rendezvous in the popular "Gardens of Robinson."

The music carries the mark of modern harmonies. The composer, formerly a conductor of the Paris Opera and Opera Comique, made his debut here last night as he led the orchestra in his own score.

MAHLER'S SYMPHONIC 'SONG OF EARTH' GIVEN

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Among its other missions the Society of the Friends of Music charges itself with the propagation of the artistic faith of the late Gustave Mahler. Accordingly yesterday afternoon, impressed with the gigantic nature of the task of the hour, it journeyed from its habitual abiding place in Town Hall up to Carnegie Hall. There it produced for the first time in this country Mr. Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," which the composer called a symphony with contralto and tenor solos. To perform this work the society brought Mme. Charles Cahier, contralto, all the way from Vienna, and Orville Harroid, tenor, all the way from Broadway and Fortieth street. It brought from the institution located there also Artur Bodanzky, conductor, and the opera orchestra.

"Das Lied von der Erde" was finished in 1908 but was not performed till after the composer's death. The texts are lyrics by four Chinese poets of the eighth century, Li-Tai-Po, Chang Tsi Meng Hao-jan and Wang Wei. These masters of the classic period of Chinese poesy thought and felt much in the same anti-prohibition manner as the familiar Omar Khayyam.

The texts chosen by Mahitr have the titles: "The Drinking Song of the Woefulness (Jammer) of the Earth," "The Lonely One in Autumn," "Of Youth," "Of Beauty," "The Drunken One in Spring" and "The Farewtll." Each of these may be regarded as a movement in Mr. Mahler's so-called symphony, which might quite as properly be described as a song cycle with orchestra.

To Classify the Work.

Th compostr's attempt to classify his work was characteristic of Mahler. His imagination was never unfettered nor ever moveable without the scourge of painful purpose. He was ever lashing it to action, but it nevtr ran away with him. A man of peculiar and precious gifts, he writhed through all his life in the agonies of an ambition which he could never satisfy. It is the fashion in Vienna to venerate him as a sort of martyr and the Vientse coterie which exercises so much influence in local musical circles has ome out into our world to preah the Mahler gospel.

The work heard yesterday wears all the marks and indeed all the scars of a Mahler's battling talent. In its utter want of inventive fecundity, its shop-worn thematic types, its desperate display of innumerable details, each designed to produce a convincing effect upon the hearer, in its intellectual grasp of methods, its comprehension of the architecture of composition and its mastery of the individual and combined voices of the orchestra it is indisputably the work of a vigorous and untiring mind, possessed of only a modicum of originality.

Treatment Is Mahlerian.

The treatment of details is particularly Mahlerian. The musician created them in profusion. He not only exhibits each one, but picks it out bodily from the instrumental mass and hurls it at your head. You cannot escape it. For the moment it stands forth naked and unashamed. In the end the result is a parade of shattered fragments, whose relationship is unmistakable, but whose isolation destroys singleness of impression.

There is the now familiar device of a "ground theme" which runs through the whole composition, but it signifies only a mental conception. The ultimate creation of mood pictures does not depend upon it, but rather on the forthstanding vcalo parts and the undeniably changeful and picturesque background of orchestral color.

In the final analysis Mahler has succeeded in creating some splendid moments. His first song is unvocal, but this is not the case with the others. The contralto numbers are better than those for tenor, and that "Of Beauty" and the "Farewell" rise to heights of real eloquence.

The second of these is one of Mahler's best achievements. It has vocal beauty, nobility of style and compelling expressive power. It brings the composition to a conclusion which leaves the auditor with a feeling that he has assisted at the revelation of a masterpiece. But this high title cannot fairly be bestowed upon a work of such uneven quality.

Mme. Cahier sang admirably. But it is a pity that a contralto had to be brought so far to sing three songs. Mr. Harrold acquitted himself with credit and the orchestra played excellently.

"AIDA" AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Muzio Makes First Appearance of Season as Princess.

A performance of Verdi's "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House cannot be regarded as a subject for eleborate discussion in these days, and last evening's repetition of the familiar work invited special consideration only because Miss Claudia Muzio made her first appearance of the season as the captive princess. The chronicler of musical doings also is obliged to make note again of the fact that the Italian population of the city seems to have adopted "Aida" as its chief favorite among all the works composed by their countrymen. The Italians were out in large numbers—so large that many of them failed to gain admission to the overcrowded theater. Their applause and shouts of "bravo" were frequent and especially directed at the numbers of Miss Muzio and Mr. Martinelli.

With the exception of certain shortcomings now almost traditional in "Aida" repetitions the performance was a good one. Mr. Martinelli sang "Celeste Aida" in the now approved fashion and was acclaimed. Miss Muzio was nearer to the style of twenty-five years ago in her "Ritorna vincitor" and "O patria mia," though not so near as to identify her delivery with it. But it can be said of her that she was in the best of voice and that she sang with more steadiness of tone than toward the close of her previous season.

Mme. Matzenauer's stately and musical *Amneris* retains its commendable qualities, and Mr. Danise, who made his debut here as *Amonasro*, continues to sing and act the part admirably. Mr. Mardones as *Ramfis* and Mr. Gustafson as the *King* were the other principal singers. Miss Rudolph led the dancers and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE FRIENDS OF MAHLER.

"The audience is requested to be punctual," so ran the last words of a slip sent out the other day by the Society of the Friends of Music, announcing a change in the time of yesterday's concert from 3 to 4 o'clock. Perhaps there weren't enough slips to go around, so that none were sent to the performers. At all events, the audience was punctual, but the performance was not. Several hundred people were seated in Carnegie Hall by half-past 3, watching the orchestra players strolling about (some of the slips must have gone astray in the mails), and the audience was complete and waiting by 4 o'clock sharp. At 4.21 Mr. Bodanzky and the soloists stepped upon the stage and began the concert.

The occasion was a first American performance of Gustav Mahler's so-called symphony with contralto and tenor solo, "Das Lied von der Erde." The work is not a symphony. It is a song-cycle for two voices and orchestra, during which the orchestra plays some long interludes. Mahler wrote it in 1908 but never heard it,

for it was not performed until 1911, after his death, when Bruno Walter conducted it in Munich.

The text is taken from a series of Chinese poems that were translated into German and arranged in cyclical form by Hans Bethge, under the title "Die chinesische Flocte" (The Chinese Flute). There are six of them entitled—in English "The Drinking Song of the Earth's Woe; the Lonely One in Autumn; of Youth; of Beauty; the Drunken One in Spring; the Farewell." They are the work of four poets—Li T'ai Po, Chang Tsi, Meng Hao-jan, and Wang Wei—and consist mainly of nature pictures, with a common underlying implication that life is futile and that one had best seize the moment. It is the philosophy of Omar done on a willow plate.

It is no wonder that Mahler set these poems to music. They are ideal material for musical expression, for they are "imagist" poetry at its best. In every one the poet draws a picture that is apparently objective but which by its arrangement or implications tends to create a definite mood. A great composer could begin where the words left off and create a work of overwhelming beauty and almost religious impressiveness.

But Mahler was not a great composer. "Das Lied von der Erde," performed with such skill and devotion yesterday afternoon by a fine conductor, a large orchestra and two good soloists, is the work of a composer who was pitifully destitute of the elements of greatness. Never once did Mahler get below the surface of his text. The one thing the poems cried out for was music that had some power of suggestion; but Mahler could not suggest. He went at them with a devastating Teutonic literalness that simply daubed their frail, exotic outlines out of existence.

The first of them, the drinking song, is a picture of bitter irony—"Here's to the next that dies!" A composer with some subtlety could have made it terrifying. Mahler's only expedient has been to write a conventional sort of stein song, and make it as noisy as possible. One merely wondered how the singer's lungs held out.

The second, "The Lonely One in Autumn," was the best of the lot. The mood was simple and easy to evoke and he did it well, except that he did it twice too long. The third, "Of Youth," was almost the worst. Here the poet describes a crowd of youths drinking and chatting in a little porcelain pavilion, the whole scene being reflected in the pool below. Despite the charm of the picture, the verses strike a note of indescribable melancholy. The mood is utterly Oriental.

It would be silly to ask the composer to write imitation Chinese music for this scene, but one might at least expect him to refrain from writing German music of the most pronounced nationalistic type. But no. Mahler could think of nothing better than a "Bauerntanz" that turned the scene into an afternoon in a Bavarian beer garden.

The others were equally futile and empty. "Of Beauty" had sentimental prettiness but no beauty. "The Drunken One in Spring" was another drinking song that missed the point. "The Farewell," a scene of moody resignation in the original, abounded in the long, slushy passages in thirds that are the bane of German music. It got nowhere and sounded endless. For instance, the text ends, "ever....ever." Twice. Mahler said it seven times.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted with his wonted precision and sensitive attention to detail. Orville Harrold, in the tenor solo part, mastered some amazing vocal difficulties and sang with much beauty and perfect diction, in spite of the composer. Mme. Charles Cahier had a "contralto" part to sing that must have extended over nearly two octaves. Her diction was not as good as Mr. Harrold's, but she sang well. The audience applauded the singers and the conductor. There was a bust of Mahler on the stage, cast from a Rodin original. It said nothing, but cramped the style of the eighth bass player deplorably.

Feb. 3. 1927

Boston Orchestra Pl

Great Expectations Poor formance of Music

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fourth Thursday concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening was rich in promise but poor in fulfillment. The great expectations were aroused by the announcement that a symphony by an almost unknown composer would be produced. This composer is a Pole, Karol Szymanowski by name, and the symphony was his second. Reports of large doings by this still young musician had drifted across the Western ocean, and since Poles had done so much in the tone world no astonishment was caused by the stories.

The symphony left the great expectations unsatisfied. It proved to be a very ambitious work, but not one which impressed any warm convictions upon the minds of its hearers. The composition is in two movements, the first an allegro moderato and the second a theme and variations with a short finale consisting of an introduction and fugue. The composer betrayed his eagerness for novelty by beginning his first movement with the proclamation of the fundamental theme by a violin solo.

The development of the thematic material was sufficiently logical to entitle Mr. Szymanowski to commendation for his grasp of form. If he had been content to present his developments in plain instrumental speech without disguising them in such a motley garb of orchestration, strings divided so often and in so many different ways, fragmentary exclamations from so many voices, inconsequential and rudely obtrusive solo effects and mass combinations apparently designed merely to stun the ear, he might have given us a first movement with solid merit to commend it.

But it quickly became manifest that Mr. Szymanowski's chief concern was not what he was going to say but how cleverly and variously he could say it. This was also the case with his theme and variations, although in this movement he attained at times more genuinely musical beauty than he did in the first. His introduction to the fugue was violent in character but mercifully short, while the fugue itself was a fugue by courtesy only. It started as if it meant indeed to be a fugue, but speedily wore itself out

In melody and harmony the composer proved himself to be quite up with the contemporaneous procession. Broken lines in melodic progression and harmonic sequences built on separations rather than relations are very dear to all these young adventurers. They tell us that music is the youngest of the arts and that it must make progress. This indeed all music lovers admit. But why so panting an eagerness to make music, heavenly maid, old before her time? Why not let her grow old gracefully? Or better still, why not help her to remain perpetually youthful, fair and captivating?

The pride of celestial serenity is humbled in the dust by these clamorous makers of orchestral disturbance. This music lacks repose, dignity, grace and pure, simple beauty. The music lover grows weary of the incessant battering of his ears by noises and ugly sounds. It is not the use of modern idioms, but the abuse of them that makes such music burdensome. No music lover of to-day wishes to confine composers to the primitive ways of Haydn or Mozart. But there are moderns and moderns and those who have messages to deliver find responsive hearers.

After Mr. Szymanowski's symphony Conductor Pierre Monteux directed the gentlemen of Boston in the familiar symphonic piece from Cesar Franck's "Redemption," Casella's "Le Couvent sur l'Eau" excerpts, and Weber's overture to "Oberon." The audience was polite in its applause after the new symphony.

Two orchestras played in Carnegie Hall yesterday, the evening concert of the Boston Symphony under Pierre Monteux introducing here the music "in large form" of Karol Szymanowski, the Polish composer, now sojourning in this city. Mr. Szymanowski's second symphony, op. 19, in B flat major, had been played in Russia and Germany, and a fortnight since at Boston; it is not of the conventional four-square symphonic order, but is instead in two main parts, an opening allegro on broad melodic lines, and an elaborate theme and variations, which included a gavotte, minuet and fugue among the five played yesterday, out of an original seven episodes. There was an audience of musicians keen to hear the much-discussed work.

Mr. Monteux and his virtuoso players gave a polished performance of the novelty; music marked, not by deep feeling, unless it were for beauty of tone and phrase, matters far from the thought of "free verse" tone-poets today, but compelling attention rather by its intrinsic quality as sheer music in an abstract view of art akin to the Greek.

Another recent visitor to New York was recalled in Alfred Casella's "Le Couvert sur l'Eau," with its quaint dances of children and ancient dames, and its barcarolle with solo for soprano, sung by Laura Littlefield. The work bears dedication to Monteux and was first produced by him in Paris. He added last night Franck's symphonic piece from "The Redemption" and Weber's "Oberon" overture.

Boston Orchestra Proves by Szymanowski Piece There Are Other Post-War Horrors Than the Economical

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Yesterday was another day full of symphony music. some of it good, much of it of the kind that it would have been a pleasure to steal away from, not silently but with audible imprecations. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, played by the Symphony Society at an afternoon concert in Carnegie, ought to have been a solace and a balm; but Mr. Coates desired to make it proclaim some things hitherto undreamed of in connection with it, and therefore made it a source of irritation to many who, we suppose, must be set down as old fogies who are impervious to new evangels.

Fortunately, Mr. Kreisler was on hand with his magic violin, and Mr. Coates and the band assisted him in a preachment of the gospel of beauty according to Brahms. So he healed the blows of sound inflicted by Mr. Coates's aberrations in the symphony and left the audience refreshed, to get what comfort it could out of the "Infernal Dance of King Katschei," from Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" music. As to Mr. Coates's doings with the symphony, they cannot be disposed of as summarily as we should like, but must be held over for discussion next Sunday.

Taken in connection with two performances of the same work by Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Society last week, the new "reading" provided texts for a discourse which it seems to us has become a duty.

In the evening Mr. Monteux and the Boston Orchestra appeared upon the scene and brought a torment to the mind of the smallest audience we have yet seen at a Boston concert, in the shape of a symphony by Szymanowski. It and a few other things which are imminent helped to make plain the fact that the evils which the World War has brought upon us are not all commercial and economical. We are become the asylum of all manner of foreign musicians and can no longer choose but hear all that they have to say, no matter how much we beat our breasts. There is no longer a European clearing house through which we can manage an artistic exchange.

The symphony was set down as the composer's second. It, or one of its companions, we are told, was recently taken in hand by the Symphony Society, but conductor and bandsmen confessed defeat and retired from the field. Mr. Monteux and his Bostonians are evidently made of sterner stuff. They mastered Mr. Szymanowski's music and gave it to us (all but two sections) last night. After it was over we wished that they, too, had gone down in the roar of the Big Berthas which were discharged in the final fugue and we had been spared the din. Till the fugue was reached we had managed to keep heart of hope for there were promising moments in some of the variations which make up the middle portion of the work, especially those which were cast in something like dance forms, but anguish and despair came at last. For the hearers who remained in the room after the symphony there was no doubt consolation and reward in the symphonic excerpt from César Franck's "Redemption," in portions of Casella's "Le Couvent sur l'Eau" and, surely, in the overture to "Oberon."

GALLI-CURCI AS VIOLETTA.

Returns to Metropolitan in 'Traviata' —Jeritza in 'Cavalleria.'

Mme. Galli-Curci returned to the Metropolitan last evening in "La Traviata," which she had twice sung in the opening weeks of the season, before leaving to fill a holiday engagement in Chicago with her formed company, now become her rivals in New York. With the prima donna as Violetta appeared also Mr. Gigli as Alfredo and Mr. De Luca as Giorgio Germont. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. There was a large audience, including many standees.

A matinee benefit of the Civil Service Reform Association filled the big Broadway house in the afternoon, when Mme. Jeritza appeared as Santuzza in "Cavalleria" with Messrs. Crimi and Picco, followed by "Pagliacci"—performed in two theatres yesterday—in which the Metropolitan singers were Miss Easton, Messrs. Kingston, Paltrinieri, Laurenti and Ruffo.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"I Pagliacci" and "The Birthday of the Infanta."

The Casts.

"I PAGLIACCI."

Canio ..... Ulysses Lappas
Nedda ..... Claire Dux
Tonio ..... Joseph Schwarz
Beppo ..... Lodovico Oliviero
Silvio ..... Desire Defrere
Conductor ..... Pietro Cimini

Followed by
"THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA."
Ballet Pantomime in Two Scenes.
Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, assisted by Miles. Dagmara, Ellelius, Ledowa, Milar, Nemeroff, Shermont, Felsan and Corps de Ballet.
Ballet arranged by
Messrs. Pavley and Oukrainsky.
Conductor ..... Isaac Van Grove

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"The Birthday of the Infanta" was revived by the Chicago Opera Association last evening at the Manhattan Opera House, where it formed part—and that an honorably "equal" part—in a double bill with the perennial favorite, "I Pagliacci." In Leoncavallo's opera, which came first, Claire Dux made her first entrance as a singing actress here, though she had sung already in concert at one of the Metropolitan appearances of Richard Strauss. Miss Dux as Nedda was warmly received, as were Ulysses Lappas, the Greek tenor, in his second rôle as Canio, and Joseph Schwarz as Tonio. The Beppo and Silvio were Iliviero and Defrere, and Cimini conducted the opera.

A new leader, Isaac Van Grove, held the baton for the ballot. As the Infanta, Mlle. Felsan emerged from the general group of dancers, with a train of governesses, playmates, major domo and gardeners. Andreas Pavley led the gypsy entertainers summoned for the princess's birthday party. These included most of the leading young women, with male dancers also as the juggler, the tightrope walker, and the matador, handilleros and others of the mock bullfight, including M. Bublitz as the bull.

Mr. Carpenter's ballet was given here two years ago by the Chicago Opera Company. It is taken from Oscar Wilde's play of the same title, and has been skillfully arranged by the composer himself, the dances and scenes be devised by Adolph Bohm, who took part in the first performance, as Pedro, the Grotesque. This was taken last evening by Serge Oukrainsky.

The garden of the palace, an interior court, is first shown; gardeners are preparing its decorations for the Infanta, who has a birthday, but is not expecting a celebration. She comes forth in one of those delightfully expansive gowns, in scarlet and gold, in which Velasquez represented so many of the Spanish princesses; also the expansive headdress—the costume that is soon multitudinously represented by the other ladies of the court. The Infanta suddenly finds herself surrounded by groups of children and their elders, who come to pay her homage. A procession comes with servants bearing gifts; there is a big birthday cake with twelve candles.

The spectacle in honor of the occasion begins when the ladies have taken their places on the terrace. There are gypsy dancers, jugglers, tight-rope walkers, a miniature bullfight with a make-believe bull and beautiful banderilleros, matador and picados. Finally comes Pedro the grotesque, deformed and misshapen. He begins a wild dance; few but the Princess are interested in it, who throws him her scarf. It means to him more than she intended; he takes it as a sign of her love. The spectacle ends; the guests enter the palace, and Pedro tries to follow them in; but he is held back by the guards. The curtain falls.

It rises again upon a vestibule in the palace just inside the door from which Pedro was barred. He stealthily enters; he sees himself in two tall mirrors and discovers his ugliness. He begins to dance desperately, in a frenzy, till he falls dead of a broken heart. The guests, and finally the Princess, come in. She looks at him lying there; requests him to dance again for her; then she discovers that he is dead. She draws away from the body. The curtain falls.

Mr. Carpenter has written for this music filled with fancy, with fantastic imagination, now grotesque, now humorous, now picturesque and brilliant; music of subtly suggested realisms, glittering and shimmering with shifting orchestral colors. He has found, as it seems, quite the right expression for the story. His instrumentation is light, exposed; often expressive in its timbres, ingenious and skilful in the manipulation of all the modern resources. There is naturally a Spanish note in certain passages, as in the dances; a note suggested rather than too obviously emphasized.

The score is fascinating. It would be perhaps too much to say that it is thoroughly original. Mr. Carpenter has copied nobody; but he has heard Stravinsky, especially in his "Oiseau de Feu," and has profited by it.

There was a large audience at last evening's representation, that applauded the work of the composer and of his interpreters in this welcome revival.

MISS DUX A NEW NEDDA.

Chicago Company Produces Double Opera Bill and a Ballet.

The Chicago Opera Company gave a double bill, consisting of "Pagliacci" and John Alden Carpenter's ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," at the Manhattan last night. The "Pagliacci" cast had a singer new here in opera, namely, Miss Claire Dux, who was the Nedda. She had been heard here in concert and made a creditable impression.

Her performance last night was in her favor. She showed a beautiful voice, generally well used. Her impersonation needed something more of freedom and abandon in action, but otherwise she adapted it admirably to her part.

20,000 AT OPERA BENEFIT.

Ruffo Sings in "Pagliacci," Given With "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Titta Ruffo, appearing as *Tonio* in "Pagliacci" for the first time with the company in a benefit performance at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon for the Civil Service Reform Association, brought cheers and rousing applause from an audience representing $20,000. He received this applause when he sang the prologue and later for his prominent performance in his secondary role as a barytone throughout the opera. The *Nedda* was Mme. Easton, in place of Miss Bori, first announced and Mr. Kingston was the *Canio*.

Leoncavallo's opera was preceded by "Cavalleria Rusticana," in which Mme. Jeritza repeated her dramatic impersonation of the Sicilian peasant girl, and Mr. Crimi was heard again as *Turiddu*. Mr. Moranzoni led both performances, which were generally admirable.

KREISLER SYMPHONY SOLOIST.

The program of the concert of the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall consisted of Beethoven's seventh symphony, the Brahms violin concerto and the "Dance of Katchei" from Stravinsky's ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu." The solo player was Fritz Kreisler. The distinguished violinist has so identified himself with the Brahms concerto that he brings it before his auditors now with an authority not to be attained by younger virtuosi.

The work long ago outlived (except in Boston) the cruel designation of "concerto against the violin." In the hands of such an artist as Mr. Kreisler it seems to be the very voice of the soul of the instrument. This is the result of a performance which combines in a rarely accomplished balance technical correctness with imaginative spirit.

His reading of the cadenza of the first movement, for example, never descends to the level of a mere display of technical wonders, and, indeed, the manner in which he plays the final phrases leading to the return of the cantabile theme is a lofty flight of musical eloquence.

Again, in the last movement, his absolutely correct enunciation of the rhythm of the opening theme, usually smeared, is a veritable open sesame to the treasures of the entire movement. It is possible that Mr. Kreisler has played the concerto better than he did yesterday, but it does not seem possible. Each time he plays it one hears it as if it were a new disclosure. Yesterday's audience was moved to great enthusiasm.

Mr. Coates's reading of the seventh symphony had one conspicuous merit. It shortened the concert. All four movements were taken in high. Second speed was not used. The conductor shifted into first in the trio of the scherzo. The contrast was very sharp. The orchestra came out of the race in good condition. To have played the scherzo, and still more the last movement, at such dizzy rates was to have proved itself an orchestra of successful speed law violators. Perhaps Mr. Coates will be calmer when he repeats the program to-night.

By Deems Taylor

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

At Carnegie Hall last night Pierre Monteux conducted the Boston Orchestra in the first of that organization's penultimate pair of concerts for the season. His programme, one of exceptional interest, included an extract from Franck's symphonic poem, "La Redemption," four excerpts from Casella's "Le Couvent sur l'Eau," and Weber's "Oberon" overture.

The event of the evening was a first New York performance of Karol Szymanovski's Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major. Mr. Szymanovski is a young Polish composer, at present living in New York, whose long list of compositions includes two operas, three symphonies, a symphonic poem and a number of songs and piano and violin pieces. The work played last night was composed in 1911, when he was but 28 years old, and has had numerous performances in Europe.

Several of his smaller works have been heard here this season, the best of them being two violin pieces that Paul Kochanski played at his Carnegie Hall recital. Nothing heretofore, however, has given more than a hint of the real gifts of the composer of the second symphony. This is real music. It is eloquent, well-knit and individual. In the opinion of at least one listener, the man who wrote it deserves to rank among the foremost living composers.

In form the work is unusual, although it looks more unorthodox on paper than it actually sounds. There is a first movement with two contrasting themes. Instead of the classic slow and scherzo movements, however, there are a theme, and variations, the theme and the first two variations taking the place of the slow movement, and the last three variations replacing the scherzo. For a finale there is a fugue, based upon the two themes of the first movement and the theme of the variations. The last three movements are played without a break.

In other words, here is a symphony that, instead of the conventional eight, has only three themes. The test that faced the composer was whether he had the skill and eloquence to develop his thematic material at such great length without being boresome.

Szymanovski meets the test with complete success. The small number of basic themes makes the structure crystal-clear to follow and the masterly way in which the material is handled makes the work one of impressive power and beauty.

The first theme is based on a brief phrase made from the notes D, E-flat, F, d, heard first in the strings and then on the full orchestra. Follows a second theme, rather capricious in character, which alternates with the first and is finally combined with it. The theme of the variations is equally brief—a short four-note phrase on f, B-flat, c, d. The variations are handled with dazzling ingenuity. It is, in fact, doubtful whether the listener unless warned in advance, would realize the amazing economy of material with which the composer has done his work.

It would be impossible on a first hearing to give any accurate description of the sequence of moods in this composition, of its bold and brilliant harmonic coloring, at once daring and strictly logical, and of the richly woven instrumental fabric. Suffice it to say that the second symphony is the best orchestral novelty of the season—a work of passionate and yearning loveliness.

It is customary to say of every new composer, "he will be heard from." Critics sometimes say it until the man is dead. Let us say, rather, that Karol Szymanovski was very definitely heard from last night, and that what he has to say is true and beautiful.

F64 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Massenet's "Manon."

MANON. Opera in Five Acts. Book in French by Meilhac and Gille. Music by Jules Massenet. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Manon Lescaut	Geraldine Farrar
Pousette	Alice Miriam
Javotte	Minnie Egener
Rosette	Marion Telva
Des Grieux	Mario Chamlee
Lescaut	Giuseppe de Luca
Count des Grieux	Leon Rothier
Guillot	Angelo Bada
De Bretigny	Mario Laurenti
Hotel Keeper	Paolo Ananian
Two Guards	Vincenzo Reschiglian, Louis d'Angelo
A Servant	Maria Savage

Conductor, Louis Hasselmans.

Massenet's "Manon," esteemed by some admirers of the French composer as one of his best operas, was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. For some reason not stated the performance reverted to the form in which the opera was given for several seasons at the Metropolitan before last season—that is, with the exception of the scene in the third act that is played in the Cour la Reine. In its place was restored the scene in the fourth act representing a fashionable Parisian gambling house and the sometimes violent proceedings therein.

This scene is doubtless the more important for its dramatic significance; but the performance loses something by the exchange in picturesqueness and tunefulness. The scene in the Cour la Reine, as it was presented last season, gives opportunity for some charming dances in the old style and for some representations of a brilliant crowd.

Miss Farrar showed great charm, grace and pathos as Manon; she acted it, perhaps, with somewhat less of effusive and capricious vivacity than she had in other seasons, but her impersonation did not suffer thereby. And she sang the music better than she had often sung it, with more care and circumspection and with a better quality of tone.

Mr. Chamlee, who has been promoted to some important tenor parts lately, was the Des Grieux. He represented the character, not only for the first time here but also for the first time anywhere, with commendable spirit and ardor, and sang the music with something of the elegance and finish that it demands. In the "Dream" song of the second act he showed an excellent style and secured for it some well-deserved applause, and more for his part in the scene in St. Sulpice.

The representative of Lescaut Manon's negligent cousin was Mr. De Luca, capital in his singing of the music, though not perhaps quite so characteristic in his roystering as some of his predecessors had been.

Mr. Hasselmans conducted with a due regard not only for the spirit and movement of the piece but also for the delicacies and finesse of the score, which abounds in delicacies and finesse.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Jewels of the Madonna," by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Gennaro	Forrest Lamont
Carmela	Maria Claessens
Maliella	Rosa Raisa
Rafaelo	Giacomo Rimini
Blaso	Lodovico Oliviero
Cecilia	Jose Mojica
Rocco	Sallustio Civai
Stella	Margery Maxwell
Concetta	Alice D'Hermanoy
Serena	Frances Paperte
Gracia	Stasia Ledowa
Tetonno	Octave Dua
A Flower Girl	Philine Falco
A Water Vendor	Grace Cunningham
An Ice Cream Vendor	Eugenio Correnti
A Macaroni Vendor	Benjamin Landesma
A Blind Man	Vittorio Trevisan
First Morra Player	Herman Tappo
Second Morra Player	William Fisher
A Fruit Vendor	Louis Derman
Vendor of Sacred Images	Francesco Raviola
Balloon Vendor	Giuseppe Minerva
First Monk	Paul Aronson
Second Monk	Elias Berkenblit
First Young Man	Harry Cantor
Second Young Man	Jean de Keyser
Third Young Man	Carl Bitterl
A Young Mother	Anna Correnti
The Father	Vittorio Trevisan
First Girl	Sadie Vanderbosch
Second Girl	Esther Loomis

Incidental Dances by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, assisted by Miles. Nemeroff, Ledowa, and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor.....Pietro Cimini

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was sung at the Manhattan last evening to the largest audience of the Chicago Opera Association's opening fortnight here, except that assured for tonight's "Salome" revival. Though Wolf-Ferrari frankly wrote a "best seller" when he composed his popular serenades and intermezzos to a story of shocks and thrills of the Camorra dens in Naples, the work has shown singular vitality, compared with his own dainty "Donne Curiose," in which Geraldine Farrer once sang, or "L'Amore Medico," produced on Broadway for Lucezia Bori.

Caroline White, Bassi and Sammarco, of the former Hammerstein stars, gave the Neapolitan tragedy as guests at the Metropolitan on March 5, 1911, in the then Philadelphia-Chicago company's first season as visitors here. "The Jewels," thrice sung in that house, was repeated once at the Lexington, and twice last season at the Manhattan, when it was found to offer Rosa Raisa one of her few "modern" rôles aside from the recent "Fanciulla del West."

Miss Raisa made much of the part of Maliella last evening, gay in the colorful throng of the opening carnival, spellbound in the scene of the stolen sacred jewels, drab and abandoned in the murderers' den. Mr. Lamont was effective as the rude blacksmith, and Mr. Rimini seldom better than as the devil-may-care Rafaele, leader of the Camorra. Mme. Claessens was the mother of Gennaro and foster-mother of Maliella.

A named cast of three dozen persons included half at least of the company's principal and minor singers. As in last year's performances, one of the sensational moments was in the Camorrists' "apache" dances by Pavley, Oukrainsky and the disguised ballet. Pietro Cimini conducted the realistic score and Jacques Coini directed the constantly moving crowds on the stage.

"Madame Butterfly" will be repeated at today's matinee, in place of the announced "Tales of Hoffman." Miss Mason and Mr. Baklanoff reappear in the Puccini opera, with Forrest Lamont as the tenor.

Riccardo Martin sings tonight as Herod in "Salome," for which Muratore was scheduled. Strauss's music drama, occupying just under two hours in performance, will begin at 8:30 o'clock.

Fanny Rezia Sings Opera Airs.

Fanny Rezia, soprano, assisted by Francis Moore at the piano, gave a first recital in Aeolian Hall last night. To sensitive temperament and a light voice cultivated in legato singing, she adds varied musical gifts, as when she followed Rosina's air in "The Barber" by deftly playing her own accompaniment to the popular "Will o' the Wisp." Her program included other opera airs from "Dinorah" and "Louise," French lyrics of Debussy and Albert Wolff, and songs in English of a soft, foreign accent by Hageman and LaForge.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Willem Mengelberg conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He had resumed his post at the head of the organization on Tuesday evening when he shared the direction with Artur Bodanzky. Yesterday he was alone in his glory. He first interpreted the "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven and later the overture to "Der Freischuetz." Between these two stood Mendelssohn's violin concerto, which served to introduce a young performer, Miss Erna Rubinstein.

This addition to the long list of violin virtuosi now exciting this country is a Hungarian, and according to the unimpeachable testimony of her passport fifteen years of age. "Standing where the brook and river meet," she may still be regarded as a juvenile prodigy and music lovers will be invited to be astonished by her performances. And probably they will.

Miss Rubinstein is a tall, fragile looking girl, fair haired and generally modest in demeanor although at the ends of some passages there were movements of the bow which betrayed the self consciousness of the budding celebrity. It would be a pity if this recognition of her own superiority should acquire too much prominence in the young woman's mind, for she has a splendid talent and may become a great artist.

Her tone is beautiful, though not large, her intonation excellent, and her bow arm is admirably flexible and sensitive. She has a musician's sense of rhythm and a fine perception of phrasing. Her performance of the Mendelssohn concerto was exquisite in the first two movements by reason of the beauty of the tone, the smoothness of style and the nice distribution of accents. The finale would doubtless have sounded better if played at a slightly slower tempo.

There was nothing dubiously precocious in Miss Rubinstein's interpretation. It was not that of an abnormal child; neither was it that of a grown woman. It was what might be expected of a normal girl of her age, well trained and possessed of an exceptionally great talent for the violin. Her performance had unusual beauty, but it was the beauty of violin playing. Nothing else should be asked of the girl now. Her debut was a delightful incident of the season, and music lovers are sure to become interested in her.

Mr. Mengelberg gave a dramatic reading of the "Pastoral" symphony, and his thunderstorm was, with the kind help of ten double basses and two pairs of tympani, almost tropical in its exuberance. The Philharmonic musicians played very well indeed.

By MAX SMITH.

WILLEM MENGELBERG made his first triumphant appearance yesterday afternoon at one of the Philharmonic Society's regular Carnegie Hall concerts. And behold! under his masterful direction the orchestra sounded like another instrument from that heard earlier in the season.

There is no need of mincing words. This douty little Dutchman stands head and shoulders as a wielder of the baton over the other conductors upon whose backs New Yorkers have the privilege of gazing at frequent intervals. His energy is stupendous, he knows exactly what he wants and he understands how to command absolute obedience to his demands.

As an artistic personality, to be sure, quite apart from his virtuoso accomplishments, Mengelberg has his shortcomings. His taste is by no means faultless. He is prone to sacrifice purity of style for effect. He is fond of highly colored musical rhetoric. He is by no means callous to the applause of the gallery.

But the performances he obtains are always technically excellent, always elaborately filed out in every detail. And there is satisfaction in such performances—particularly in these days of roughshod riding—even when one's own instincts as to artistic proprieties balk now and then at certain modifications of tempi, over-emphatic accents, sophisticated nuances, etc.

There were times yesterday in the "Pastoral" symphony when the listener could reasonably ask himself, whether Mendleberg's treatment of the work, superbly impressive as it was, and amazingly transparent, did not squeeze out by sheer power and eloquence, some of the original Beethoven flavor. It was hard to believe that the composer actually had conceived his music in a manner so strongly spiced.

If such thoughts obtruded occasionally during the F major symphony, so inspiringly played, they came with a rush, however, in Weber's "Freischuetz" overture, which brought the programme to a close. To be perfectly frank, there must have been more than one person in the audience to

whom Mengelberg's flamboyantly impressive reading, with its carefully thought-out contrasts of tempo, did not appeal at all.

The matinee also served to introduce an extremely talented young violinist, Erna Rubinstein—a mere child, to judge from juvenile clothes, but well on in her teens, it would seem. Sonorously and vigorously supported by Mengelberg and his men, she played the Mendelssohn Concerto not only brilliantly, but with unaffected simplicity of feeling and direction. But what a gruelling pace the conductor adopted in the last movement. No wonder that the performance had more propulsive energy and dash than grace and sprightliness.

The fifth of the series of noonday musicales under the direction of Frank La Forge and Ernesto Berumen was given in Aeolian Hall yesterday. The assisting artists were Cora Cook, contralto, and Sheffield Child, tenor. Miss Cook was heard to good advantage in the Schumann cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," which is one of the most delightful exponents of German lieder. Miss Cook's voice is sweet, and she has a charming manner of presenting her songs. Mr. La Forge accompanied the singer in his usual excellent manner.

Mr. Child sang three French songs—"Celle que je pre fere" by Fourdrain, "Les Cloches" by Debussy and "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca." Not only is his voice of fine quality and long range, but his diction is a thing of delight. The future holds much in store for this talented young man. Kathryn Kerin accompanied Mr. Child with artistic skill.

Ernesto Berumen, pianist par excellence, played "Twilight Dream" and "French Military March" by Saint-Saens with a second part played by the Duo-Art piano, reproducing the work of Rudolph Ganz.

Erna Rubinstein, 15 Years Old, Shows Poise and Bearing of Experienced Artist

In the first of this season's Friday afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall conducted by him yesterday Mr. Mengelberg brought us back to the fields of asphodel over which the musical gods walk without bending a stalk or bruising a blossom. Incidentally, also, he introduced a child whose playing compelled an exclamation like Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" She is called Erna Rubinstein and is said to be a Hungarian Jewess, aged fifteen years. Her pose and bearing indicate greater maturity than the figures, and so does her playing of the violin, for that is the playing of an artist ripe in knowledge and feeling and marvelously trained in technical skill. She played the Mendelssohn Concerto with fine breadth of style, only slightly marred by sentimentality, an ample and beautiful tone and amazing dash in the rondo finale. If she plays it as well ten years from now (and the other battle horses of the violin virtuosi) she will stand among the best in her department. Needless to say, she was applauded to the echo by an audience already worked into an enthusiastic mood by a finished and eloquent performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." To end the concert we had the overture to "Der Freischütz." H. E. K.

Graziella Pareto and Cyrena Van Gordon on Program at Hotel Concert.

The presence of two Chicago Opera Company stars in the persons of Graziella Pareto, soprano, and Cyrena Van Gordon, contralto, at the Biltmore Friday Morning Musicale, held yesterday, gave added interest to a series that has been exceedingly popular this season. The affair was also marked by the appearance of the basso, Edward Lankow.

Miss Pareto was enthusiastically received, and sang with much fervor and beauty of tone. Her numbers included the "Cavatine Amina" from Bellini's "Sonnambula," three shorter pieces, and the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

Miss Van Gordon sang the "L'Abborrita Rivale" aria from "Aida" and a series of American songs.

Mr. Lankow offered an aria from Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and three songs, "Passing By," by Purcell; "Rolling Down to Rio," by Edward German, and Reddick's negro spiritual, "Standin' in de Need o' Prayer."

Alice Miriam in Opera Today.

Lucrezia Bori is suffering from a cold, and Alice Miriam will sing in her place as the heroine of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Snow Maiden" at the Metropolitan this afternoon. An official note to that effect adds that Miss Miriam is one of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's American sopranos. Her early home was in Kansas. She has already been heard here as Micaela in "Carmen," and she has sung leading opera roles in most of the important theatres of Italy.

Chauve Souris

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CHICAGO OPERA
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MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE
—SECOND WEEK—
Today, Mat. at 2, "The Tales of Hoffmann." Ivogun, Mason, Namara, Johnson, Pavloska, Schwarz. Ballet. Cond. Groviez.
Tonight at 8:30, "Salome." Garden, Martin, Reynolds, Dufranne. Cond. Polacco.
Mon., Feb. 6, Premier, "Love for Three Oranges." Nina Koshetz (debut), Pavloska, Cotreuil, Mojica, Dua, Dufrene, Beck. Cond. Prokofieff.
Tues., "Louise." Garden, Claessens, Lappas, Baklanoff. Cond., Groviez.
Wed., "Tannhauser." Raisa, Van Gordon, Schubert, Schwarz, Pavley, Oukrainsky, Ballet. Cond. Ferrari.
Thurs., "Rigoletto." Mason, Schipa, Baklanoff, Pavloska, Lazzari. Cond. Polacco.
Fri., "Salome." Garden, Martin, Reynolds, Dufranne. Cond. Polacco.
Sat. Mat. at 2 "The Girl of the Golden West." Raisa, Lappas, Rimini, Dufranne; Polacco.
Sat. Night, "Lucia di Lammermoor." Pareto, Schipa, Rimini, Lazzari; Cimini.
PRICES: $1 to $7; ORCH., $5, $6 & $7
(Mason & Hamlin, the official piano.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
TODAY, 2, SNOW MAIDEN. Miriam, D'Arle Delaunois; Harrold, Laurenti, Rothier, Bodanzky.
EVE. at 8 (Pop. Prices). MEFISTOFELE. Alda, Easton, Perini; Gigli, Mardones, Moranzoni.
SUN. Eve. Concert.. ELLY NEY, Pianiste; Ponselle, Matzenauer; Orch. Eisler.
NEXT MON., 8, BARBER of SEVILLE. Galli-Curci; Chamlee, Ruffo, Mardones, Malatesta, Papi.
WED. at 8, LOUISE. Farrar, Berat; Harrold, Whitehill, Diaz. Hasselmans.
TH., Feb. 9, MAT. at 2 BOHEME Seats Now $1.10 to $4 inc. War Tax Bori, D'Arle; Gigli, Scotti, Rothier. Papi.
THUR. at 8:30, AMORE DEI TRE RE. Muzio; Martinelli, Danise, Didur, Moranzoni.
FRI. at 8:15, RIGOLETTO. Galli-Curci, Perini; Chamlee, De Luca, Rothier. Papi.
SAT. at 2 ANDRE CHENIER. Muzio; Gigli, Danise, Bada. Moranzoni.
SAT. 8 (Prices $1.50 to $5.00). CARMEN. Farrar, Bori; Galli, Martinelli, Whitehill, Hasselmans.
HARDMAN PIANO USED.

Feb 5-1922

Boston Orchestra

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's issue.)

Something may be found in another section of The Tribune to-day touching the occasional meeting of minds of conductors as to the desirability of compelling, or at least inviting, the concertgoers to hear the same composition day after day. The case directly in point was Beethoven's symphony in A, the Seventh of the supposedly immortal Nine. Between Thursday night of week before last and yesterday afternoon the symphony was played five times in Carnegie Hall. It was on the programs of three organizations, and therefore those who heard even a single concert by the Philharmonic, the Symphony Society and the Boston Orchestra within the period heard the work three times. By the same token, they were permitted—if we do not intimate that they were challenged—to form an opinion as to the comparative value of the interpretations of Messrs. Stransky, Coates and Monteux.

In the article printed elsewhere in The Tribune to-day we have ventured upon some reflections concerning the music as Beethoven wrote it and as we modestly think he intended that it should be played and as it was made to sound. To those observations we have little to add after the performance by the Boston Orchestra.

The players at the command of Mr. Monteux did not give out a body of tone as ingratiating to the ear as did those directed by Mr. Stransky and Mr. Coates, but the performance, a little more spirited than that of the Philharmonic Society and a great deal less erratic than that of the Symphony Society, approached the former in being, so far as tempi were concerned, consonant with the manifest purposes of the composer. There were deviations from the fundamental rates of speed indicated by Beethoven's markings, but they were not radically or violently different.

Mr. Monteux's conception of the Allegretto is not quite that which Beethoven conceived to be the movement of an allegretto, but it was not that of a melancholy march spurred into a quickstep by the entrance of the lovely major melody. Beethoven's notion concerning its tempo may be gathered from the corresponding movement in the symphony which he wrote immediately after it. The Allegretto Scherzando of the Eighth Symphony is an allegretto played jocosely. We doubt if Mr. Coates would associate a heavy-hearted or halfway heavy-footed mood with that exquisite bit of humor. Yet it is an allegretto. Mr. Monteux permitted the characteristic dactyl in the pizzicato basses to the second subject to turn into an anapæst by overlooking the dynamic stress in the eighth notes which results from their being played on the higher open strings instead of placing the accent on the first beat, where it belongs, but where the A has less volume of tone because it is sounded an octave lower in contrabasses and violoncellos. And the second and last tones of the theme of the finale were inaudible, as usual.

Uncertainty is beginning to enter into our concert programs as well as the repertoire of the Manhattan Opera House. Mr. Monteux had promised a first New York performance of Ravel's "La Valse," but replaced it yesterday with Schonberg's "Verklärte Nacht." His other numbers were the "Istar" variations by D'Indy and Svendsen's "Carnival of Paris."

The operas at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday were "Snegourotchka" in the afternoon and "Mefistofele" in the evening. In the former the principal part was sung by Miss Alice Miriam, who was called in as a substitute for Miss Bori. A fresh voice, a youthful figure and simplicity of action which begets sympathy are the qualities most essential in an interpreter of the fragile creature compounded of wintry snow and the balmy breath of spring, and these attributes were agreeably disclosed by Miss Miriam. "Snegourotchka" is an opera in which youthfulness is a characteristic element, and the younger members of Mr. Gatti's company, Mr. Laurenti in particular, give an excellent account of themselves in its representation. The performers in "Mefistofele" were those who took part in the first of this season's performances of the opera—Mme. Alda, Mme. Easton, Miss Perini, and Messrs. Mardones, Gigli and Paltrinieri.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Just why it happened that Beethoven's seventh symphony should have been three times played in New York within a week will doubtless never be explained. Mr. Monteux played it for the third time yesterday afternoon with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Coates having played it earlier in the pair of the New York Symphony Orchestra's concerts. By quick action on the part of both Mr. Monteux and Mr. Mengelberg, a similar duplication in the case of Ravel's "La Valse" was avoided. The conductor of each of the four orchestra giving concerts regularly in New York may be supposed to spend time both in the day and in the still watches of the night trying to think of compositions for his programs that the others are not going to play in New York, but they do so frequently with singularly unsuccessful results.

But Mr. Monteux was successful in his performance of the symphony, which was right in tempo, rhythmically elastic, fine and well balanced in tone, a performance that sounded like Beethoven's music.

In place of Ravel's piece, Mr. Monteux played the arrangement for string orchestra of Schönberg's sextet, "Verklärte Nache," music now not unfamiliar and that still seems the product of imagination and a sense of beauty. The string orchestra grows monotonous in color before the piece is ended; and singularly enough, this monotony is conveyed much more by the orchestra than by the sextet for which the composition was originally written.

It was a gratification to hear again d'Indy's "Istar" variations, music that is not often played and deserves a more frequent hearing. This music no longer seems "cerebral" or dry, but finely imaginative, deeply felt and written with great skill not only in the development of the variations but in the orchestral color. Nor need there be anxious reflections as to nature and appearance of the ornaments and garments successively stripped from the Babylonian woman. The music gives no information about them, and can give none. But it is engrossing and impressive as music and was played with brilliancy and clarity by the orchestra.

There was none too great interest in Svendsen's "Carnival of Paris," which closed the concert. It seeks to represent purely exterior effects, which it does with some success till they begin to pall through undue length.

Pianist and Violinist in Recitals.

Ignatz Friedman gave his third and last piano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, when the Polish artist was heard in an all-Chopin program, headed by the sonata Op. 28 and concluding with that containing the "Funeral March" of Op. 35. There were changes among a group of smaller works comprising several etudes, the mazurka in B minor, not C minor, and the "Berceuse" and "Andante Spianato and Polonaise."

Mishel Piastro played an all-Wieniawski program, that the violinist himself believed to be the first of its kind in New York, in a recital at Aeolian Hall last night for the New York Relief Committee for Famine-Stricken Russia. Maurice Nadelle assisted in the composer's second concerto, in D minor, as well as an air from the first concerto in F sharp minor, second polonaise in A, the mazurka, "Souvenir of Posen," and "Russian Carnival."

EMOTIONS DEPICTED BY VARYING LIGHTS

Mrs. Mary Hallock Greenwalt Describes the Process of Interpretation.

As the first piano notes of "Ave Maria" filled the darkened Wanamaker's auditorium yesterday afternoon a beam of blue light filtered through the darkness and filled the dome of silver cloth above the player's head. The notes of the introduction swelled in volume and the blue became brighter and more vivid. Then as the voice of a singer took up the words the blue slowly faded into green until, to the spectators, it was as though they were gazing into a shimmering, sun-kissed sea. The lights changed in tints and in density. In the fervent passages they were merged into a glowing red to denote religious. Other musical selections expressing gladness, sorrow and other emotions followed and to them the changeful, throbbing lights kept pace. It was a demonstration of the "light player," through which Mrs. Mary Hallock Greenwalt seeks to interpret human emotion in terms of light.

The "light player" is a small instrument not unlike a spinet. Seated in front of it the player works a set of several keys which direct the travels of a rheostat across the points of contact with the groups of colored lights. The operator, Rodney Clark, "throws" the rheostat across the "key board" in harmony with his own emotions for, it was explained, there can be no set standard of colors to represent given emotions. Thus green may mean jealousy to one while to another it may spell the magic of the open spaces and the ocean. Mrs. Greenwalt, who has made a careful study of the emotional values of light, is authority for the last statement.

"What has been done here this afternoon," said Mrs. Greenwalt, becoming serious, "was the use of darkness and brightness of light, and light intensities carry the color for the purpose of emotional and abstract expressions in time succession. It follows the emotions made by the aggregations of the notes. It is an esthetic clothing for music in which the ups and downs of the musical emotions are paralleled by the rise and fall of lights."

Mrs. Greenwalt took her place at the "player," and, working the various keys and pedal, made the silver dome reflect the colors of the spectrum. She meantime explained that as the player works the pedal the intensity of the light is decreased or increased by carefully computed mathematical figures. The keys on top of the instrument, she said, can be put in series with darkness or light, any color or all colors combined.

Painting with lights, Mrs. Greenwalt called it. By the skillful working of the player it was possible, she said, to "play one light against another," according to the proportioning of color, and thus produce a "capacity" for painting with lights. To demonstrate this capacity for emotion painting, Mrs. Greenwalt began to sing "Ave Maria." The dome was flooded with opal light. She stopped suddenly with her hands outstretched in front of her as though in supplication. "Can't you see?" she queried, as her arms fell slowly to her sides.

"Color can be linked to emotion through these common factors, quality, quantity, extension," she continued. "No color can be made to express any one emotion. The popular belief is that green portrays jealousy, just as red expresses anger or maniacal fury. Green may as well express the freshness of Spring and red the fervor of religion.

"A fine art must be reminiscent to a creature of his very being. The emotional states bred in him by the darkness of night and the brightness of day have ended by having their speaking value. That is first and most important in the building of this new form of expression. The second is that when you join it to the arts of succession you are investing light with the pulse of time and the span of respiration."

The idea of expressing emotion by lights is not new. The church has used lights, but most of today's attempts, Mrs. Greenwalt said, and she referred to such attempts in motion-picture theatres, are simply the flashing of colored lights that are not reconciled with the music and do not interpret any emotion.

At the Manhattan Opera House in the afternoon the Chicago Opera Association gave "The Jewels of the Madonna" and in the evening Mary Garden sang in "Salome" for the benefit of the American Committee for the Relief of Devastated France. This performance will be reviewed in tomorrow's editions.

SINGS "THE SNOW MAIDEN."

Alice Miriam, Young Kansas Soprano, Charms at Metropolitan.

Alice Miriam, a young soprano from Kansas, appeared in the same rôle as Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Snow Maid-

cn" at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, when a sold-out house that had expected Lucrezia Bori as the Russian fairy tale's heroine remained to be first surprised and then frankly charmed by the young American artist, Miss Miriam, a Western clergyman's daughter, who had sung in opera both at Chicago and in the chief cities of Italy, and she first came to the attention of the Metropolitan when the late Enrico Caruso chose her from many others as his assisting soprano on a concert tour.

As Snegourotchka, sung but once by Bori in the opera's recent production here, Miss Miriam proved a most acceptable substitute, not only in diminutive daintiness and personal charm, but also in voice, easily filling the theatre and fitting the plaintive character of the gentle daughter of King Winter and Fairy Spring. Her French, too, was clearly enunciated, though her training had been in America and Italy. Mmes. Delaunois, d'Arle, Telva and Howard, and Messrs. Harrold, Laurenti, Bada, Rothier and others reappeared, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Another capacity audience heard Boito's "Mefistofele" for the fifth time this season at the Broadway house last night, with Mmes. Alda, Easton and Perini, and Messrs. Gigli and Mardones, and Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

Rudolf Bauerkeller.

Rudolf Bauerkeller, who died Friday at the Flower Hospital after an operation had been concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra and a first violin of the National Symphony. He lived at 22 East Sixtieth Street. Born in 1879 at Manchester, England, he studied music in Germany and played in various cities of England and the Continent. He came here about fifteen years ago and for a time gave violin lessons at Saratoga, becoming an American citizen while livin gthere. He founded the Ensemble Society in this city for the promotion of chamber music.

Feb 6, 1922

Songs by Lazare Saminsky, Cantata by Samuel Thewman Presented at Town Hall by Society of Friends of Music

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

For a good many years the Tribune's reviewer has had to endure much malevolent and frequently mendacious criticism (critics are the subjects of much more criticism than the people they criticize) because he urged that more benefit might result for American musicians from discussing their works frankly and honestly than from coddling performers and composers simply because they happened to be born or chanced to be living in the United States. It seems now as if the time were come when the same attitude ought to be adopted toward a certain class of foreigners who are visiting us. They are here not because of a suddenly conceived admiration for our people or a suddenly acquired conviction that our taste and understanding are better than those of their home peoples, but because they have been thrown upon our shores by the waves of war. But they are a pushing and persistent people, and are rapidly creating a cult which, until it has had its day, is apt to disturb our artistic equilibrium. The invasion just now is from Russia and Poland, more particularly from Russian and Polish Jewry. Every week or so we hear the command that at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery we fall down and worship the image which a Poldowski, Szymanowski, Prokofieff or somebody else

"whose dissonant consonant name
Almost shatters to fragments the trumpet of fame"

has set up. Along with the new music which they offer there is much of an older vintage, of which we have long enjoyed deep drafts, but the newcomers have compelled us to stop and reflect whether or not that which is sauce for the American goose ought not also be sauce for the European gander.

The Society of the Friends of Music is, perhaps by its nature, compelled to be a propagandist. Its professed purpose is to give a hearing to music of a kind which does not find its way into our concert rooms by the conventional roads. This purpose may condition the character of its programs, but does it carry with it the privilege of lowering the standard of excellence? We should think not. Yesterday's concert in Town Hall, like that of last Wednesday in Carnegie Hall, seemed to us distinctly propagandistic, and we were led into curious speculation as to why it was thought wise to produce music by Lazare Saminsky and Samuel Thewman when a more profitable excursion might have been made into American fields—to say nothing of English, German, French and Italian fields. Both the composers happen to be in New York, but so are a number of American composers whose music might have given more genuine pleasure than could be felt while listening to the four sacred songs composed by Mr. Saminsky and the cantata by Mr. Thewman.

Two of Mr. Saminsky's songs were settings of folk melodies of the Palestine and Jemmenite Jews, but we have heard much more interesting and beautiful music taken from the synagogal service books, Sulzer's "Schir Zion," for instance. These songs were not even drops in the bucket of ancient ritual music of the Jews, and were not made interesting by their somewhat sophisticated settings. The orchestral parts added not an inch to their artistic stature. Any one of old Solomon Sulzer's old-fashioned arrangements of a liturgical hymn or prayer, or one by Naumbourg, Halevy or the more modern Lewandowski, would have sent them out of the room like shivering ghosts.

M. Saminsky's hymns—they were called "El Hibne Hagalida" and "Ami Hadal," sung in Hebrew; "To Zion's Heights," sung in English, and a "Sanctus," sung in Latin, and very well sung by the choir trained by Mr. Townsend—were frank and straightforward, though not harmonically appealing to the old-fashioned car. Mr. Thewman's piece was a setting of Schiller's "Der Abend," for female voices, including soprano and contralto solos, and was of the more precious atmospheric order, with occasional tintinnabulation from the celesta, some solo phrases from the voices of a small orchestra and bits of music intended to be descriptive of passages in Schiller's poem telling of Phœbus stopping his chariot to give his horses a drink and to seek rest and love in the arms of Thetis. There was some charm in the chorus of women's voices, but we found nothing distinctive in melody, harmony and orchestration. Deems Taylor has done better things, but he is only a critic and Mr. Thewman is the stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. But a stage manager who is a composer is a rarer bird than a composing critic. The onetime purveyor of critical opinions for The Tribune who composed operas and things ceased his efforts in that direction some sixty years ago. He's dead now.

The Misses Alice Miriam and Mario Telva, who sang the solos, the orchestra that played the overture to "Abu Hassan," by Weber, which opened the concert, the Schubert's merry little symphony in B flat, which closed it, and Mr. Bodanzky, who conducted the pieces not conducted by the composer, were all from the Metropolitan Opera House. Before the symphony Mr. Otto Weil, also of the Metropolitan forces, announced that in compliance with requests made by letter Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" would be performed again at a special concert under the auspices of the society at Town Hall in the afternoon of Friday, February 17.

At the concert of the Symphony Society which took place in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Coates brought forward a program composed of Glinka's overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," Ravel's "Rhapsodie espagnole" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"SALOME" AGAIN.

After a silence of more than ten years, Richard Strauss's "Salome" was heard at the Manhattan Opera House on Saturday night, when the Chicago Opera Company gave a performance of it as a benefit for—of all things!—the American Committee for Devastated France. This committee is headed by Miss Anne Morgan, who, rumor has it, was largely responsible for having "Salome" banished from the Metropolitan Opera House in other years. Perhaps Miss Morgan thought it would be a good joke on Germany to revive the opera for a French benefit. At any rate, the joke was not on Dr. Strauss, who must have received royalties from the performance.

Scenically it was a good performance; otherwise it was only fair. Julian Dove's stage setting was beautifully designed, had solidity and mood, and was well lighted. Mr. Polacco conducted with care and precision, but without much apparent enthusiasm. The audience was large and came so late and talked so much that it must have been fashionable.

Miss Garden's performance of the title role was unusually good, vocally. Several of her scenes—notably the duologue with Iochanaan—had fascinating dramatic interest. But in general her portrait of Herod's perverse stepdaughter had too much waste motion. Its depiction of the neurotic and erotic heroine was too literal. Salome may have lacked repose in real life—in fact, one may reasonably assert that she did. But Miss Garden strode about the stage so restlessly that the eye tired in trying to follow her. What should have been frenetic seemed too often fussy. The dance of the seven veils was graceful and as candid as the occasion allowed, although the omission of three of the veils caused a certain amount of disappointment. Her scene with the head was chatty rather than horrible. It has been mollified, if memory serves aright, since the Hammerstein days.

Riccardo Martin made an effective looking Herod and acted and sang the part acceptably if not brilliantly. He was under the handicap of not knowing his lines any too well, as Mr. Muratore had been scheduled for the role up to his illness last week. Mr. Dufranne was a sonorous and impressive figure as Iochanaan. Eleanor Reynolds was indifferent as Herodias. Jose Mojica lacked positiveness as the young Syrian Captain, but won a degree of sympathy, and killed himself with satisfying realism.

Chicago is reported to have been frightfully shocked by "Salome." Saturday night's performance wasn't a very shocking occasion. It was beautiful in spots, a bit vulgar in others, and—now it can be told—just the least little bit stupid several times.

THE FRIENDS OF MUSIC.

At the Town Hall yesterday afternoon the Friends of Music offered a miscellaneous programme that enlisted the services of an orchestra, a chorus, two soloists and three conductors. Artur Bodanzky presided over the orchestra for the first and last numbers, Weber's overture to the operetta "Abu Hassan" and Schubert's charmingly Mozartian fifth Symphony.

There were two choral novelties on the programme, each conducted by its composer. The first of these was a group of four sacred songs for mixed chorus by Lazare Saminsky, a Russian composer who has been a resident of New York for the past two years. Two of these, "El Hibne Hagallia" and "Anu Hadal," are founded on airs from Palestine, the other two, "To Zion's Heights" and a "Sanctus," are entirely original. They are all written in the atmosphere of the Greek Church service, have simplicity and dignity, and reflect a mood of deep religious sincerity.

The other novelty was "Der Abend," a chorus for women's voices, soprano and alto soloists, and small orchestra, by Samuel Thewman. It is a harmless setting of a Schiller poem, utterly without distinction or individuality. One can only wonder what the Society of the Friends of Music found in it to distinguish it from a score of similar pieces that are published in this country every year. Alice Miriam and Marion Telva sang their solo parts with distinction. The chorus was not very good. In this as in the Saminsky compositions its tone was dull and its intonation bad.

Find Claire Dux Is An Excellent Singer

Carnegie Hall Recital Removes Previous Impression; Nina Tarasova Is Heard in Russian Program

It was difficult to believe that Mme. Claire Dux, soprano, who gave a recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday, was the same singer who appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House several weeks ago at one of Dr. Richard Strauss's concerts. On that occasion Mme. Dux's voice was used poorly and what little vocal beauty and skill made themselves felt suffered from excessive mannerisms.

Yesterday the beauty of Mme. Dux's voice in the middle and upper tones made a strong impression. Not alone this. She sang well, with a pure and rounded quality of tone, fine phrasing and excellent control of breath. Perhaps the singer was at her best because she sang music written for a lyric and not a coloratura soprano as before, and perhaps also because her middle voice was principally employed. Whatever the reason the impression of mediocrity created by her first appearance was fully eradicated.

Her program contained many charming numbers, and to each she gave its full value, both in vocal skill and in sympathetic and intelligent interpretation. The composers represented included Mozart, Gluck, Pergolese, Giordano, Schubert, Sjorgren and Hermann.

In the evening a singer of anothe type, Miss Nina Tarasova, gave a program of Russian songs at the Town Hall, assisted by Jascha Bonchuk, 'cellist. Miss Tarasova's chief characteristic is her vivid interpretation of musi by her countrymen, and as at her man previous appearances in this ctiy she was both interesting and edifying.

CLAIRE DUX SINGS AT CARNEGIE HALL

Voice Like "Shimmer of Glittering Waters" in Schubert Group.

When Claire Dux sang a group of Schubert songs in German as part of her recital programme yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, her voice reflected the "shimmer of glittering waters" which the opening words announced in "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" and which Schubert described in his melody. It was fine vocal artistry. And in the same way, in beautiful tones and with a variety of effect, she completed the group with interpretations so persuasive that her audience demanded repetitions and encores enthusiastically.

The group which followed, however, was an anti-climax. It consisted of four new songs—two by a Swedish composer, Emil Sjoegren; one by J. Kromolicki and one by Hans Hermann—all sung in English translations. Miss Dux pronounced the English excellently when it was vocally possible, but not when she encountered such combinations as "a secret thought you hold apart." The "secret thought" was difficult enough to sing fluently and when she had done it the words "you hold" were so wasteful of breath that she was compelled to swallow them in a single vowel sound.

The poor assortment of words was one obstacle to interpretation, and the other was the melodies which were fitted to them. Mme. Dux did her best to interpret such phrases as "on your cheek the glowing roses" when "glowing" must be intoned on a high cold note, and she sang of "secrets flowering on your lips in mystery" as persuasively as she could at the top of her voice. After hearing her splendid singing in the Schubert group and in an aria from Mozart's "Zaide" and Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor," the listener regretted that her "new" group had not been chosen to givo her more such opportunities.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Friends of Music.

A singularly assorted program was presented by the Society of the Friends of Music at its concert in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon—a program for which the explanation in part could be found only in friendly complaisance in high quarters, where a more unbending attitude might better prevail. The orchestral works included Weber's overture to the little Singspiel "Abu Hassan" and Schubert's fifth symphony in B flat.

Neither is known on the programs of the greater orchestral organizations. Perhaps it is well that intelligent music lovers should become acquainted with them, though not essential or even highly important that they should, except as steps in the youthful development of men who afterward wrote greater music. For neither is characteristic of the maturer style of its composer, and both are slight, if agreeable, pieces of music. Perhaps, too, Schubert's symphony was played in memory of his 125th birthday, which fell on Jan. 31.

It was composed when he was 19 years old, and though he had then already written some of his greatest songs, it was long before he was destined to produce a great symphony. This one reeks of Mozart, as has been observed; only the modulations at the end of the long andante—he had, at any rate, fallen already into the habit of length in his orchestral compositions—and the melodic outline of the minuet and its trio sound characteristically Schubertian.

The playing of these pieces by the orchestra was excellent. It was much better than what the chorus did in the choral pieces that were given. These comprised four sacred songs by Lazare Saminsky, and a "sketch," as the com-

calls it, entitled "Evening," for ..en's chorus, soprano and contralto solos and a chamber orchestra, by Samuel Thewman.

Mr. Saminsky is a Russian now in this country. Two of the choruses are settings of traditional Jewish words; one of words by the Russian poet Pushkin in the Jewish manner, the fourth of the Latin "Sanctus." Mr. Saminsky has used themes and a style characteristic of the Jewish traditional music, and with a certain effectiveness, but not, as the pieces were presented yesterday, of great impressiveness.

Mr. Thewman is the stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House and was a composer and a conductor before he was a stage director. His "Evening" is a setting of one of Schiller's Hellenistic poems; not without melodic character, but singularly ineffective in its setting for the voices and the small orchestra, even though it contains a double canon for four voices. Misses Miriam and Telva of the Metropolitan forces sang the solos; but none of the participants showed any too much confidence in dealing with the music. Mr. Saminsky and Mr. Thewman both conducted their compositions.

Jan van Bommel Is Heard.

Jan Van Boemmel, a Dutch baritone resident here, gave a recital at Rumford Hall yesterday, assisted by Axel Skjerner, formerly pianist for the late Maud Powell. Mr. Van Bommel, who has sung in St. Patrick's choir, gave an opera air of the monk Athaniel from Massenet's "Thais," with others, both French and Italian; three songs in German by Strauss and two wholly novel and delightful Dutch airs by Andriessen and Dr. E. D. Pyzel.

Play Schubert at Opera House.

Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, together with Tchaikovsky's concerto, in which Elly Ney was solo pianist, furnished the Methropolitan's most symphonic and least operatic of recent "opera concerts" before an unusual audience at the big Broadway house last night. Mme. Matzenauer sang Schubert's dramatic song "The Erl King," while the orchestra under Paul Eisler also played his "Rosamonde" overture and a Schubert-Liszt march. In place of Rosa Ponselle, who was ill, Frances Peralta appeared, singing the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca" and with Matzenauer a duet from "Aida."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The concert of the Society of the Friends of Music in Town Hall yesterday afternoon was less important than that which the same organization gave a few days ago in Carnegie Hall. The program contained two novelties. One was a collection of four sacred songs by Lazar Saminsky, a Russian, and the other "Der Abend," by Samuel Thewman, for soprano and contralto solos, chorus of women and instrumental accompaniment. Mr. Saminsky's texts were two Hebrew, "El hibne" and "Ani hadal"; one Russian (by Pouskin), "Naprasno ia stremlious," and one ecclesiastic Latin, a Sanctus.

These sacred songs called for the full chorus and orchestra. They were made by a man who was acquainted with his business, but who has not been driven by the unsparing lash of genius to lofty utterance. The best of the four songs was perhaps the first, founded on a dance tune of the Palestino Jews. Saint-Saens may have heard the same tune before he wrote the chorus of old Hebrews in the first act of "Samson et Dalila." The people can generally be trusted to make good tunes, and wise composers will borrow them. Mr. Saminsky conducted his own compositions.

Mr. Thewman's work was a setting of a text by Schiller. The composer is now one of the stage managers at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has had experience in Europe in composing and conducting and his work showed that he was no inexperienced writer. The accompaniment required a chamber orchestra of violin, cello, flute, English horn, clarinet, bassoon, horn, piano, harp and celesta.

The solo singers were Miss Alice Miriam, soprano, and Miss Marion Telva, contralto. Paul Eisler operated the celesta and Wilfrid Pelletier the piano. The audience was courteous in its reception of both the novelties, which seemed to call emphatically for the services of Friends of Music to give them a hearing. The concert began with Weber's "Abu Hassan" overture and ended with Schubert's B flat symphony. About the music of these old hands it is unnecessary to speak.

MISS CLAIRE DUX IN RECITAL.

Soprano of Chicago Opera Company Sings in Carnegie Hall.

Miss Claire Dux, a soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, gave her first song recital here yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Miss Dux, as the soloist, had been heard on the concert platform here this season in a program led by Richard Strauss. Her comprehensive list of selections included older Italian lyrics, five songs by Schubert and an air from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers."

A group of songs—all marked new—were "Silent" and "Forever" by the Swedish composer Sjoegren, which were sung in English; "I Once Saw the Wind" by Kromolicki, and "Lullaby" by Hans Merman.

Miss Dux was heard by a large audience and her performance received enthusiastic applause. Concerning her vocal delivery, it was less successfull than when sustained by an orchestral support. She seemed troubled by nervousness, which increased as the recital advanced. Her phrasing was sometimes short and her voice often lost its good quality outside the middle range or fell a trifle below the pitch. On the other hand, she accomplished some excellent singing, as for instance in a difficult and seldom heard air from Mozart's opera "Zaide," with which she began. Here there were admirable smoothness of tone and commendable style.

Miss Dux's interpretation of the classic German songs needed more lightness of touch, but she sang them with intelligence. Frederic Persson was at the piano.

COATES CONDUCTS SYMPHONY.

Orchestra Plays Program of Unusual Musical Variety.

Albert Coates, guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, gave a program of some unusual variety in style and color at the society's concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The pieces, all known here, were Glinka's "Russlam and Ludmilla" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" of Wagner, Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnol" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The "Cortege des Noces" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or" suite, which had been announced for the program, was not played.

Mr. Coates's reading of Strauss's symphonic poem was disappointing. It was virile, straightforward and powerful rather than subtly brilliant. The audience filled the hall.

CONCERT FOR BRAZIL FUND.

The second concert for the benefit of Bishop Lucien Lee Kinsolving's educational work in Brazil was held last night in the studio of Mr. A. A. Anderson, 80 West Fortieth street. The artists were Miss Anna Louise David, harp; Miss Evelyn MacNevin, contralto; Mr. Wolfe Wolfinsohn, violin; Miss Mary Gillies, organ, and Mr. Del Negri, Brazilian tenor.

Feb. 8 1922

Profeofieff's opera "The Love of Three Oranges" was to have been postponed at the Manhattan Oper House last evening, but Jose Mojica, the young Spanish tenor, who was cast for a part of considerable importance, was taken with a cold and made unable to sing. As there was no one ready to take his place the Opera could not be given. The work chosen for substitution by General Director, Mary Garden as Verdi's "La Traviata," hich already had been given once in the corus of the Chicago Opera Company's first to eeks.

The ast as the same as before. Miss Graziello Parcto, ho made her debut as *Violetta*, repeated an impersonation which gave pleasure to the audience. Her voice is one of very pretty quality and her singin, which married by some rodieal defects, is still of sufficient merit to call for commidation. Mr. Schipa was again an *Alfredo* of gement at disjointed utterance, but his ringing high tones evoked applause as such tones always do. Joseph Schwartz sang *Germont* as he did before with a good quality of tone and with a smoothness that was most agreeable.

Among those who listened to "La Traviata" were Judge and Mrs. Daniel F. Murphy, Mrs. Harold Marelay, Mr. and Mrs. William Maxwell, Mrs. J. Harrison Irvine Mrs. A. Duer Irving, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hirst, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Hornor, Mr. and Mrs. J. West Hornor, Mrs. Muriel Draper, Miss Alice A. De Lamar, Miss Evangeline Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Denby, Mr. Dana Pond and Mr. Shepherd Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Rosen, Mrs. Thomas L. Chadbourne and Miss Dorothy Bigelow, who had hoped to hear the new opera, were among those standing in line at the box office to get their money back.

GALLI-CURCI AS ROSINA.

Prima Donna at Her Best in Sparkling Comedy.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The performance, which was the third this season, had special interest. Mme. Galli-Curci sang Rosina for the first time at the Metropolitan.

The part is said to be the prima donna's favorite one among all her roles. She was at her best in the sparkling old comedy. She was bewitchingly gowned, her acting was humorous and vivacious and her singing of the brilliant music had daintiness and charm. Her opening air in the first act, the "Una voce poco fa," was received with delight. In the lesson scene she sang the "Polonaise" from "Mignon" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Titta Ruffo was to have sung the "Figaro" for the second time since he joined the company this season, but the distinguished baritone was suddenly indisposed and his place was taken by Mr. de Luca, who is so favorably known in the part to local opera goers. He's impersonation of the barber was again excellent. He received much warm applause on his first entry before singing the "Largo al factotum" and again at the close of the air.

Mr. Chamlee's good voice and style give pleasure in the role of *Almaviva*. His delivery of his music shows some gain in assurance and smoothness, although it still needs more finish. Mr. Mardones as the *Basilio* and Mr. Malatesta as *Dr. Bartolo* were known in their parts. The performance as a whole had dash and spirit. Mr. Papi conducted. The house was sold out.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Myra Hess's Piano Recital.

Myra Hess, the English pianist who appeared for the first time here a fortnight ago, gave another recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program was not such as to bring forward so conspicuously the special qualities of her playing that were found so charming on that occasion. The most important number was Chopin's sonata in B flat minor, which she played in a thoroughly musical way, with a tone that never lost its beauty in the most powerful passages, with clarity in the exposition of the outlines of the composition and without sentimentalizing the funeral march. It was hardly a highly eloquent performance, neither rising to the heights nor plumbing the depths of the composition. She played Mozart's sonata in G in a wholly delightful manner; with a fine appreciation of the essential style, with a delicate firmness of rhythm and elegance of phrasing.

Her other numbers included Brahms's setting for two hands of his waltzes, originally written for four, and pieces by B. W. O'Donnell, a name unfamiliar on this side of the Atlantic, Arnold Box and Ravel.

Feb 8 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Louise." By members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

The Father	Georges Baklanoff
The Mother	Maria Claessens
Louise	Mary Garden
Julien	Ulysses Lappas
A Noctambulist	Octave Dua
The King of the Fools	Theodore Ritch
The Painter	Jean de Keyser
The Sculptor	Vittorio Trevisan
The Student	Eugenio Correnti
The Song Writer	Theodore Ritch
A Young Poet	Lucio Mazza
First Philosopher	Desire Defrere
Second Philosopher	Sallustio Civai
A Rag Picker	Paul Payan
A Young Picker	Philine Falco
A Coal Gatherer	Anna Correnti
A Coal Picker	Constantin Nicolay
A Newspaper Girl	Jeanne Schnelder
A Milk Woman	Alice D'Hermanoy
First Policeman	Etienne Contesso
Second Policeman	Giuseppe Minerva
An Apprentice	Elise de Valcis
A Street Arab	Melba Goodman
A Street Sweeper	Irene Pavloska
An Old Clothes Man	Jean de Keyser
Irma	Mary McCormic
Blanche	Anna Correnti
Marguerite	Jeanne Schnelder
Suzanne	Philine Falco
Camille	Margery Maxwell
Elise	Frances Paperte
Madeleine	Esther Walker
The Forewoman	Alice D'Hermanoy
An Errand Girl	Melba Goodman

Incidental dances by Mlle. Ledowa and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Gabriel Grovlez.

The Chicago Opera Company gave Charpentier's "Louise" at the Manhattan last night with Miss Mary Garden in the name part. In January, 1908, Oscar Hammerstein produced the work at the Manhattan with Miss Garden repeating the role of *Louise* which had first made her name at the Paris Opera Comique.

Since those historic operatic days of Oscar Hammerstein Miss Garden has sung *Louise* here during visits of the Chicago company at the Metropolitan and later at the Lexington, but last night here performance returned to the Manhattan. Miss Garden's impersonation of the wayward Parisian girl of Montmartre fame is always among her best achievements. It has dramatic directness and a vocal expressiveness not hidden by strange singing. She delivered "Depuis la jour" with such sincerity that she moved her hearers to enthusiasm.

Her principal supporters in a cast of thirty-four were Ulysses Lappas, who, as *Julien*, was without much of the insouciance of the Frenchman, but with youth in his favor—not otherwise generally commendable; Mr. Baklanoff af a vigorous *Father*, and Mme. Cleassen, familiar here as the *Mother*.. Of the minor parts, Miss Mary McCormic was the *Irma*, Mr. Defrere the *Noctambulist*, Theodore Ritch, the *King of the Tools*, Paul Payom *A Rag Picker* and Miss Elise de Valcis *An Apprentice*.

The scene of the swing girls was omitted, as it was in Paris during the war. The scenes fro mthe humbler walks of life in Paris were well depicted and culminated in one of brilliant action in the "Crowning of the of the Nurse of Montmartre" scene in the third act. Gabriel Groviez led the smooth performance with discretion. The audience was large.

OLIVER DANTON PLAYS.

Oliver Denton, pianist, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. His program contained Busoni's arrangement of Bach's D minor toccata and fugue, Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 3; some Chopin and also numbers by Rachmaninoff, Liszt and others. Mr. Denton has been heard here frequently and his style is well known. He is a pianist who possesses much beauty of tone and considerable range of technic, but whose interpretations are characterized by grace and sentiment rather than by breadth.

His Beethoven reading yesterday was commendable for its smoothness, but it was not notably imaginative. He made much of an "Elegie Heroique" by Louis Adgar Johns, but the composition had not much to say for itself. The audience was of moderate dimensions, but it was cordial in its approval of everything done by the pianist.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The second of the Philharmonic Society's Tuesday evening concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House took place last night, Artur Bodanzky conducting. The program consisted of Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony. This arrangement was compact and generally pleasing. The audience was large and apparently well satisfied. The music was all well known to the players of the orchestra. They were on sure ground and they had before them a conductor who had no desire to make amazing discoveries in the scores. It was an entirely comfortable concert.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The sixth concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, given in Carnegie Hall last evening, had the unusual aid of a solo singer. She was Miss Marie Ivogun, the light soprano of the Chicago Opera, who recently made her debut here as Rosina. Miss Ivogun sang two numbers, Mozar's concert air, "Mia speranza adorata," and the recitative and air, "Grosse Maeptige Prinzessin," from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." She received a vast amount of applause from her auditors, to whom her extraordinary high tones seemed to be something quite beyond ordinary experience.

Miss Ivogun decorated Mozart with some flights into her birdlike upper scale. They did not appear to belong to the style of the music, but style is something now almost out of style. So there need be no comment. Otherwise the soprano sang the air pleasingly and with some admirable phrasing. Of course florid sopranos with soaring voices love to sport with the cheap aria of Strauss. It is exeeedingly thin stuff, but the extras may be as numerous and as expensive as the soprano pleases. Miss Ivogun sang the music very skilifully, and some of her high trills were indeed astonishing.

The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 8, Schumann's D minor symphony and the dance of *salome* from the Strauss opera bearing the name of the doubtful heroine. Mr. Stokowskis rearrangement of the seating plan of his orchstra, introduced to us this season, did not work entirely to the advantage of Beethoven's overture, which seemed to be pulled apart in places and distorted in balance in others.

The Schumann symphony suffered from the suddenly disclosed tendency on the part of some conductors to hosten matters. The first movement was taken at a very vivacious tempo which affected its character unfavorably. The finale was also hurried. The two middle moements were done extremely well.

IDA GEER WELLER SINGS.

Mezzo-Contralto Delights Capacity Audience at Aeolian Hall.

Ida Geer Weller, mezzo-contralto, whose appearance on the local concert stage does not occur frequently enough to satisfy her admiring followers, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening before a capacity audience.

Miss Weller, who possesses the ability to sing a great variety of songs in charming and individual manner, presented a program of French, German and English songs. The first number—a cycle called "Les Heures," by Augusta Holmes—which gave a fine opportunity for the display of fine tone color and perfect French diction, was followed by Dvorak's "Gypsy Songs;" of these an especially fine interpretation was given to "Songs My Mother Taught Me." In the aria from "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," by Bemberg, Miss Weller rose to real heights of dramatic intensity, proving a beautifully modulated voice and excellent musicianship.

A group of Schumann songs in German were well received, and of the English group which closed the program "Ecstasy," by Beach, and "The Great Awakening," by Kramer, were particularly pleasing. Emil Polak at the piano proved a worthy ally.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

At the concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra last evening in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Stowkowski gave the places of honor to Beethoven, in his third Leonore Overture, and Schumann, in his fourth symphony. Between them came Mozart, in his concert "Scena," "Mia Speranza Adorata," for soprano; and afterward Strauss in the florid soprano air from "Ariadne auf Naxos" and the dansco from the opera of "Salome." The soprano singer was Miss Maria Ivogun.

The performance of the "Leonore" overture was a credit to the organization and its conductor. It was marked by finish, by fullness and beauty of tone, by a comprehension of the spiritual contents of the music. There were admirable qualities about the performance.

Schumann's symphony: the same finish, the same fullness and beauty of tone; but less sympathy with the spirit and romantic warmth of the composition. Something was lost in the allegro by the rapid pace at which it was taken; and something, too, in the last movement for a somolar reason. The symphony was played as Schumann intended it should be, without pause between the movements.

Miss Ivogun had been heard as Rosina in a recent performance of "The Barber of Seville" by the Chicago Opera Company, in which she showed herself to be a coloratura singer of no mean powers, possessed of a light voice of charming quality and delicate color, of high range and great flexibility, and of a finish in the execution of florid music none too common at the present time. She sang Mozart's Scena, which he wrote for his accomplished sister-in-law, Alogsia Weber, admirably—not with great power, but with artistic feeling, with some comprehension of the style of the music and no little power of reproducing it. In the florid passages she showed spontaneity and brilliancy.

The air from Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" is a curious product of skilled labor an dingenuity. It is written as a modern might write in an obsolete style, deliberately setting out to surpass his models. The accompaniment is for a very small orchestra with piano played by Clarence K. Bowden in transparent obligato style. As music it is sufficiently poor stuff, no more inspired than the rest of Strauss s recent productions; but it is devised with a maximum of effect in the combination of the instrumental colors with the voice. It also presents a maximum of difficulty to the singer, not only in the involution of its florid passages, but as well in the treacherous shifting of tonality in the middle of them, and likewise in the very high tones that are frequently demanded.

Miss Ivogun accomplished it all without untoward incident; she achieved the passages fluently, she reached the high tones, she was not disastrously put off the pitch. She even succeeded in giving the music a specious appearance of charm by her manner of singing it. And it naturally brought her enthusiastic applause.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"LOUISE" AT THE MANHATTAN.

The Chicago Opera Company's performance of "Louise" last night introduced a new Julian and a new Father in the persons of Ulisses Lappas and Georges Baklanoff. Neither was an unqualified success. The Julian of Mr. Lappas wanted charm somehow. It was a well-sung and conscientiously acted performance that never quite succeeded in capturing the spirit of romance.

This Julian was no figure to earn the maledictions of two honest Parisian parents. He was a nice young man in a gray business suit, of whom Louise's parents should have been the first to approve. He lacked repose and he lacked humor. When he was not actually singing Mr. Lappas displayed a tendency to disappear from the picture through his seeming lack of any clean-cut conception of the character.

Mr. Baklanoff as the Father was better. He was not perfect, though, for despite the fact that he sang the part better than it has been sung in a good many years, he too lacked poetry. One missed the tenderness, the gentleness of his love for Louise that should have made his outbreak in the last act so terrible. He was a parent, but no comrade for a growing girl.

Miss Garden's Louise needs no detailed comment. It is a wonderful picture of adolescence. This is no young woman. She is a girl, sometimes a child, with the hardness and petulance and passion and timidity of youth. Only in her singing did Miss Garden sometimes lose the youthfulness of the character. Once or twice she abused the deep contralto quality of her lower voice. It gave the role a maturity, a sophistication that suggested the troubles of the impresaria rather than those of the midinette.

Laryngitis, the Nemesis of opera companies, occasioned several changes in the announced cast. Mr. Dufrere replaced the disabled Octave Dua as the Noctambulist, and Theodore Ritch sang the King of the Fools and the Song Writer, the parts originally assigned to Jose Mojica. Others in the cast were Maria Claessens, who gave a satisfactory performance as the Mother, and Paul Payan as the Ragpicker. For some complicated reason the sewing room scene was omitted from the second act. The lighting and handling of the crowd in the Montmartre scene were exceptionally good. Mr. Grovlez conducted a smooth performance.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick announced emphatically at a meeting to-day of the Chicago Civic Opera Association that she has "positively, absolutely and finally" withdrawn extensive financial help for the association.

"Yesterday I signed my guarantee for $10,000 for five years," she said, "and I am now stepping down to become one of many members of this association."

Mrs. McCormick, together with her husband, Harold F. McCormick, whom she recently divorced, contributed $3,600,000 in ten years as "angels" for the Chicago Opera Company.

"Chicago Opera will not be ridden by the isms of any clique or group. Friends of opera in German, friends of opera in French, friends of opera in any other language, will receive scant recognition from the management." This was another declaration that aroused interest at the meeting. It was made by Samuel Insull, was interpreted by many as a hint to Mrs. Archibald Freer, who was present in the interests of the "Friends of Opera in Our Language," and who had previously submitted a petition to the chairman of the meeting. Mrs. Freer was with Mrs. McCormick, who is said to be behind the Opera in Our Language movement.

Mr. Insull added that before there is any more Chicago opera in any language there must be the guarantees for $500,000. He said the search is coming on well. He thinks he sees the end in sight.

Feb 9 1922

Miss Du Carp Again

Miss Marie Magdeleine Du Carp, who, besides many qualities of admirable musicianship made known last year, exhibited a newly acquired tonal puissance at a recent concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. Her program was an agreeable one, composed of pieces by Mozart, Rameau, Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Debussy, Scott, Faure and Liszt. Having revealed another phase of her pianistic accomplishments in a conspicuous fashion at her previous concert, she was content yesterday with laying greater emphasis upon those characteristics of her playing made known last year, notably finesse and poetic interpretations. These qualities were requisites of the pieces on her program, and in her playing there was appropriate and abundant charm rather than any effort to dazzle.

Meanwhile at Aeolian Hall Vladimir Rosing, Russian tenor, who has been heard several times this season, was giving another recital. A feature of this occasion was the inclusion on his program, usually devoted exclusively to the composers of his native land, of songs by German and English composers, as well as several operatic arias.

In the first part of his program, which contained Russian songs, Mr. Rosing was on familiar ground, ground upon which he may for the most part tread with safety, for the frailness of his voice and the slenderness of his vocal resources may be overlooked when the sincerity and effectiveness of his interpretations are taken into consideration. But when Mr. Rosing ceases to be an interpreter par excellence and moves into realms where art alone will not suffice and where some slight tonal fortitude is required he shows little wisdom and a total misconception of his artistic potentialities.

Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht," set down on the program, was omitted, a wise move, for the singer had labored through Strauss's "Morgen" and Schubert's "Der Zwerg." But perhaps the omission was only made in order to save his vocal strength for the hackneyed aria from "Pagliacci," which came as a gloomy climax of tonal inadequacy after a delightful performance of an aria from "Prince Igor." Arensky's "Minstrels," before which the singer craved a few moments' repose, was another task which far exceeded his vocal strength, as did Alberto Coates's "Song of a Don Cossack." On the other hand, Mr. Rosing was again at his best in Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's Hebridian Dance, Gerrard Williams's Idyl and the Irish Famine Song. Generally speaking, Mr. Rosing's singing suffers from lack of artistic reserve and abuse of intensity. Listening to him, some of his hearers might wish that he would take as his motto the words of the French poet: "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

Sings Bach's Mass

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Schola Cantorum presented Bach's B minor mass at its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. For the performance of this famous old masterpiece Kurt Schindler, conductor, had assembled in addition to the chorus and orchestra of the Symphony Society the following array of solo singers: Mme. Florence Easton, soprano; Mme. Merle Alcock, contralto; George Maeder, tenor; Giuseppe de Luca, barytone, and Fred Patton, bass. Lynwood Farnam played the important organ part.

The work had not been heard in this city since April 5, 1901, when it was given by the Oratorio Society under Frank Damrosch. On March 27 of that year it had been sung for the first time in its entirety by the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pa., directed by Dr. J. Fred Wolle. It has since remained almost the exclusive property of that organization and has been a feature of all the famous Bach festivals in the Lehigh Valley city.

This imposing composition cannot be given often. It is not for the pleasure of the concert going multitude, but rather for the intensely religious mind. It belongs to Bach's later years, when the introspective nature of his genius had reached its full development and he had ceased to vex himself with the problems of practical performance. He wrote therefore out of the plenitude of his inspiration. He dared to be himself with that prophetic vision of genius which saw posterity understanding it.

Made for a King's Favor.

The mass, to be sure, was not a spontaneous conception nor designed for Catholic cathedrals. It was made to court the favor of a king and for use in Protestant churches. But it went down to the roots of that Protestant spirit which broke the soil of Catholicism itself. It voices yearnings which lay in Rome's own heart and ultimately found their expression in the Reformation. It embodies the fundamental significance of a liturgy and the vitality of a faith common to both churches.

It is a colossal culmination of centuries of development of the Italian mass, shaped and colored by a Protestant feeling, which was the rock bottom of all Bach's church music. Above all it is the most triumphant proclamation of a music personality whose ceaseless attitude was one of worship and whose continual endeavor was to vivify liturgies by the most splendid architectural enshrinement within the reach of musical art.

A searching examination of the performance would involve the reader in the labyrinth of opinions as to the correct method of interpretation, questions of style, the irrepressible conflict of the tempi and the pathless jungle of the ritardando. Bach was not profuse in marks of expression and the editors have rarely been sure of themselves.

Master's Choral Works.

Certain traditions have long been associated with the performance of the old master's choral works and certain indubitably erroneous notions have acquired the endurance of authority. These need not be catalogued, nor is it important that Mr. Schindler's direction be scrutinized in their light—or darkness.

He should be credited with having carefully rehearsed his chorus to sing the formidable slow numbers with considerable steadinessand the quick ones with commendable spirit and precision. The "Gloria" and the "Cum sancto spiritu" were inspiring. Other portions of the great work had similar force. Mr. Schindler tried no experiments in nuancing, and, to the relief of experienced listeners to the work, indulged in no protracted ritardandi. His chorus on the whole sang well. There were little uncertainty and few lapses from pitch.

The soloists also sang well, Mme. Easton especially well. The flute music was safe in the care of Mr. Barrere. Messrs. Glantz and Heinrich performed the difficult trumpet parts excellently and Messrs. Bottesini and Santangelo used their oboi d'amore as if they had grown up with them. The weak obligato was the violin solo in the "Laudamus te."

The audience, which attentively listened to the mass, seemed eager to find opportunities for outbursts of enthusiastic applause, but Bach, bowed before the altar of his God, had taken no account of such desires.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

It was a highly laudable ambition which prompted the Schola Cantorum to perform Bach's Mass in B minor, at Carnegie Hall last night, and the performance was highly creditable to all concerned in it, including the audience, which filled the room to its utmost capacity. We received no revelations concerning the old work as the result of Mr. Schindler's pilgrimage to Leipsic and Berlin in quest of things overlooked by the various editors through whose hands the score has passed within the last half century or more, men like Kretschmar, who prepared the work for performance by the famous Riedel Verein in the city where Bach composed it; Volbach or the conductors under whose direction we have heard it, like Theodore Thomas, Frederick Wolle and Frank Damrosch. The revelations may have been there all the same and escaped our observation because there was so much magnificent music to listen to. The Germans have a saying about not seeing a forest because of the trees. There were moments, especially in the early part of the evening, when the singing of the choir was listless and labored, but they were offset by the fine spirit of such numbers as the "Gloria in excelsis," the "Gratias agimus tibi" and the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," which stirred the audience into enthusiasm.

Relationship of Choir and Orchestra

Whether the full beauty of the marvelous music can ever be brought out except by a restoration of the numerical relationship between choir and orchestra as it existed in the time of Bach we question. It was not done at the performances by the Oratorio Society in April and November, 1900, nor at a performance, memorable for many things, conducted by Theodore Thomas in Cincinnati in 1902. Some of the difficulties that beset conductors are known to all serious students of music, and the severest of critics is wont to be lenient in judgment in their presence.

But we have yet to observe an experiment in which the instumentalists shall at least equal the number of singers and in which Bach's characteristic use of the wind instruments for the purpose of putting color into the score shall be brought to notice. Perhaps too persistent use of the organ has something to do with the case. An obstacle to even Siegfried Ochs, the admirable conductor of Berlin, whose analysis of the mass was placed in the hands of the auditors last night, is found in the employment of a horn in company with two bassoons in the instrumental accompaniment of the bass solo "Quoniam tu sanctus." The effort was turgid and muddy last night, though Mr. Patton put the best solo performance of the evening to his credit in it and Mr. Sansone played the horn obbligato in admirable style.

We wondered again last night, as we wondered years ago, if the corno da caccia which Bach used did not possess a lighter, more brilliant tone than can be produced from the modern horn. Aside from this, however, we imagine that a greater variety might be given to a performance if the tonal volume of the orchestra were permitted to assert itself as against the choir with the independence which the treatment of the orchestra suggests throughout the work. Must we have three or four times as many singers as instrumentalists when the music of Bach and Handel is performed? Such a relative adjustment of forces never entered the minds of those composers.

Damrosch's Innovation

When Frank Damrosch performed the mass in 1900 he had two oboi d'amore made in Berlin and used them with such good effect that we have heard them in all the performances given since in Boston, Bethlehem, Cincinnati and Philadelphia. They were used last night and they are now felt to be essential. The next step might properly be another approach to the apparatus of Bach's time. The difficulty with the high trumpet parts has been all but overcome; it was last night, thanks to Messrs. H. Glanz and C. Heinrich, who deserve mention along with the oboists, M. Bottesini and F. Santangelo; Mr. Barrere, flautist, and Mr. Timlot, violinist, though the tone of the latter's instrument was singularly attenuate. The solo singers, all of whom strove valiantly against great difficulties, were Florence Easton, Merle Alcock, George Meader and Fred Patton.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE B MINOR MASS.

At Carnegie Hall last night Kurt Schindler conducted the Schola Cantorum in a performance of Bach's high mass in B minor—the first complete performance of this great work to be given since 1901. The orchestra was the New York Symphony, Lynnwood Farnam was at the organ, and there were four soloists: Florence Easton, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; George Meader, tenor, and Fred Patton, baritone. There was an exhaustive book of programme notes by Prof. Siegfried Ochs of Berlin, translated by Mary Ellis Opdycke and Kurt Schindler.

The concert marked a departure from the policy of the Schola Cantorum in the past, one which, regardless of the merits of last night's concert, is of debatable merit. Kurt Schindler has made an enviable reputation as an indefatigable searcher in the unexplored regions of choral literature, and so varied and rich a trove has he unearthed that during the past decade lovers of choral art have learned to look to him and his chorus for programmes rich in variety and novelty. There has been hardly a concert by the Schola that has not given us interesting and unfamiliar music, sung—generally unaccompanied—with a wealth of color and contrast. It would be a pity if this work were to stop, if the Schola were to evolve into a "choral society" of the conventional type.

Last night's performance was good but not good enough. Technically it was generally correct. The singers kept good pitch and time and, with a few notorious exceptions, generally among the basses, maintained a commendable precision of attack. Several of the numbers were excellently done. The opening bars of the "Kyrie Eleison!" had exaltation, the "Et incarnatus" and "Crucifixus etiam" from the Credo were moving examples of mezza-voce singing, and the "Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum" was thrilling in its triumphant power.

In general, however, the performance suffered from the dead level of mezzo-forte with which the chorus sang nearly everything. This, by the way, is generally considered to be the way Bach ought to be sung. He wrote much of his music without any expression marks (they were not in style then), and even when he did, contented himself generally with a simple "f" or "p" at the beginning of a movement. Consequently, many experts maintain, the only proper way to sing Bach is monotonously. Any shading, any change of tone color, any increase or decrease in speed—anything, in fact, that would give the music added interest would be to dramatize it, and therefore be against the master's wishes.

What little of this tradition actually comes down from Bach is largely due to the vocal material he had to work with. Most of his life he was an overworked and underpaid obscure provincial choirmaster. His singers were amateurs and of such elementary musicianship that he was thankful enough if he could get them to sing the notes. As for his not using expression marks, neither did Palestrina, who preceded him, nor Mozart, who came after him. Detailed expression indications are a comparatively modern invention. Yet nobody would dream of performing the works of Palestrina and Mozart with the wooden monotony that is supposed to be good Bach style.

What really happened to Bach was that after lying almost forgotten for years, his works were suddenly discovered to be masterpieces. Unfortunately for him, the men who discovered him were scholars first and musicians second, men to whom the marvellous skill with which he mastered the most complicated contrapuntal problems was more important than the power and beauty and lofty grandeur of his music. For them, to hear the notes was enough. For some of us, at least, it is not.

The B minor mass is a gigantic and lengthy work. Aside from its unusual length—over two and one-half hours—it is a maze of counterpoint, written almost throughout in the key of B minor and its relative D major. Unless it is performed with the utmost flexibility, the greatest variety of vocal tone color and the most sensitive response to the varying moods of the words and music, it is inevitably going to sound dull. No human nerves can stand a whole evening of florid counterpoint without expression. Last night's performance was too level. Interesting as it was in spots, it had a dynamic sameness that wearied one's most reverent attention.

The soloists, both vocal and instrumental, were excellent. Mrs. Alcock and Mrs. Easton were particularly ingratiating in their "Christe Eleison" duet, Mr. Meader was admirable in his all too brief solo, and Mr. Patton extracted much interest from the difficult "Quoniam tu solus." Mr. Sansone and Messrs. Glantz and Heinrich deserve special mention for their fine handling of the almost unplayably high horn and trumpet parts.

It would be unfair to criticise the concert without recognizing the extreme difficulties under which Mr. Schindler worked to prepare it, handicapped as he was by a broken leg that disabled him in the midst of rehearsals. Under more favorable conditions he would undoubtedly have eliminated many of last night's defects. But even so, the B minor Mass is not quite in the Schola's true field. Certain things that Mr. Schindler's chorus can do no other choral organization in New York does as well, and he owes it to us to continue doing them.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE — "Tannhauser," by members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Hermann ..... Edouard Cotreuil
Elizabeth ..... Rosa Raisa
Tannhauser ..... Richard Schubert
Wolram von Eschenbach ..... Joseph Schwarz
Walther von der Vogelweide .. Theodore Riten
Biterolf ..... William Beck
Heinrich der Schreiber ..... Octave Dua
Reinmar ..... Constantin Nicolay
Venus ..... Cyrena Van Gordon
A Young Shepherd ..... Jeanne Dusseau
Incidental Dances by Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Angelo Ferrari.

The Chicago Opera Association gave a very satisfactory performance of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" in German at the Manhattan Opera House Wednesday night.

It is unusually gratifying to hear a Wagnerian tenor enunciate so well that he may be understood easily in the twentieth row of the orchestra. Richard Schubert did it as Tannhaeuser last night. Moreover, he acted with his voice. And he stood still naturally while others sang to him and listened as if the singing were having an effect.

His characterization of Tannhaeuser made good use of the opportunities which Wagner provided. He made an interesting conflict out of the Tournament of Love Songs for the hand of Elizabeth after he returned from the Mountain of Venus. The fatuities of the other minstrels seemed to stir him first to contradict them; then, as their scandalized protests aroused him, he moved from irony to the final blasphemy of recommending to all a sojourn such as he had had in the Mountain of Venus.

After that the act dragged, as Wagner dissipated the climax with long speeches which tired the audience before Tannhaeuser was finally sent on his way to Rome to beg forgiveness for his experience.

Rosa Raisa was a beautiful Elizabeth, who made marvellous tableaux with her robes. The cast as a whole sang well and acted well, although no one sang brilliantly—except Jeanne Dusseau as the unimportant Young Shepherd, whose voice was the first which Tannhauser heard at the end of the first act, when Venus cast him out of her mountain. Miss Dusseau made his return to earth a most pleasing affair for the audience.

Edouard Cotreuil was the Landgrave, Joseph Schwarz was Wolfram and Cyrena van Gordon was Venus. Much credit goes to the stage director, Jacques Coini, for the co-ordination of the acting, and to Engelo Ferrari for his conducting.

"Louise" at Metropolitan.

Gustave Charpentier's "Louise" was given another hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with Geraldine Farrar in the role of the Parisian milliner who loved the painter Julian—the latter again portrayed by Orville Harrold. Following the established order of things when Miss Farrar appears, many flowers were thrown to her and the applause was long and enthusiastic when she came before the curtain.

Other members of the cast were Mmes. Berat, Delunois, Perini, Dalossy, Ellis, Egener, Axman and Sundelius and Messrs. Whitehill, Diaz, Ananian and D'Angelo. Louis Hasselmans conducted.

Feb 16 1922

L'Amore Dei Tre Re' Also With Muzio

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two performances were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon the opera offered at a special matinee was "La Boheme." Miss Bori was to have sung Mimi, but her indisposition, which prevented her from singing in "The Snow Maiden" last Saturday, continued, and her place was taken by Mme. Alda, whose impersonation of the Latin quarter heroine has long been familiar ad aeceptable to this public. Miss d'Arle, Mr. Gigli, Mr. Scotti and Mr. Rotheir repeated what they had so often done well in Puccini's opera.

In the evening Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" was presented. Miss Claudia Muzio, who recently rejoined the company, was the Fiora. Her version of the part is not entirely consistent with the spirit of the text or music, because in spite of the sincerity of her intentions she eannot help making Fiora a considerably more heroic figure than the ereators of the opera intended her to be. But she brings to her delineation so much vigor and so much passionate expression that she arouses her auditors to enthusiasm.

The other members of the cast were singers heard in the same roles earlier in the season. Mr. Danise repeated his entirely sympathetic impersonation of *Manfredo;* Mr. Martinelli was again the *Avito,* and Mr. Didur repeated his impressive *Archibaldo.*

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"RIGOLETTO" AT THE MANHATTAN.

The Chicago Opera Company gave a performance of "Rigoletto" last night that deserves a large red mark upon the operatic calendar. It was an evening of much good acting and some of the best singing that has been heard in town this season.

Edith Mason was in excellent voice and sang Gilda with charm and expressiveness and perfect command over the vocal difficulties of the part. To be able to sing a dramatic role like Cio-Cio and a colorature one like Gilda as well as Miss Mason does is an unusual achievement, and a creditable one.

Tito Schipa, who was to have sung the Duke, fell a victim to the attack of laryngitis without which no day of the Chicago Company would be complete. His place was taken by Tom Burke, a young Irish tenor who has sung here before in concert but whose appearance last night was his operatic debut in New York. Mr. Burke undertook the part without a rehearsal, and with almost sensational success. His voice is light but of beautiful quality, and he sang with the finish and artistry of a veteran. His diction and phrasing were a delight, and he did some mezza-voice work in the second act that has rarely been equalled. His singing of "Donnaemobile" evoked a storm of applause that held up proceedings for several minutes—and, what is more signficant, it came from all parts of the house. His acting was graceful and easily adequate to the modest histrionic demands of the role. Mr. Burke is emphatically a find, a genuine operatic tenor of great possibilities.

Mr. Baklanoff gave a magnificent performance in the title role. His acting and singing of the jester had a tragic sweep and power that swept the tuneful score to unexpected heights. It was amazing to hear this man take a conventional aria and by the sheer quality and coloring of his voice turn it into a scene of thrilling dramatic intensity.

Mr. Polacco did wonders for the score with his crisp, galvanic conducting. The chorus too were infected with the spirit of the occasion and sang with such gusto and polish that they earned a round or two of applause for their very own. A profitable evening.

CHICAGO QUARTET HEARD.

New Chamber Music Body Plays Here.

The Chicago String Quartet offered itself for public consideration in a concert given yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. The organization, which thus made its first appearance here, consists of Herman Felber, first violin; Carl Fasshauer, second violin; Robert Dolejsi, viola, and John Lingemann, cello. These musicians judiciously elected to present no novelties at their initial concert. They played Mozart's B flat quartet, an "Allegro Russe" by Rimsky-Korsakov and Cesar Franck's quartet.

This chamber music body from Chicago played with a tone of good quality, but not of distinguished purity, and with intonation quite as accurate, for the most part, as even fastidious ears could demand. The few deparaures from correctness were pardonable. In balance, precision and unanimity the quartet showed the good resultsh of study and knowledge. The playing of the musicians was somewhat wanting in variety of color and in warmth. But, on the whole, the visitors were well worth hearing.

PIANIST MAKES DEBUT.

Ashley Pettis, a young pianist from California, gave his first recital here last night in Aeolian Hall. In a difficult program of classic and modern compositions he disclosed a fine musical tallen already well developed. Not of the storming, tempestuoius type of player, he held the interest of his many hearers by his beautiful piano tone, taste and poetic feeling.

Chicago String Quartet Makes Good Impression

First Confert Here Displays a High Degree of Clarity and Animation

The Chicago String Quartet, which gave its first concert here yesterday afternoon, ereated a pleasant impression and a desire to hear more from it. Its members, Herman Felber, first violin; Carl Fasshauer, violin; Robert Dolejsi, viola, and John Lingemann, 'cello, show not only a grasp of the technical essentials of ensemble playing, but a sense of style as well. They played yesterday to a somewhat scattering audience in the Town Hall, but with a vivacity and freshness of interest that held close attention.

Mozart's Quartet in B flat major, "Allegro Russe," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Cesar Franck's Quartet in D major made a program of interesting variety. The Rimsky-Korsakoff number seemed a little out of the charaeter of chamber music, but it was spirited and effective, and their performance well conceived and skillful. In this, as in the Mozart piece, the finished smoothness of tone achieved by some of the older organizations was lacking, the violins especially having frequently an acid quality.

Their playing of Mozart, however, had great clarity and animation. Some of their best work was done in the Franck quartet. The inner voices of its counterpoint did not always speak with the requisite sureness, but the sustained harmonies of its opening section, its delicate Scherzo and Larghetto, were done with much beauty of tone and effect. It was altogether a performance which maintained a high average.

Reimers Heard in Recital

Paul Reimers, tenor, gave a recital at Town Hall last evening. His chief assets are a polished style, clear diction and refined ideas of interpretation. These were agreeably displayed in a eongenial program of songs by German and French composers to which was added a group of international folk songs, which provided added interest and variety.

Ashley Pettis, pianist, at Aeolian Hall in the evening played Bach's chromatic fantasy and fugue, Haydn's Variations in F minor, groups of Brahms and of Chopin, Debussy's "Clair de Lune," Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves" and other works.

Ravel's Musical Curiosity Given By Mengelberg

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

An orchestral euriosity by Mauriee Ravel, entitled "La Valse," was produced by Mr. Mengelberg at a concert of the Philharmonie Society in Carnegie Hall last night. We are under the impression that it was conceived as a musical burlesque—one of the few

inds of wit or humor to which music ends itself, though when it is attempted with refinement its appreciation calls for considerable intellectual ophistication on the part of the hearer. t was set down on the program as a "Choreographic Poem," though an informative note on the program told us hat when it was played in Boston a hort time ago Mr. Casilla told Mr. Philip Hale that the composer, when he played an arrangement of it for two pianofortes in Vienna in 1920, had remarked that he "had no exact idea of a horeographic production." This is a it cryptic. We do not know whether t means that Mr. Ravel had no definite lan in his mind as to how the piece hould be "mimed"—(that's the word ince we were educated by the Russian ballet)—or whether he had made no lans for its stage representation.

That the music has seemed momenous to our orchestral conductors may e gathered from the circumstance that t was announced for performance by oth the Philharmonic and Boston rchestras, but withdrawn from the rograms at the eleventh hour without xplanation. Perhaps it was because Mr. Monteux and Mr. Mengelberg did ot want to risk it until they were onfident that it would receive what is alled a virtuoso performance; such a erformance as it did indeed receive ast night.

We have called it a burlesque, meaning by the term that it was designed to how what could be done by parodying he graceful dance-form whose development is associated with the once gay and arefree Austrian capital, so as to make t sound like analogue to cubistic caricature in painting. It would be simple nough to compose a choreographic cenario for it. All that would be ecessary would be to bring on the cene a horde of the strangest creatures that earth has produced or the uman imagination invented, who had ever heard the lilt of a waltz by Lanraceful, symmetrical, undulating poses nd movements of the dance, and let hem attempt to dance each in his own ay in triple time. Perhaps the procession would begin with prehistoric an, for there was something like a tory of evolution in the music.

It began, as so much of the new usic begins, on the protoplasmic mud oor of the antediluvian subcellar. In e tonal slime there wriggled tadpoles nd things showing now a triple ythmed head and anon a tail. Funny ttle organisms were gradually developed and anon we discovered that they ere waltz motivi of the kind that a neration ago had been combined into vely and alluring shapes. But they oke a babel of harmonic tongues and ad to be animated every moment or o by a barbaric noise, starting with explosion which sounded like that a ship of the line, from the cave en who labored in the southwest rner of the stage. When the activics were fairly at their height we had dance which, except to those able appreciate the fun of the burlesque, ust have sounded like a dish of rambled waltz in whose concoction e cook had been somewhat indifferent as to the age of the eggs and the uality and kind of the other ingredients introduced.

It was a splendid joke of its kind, nt the conduct of the audience was ich as to leave us perplexed concerning its attitude. Had it been accepted real music? If Mr. Mengelberg had llowed it with "The Beautiful Blue anube," or "Village Swallows," or Tales From the Vienna Woods," or ny one of a dozen of their fellows, e atmosphere would have been clarified and we should have known. As it , our thoughts are still dwelling on . Ravel as an arch joker who showed s how much fun might be extracted rom what Lord Byron called "a anned up-and-down sort of tune," by eating it in the style of the music hich we shall listen to with patience fter we are dead.

The concert began with Bizet's first L'Arlesienne" Suite and ended with esar Franck's Symphony in D minor, some of the climaxes of which Mr. engelberg turned the brass band ose in a manner which made all the st of the harmonious company seem omentarily inconsequential. Yet ere were moments of wonderfully acious beauty in the symphony and ite.

By Richard Aldrich.

The Philharmonic Society.

Modern French music of various degrees of modernity made up Mr. Mengelberg's program for last night's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall. The first suite assembled from Bizet's incidental music to Daudet's play, "L'Arlesienne"; Ravel's "choreographic poem," "La Valse," and César Franck's symphony. His reading of all these pieces had in the highest degree the qualities that are peculiarly his own: great finish of phrase, the clearest enunciation, great emphasis, great contrast.

The numbers of Bizet's suite were played with a gemlike clearness, carved as a cameo. The "adagietto" was especially beautiful in Mr. Mengelberg's exposition, in the lucidity and warmth of the string tones, presented with the minutest balance of the several choirs. There is never anything perfunctory about Mr. Mengelberg's reading. Nothing is slighted; every phase is an event and is treated as such.

This extreme elaboration marked the performance of Franck's symphony, in which there were, furthermore, exaggerated contrasts that sometimes disturbed the spirit of the music. The brass was violently treated in the first and third movements and made to assert itself as if for a time a brass band had usurped the place of the orchestra. The Allegrette, or in other words, where there is no opportunity of turning the orchestra into a brass band, had a beautiful sound and more of the poetic spirit of Franck than the other two.

Rowel's chareographic poem was played for the first time in New York. It is one of his latest compositions. The relationship with the spirit of Johann Strauss that Mr. Gilman points out in his program notes is immediately made obvious. In fact it is somewhat closer than most composers would wish to acknowledge in a work that had any pretention to originality.

Mr. Ravel's originality consists in giving his waltz tunes "modern" harmony, jarring dissonances, in setting the orchestra to playing in more than one key at once—we shall not undertake to say how many. A skillful and alert proofreader might turn his score into an obvious and second-rate imitation of a real genius by eliminating the "originality" from it. If this is the best that "imaginative minds" can do in writing music since the war, the war failed to accomplish much for music.

Of course, there is much techsical skill of a purely exterior character expended upon the composition; in the brilliant and glowing orchestration, in the suggestion of the "swirling mist" through which the composer wishes the listener to see waltzing couples; in the waxing brightness of the illumination; in the full blaze of the ballroom, and the increasing dissonance with which the piece reaches its end. It is in its way a tour de force. If it is a joke, it is a pretty good one, though somewhat elaborate; and some sort of label would be desirable.

Feb 12 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Richard Strauss's "Salome" was relocated at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. It was evident that public interest in the revival of the work had been awakened. The audience was of large size and listened attentively to the musical expression of emotions not usually discussed in public. The performance of the work by Miss Mary Garden and her associates was one deserving much praise yet not quite equal to the demands of the work. It might be said that the want of impressiveness was due in considerable measure to the difficulties encountered by Riccardo Martin in dealing with the complexities of the role of *Herod*.

Mr. Martin made a brave effort, and he went much further than those familiar with his methods could have expected. He looked well, sang much of the music with appropriate tone color and in action almost disguised some of his long accustomed mannerisms. But to communicate to an audience the war of thoughts in the troubled and frightened spirit of this weak governor, to create the conception of mystery and brooding fate found in the text of Oscar Wilde, was beyond the powers of an impersonator of Mr. Martin's limited resources.

Mr. Dufranne as *Jokanaan* had only to produce the illusion of the immovable body against which the frenetic force of *Salome* vainly hurled itself. It remained, therefore, for Miss Garden to give the action vitality. She labored valiantly. She was incessantly active, a panting, writhing, gesticulating creature, frenzied indeed, but rarely flashing into the auditorium the lightning of illuminating genius. In one moment of her repulse by *Jokanaan* she reached the expression of emotional sincerity. After the fondling of the head she attained the perfection of shocking reality.

About her singing nothing but praise can be published. It would never do for *Salome* to sing beautifully. She sang frantically, and that was admirable. Her dance was modified by the reduction of seven veils to two and there was nothing in it "to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty." Much might be said about the orchestral part of the performance, but it is not essential. Mr. Polacco conducted the opera well, but without achieving greatness.

By Richard Aldrich.

Joseph Schwartz's Recital.

Joseph Schwartz, baritone, now of the Chicago Opera Company, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall that was heard by a large audience, riotously enthusiastic, in which there was a large admixture of his Russian fellow-countrymen. Mr. Schwartz presented a program of great musical interest, which he sang with a fine artistic skill and frequently strongly marked dramatic expression.

His voice is known from his appearances here, both in opera and recital, to be of admirable quality, power and expressiveness. His singing has notably artistic qualities, both technically and in the discernment and exposition of the musical and emotional significance of his songs. There is power in his voice and a skill in modulating it and in the use of the head register, to which he frequently resorts.

Mr. Schwartz's program comprised a group of Brahms's songs, including the captivating "Willst du, dass ich geh," out of the purview of most singers; a group by Schumann; a series of "Pierrot Songs" by Max Kovalski, charming in their mocking humor, and a group by Moussorgsky and Gretchaninoff.

Mr. Schwartz's singing of these things was much appreciated and he was urged to give numerous encores, which he did. Interest in his appearance was, of course, enhanced by the romantic announcement of his approaching marriage made yesterday and by the presence of the bride-elect in one of the boxes.

Mme. Galli-Curci in "Rigoletto."

Mme. Galli-Curci sang to a capacity audience at the Metropolitan last evening, appearing for the second time in "Rigoletto." It was a double coincidence that her former Chicago associates had given the same work at the Manhattan the night before, just as Miss Garden and Miss Farrar had appeared in "Louise" at both theatres in the two days before that. De Luca sang Verdi's title rôle last night, with Chamlee as the Duke, Mme. Perini, Mr. Rothier and others. Though Papi was named in the house bill, Mr. Moranzoni conducted in his place. Mr. Aranian, too, was ill, and d'Angelo sang Monterone, yielding to Picco his own minor rôle.

RAVEL'S "LA VALSE" HEARD.

Philharmonic Performs New Music Under Mengelberg.

The program of the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, given at the concert of the previous evening, consisted of Bizet's first "Arlesienne" suite, Ravel's "La Valse," denominated a choreographic poem for orchestra, and the symphony of Cesar Frank. The Ravel composition had its first New York performances at these two concerts.

It was M. Ravel's nature to ruminate on the glad years of Vienna when Johann Strauss was waltz king and perhaps to wonder how the bewitching dancers of this merriest of monrachs would sound if compelled to masquerade in modern French garb of the cut and fashion made popular by no less an artist than M. Ravel himself. The choreographic poem, for which no choreography has yet been devised, was the outcome of the Gallic composer's speculation.

The work is an orchestral tour de force, a creation of instrumental wizardry and a splendid labyrinth of contemporaneous harmonies. According to the perface written by the composer we are invited to discover the ballroom through a swirling mist in which we vaguely see the dancers. Presently the mist clears away and we behold a brilliantly illuminated hall with blazing chandeliers and a mass of waltzing couples.

Musically the vision is painted in a cloudy introduction out of which emerge waltzes of varying characters, quick, slow, sentimental, strenuous. One listens in astonishment. Strauss has become the plaything of the fountains of Versailles. But those who recall the "Beautiful Blue Danube" (which is as "yellow as bar gold in the mint") may wonder whether after all its waters were not more delectable. One even wishes that he might hear "Wiener Blut" or "High Life" in its unadorned beauty. Mr. Ravel is ingenious but what he has created cannot be regarded as an improvement on Strauss.

The listener goes forward with substantial satisfaction to the symphony of the Belgian. It is no longer new; but it does not grow old. It makes each reappearance with the bearing of authority and one hears it with the conviction that he is present at the disclosure of a masterpiece.

Upon this composition Willem Mengelberg, the present conductor of the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall, had lavished much thought. His reading was carefully, even anxiously, elaborated. It rejoiced in emphatic ritardandi and it threw a glare of dazzling light upon the instrumental coloring.

Feb 12 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

ANDRE CHENIER, opera in four acts. Book in Italian, by Luigi Illica. Music by Umberto Giordano. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Charles Gerard.....Giuseppe Danise
Countess de Coigny.....Kathleen Howard
Madeleine, her daughter.....Claudia Muzio
Bersi, a mulatto.....Ellen Dalossy
Fleville .....Mario Laurenti
The Abbe .....Giordano Paltrinieri
Andre Chenier.....Beniamino Gigli
Major-domo.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Mathieu .....Adamo Didur
A Government Spy.....Angelo Bada
Roucher .....Millo Picco
An Old Woman.....Flora Perini
Fouquier .....Paolo Ananian
Dumas .....Louis D'Angelo
Schmidt, a jailer.....Pompilio Malatesta

Andrea Chenier.

For the first time this season Umberto Giordano's opera of "Andrea Chenier was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The opera had been heard last season, after a good many years of silence, having been first performed in New York at the last of Col. Mapleson's seasons at the Academy of Music, and afterwards once at the Manhattan Operahous.

Its musical and dramatic qualities are such as to make an immediate appeal and give it favor with the operatic audience. It is the best of the operas of Giordano that have been heard here, better than his "Fedora" and "Siberia," that will be remembered as produced here not very many years ago. Giordano had plenty to say in a melodic way in "Andrea Chenier" and was not in the least ashamed to say it, with skill and a sure command of dramatic effect. He had the advantage of an excellent libretto, by Luigi Illica, based on incidents in the career of the French poet and his part in the French Revolution, with some additions of the librettist's own imagining.

The music is not strongly original in substance, and partakes of a general family resemblance to much of the music of its school. There are numerous notable arias, as Gerard's long and scornful monologue at the beginning; Chenier's address in the ballroom scene; his impassioned soliloquy in the second act; the song of Maddalena in that act, and the long duet between these two that follows. The finest passage in this opera is Gerard's powerful monologue as he stands in the tribunal chamber of the third act, and the subsequent dramatic scene there with Maddalena.

The composer also treats skilfully in music the effects of animated throngs, as in the ballroom scene, and especially the scene of the meeting of the Committee of Public Safety in the third act. And he has taken advantage of the opportunity offered to composers of operas dealing with the French Revolution by the use of such revolutionary airs as "La Marseillaise" and "Marmagnole."

The baritone's part is strongly favored in "Andrea Chenier"; in fact, it is more of a baritone's opera than a tenor's. The part of Gerard is supplied with music of peculiar richness and attractiveness. It was taken yesterday by Mr. Danise with admirable results. His singing was extremely fine in voice and in style, in dramatic fervor and impressiveness, and his impersonation of the character was strongly and individually presented.

Mr. Gigli as Chenier also did some beautiful singing, in which he showed fire and warmth and heartfelt quality. He is considerably less effective in his dramatic representation. Miss Muzio was an attractive and sympathetic Maddalena, and sang with warmth and power. The remaining characters in a large cast were in the main acceptably represented, as they were last season, the cast being in all respects the same. Mr. Moranzoni conducted as he did then, and obtained a finished and brilliant performance. The scenic pictures have much to commend them.

The audience was large and the applause hearty.

"Carmen" was sung for the fifth time at the Metropolitan last evening before a crowded popular Saturday night subscription. The audience was, indeed, augmented at higher rates, in view of a "three-star" cast comprising Miss Farrar, Messrs. Martinelli and Whitehill, with Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

"GIRL OF GOLDEN WEST."

Mme. Raisa Applauded as Heroine—"Lucia," With Miss Pareto.

"The Girl of the Golden West" was repeated before a gala matinee house that applauded the American scenes at the Manhattan yesterday. Mme. Raisa, Messrs. Lappas, Rimini, Dufranne, Mojica, Lazzari, Cotreuil and others of the Chicago company's international cast, gave a varied but vivid representation of Mr. Belasco's "Forty-niners" on a frontier which still existed when Blanche Bates acted the famous play.

That Western frontier life now is becoming as unknown to these States as to Europe, where Puccini's "cowboy" opera is said to have increasing vogue, as it may here in future. The action of the piece gained on second performance by the troupe, while Mme. Raisa's command of voice in the melodramatic episodes was again an element of powerful appeal. She received many curtain calls, shared by the young Greek tenor, Lappas, and by Rimini and Conductor Polacco.

Last evening "Lucia" was added, the twentieth opera in three weeks thus far by Miss Garden's artists. Miss Pareto, the young Spanish soprano, appeared well as Scott's historic Lammermoor bride and sang with refined taste Donizetti's florid music. Mr. Ballester as Lucy's baritone brother also was warmly welcomed, while Mr. Schipa as a popular Edgardo, Mojica as Lord Arthur, Miss Falco, Messrs. Nicolay and Oliviero completed the cast, and Cimini conducted.

At Carnegie Hall, at the same time, Joseph Hofmann entertained a large audience with polished interpretations of Handel's Variations in D minor, Beethoven's Sonata in A major, opus 101; a group of Chopin and shorter piano pieces by Schumann, Saint Saens and Liszt.

At Aeolian Hall in the afternoon Percy Grainger's audience filled the auditorium and also the platform around his piano. He is a master of rhythms. Sounds patter fro munder his hands and sweep and mharch. And it is all very exciting. Nevertheless—although his command of tones and shades is unlimited—the impression arises that music to him is just an absorbing and delightful succession

of rhythms, decorated incidentally with melody. He stirs to action rather than persuades to a mood.

He played Liszt's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor for Organ, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Paganini, his own Lullaby from his "Tribute to Foster," and pieces by Grieg, Carpenter and Liszt.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening Felian Garzia gave a piano recital at which he played Bach-Liszt's organ prelude and fuge in A minor, Schumann's Novelette in D major, Chopin, Debussy, Chabrier and Liszt.

Feb. 3 1922

Mme. Leginska

By H. E. Krehbiel

Under the fostering care of the Symphony Society our education in the music of the future goes on apace. At a concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon we were led by the ungentle hand of Mr. Coates from the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven to the latest product of the Anythingarian Goosens School represented by Mme. Ethel Leginska, from "Beyond the Fields We Know" into the jungles where strange creatures crawl and snarl and "speak a Babylonish dialect which would-be futurists affect." For nine long years Mme. Leginska has always interested and generally charmed the New York public by her pianoforte playing, sometimes showing an appreciation almost affectionate for the classics. Now she has outgrown even sufferance of the obsolete Beethoven and is trying to lead the public into what we are told is the promised land where music to be truly expressive of poetical and emotional content must, as Rabelais said, be "above the pitch, out of tune and off the hinges." Her demonstration at a recent concert of the Chamber Music Society was so infantile that it could cause nothing else than commiseration for those concerned in its performance and pitying condolence with the ghosts of the masters into whose company she was admitted.

The piece which Mr. Coates produced yesterday was longer and thicker, and more ambitious. It was for the biggest kind of an orchestra with the pianoforte, the tintinnabulatory celesta and the clattering xylophone thrown in, and its professed aim was to give tonal illustration to a prose poem by Lord Dunsany which tells of the adventures of The Poet in the "Land of Dreams," into which he is admitted by a shop in "Go-by Street," where there is a faun who comes out of a rhododendron bush and dances on a disk of bronze, making sounds with his hoofs as "beautiful as bells." The composer also has something to tell of a tribe of weird, dark people, who came down from the peaks of Maloon once in seven years and danced because they were frightened by a thunderstorm and the fires of death, and at length she introduces her audience to the fair Queen Saranoova, who dances very much like the faun with the musical hoofs, and finally invokes a song from the tolulu-bird.

Audience Very Patient

We hope this is clear and that the Symphony Society's subscribers, who were very patient and considerate yesterday, did not permit their minds to entertain thoughts of the Jabberwocky while reading the program and listening to the so-to-speak music. Though Mme. Leginska wanted her piece to go on without interruption from its dread beginning to its fell end, Mr. Coates stopped in the middle to wipe his forehead and consult with the player of the celesta, and this may have been harmful to the unity; but we do not think so. To us it didn't seem to matter much where the thread of narrative was picked up. It was all a matter of a few unmelodic phrases, which were repeated, reiterated, shroused, recapitulated and battologized without either obvious sequence or coherence. If one wished to seek a literary analogue one might find it in an effort to make an imaginative poem by repeating "What fools these mortals be!" grotesquely, hetereochytily, androgynously, chiquantly and bombastically in as many dialects of Greek, Hindustani, Yiddish, Low Dutch and Choctaw.

If called on for further characterization of the music we might be helped out by some citations from the program which seem quite expressive. Some of it sounded as if it came out of "The city called Golthoth the Damned, which is sentinelled all 'round by wolves and their shadows"; some of it like "wailing tunes of horror which souls had taught them lost by night in the desert"; all of it was "tiresome, very tiresome."

We hope our meaning is clear; it is the best we can do in the confused state of mind from which Miss Morini did the best she could to rescue us by playing a dreadfully old-fashioned piece of musical music called a concerto in E for violin composed by one Vieuxtemps, whose fossil remains will go into a museum as soon as the geniuses of to-day succeed in forgetting the nature and capacity of the instrument which he used to play as well as could be expected.

Dramatic Effect in Symphony

Mr. Coates treated the Beethoven overture with respect although he emphasized the dramatic effect obtained by playing the trumpet fanfare as if the trumpeter had come down from the ramparts where he was posted with instructions to report the appearance of a carriage on the road and thought it necessary to blow his information a second time directly into Pizarro's ear. For this *ad captandum* device there is not the slightest justification in Beethoven's score. The instructions to the trumpeter are simply that he shall play behind the scenes (Auf dem Theater). The effect is an old one in our concert rooms, however, and is referred to here only because it was exaggerated yesterday.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite "Antar" brought the concert to an end.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The program of the Symphony Society's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon consisted of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, Mme. Ethel Leginska's symphonic poem, "Beyond the Fields We Know," with the composer playing a piano obbligato, Vieuxtemps's E major violin concerto, with Miss Erika Morini as the soloist, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar" suite.

Mme. Leginska's composition was performed for the first time. The source of the composer's inspiration is a work by Lord Dunsany and the title indicates the land of dreams. There is a very elaborate program. It takes a little more than 1,400 words to communicate it to the reader. It is replete with details and so is Mme. Leginska's music. There is much modernism. The composer has been at pains to give official information that she was trained in the classics and conceived this work and others before she had heard or played any of the futurist creations.

Thus we perceive that without hint, help or guide she formulated the new idioms for herself. It is possible, too, that she never heard or played any Chinese music, and that what sounds like it in "Beyond the Fields We Know" is also the flowering of Mme. Leginska's meadows in her own wide land of dreams.

If one followed the program closely he found some delightful bits in the symphonic poem. When a little faun came out of a rhododendron bush and danced on a disk of bronze in which a fountain was set, "the sound of his two hoofs was as beautiful as bells." And the thick headed chronicler of musical doings thought he was listening to a xylophone. But perhaps the xylophone meant something else—not the faun.

Well, it was all subtle, just like that, and of course if you are not going to be subtle when you go walking in the land of dreams with Dunsany, when are you? So there you are. Perhaps if Mme. Leginska had not tried to tell so many things in her symphonic poem and such curious things that they consorted best with bassoons and piccoli and tubas and bass drums, she might have written music of some independent beauty and power. But the imaginations of Lord Dunsany in the fourteen hundred word program note were the most important element in this work of art.

Miss Morini played the Vieuxtemps E major concerto at her debut a little more than a year ago. She gained something in style since that time, while she has lost none of the excellences she then displayed. In the threadbare old show piece she played yesterday with beauty of tone, good intonation and delightful incisiveness of rhythm. Her staccato was admirable, as it has always been, and in some of the intricate stopping of the passage work she showed high skill. But what should have given most pleasure was her honest effort to get real music out of the shallow fiddle concerto. And she still carries herself with dignity and modesty. She was very warmly applauded by a large audience.

JOHN M'CORMACK SINGS.

Gives One of His Characteristic Programs at Hippodrome.

John McCormack, the always popular tenor, who recently was compelled to cancel concert engagements in the West because of a cold, gave one of his characteristic programs last evening in the Hippodrome. The violence of the storm made no apparent different in the size of the audience, which, as usual, at Mr. McCormack's concerts, occupied all the seats in the auditorium and as many as could be placed on the stage.

The tenor caught cold from a drop of about fifty degrees in temperature while going from Oklahoma to Minneapolis. The cold did not affect his throat, but attacked the bronchial tubes. He may have experienced some slight difficulty with his breath control last evening, though it was not to be discovered in his singing, while it was certain that his vocal chords were in good condition.

Two airs of Handel, sung in admirable style, and with perfect pronounciation, opened the entertainment. Other numbers well sung were by Rachmaninov, Zandonai, Mrs. Beach, MacFayden, Gleason, Wolfe, Watts and old Irish folksongs. Donald McBeath contributed violin solos and Edwin Schneider played the accompaniments.

CONCERT IN HONOR OF LINCOLN

Philharmonic Plays Works of Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt.

The Philharmonic Orchestra observed Lincoln's birthday in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon by giving at its regular Sunday concert a program of works by the three composers whose names are known to be double starred within the bounds of the society's musical creed, namely, Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt. Mr. Mengelberg, conducting, repeated for the opening selection his dramatic reading—as was heard from him ten days ago at a concert by the society—of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

The central number was filled by the orchestra's performance of the impressive and superbly eloquent "Siegfried Funeral Music" from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung." Liszt's "Symphonic Poem," played by the orchestra, brought the program to a fitting close.

The audience, deeply impressed by all it heard, filled the auditorium. This concert, falling on the birthday of America's great President, recalls the fact, as announced by the society, that "the only Philharmonic subscription concert ever canceled was the one omitted on account of the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865."

GALLI-CURCI IN CONCERT.

Prima Donna Earns $10,500 for Osteopathic Clinic Fund.

Four thousand persons crowded the auditorium, with many extra seats on the stage, yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House when Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci sang in a benefit recital for the New York Osteopathic Clinic and Hospital Fund, from which the entire receipts, amounting to $10,500, were donated as a gift to the institution.

It was the prima donna's last song recital here this season and the cause for which she sang is one in which she is said to have deep interest. Assisted by her husband, Homer Samuels, at the piano and Manuel Berenguer, flutist, Mme. Galli-Curci gave a program including old Italian airs, Benedict's "La Capinera" (the Wren), Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chanson Indoue," Samuels's lyric "Pierrot" and the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah." Her beautiful voice and singing gave evidently great delight to her hearers.

PIANIST PLEASES AT RECITAL.

At Town Hall yesterday afternoon Wilhelm Bachaus gave his third piano recital—postponed from January 28, as he was playing on that day with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home city. His fine program comprised Brahms's F minor sonata, Beethoven's "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour" sonata and two groups of shorter pieces, including the C minor nocturne, "Berceuse" and "Barcarolle" of Chopin, Mangiagalli's "Danse d'Olaf" and Liszt's "Campanella." In the two sonatas, as elsewhere, Mr. Bachaus's performance was again a general demonstration of his high ideals and admirable accomplishments as an artist. His readings were enthusiastically applauded by a large audience.

By Richard Aldrich.

The New York Symphony Society.

All the efforts of Messrs. Albert Coates and Leopold Stokowski could not prevent them from playing Beethoven's third "Leanore" overture within less than a week of each other with their respective orchestras in New York. Mr. Coates began the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra with it yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Why should not some of the conductors afford variety and give intelligent listeners a chance to make comparisons, by playing one of the other Leanore overtures, No. 1 or No. 2, both of which are worth hearing? Mr. Coates gave a good performance of the one he played, though some of his tempos seemed pretty slow.

The first performance was given of a new symphonic poem by Miss Ethel Leginska, well known here as a pianist, and recently as the composer of chamber music. It is entitled "Beyond the Fields We Know," and is based upon Lord Dunsany's prose poem of the same name. It is written for a large orchestra with an obligato part for the piano, which, in yesterday's performance, she played herself, not as a solo instrument, but as a member of the orchestra. The three parts of the composition are entitled, "Idle Days on the Yann," "A Shop in Go-by Street," and "The Avenger of Perdondaris."

The literary anecdote that supplied inspiration for Miss Leginska is long and fantastic; perhaps symbolical, though symbolism is not mentioned as one of the constituent elements of the music. There is a sail on the River Yann, with sailors, songs and anecdotes of the City of Golthoth the Damned; there is the "Shop of the Dreamer," from which a door enters the Land of Dreams, accessible only to those who ask the shopkeeper for something he has not in stock. The particular article happens to be "some of Abama and Pharpah, rivers of Damascus." Various remarkable things are seen on entering. "The Wanderers" appear in the third movement, dancing, playing and wailing tunes of horror; and then Singanee is dancing in his ivory palace with the fairest of his queens, Saramoora. They hear the tolulu bird, and Singanee tells of his fight with the monster that destroyed Perdondaris.

Here is ample material to rouse the imagination of any musician. Miss Leginska's has rioted in it, and produced music of a fantastic quality equal to that of Lord Dunsany's prose. Whether her style and syntax are as good may be questioned by some. Miss Leginska is anxious for it to be known that her three most important works, of which this is one and probably the most important, were sketched out before she had heard or played any "ultra-modern music."

Somebody must have told her about it, for she has plunged heartily, soul and body, into the style of the ultra-moderns, quite in the approved manner in the character of her themes, her way of treating them, her ideas about harmony and instrumentation. She unites, in a word, in the most dissonant manner, with themes of a fragmentary and indeterminate kind. There are some passages of picturesque and striking quality, an occasional fortunate "find" in instrumentation; but they are not frequent. Nor can the music be said to be, on the whole, eloquent, warming to the soul or appealing to the imagination. For Miss Leginska it has been generally enough that she has been discordant and awkward and, to the bourgeois, shocking. This, for "ultra-modernists" of the present, constitutes success, and will continue to until some first-rate mind comes along and says something, ultra-modernly.

Miss Leginska was warmly applauded and several times recalled; or rather Mr. Coates had to bring her back to take the applause.

There was no difficulty in understanding and fathoming Vieuxtemps's concerto in E that Miss Erika Morini played next. More commonplace and drearily manufactured music does not exist. It was manufactured for the purpose of displaying a brilliant technique and was eminently satisfactory in this respect to Miss Morini, who played it brilliantly and accurately, with a rather convulsive and feverish style for the most part. But style has little importance in any performance of this concerto, and dazzling finger and bow work—especially the staccato up-bow, in which Mr. Vieuxtemps took so much satisfaction—a great deal of importance.

Miss Morini met practically every demand with complete success, except, perhaps, that of tone, for which her instrument must bear some of the blame. There could be nothing more brilliant; and such brilliancy, coming from one so apparently young, of course aroused the audience to enthusiasm and to numerous recalls of the player. Some day, perhaps, Miss Morini will mature sufficiently to play real music; and if in style and depth and musical feeling she can match her technical proficiency, she will be an artist worth hearing.

The program closed with Rimsky Korsakoff's symphonic suite "Antar," one of his earliest and today hardly most interesting compositions; one in which he had already begun his Orientalizing, but had hardly found his mastery of orchestration.

Miss Leginska has undoubtedly a gift for composing, for there were several fine moments in the work heard yesterday. Just how great, or important, that gift may be is not certain, nor will it be certain until she brings something besides feeling to her composing desk. She seems to be trying to write music in terms of literature. The Dunsany poem is a long one—her own synopsis of it, written as a programme note, takes up three-quarters of a good sized printed page—and she has apparently elected to set every line of it with absolute literalness.

To do this she has had to abandon one of the principles of musical structure that make the art intelligible—repetition. There are apparently dozens of themes, some of them rather good, but only one or two are ever heard more than once. As a result, unless one keeps a vigilant eye upon the programme notes, the proceedings in the orchestra sound entirely aimless.

If "Beyond the Fields We Know" were made into a motion picture and Miss Leginska's music were played with it, she might be discovered to have written an interesting commentary upon the poem. Failing such a pictorial guide post, however, her music is ineffective because it lacks musical structure. Hearing it is like hearing the accompaniment to a pantomime that never takes place.

Mixed Bill at the Metropolitan.

The Metropolitan began a record week of eleven opera and concert events last evening with the usual mixed bill of vocal and instrumental music. Mmes. Gordon, Mellish and Lenska, Messrs. Crimi and Roza opera airs, while Victoria Boshko, pianist, appeared in Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy," and Heinrich Warnke later played Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and a 'cello intermezzo by Lalo, with the orchestra under Paul Eisler.

Feb 14 1922

Concert Honors Bach, Brahms And Beethoven

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

It may have been merely a coincidence or a thing of intent suggested by Dr. von Bülow's familiar remark about the musical Trinity of B's that at the fourth concert for the season of the Beethoven Association in Aeolian Hall only music by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms was heard. The master of Bonn began the program with the Serenade in D, for violin, viola and violoncello, and ended it with the third of the quartets Op. 59, dedicated to Count Rasoumoffsky. After the trio, Messrs. Georges Barrère and Aurelio Giorni played a sonata in E for flute and clavier by Bach, and before the quartet Mr. George Meader sang a group of four songs, to which, since the audience asked for more, he added a fifth, the serenade, "Der Mond Scheint über die Berge." His set numbers were "An eine Aeolsharfe," "Komm bald," "Botschaft" and "Minnelied."

In all he had the co-operation of Coenraad V. Bos, whose accompaniments are always as striking a feature of the association's concerts as the playing of the other musicians, who out of love for their art put aside their virtuoso character and join in the ensembles which make these concerts notable. At the preceding concert it was the collaboration of Mr. Siloti on the eve of his first concert which invited admiring comment; last night it was the collaboration of Mr. Heifetz, who had enjoyed only a brief respite from his labors at a concert of his own in Carnegie Hall. He led the trio at the beginning and also the quartet at the end, having as his associates Hugo Kortschak, Réné Pollain and Willem Willeke.

Artists Enjoy Their Work, Too

As in all the meetings since the organization, the obvious enjoyment with which the artists found in their playing heightened the enjoyment of the listeners. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that every measure of the music, except the sonata for flute and pianoforte, was familiar to every one in the audience. This sonata, though the most archaic piece in the list, was, however, as refreshing as a rare June day, so fascinating was the music itself, so exquisitely artistic its performance by Messrs. Barrère and Giorni in respect of sympathetic understanding, quality of tone and phrasing—a contrapuntal interweaving of three voices only, but ear and fancy and soul filling in its loveliness and grace.

The other instrumental pieces, though played without opportunity for the long and careful preparation which perfect ensemble performances exact, were delightful exhibitions of how sincere artists can penetrate to the heart of great compositions when they use the wings of enthusiasm and love. Mr. Heifetz's associates were all tried, trained and seasoned ensemble players, so their admirable work offered no surprise; but it was gratifying to note the sincerity and sympathetic intelligence of his leadership in the quartet especially.

The performance of Beethoven's Serenade in D by three artists like Messrs. Heifetz, Pollain and Willeke, and under such exceptional, not to say aristocratic, conditions, invites to some observations on the work, long a favorite piece of music among amateur as well as professional players of chamber music. It was composed in 1796 or 1797, about five years after Beethoven, "a small, thin, dark-complexioned, pockmarked, dark-eyed, bewigged young musician," as Thayer described him had come to Vienna to pursue the study of his art with "a small, thin, dark-complexioned, pockmarked, black-eyed and bewigged veteran composer"—otherwise Joseph Haydn. That Beethoven laid considerable store by the work, which sounds very ingenuous but nevertheless beautiful to our sophisticated ears to-day, is indicated by the fact that he published it soon after he had written it, and ten years later sanctioned the publication of an arrangement of one movement, the polonaise, for two violins and for violin and guitar. Soon after its original publication the composer himself revised an arrangement of it as a notturno for pianoforte and viola (Op. 42). This title, as well as that of serenade, suggests the origin of the form exemplified in the composition. This form was extremely popular in the eighteenth century. There are a round dozen serenades among Mozart's compositions.

The character of the various movements, as well as their order, grows out of the purpose for which the serenade was invented and which is indicated by the title. During at least three centuries before our own it was no uncommon thing for a lover to bring the tribute of a musical performance to his sweetheart, and it was not always a ballad sung to the strumming of a guitar. That it sometimes took the form of a concert of dignified proportions is indicated in Proteus's advice to Thurio in Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

"Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dread silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance."

How Serenade Took Form

It was from the use of music thus suggested that the instrumental serenade took the form which is still illustrated in Beethoven's serenade, though not its medium, for being intended for performance out-of-doors the serenades down to those of Mozart's day were composed for wind instruments—the oldest for oboes and bassoons. These old serenades opened with a march to the strains of which we may imagine the musicians approaching my lady's window. Then came a minuet to prepare her ear for the "deploring dump," this being a mournful or sentimental piece of music, or, as Shakespeare characterizes it, a "sweet, complaining grievance." There followed a piece in merry tempo and rhythym, then a second "woful ballad to the mistress' eyebrow," and the entertainment generally ended with a march to which we can fancy the musicians departing from the scene. This succession of pieces is illustrated in Beethoven's Op. 8: march, adagio, minuet, adagio (with an episodic scherzo), polonaise, andante (theme and variations) and a repetition of the opening march. What seemed to us the most brilliant part of the performance was the episodic scherzo; we should have enjoyed the polonaise more if it had been played with less speed.

Muzio and Farrar in 'Aida' and 'Mme Butterfly'

If the Metropolitan Opera House could have been enlarged suddenly yesterday, many eager persons would have been made happy both afternoon and evening. There were two performances, and at each the house was completely filled and perhaps even a little overfull. The opera in the afternoon was "Madama Butterfly," in which te interest of the public seemed centered on Miss Farrar's long familiar impersonation of the Japanese bride.

In the evening Mr. Gatti-Casazza offered as a suitable opera for holiday makers Verdi's "Aida," which provides much beautiful and dramatic music, luxurious stage trappings, processions, dances and such spectacular accessories of the lyric drama. The cast was one which has worn all the honors of "Aida" in the current season. Miss Muzio, who is now in the early days of her contract with the house, was again the competent representative of the dark skinned heroine.

Mme. Matzenauer repeated her imposing impersonation of *Amneris*, and Mr. Martinelli his sonorous *Rhadames*. Mr. Danise was once more the picturesque and musical *Amonasro*, now so well known. Mr. Mardones was the subtly political *Ramfis*. The performance as a whole was good and there could be no question that the audience enjoyed it.

"TANNHAUSER" AT MANHATTAN

Miss Rosa Raisa Sings the Role of Elisabeth.

Wagner's "Tanhaeuser" was sung for the second time by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan last night when the principal singers save one—James Wolf, replaced Mr. Cotreuil as *Hermann*—were those heard in the previous performance. Mme. Rosa Raisa, impersonating her first Wagnerian role here, was the *Elisabeth*. Mr. Schubert sang the "Tannhaeuser" and Miss Van Gordon the *Venus*. Mr. Schwarz, returned from a two days' honeymoon following his marriage last Saturday, was back in his place as *Wolfram*. The splendid hacchaule scene in the Venusberg was again a leading feature of the presentation. Here Mr. Ferrari held his orchestral forces with a firm rather than gentle hand. The audience was very large.

In the evening, at the Town Hall, Helen Leveson, mezzo soprano, gave her first New York recital, singing a programme that included Monteverdo's "Lasciatemi Morire," Cesar Franck's "La Procession," Hue's "L'Ane Blanc," the aria, "Adieu Forets," from Chaikovsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," Wagner's "Traeume," Kramer's "The Last Hour," and others in French, German and English. Her voice is of good quality, unevenly developed, with a weak lower register. Her upper voice is much better. She sang without much variety, but with sincerity and some understanding. Francis Moore, at the piano, played well.

At Carnegie Hall the Paulist Choir, conducted by Father Finn, gave its annual gala concert, assisted by an orchestra drafted from the Philharmonic, John Finnegan, tenor; Overton Moyle, bass, and several boy soloists. The audience was of good size and included Archbishop Hayes, who sat in a box.

The programme included old Italian church music, carols and numerous solos. The full choir sang Palestrina's "Tu es Petrus, Sanctus" and Lotti's "Crucifixus," the men's chorus sang Vittoria's "Ave Maria," and the boys' choir sang Pergolesi's "Fac ut Ardeat." These were all done with excellent diction, perfect intonation and admirable phrasing. The secular part of the programme was less successful. The two carols, "I Saw Three Ships" and "Good King Wenceslas," were uncertain in attack and lacked tonal interest. The boys' choir seemed unable to cope with the orchestra, which, although of moderate size, covered them completely at times.

Besides singing the incidental solo in Waddington's "Salve Regina," Mr. Moyle sang Thomas's "Berceuse," with orchestra. John Finnegan sang the "Ingemisco" from Verdi's Requiem. There were, too, Irish folksongs by Master Jack Huber, Rogers's "The Star," by Edward Slattery, and Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," by Eugene Guilfoyle.

Jascha Heifetz gave his third violin recital of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to the usual Heifetz audience, one that crowded even the platform. His programme was the most interesting that he has offered this year. It included the Bruch Scottish Fantasie, the Bach Chaconne, the Beethoven G major Romance, Brahms's Twelfth Hungarian Dance, two Sarasate pieces, and the Paganini-Auer Twenty-fourth Caprice.

Mr. Heifetz evidently has been practising recently, for his playing seemed to have recovered much of the brilliance that it lacked earlier in the season. His performance of the Chaconne was not of monumental grandeur, but it was flawless in tone, phrasing and mood. In the Hungarian dance and Sarasate's "Malaguena" he displayed a technical brilliance that extracted worshipful aspirates from the students who stood three deep at the back of the hall. The old Heifetz bids fair to be among us once again.

Feb 15 1922

Mr. Prokofieff's Piano Recital.

Mr. Serge Prokofieff appropriated yesterday in New York to himself and his music. In the afternoon, before the performance of his opera, he gave a piano recital in Aeolian Hall, in which both his style as a pianist and some of his piano compositions were set forth. Among the latter were two transcriptions from the opera that was awaiting performance in the evening; the march and the intermezzo. His last group was one of pieces of his own for piano:

He gave some interesting numbers before that. Beginning with a prelude and fugue in D minor by Buxtehude, the Danish composer and organist who had a good deal of influence upon Bach, of which the fugue was particularly interesting and, as Mr. Prokofieff played it, exhibiting a pleasing elegiac mood. Three country dances by Beethoven followed, bright and pretty pieces that make no pretension to profundity and conceal the lion's claw thoroughly, if indeed it is there. Mr. Prokofieff did not play these very carefully and struck rather more false notes than are canonical. He has made some arrangements of waltzes by Schubert taken from a number of different collections, strengthened, or at least made more sonorous, for concert use; these were found pleasing.

A prelude by Liadoff, the drolly realistic "Ballet of the Chickens in Their Shells" from Moussorgsky's "Exhibition Pictures," and an impetuous and strangely rhythmed "Conte," by Medtner, Op. 8, made up the rest of his program. Mr. Prokofieff has played more interestingly than he did yesterday; and certainly with more charm.

"Love for Three Oranges" Sung

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

An opera entitled "The Love for Three Oranges," or, since it was given in French, "L'Amour des Trois Oranges," composed by Mr. Serge Prokofieff, was performed by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last night. The gossips who frequent the opera houses are a busy folk, and from them we have heard much concerning this work during the last three seasons, but nothing which conveyed a clear idea of its nature. Its score, we were told, had been seen, admired and accepted by the late Mr. Campanini; it was to be produced; it had been put in preparation, but found impossible of performance; it had been revised; Mr. Anisfeld had painted wonderful scenery for it; again it was put in rehearsal; finally the newspapers of Chicago reported its performance in that city on December 30 of last year; still we were left in something of a haze concerning its contents and character; it was announced for a week ago last Monday at the Manhattan, but the principal tenor succumbed to the prevalent distemper, and "Traviata" was given instead; it was set down for next Saturday, and now the whirligig of time was reversed and last night's performance anticipated the announced New York première.

Meanwhile there has been much comment, ostensibly witty, on its title, most of which was wasted upon those moderately versed in the literature of the drama when it appeared that Mr. Prokofieff, who wrote the libretto as well as the music, had done little more than make an adaptation for operatic purposes of Carlo Gozzi's "Fiaba dell' Amore delle tre Melarancie." Mr. Prokofieff wrote his libretto in French and his music in the idiom which some energetic and far from retiring musicians would have the world believe is become the idiom of to-day, and which is as unlike the musical language of Gozzi's Italy as the play is unlike the conventional drama of to-day. Gozzi, we are told, intended to satirize the dramatic writings of Chiari and Golodoni, which have no more than a curious interest to contemporary students of dramatic literature. Mr. Prokofieff may also have intended to satirize something in the life or art of to-day, but if so we fear that he has not made the fact plain enough to invite interest in his opera on that score. Satire is generally wasted in opera, and to all music lovers except those who ignore or affect to have outgrown the æsthetic canons which modernists, futurists, progressists, cubists and other revolutionaries are trying to overthrow it seems likely that the music will sound like a parody on music rather than a satire on anything known to operatic literature.

The Main Incidents of the Story

In the play itself, ignoring the possible intention of Gozzi's paraphrase, we were able to find something more tangible and interesting than in the music. Stripped of a mass of grotesquerie, it tells the story of a hypochondriac prince of so melancholy a mood that he was incapable of a smile. Yet his healing depended upon his being induced to laugh. When a sorceress through a mishap falls in his presence, however, she presents an argument, *a posteriori*, which seems so immensely comical to him that he breaks into a loud laugh. This incenses the witch and she puts a curse upon him—he shall become enamored of three oranges. ("Lemons," will say the wags trying to be witty at Mr. Prokofieff's expense, and so they would have been had Gozzi been more faithful to the folktales from which he derived this element of his play.) The strange affliction seizes upon the prince. He achieves the fruit through a curious adventure and is transporting it homeward when, in the midst of an arid desert, his servant opens two of the oranges and thereby releases two princesses, who incontinently die of thirst. The prince himself opens the third and a third princess appears, whose life is saved by the prompt procuration of water. She receives the prince's adoration, and though she is turned into a rat by the sorceress she is eventually restored to her true form and royal estate and the story ends like all fairy tales of its kind.

Origin of Some of the Story's Elements

Students of folklore will recognize the chief elements which Gozzi used in his "fabia." No doubt this had a literary and artistic moral when it

was written, but it leads us in the new opera, whose proper and incidents are all taken out of the book of extravaganza. The fairy tales of many peoples tell of princesses who were either speechless or incapable of laughter and were cured by ingenious devices employed by simple folk who won them as brides as a reward. In a Bohemian folktale a princess who makes believe that she cannot speak is provoked to answer a droll question which a peasant lad puts to her dog. In another Slavic story a goatherd, through the magical property possessed by his goat of compelling anybody whom he wished to follow him, gathers so motley a procession in his wake that the princess who could not laugh bursts into a guffaw that shakes the earth. After performing a number of tasks with magical aid the goatherd wins the princess in marriage. These are two typical instances of many introducing the first element. The second has quite as many prototypes. In a Hindu tale the Princess Aubergine is released from an eggplant by the wife of a poor Brahmin; in another Indian tale the heroine sleeps in a pomegranate, which is plucked by the hero, who thus restores her to her human form.

Heroines of fairy tales frequently come out of eggs in India, but the incident which Gozzi and Prokofieff have most nearly paralleled is found in a Slovenian story which tells how a prince climbed a hill of glass in search of three lemons which grew on a tree on the hill's summit. After performing the feat of climbing the hill the hero receives the magic lemons in his hands and sets out for home. On the journey hunger assails him. Once, and then again, he cuts open one of the lemons to appease his hunger. Each time a beauteous damsel appears, but only to vanish on learning that the prince had not provided food, drink and raiment for her. He saves the third lemon till he reaches the castle of the king his father. There he first provides sumptuously for the bride that is to be, and then cuts the fruit. The third damsel, lovelier than either of her predecessors, remains, of course, and a royal wedding follows.

The Characteristics of Mr. Prokofieff's Music

We have no time to inquire into the literary foibles or mannerisms which Gozzi sought to castigate in his satire. Whatever they were, they are unnecessarily retained by Mr. Prokofieff in his motley crew of tragedians, comedians, lyricists, blockheads, who are all symbolical of something, of course, but provide a meaningless prologue to the farcical play and incumber it as spectators from proscenium boxes to the end. They, with the invertebrate music to which the people of the play chatter and gibber and shriek, make the first hour of the opera deadly dull. With the entrance of the episode of the opening of the oranges Mr. Prokofieff's music becomes decorative and shows influences whose emanation is from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," though it never attains the melodic coherence of a single page of those works. It is full of grotesque rather than fantastic sounds and rests upon an exaggerated use of the characteristically Russian device of reiterated fundamental figures which rumble along by the hour without relief from a single plastically interesting melodic phrase except that which forms the basis of a weirdly harmonized march which is heard at intervals and put to varied uses.

It is this curse of monotony, and the mass of matter extraneous to the story and unessential because its reason for existence disappeared with the things in dramatic literature which we think must prevent it from obtaining even a temporary foothold here or elsewhere. In itself the music must be counted a clog upon the caricatured fairy tale even by those willing and even eager to accept ugly music of the kind which Mr. Prokofieff has conceived, contrived, concocted, made, or, if you will, composed. It is a bit singular that several Italian composers have gone to their national literature of something more than a century ago, though none of them has thought of giving it a Russian dress. Gozzi's "Turandot," of which Schiller thought so well that he turned it into a German play for which Weber wrote an overture (utilizing a genuine Chinese tune for its subject), has been turned into an opera by Mr. Busoni. Some of its music was produced in New York by the late Mr. Mahler, and made an agreeable impression, if our memory serves us rightly.

The scenery painted by Mr. Anisfeld, with great skill and a riotous expenditure of imagination, and the capital acting of half a dozen of the artists in the company, chiefly Mr. Mojica, Edouard Cotreuil, William Beck, Octave Dua, Hector Dufranne and Nina Koshetz, provided all that was really interesting in the performance and won several curtain calls for the singers, Mr. Coini, the stage manager and Mr. Prokofieff, who disclosed himself in the double capacity of composer and conductor. For the sake of the record the cast of characters is appended:

The King of Clubs, king of an imaginary kingdom .....Edouard Cotreuil
The Prince, his son .....Jose Mojica
The Princess Clarice, niece of the king, ...Irene Pavloska
Leandre, Prime Minister....William Beck
Trouffaldino .....Octave Dua
Pantalon .....Desire Defrere
The Magician Tchelio ...Hector Dufranne
Fata Morgana, a witch.....Nina Koshetz
The Devil Farfarello .....James Wolf
Smeraldine .....Jeanne Schneider
The Creonte .....Constantin Nicolay
The Master of Ceremonies ..... Lodovico Olivero
Ninetta, Linetta, Nicoletta (Princesses) Jeanne Dusseau, Frances Paperte, Philine Falco.
The Herald .....Jerome Uhl

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"L'Amour des Trois Oranges" it is called in French on the title page of the libretto. "The Love of Three Oranges" it is denominated in the official prints of the Chicago Opera Company, which introduced it to New York at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. What is it? An opera in a prologue and three acts, the book and the music both by Sergei Prokofieff, Russian composer and pianist, now visiting this country. The opera was first performed on any stage in Chicago on December 30. It was written by order of the late Cleofonte Campanini, who did not live to prepare it, and was inherited by Miss Mary Garden.

The chronicler of operatic doings shrinks from the task of giving a synopsis of the story of this extraordinary creation. It is a fantastic fairy tale taken from Gozzi and transmuted to us through the mind of a Russian. It is said that the author believes his libretto to be satirical. But since there is no real human personality in it and no action based on the common motives of human frailty it is difficult to guess what is satirized.

A doddering old king has a son who is afflicted with a noble complication of diseases. Only one thing seems clear, namely, that if he does not laugh he will die. All sorts of efforts to move him to laughter fail. But fortunately magical and supernatural powers are warring with one another over the case and the witch *Fata Morgana*, having come to the court to look after her interests, has a ludicrous fall and this makes the prince laugh. The exasperated sorceress uses her powers to send the prince in search of three oranges which he is to adore. Each of them contains an enchanted princess, two of whom die of thirst as soon as the prince cuts them out of their juicy imprisonment. The third would die, but a sort of burlesque Greek chorus of "Absurdities," who have been bustling about and doing nothing of significance, promptly produces a pail of water and the princess is saved to marry the prince. One of the warring powers turns her into a rat. Another turns her back. The warring powers have a thunder and lightning duet, the *Absurdities* and other outsiders variously express their opinions of the whole affair, and after considerable confusion the opera finally succeeds in reaching a conclusion.

It might be instructive to show how closely related Prokofieff's book is to Gozzi, and to point out just where it shows traces of originality, but the result would be nothing more valuable than that obtained by the suggestion that this is not the stuff that operatic dreams are made of. Nor is Mr. Prokofieff incontestably an opera composer.

Those who have heard his piano music know that he is an ardent lover of xylophonic rhythms and of technical figuration, which finds its perfection in double octave runs. In his opera there is much to suggest his instrumental tendencies. When his prince and *Ninette* are in the rapture of their meeting one of his groups of outsiders, the *Lyricists*, cries: "Donnez de vrais drames lyriques, romantiques, emotionnants! Des fleurs! La lune!" And the *Absurdities* shout: "Silence! Silence! Si vous aimez l'amour, ne troublez pas les amoureux."

Perhaps this is the key to the satire. Mr. Prokofieff would poke fun at old fashioned sentimentalists like Gounod, Massenet and perhaps even Rimsky-Korsakov and invite us to regard the true art, which is that of burlesque, set to instrumental patterns.

One therefore searches in vain for those profounder tones which in enduring operas voice the emotions of men and women. Prokofieff writes a rhythmic march; he composes the wails and the laugh of the prince; he translates into extravagant orchestral speech some of the doings of his buffoons. The music in general consorts most amicably with the action, but there is little opportunity for any character on the stage to sing his soul out to an audience.

This, of course, was chiefly due to the fact that the action of the opera is mostly broad burlesque. More is required in acting than in singing. Indeed at times the performers have to be almost acrobats. There is much notions buffoonery and a great deal of gesticulation. Not infrequently the farcial action is amusing. But the whole work makes the impress of an extravaganza in operatic disguise.

It was well done. Boris Anisfeld painted the scenery, which was a stunning panorama of grostesqueries and glaring colors. Mr. Anisfeld is always happy in the fantastic settings and in this work he had ample scope for his talent, which has in it a fine vein of humor.

The performance of this extraordinary creation was one which brought credit to all the principals for their hearty entry into the spirit of the opera and for their desrate efforts to make something out of the remarkable arlando which Mr. Prokofieff had written for them. Mr. Mojica had a difficult role as the *Prince* and probably did as much with it as could be done. Mr. Dua had to be very active as *Trouffuldino* and was also humorous. Mr. Dufranne as the *Magician* had some of the vocal measures in the opera and he sang them well.

Mr. Prokofieff conducted his own work. He received much applause from a kindly audience, which seemed to be eager to enjoy all the burlesque action, but somewhat at a loss as to how to take the peculiar music.

"THE LOVE OF THREE ORANGES."

It was three years ago that the late Cleofonte Campanini accepted Serge Prokofieff's opera, "The Love of Three Oranges." Followed many delays. One rumor had it that rehearsals were begun and abandoned because the music was too difficult—which seems hardly probable. At any rate, preparations were under way last year for the presentation of the work when Mr. Campanini's death threw the affairs of the Chicago Opera Company into temporary confusion and necessitated a postponement of several projected new productions. Mary Garden finally presented the Prokofieff opera in Chicago last November, and at the Manhattan Opera House last night gave New York a chance to see it.

The Book.

Although the programme merely called it "Serge Prokofieff's Opera," the official libretto admits that the book of "The Love of Three Oranges" is not entirely Mr. Prokofieff's own, but was "suggested" by Carlo Gozzi. Gozzi has been dead nearly two hundred years and cannot speak for himself; but those who have delved more deeply than this reviewer into the sources of the book say that Gozzi's 18th century Italian comedy furnished considerably more than a suggestion for the present libretto. However, let us stop retailing gossip and get on with the plot.

At the rise of the curtain an inner proscenium and curtain are disclosed, with stage boxes on either side. In rush groups composed of Lyrics, Tragics, Comics and Empty-Heads, demanding the sort of show that each likes. A fifth group, of Absurdities, rushes in and disperses the crowd with huge shovels. The Absurdities then climb into the boxes, from which they are to view the forthcoming piece, and a Herald enters. He announces that the King of Clubs is in despair because his beloved son is incurably melancholy. The curtains part and the play proper begins.

Act I.

Defying the group of learned doctors, who declare that the Prince is doomed, the King declares that laughter will cure him and orders the courtier Trouffaldino to organize festivals and gayeties. The Prime Minister, Leander, tries to block the plan, for he wants the Prince to die, so that he may marry Clarisse, the King's niece, who would inherit the throne in the event of her cousin's death. Meanwhile, Tchelio, the King's guardian magician, is playing cards with Fata Morgana, witch and protectress of Leander. The witch wins. Clarisse and Leander are told by the slave Smeraldine that Fata Morgana favors their plans.

Act II.

Trouffaldino tries to get the sickly Prince to summon enough energy to attend the festival that is to make him laugh, and finally carries him there, kicking and screaming, by main force. None of the antics of the performers get even a smile out of the Prince until Fata Morgana, in an altercation with Trouffaldino trips and falls sprawling on the ground. The Prince guffaws and the courtiers are transported with joy. But Fata Morgana, furious, inspires the Prince with an unquenchable love for three oranges that are in the keeping of Greonte, a terrible witch. The bewitched Prince immediately sets off on his quest, taking the reluctant Trouffaldino with him.

Act III.

Tchelio meets the Prince and Trouffaldino in the desert, and warns them to beware of Greonte's cook. He gives Trouffaldino a magic ribbon, with instructions how to use it. The two arrive outside Greonte's kitchen, and while Trouffaldino decoys the admiring cook with the magic ribbon the Prince sneaks into the kitchen and steals the three oranges. The two then make their escape, but are overcome with thirst in the desert. The Prince, exhausted, falls asleep, whereupon Trouffaldino proceeds to cut open two of the oranges. Out step two beautiful princesses, who immediately perish of thirst. Trouffaldino flees.

The Prince, awaking, is surprised to see the dead Princesses, and summoning a band of soldiers, who arrive from Lord knows where, has them carry the bodies out. He then cuts open the third orange, and out steps the Princess Ninette, with whom he falls violently in love. At this point the Absurdities, who have been looking on from the boxes, unable to bear the thought of a third death, send one of their number on the stage with a pail of water.

The Princess is revived, and the Prince wants her to go with him to the palace, but no—she must have regal clothing. The Prince obediently sets out to get some for her, when Smeraldine appears, and under the direction of Fata Morgana, stabs the Princess with a hairpin, causing her to turn into a rat. The Prince returns with his father and the court, to find Smeraldine impersonating the Princess. He denies her identity, but the King orders him to marry her, anyhow.

Act IV.

In the palace all is in readiness for the marriage and coronation of the Prince. They draw the curtains aside from the throne and behold! There sits a huge rat. Tchelio appears and transforms it back into the missing Princess Ninette. Discovery, retribution, true hearts united.

Anisfeld's Settings.

This may seem like an overlong synopsis of the plot, but after all it is the book of "The Love of Three Oranges," coupled with the scenery and the staging, upon which it must lean most heavily for success. It was sung in French, but even so, thanks to the excellent stage qualities of the book and the admirable pantomime of many members of the cast, last night's audience was kept in an uproar of merriment that was more reminiscent of an Ed Wynn first night than of a staid operatic premiere.

Of Boris Anisfeld's settings and properties one might write columns if there were time. It is impossible to exaggerate how much "The Love of Three Oranges" owes to him. There are eight scenes in all, fascinating in design and color, and all exhibiting an unflagging sense of fantasy and imaginative humor. Relieved of the slightest necessity for respecting actuality, Anisfeld has let himself go, with superlative results. There is no room here to attempt detailed description of the various sets. Suffice it to say that they are as delightfully funny and imaginative as the book, and contrive in the bargain to be decorative and always to respect the practical limitations of stage mechanics. Best of them all perhaps is the great hall of the King's palace, in Act II., where the King, the Prince, Clarisse and most of the court sit in a towering series of ridiculous small red balconies, with an improbable yellow sky leering through the huge windows that flank them.

The Music.

Mr. Prokofieff's score was a decided disappointment. His book is one that would seem almost to write its own music, but the composer has been all too successful in resisting its charms. There is much bustle and emphasis, as there always is in his music, but there seems to be little else.

First of all, there is no melody. There are melodic figures, to be sure, by the dozen, but they go nowhere. The composer is short-winded. He may begin what sounds like a tune, but just where a more gifted melodist would begin to hit his stride, Prokofieff either starts a series of endless reiterations or trails off into mere rhythmic figures. The famous march, which all the Chicago critics hailed with such relief as a real, rollicking tune, is an amiable enough bit of melody. But any good comic opera score could exhibit half a dozen like it

without exciting the slightest comment.

There is no heart in this music, no whimsy, no real imagination. As long as there is violent action on the stage, the score keeps up an appearance of energy and humor; but when the action slows down, when the time arrives for the composer to dominate the scene, Mr. Prokofieff has nothing to say. Despite the muted horns and trumpets, and the comedy grunts on the trombones, and the most devoted efforts of the battery, the score does not sparkle. It has no grace. The composer's idea of writing humorous music seems to be to make the orchestra emit funny noises. That is good so far as it goes; but trick orchestration will not go far unless the music itself is humorous. Not that the score is altogether bad, or altogether stupid. On the contrary, it has delightful moments. But they are so few, and they should have been so many! The score is a comic one, yes; but it is Sunday supplement comedy.

The Cast.

The cast of characters is a large one, and Miss Garden has done amazingly well in filling the roles. The best performances of the evening were given by Octave Dua as Trouffaldino and Jose Mojica as the Prince. Mr. Dua gave a gorgeous low-comedy performance, singing with as much humor as he acted. Mr. Mojica, by a rare inspiration, hit upon the notion of playing the invalid Prince in the manner of a fretful three-year-old. That sounds irritating, but it was enormously effective. He sang with much charm whenever the score gave him a chance, and was always a graceful and attractive figure.

The occasion was Mme. Nina Koschetz's debut in New York as a member of the Chicago Opera Company. As Fata Morgana, Mme. Koschetz had a part that could not have been more than fifteen minutes long altogether, and most of that time was spent in ejaculating lines at the extreme limit of the soprano register. It is therefore impossible to form any reliable estimate of her capabilities. She has a voice of power and beauty, that much is certain; and what she had to do she sang and acted well. She should be heard again, in some role that gives her something to do.

There is little time to do more than mention the other members of the cast. Edouard Cotreuil was the King, Irene Pavloska was Clarisse, Jeanne Dusseau was the Princess Ninette, William Beck was Leander, Desire Defrere was Pantalon, Hector Dufranne was Tchelio and Jeanne Schneider was Smeraldine. All were good and Miss Pavloska was excellent. The Absurdities and other groups showed signs of careful training and added much to the success of the evening. The staging of the production was under Jacques Coini's direction and it was incomparable. The composer conducted with confidence and spirit. There was much applause and curtain calls for everybody and Mr. Prokofieff got a wreath.

Prokofieff's Piano Recital Precedes His Opera at Night

Before conducting his own opera in the evening at the Manhattan Opera House, Serge Prokofieff gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon at which most of the music was his own.

To the listener, Prokofieff's recital was a rapidly rolling kaleidoscope of musical effects, managed with a vigorous hand which distinguished only between accented and unaccented elements. His Intermezzo from the opera "The Love of the Three Oranges," his Danza Opus 32, his Prelude Opus 12 and his other compositions which he played yesterday afternoon are all unusual-sounding music, but to at least one listener they were entirely meaningless as the composer played them. They did not seem fantastic—in the same way that Ornstein's music is fantastic—they suggested no imagery, however unusual and bizarre, and they aroused no emotion.

Serge Rachmaninoff Reappears.

Serge Rachmaninoff reappeared at Carnegie Hall last evening in a "concert of music for the piano" of a sort to which the Russian pianist-composer gives rare individual significance and with which on this occasion he entertained an "overflow" house on the same night that saw the only production here of an opera by his countryman, Serge Prokofieff. Four original pieces were in Mr. Rachmaninoff's list—an "Etude Tableau," Op. 39; a transcribed song, "Daisies," Op. 38; the B flat minor prelude, Op. 23, and a minuet adapted from Bizet. He played also classics of Handel, Weber, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and three "Fairy Stories," by Nicholas Medtner, another compatriot.

Mengelberg Again Warmly Received

Willem Mengelberg presided over the Philharmonic's third program in its new Metropolitan series last evening before an audience that largely filled the opera house on Broadway and that received the Dutch conductor again with enthusiasm. There was designedly a "somewhat lighter" selection of musical classics than the leader had given at Carnegie Hall. The orchestra was heard in Corelli's concerto grosso No. 8, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Schubert's great symphony in C, all early reoccurring in the society's coming concerts elsewhere, when they will afford opportunity for further critical consideration.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza Will Not Revive 'Salome,' He Says

Has No Intention, He Declares, of Producing Strauss's Opera Again.

The question of the revival at the Metropolitan Opera House of "Salome," Richard Strauss's opera, with its dance of the seven veils, that was ruled from the Metropolitan stage fifteen years ago but has been given twice this season by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan, came up for discussion yesterday by the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, the owning company, and the Metropolitan Opera Company, the operating corporation. Judging from the results of the day's developments "Salome" has slight chance of getting back upon the Metropolitan boards.

The directors of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company at its monthly meeting considered a letter the board received early in January dealing with the advisability of reviving the Strauss opera and then turned the matter over to the Metropolitan Opera Company. The recommendations, if any, that went with it were not revealed but Mr. Gatti-Casazza said: "I have no intention of reviving the opera this year, next year or at any other time. I said the same thing last night when asked."

The authorship of the letter to the board was not revealed.

Following the meeting of the owning board George G. Haven, the president, said: "I know nothing about any alleged plan to revive 'Salome.' That is a matter that comes only within the province of the Metropolitan Opera Company. At to-day's meeting only routine matters were disposed of. The question of proposed revival of the Strauss opera was not discussed. As to that matter I must refer you to the producing company."

Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, said: "I have nothing to say. I must refer you to Mr. Haven."

A Musical Motley, by Ernest Newman. London and New York: John Lane. 12mo, xii + 328 pp. $1.50.

Mr. Ernest Newman, now of Birmingham, England, attracted the attention of those intelligently interested in music by his *Gluck and the Opera* (1895), the first biography of Gluck in English, and still the most critical and authoritative in any language. He has commanded attention ever since. His *Study of Wagner*, published in 1899, enlarged his reputation by the acumen and sanity of his judgment. Then followed an excellent short life of Wagner; a study of the unfortunate Hugo Wolf, with a bold dissertation on the art-song and composers of it; and later volumes in which Richard Strauss, Elgar, and others have been shrewdly and fearlessly discussed.

A Musical Motley is a collection of articles recently published by Mr. Newman in newspapers and other periodicals; but they do not betray haste, even when they are lightest; they are not flippant. Mr. Newman, having a high regard for style, does not fall into 'journalese.' His ever-abiding sense of humor prevents him from taking himself, not the art of music, too seriously. Often when he jests and is amusing, he is most serious in his praise or blame. Some may think him too witty; some may suspect him of being ironical, and shudder, forgetting that Sir Thomas More on the scaffold — surely a solemn occasion — jested with 'a touch of the old sad irony.'

Mr. Newman has decided opinions, but he is not dogmatic. With him a hint, a suggestion, has more force and carries greater conviction than a knock-down statement. His literary expression is flexible, graceful; happy in the choice and significance of words. He is not detected in the act of hunting laboriously the purple phrase; yet, considering the music of death, he finds that the apotheosis of Strauss's 'Tod und Verklärung' is 'too brilliantly lit, too full of the pageantry of a crowd, whereas this is a journey one must make very quietly and alone.' Hearing Ravel's 'Pavane for a dead Infanta,' he is conscious of a 'curious pathos struggling through the deliberate restraint of the slowly moving music, as if hearts were breaking beneath the heavy brocade of those ceremonial Spanish robes.'

Thus he often tempts quotation; but he is rich and does not borrow from others. (There are essays on music like unto a *catalogue raisonné.*) An audacious writer, — long ago he characterized George Borrow as a 'bounder,' — he has the courage not to be dull, although he must know that a large amount of gravity, that is, dullness, is expected of anyone discussing an æsthetic question.

His subjects in *A Musical Motley* are various: critics and criticism; putting the classics in their place — an essay that should be given to every pupil in a music-school; how a villain should be portrayed in tones; Brahms, Tschaikowsky as pessimists, the 'Weary Willies' of music; the originality and beneficent work of the amateur; the poets' misuse of musical instruments; the music of felicity — the purest expression of it being Gluck's *Orfeo;* etc., etc.

Sometimes fantastical, sometimes paradoxical, occasionally exquisite fooling, this volume deserves rereading, and a permanent place on a library shelf. A heavier, more stolid book may well give way to it, for it is surely less stimulating, probably less informing. P. H.